
With a Summary Outline of The Life of the Poet,
And a Description of His Most Authentic Portraits;
Collected from the Latest and Most Reliable Sources;
By John S. Hart, LL.D.,
Late Professor of Rhetoric and the English Language and Literature in the College of New Jersey, etc., etc.
To which is appended a Descriptive Analysis of the Plot of Each Play;
Together with An Alphabetical Index to the Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, An Index to Familiar Passages, and a Complete Glossary of the Words Used in the Text That Vary From Their Modern Signification.

The Text Edited by W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright.

With Illustrations by Meadows, Frith, and Others.

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Publishers of "The Avon Shakespeare" are well aware of the many editions of Shakespeare that have already issued from the press of both England and America, but they have, nevertheless, been induced to undertake the publication of the present volume by the generally expressed desire for a book in large, clear type, the text of which should embody the latest revisions of the best Shakespearian scholars. As the readings of Messrs. Clark and Wright have been carefully followed, it is believed this result has been most fully achieved.

The graphically descriptive Life, by Dr. John S. Hart, is rich with new and varied information, gleaned by the accomplished hand of the author from the late discoveries made by Shakespearian antiquaries, who have been stimulated in their untiring researches after all relating to the great poet's life by the ever increasing, never flagging, public interest in one of whom his personal friend "Rare Ben Jonson" said, "Neither man nor muse can praise too much."

In the typographical arrangement of this work new features have been introduced,—each page being indexed at the page-head with the Scene and Act, while, through the printed text, by means of the dark displayed type, the eye catches without an effort, the main points or characters that appear on that page; an advantage the student cannot fail to heartily appreciate.

A Descriptive Analysis of the Plots of the Plays has been prepared with great care, and is presented as peculiar to this edition. By it the reader is enabled to gain, if so desired, a clear understanding of the story of the plot before reading the text of the play.

The Alphabetical Index to the Characters in Shakespeare's Plays, The Index to Familiar Passages, and the very complete Glossarial Index, are very valuable features, important or essential to the fullest understanding of Shakespeare's works by either the student or the general reader. The illustrations are from the sketches by Kenny Meadows, Frith, or other artists of nearly equal celebrity.

The publishers desire here to express their thanks to Mr. J. Parker Norris for much valuable information and assistance given during the progress of the work.
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A SUMMARY OUTLINE
OF THE
LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE;
WITH A
Description of His Most Authentic Portraits.

CHAPTER I

MARVELLOUS IGNORANCE OF THE ENGLISH NATION IN REGARD TO THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF THEIR GREATEST AUTHOR—DICTUM OF STEVENS ON THE SUBJECT, 1773—RECENT AWAKENING OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THE INQUIRY—OBSERVATIONS IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS TO RESPECT THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE NOT ABSOLUTELY PERSISTED—SUCCESS TO THE RESEARCHERS.

To the English nation, who, under the reign of King James's, have been conscious of the current tongue, the very first period of the world, and is one proudly regarded as that of Cheops, the object of the Nilometer, is the great valley of the Nile, where the approach, is the ancient kingdom of Arabia, or from the quarter of the Sahara, from the year 1000 B.C. back to the 16th century, is the poet of Longfellow, Wordsworth, Byron, and Scott; Boccaccio, Dante, Petrarch, and Sidney; Aeschylus, Sophocles, Shakespeare, Sidney, and Plutarch; and towards the young century of Europe, Spain, Italy, or Germany, from the time of the Italian war to the time of the French war.

Towards the point indicated, one object stands proudly prominent, one name rises spontaneously on every tongue—the greatest name in all English, in all modern, perhaps, absolutely, in all literature. Shakespeare possibly may not be read as much, he certainly is not acted as much, as he once was. But he is studied more; he is better known; his fame is steadily on the ascendant. His star is confessedly higher and brighter than it was at the beginning of the present century; it has risen perceptibly within the last twenty-five years; it is even yet far from having reached its meridian.

Stevens, one of the most famous of the Shakespearean editors, said: 'over one hundred years ago: "All that is known with any degree of certainty that Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there, where he commenced acting, and wrote his plays; returned to Stratford and was buried."' This statement, at first, is substantially true. It is generally known that the English nation, half from the work of the author, knew less of his life than we now know; comparatively recent times; letters have been counted, and so on. But a battle, or negotiated a treaty, or was prominently connected with the civil or military administration.
it, if he was even to-day to some
is life was thought to be of some
he formed a noticeable integer in
the national history. But to write a
a discovery in science, was thought
the obscure dwellers of the Grub
even though the discoveries of the
ionize the whole fabric of human
ations of the other might help to
cs and manners of the race until the
ut a change has come over the
in this matter. We have at last
to the fact that the literature of a
that the race what
it thoughts which, in the course of
en developed by its master minds, are
that have set the race onward in
dization. The man of thought is
of action. Great ideas precede and
ments. The ideal Achilles made
Marathon and the Graniens. In
case, which has the days of Alfred un-
ded. It is surprising that the great
taunder in the race at these great thinkers have made
Americans of to-day are living
and truths elaborated by the
in the literal sense, indeed, no linear
shakespeare remains. This blood de-
out within the generation that fol-
d. But in a higher and better
mental life-blood, "these thoughts
words that burn," publishes this
more than a hundred million of
n of the English-speaking race,
whose thoughts, whose impulses
ously or unconsciously, have
one and color from the man who
ford-upon-Avon, a little more than
ago. He
, that, under the quickening in-
method of estimating values in
steadily growing fame of the great
an at least the most intense
something more of his personal
on the "ruins of time" some pre-
ience noble edifice. The zeal
played in this investigation have
en surpassed in any new literary
so labors, though late, have not
out success. Many important facts
peare's life have been ascertained
Stevens, some even within the last
incidental facts which have been thus
gathered from legal documents,
ths, deaths, marriages, baptisms;
ords, wills, title-deeds, tax-lists,
 such sources, vague statements,
one on mere tradition, have, in some
"in which he has been defined
, many facts entirely new have
n. In this way a somewhat
sent sense of facts has been made
 skeleton of a biography. The
ish and fanciful—has been on this
the whole range of contemporary
ge has been found. Describing the
ners of any one similarly situated,
sed as showing one of the pos-
Shakespeare may have spent his
thus has ceased, on the one hand,
to be a collection of absurd and contradictory tra-
tions; and, on the other, has become something
than a mere tissue of dates and legal entries. He
become, indeed, to some reasonable extent, person

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE OF SHAKESPEARE, WHY IMPORTANT — SHAKESPEARE, THE FATHER, WHAT IS KNOWN OF — NAME AND GENEALOGY OF THE SHAKESPEARE EXPECTABLE CHARACTER OF THEIR HISTORI — ARDEN, THE MOTHER, A YOUTHFUL HEIRESS, BELONG-
ING TO THE LANDED GENTRY — NAME AND GENER

THE date of Shakespeare's birth is not exactly known.

The nearest approach to it that we have is the date of his baptism, which is found in the parish register of Stratford. He was baptized April 26, 1564. As baptism in those days followed close upon birth, the probabilities are that Shakespeare was born within the few days of the date of his baptism; and as the 23rd of April is the day consecrated to St. George, a tutelary saint of England, Englishmen have been unwilling to assume that Shakespeare was born on that day. Moreover, an unvarying tradition—which must be allowed its weight of authority where historical evidence is wanting—has uniformly assigned the 21st day of April as the day on which the Great Poet was born; and accordingly that day is now, as it ever has been, celebrated as his natal day all over the world.

Shakespeare's parentage we now know seven

DREADFUL PARTICULARS, IMPORTANT, BECAUSE THEY CONTRADICT AND SET ASIDE SOME OF THE ABSURD TRADITIONS RESPECTING THE POET HIMSELF. To the intelligent comprehension of the problem of Shakespeare's authorship, it is necessary to know something of his original condition in life—whether he was of gentle blood or labouring stock. Were he the son of a merchant teacher of the word, he was educated or was merely sent to a grammar school, and his writings neither worse nor better. But the circumstances of his birth and education, his manner of living and his means of knowledge, do affect not only of the inferences which may be drawn from his works. They are essential conditions in the problem of his authorship.

John Shakespeare the father of the poet, was originally, according to the best information that has obtained, what would be called a "gentleman farmer." The description given by Harrison, in his introduction to Holinshed's *Chronicle*, published somewhere about 1580, of a certain class of Englishmen in the days of Elizabeth, might, it is believed, fit very well a character and world, circumstances of John Shake-

spears. "This sort of people," says Harrison, "have a certain preeminence and more estimation than laborers and the common sort of artificers; and they commonly live wealthily, keep good houses, and have to get riches. They are also, for the most part, farmers to gentlemen, or at the leastwise artificers and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and keep-
ing of servants (not idle servants as the gentlemen do) but such as get both their own and part of their master's living); and come to great wealth, insu-

* Holinshed, d. 1576 and 1582; Harrison d. 1602.
that many of them are able and do buy the
of unthrifty gentlemen, and often settling
vessels, to the universities, and to the Ins.
the Court. There is, however, a large
whereupon they may live without labor, do
them by those means to become gentlemen." John
Shakespeare seems to have been, during a considerable
portion of his life, an incipient gentleman, somewhat
after the same sort.

It further appears that he resided originally in a
small village (Sunderfield) three miles from Stratford,
that he went to Stratford about the year 1551, and
enlarged thereupon a kind of some kind of some
property, and continued to reside there during all
the minority, at least, of his son William.

The name Shakespeare was a familiar one in the
county of Warwick, being found on record in that
county in six different places in the fifteenth century,
twenty-two places in the sixteenth century, and thirty-
two places in the seventeenth century. The name has
itself evidence of the occupation of its original holders.
Verstegan," the antiquarian, in a work published
in 1605, says: "Breakspear, Shakespear, and
the like, have been surnames imposed upon the first
bearers of them for valor and feats of arms." Cam-
den, under the same date, 1605, says that many an-
cient families are named "from that which they com-
monly carried; as, Palmer, that is, Pilgrim, for that
the ancestor of that family descended from Hebron;
Long-sword, Broad-spear, Fortescue (that is, Strong-shield), and in some such re-
spect, Break-spear, Shakes-spear, Shot-bolt, Wag-
staff." Fuller, in his Works of England, 1662,
refers to the "warlike sound of his (the poet's)
surname, whence," says he, "some may conjecture
him of a military extraction.—Hosti-tribus, or Shakes-
speare." Hall further records, in his Chronicle, already
quoted, that after the battle of Bosworth Field, 1485,
which secured the kingdom to Henry VII., "the king
began to remember his especial friends and factors,
of whom some he advanced to honor and dignity, and
some he enriched with possessions and goods, every
man according to his desert and merit." This Bos-
worth field is only thirty miles from Stratford, and
one of the Warwickshire Shakespeares, apparently an
ancestor of Shakespeare, seems among those who fought in this battle, and who was thus enriched
with possessions and goods. It is furthermore a mat-
ter of record that a grant of arms was made to "John
Shakespeare, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, county of
Warwick, gentleman," a grant first drafted in 1506,
and afterwards confirmed in 1509, in which it is re-
cited that "his great-grandfather, and late antecessor,
for his faithful and approved service to the late most
prudent Prince, Henry VII., of famous memory, was
advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements,
given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where
they have continued by some descents in good reputa-
tion and credit."

The coat-of-arms thus granted to the family contains a gold spear, headed with silver
on a bend sable, on a field of gold, and also for its
crest a falcon brandishing a spear. One passage generally believed to refer to Shakespeare,
calls him action, a name formed apparently from the
Greek akro, an eagle, and says, his Muse doth, like himself,
"heroically sound;" the poet's name, too, it is to
be observed, was in that day sometimes printed as two
words, connected by a hyphen, Shake-spear.

The poet's mother was of an ancient and somewhat
wealthy family, of the name of Arden. Arden is

* Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities, concerning
the Most Noble and Renowned English Nation. Antwerp,
1645.
or two later. From these two facts a fertile imagination has woven a narrative somewhat after this wise:—

Mary Arden! The very name breathes of poetry. But Mary is a mourner. Her father is dead, and she is now left without guidance, an heiress and an orphan. Mary lives, indeed, in a peaceful hamlet. But there are strange things around her,—things incomprehensible to a young woman. When she goes to the parish church on Sunday, there are many things which she did not see there in her father's time. She hears the mass sung and sees the beads hidden. Once, certainly, within those walls she had heard a very different form of worship. She recollects that in her childhood the rich religious houses of the vicinity had been suppressed, their property confiscated, and their buildings torn down or defaced. Now there is apparently a new power trying to re-

store these institutions. There are around her mutual persecutions and heart-burnings,—neighbor warring against neighbor, friend against friend, parents against children, husband against wife. Mary muses on many things with an anxious heart. The wealthier Ardens of Kingsbury and Hampton, of Rotley and Rodbourne and Park Hall, are her very good cousins; but bad roads and hard times keep them separate; and so she leads a somewhat lonely life. But village gossip tells of a young man, a yeoman of the neighboring town, an acquaintance of her father's, who often comes to sit upon those wooden benches in the old hall. He is a substantial and towerly young man, already a burgess in the village. From him she gathers useful suggestions as to the management of her little estate; and their son had, without the shadow of a doubt, all the advantages of breeding and education usually derived from growing up in such a family and attending the village school. What the latter was we shall presently inquire.

John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were married probably in 1557, some time, at all events, between November 24, 1556, the date of Robert Arden's will, and September 15, 1558, the date of the baptism of their first child. This first child died in infancy. Their second died before it was a year old. Their third, William, as before stated, was baptized April 26, and is commonly reputed to have been born April 23, 1564. He was therefore the oldest of the family, excepting those that died in infancy.

* Altered from Knight, p. 11.
CHAPTER III.

THE SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, ITS IDENTIFICATION AND HISTORY—EVIDENCE IT AFFORDS IN REGARD TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF SHAKESPEARE'S BOYHOOD—BAPTISMAL REGISTER OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAMILY—EVIDENCE IT GIVES IN REGARD TO THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE BOY WILL SHAKESPEARE.

THE house in which Shakespeare was born has been identified with sufficient certainty. It was situated in Henley Street, and was bought by John Shakespeare in 1556. He lived in this street, and most of the time in this house, from 1551, the time of his coming to Stratford, till 1601, the time of his death. The property passed, by inheritance or will, first to William Shakespeare, then to his eldest daughter, Susannah Hall, then to his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall (afterwards Lady Barnard), and then to Thomas and George Hart, grandsons of Shakespeare's sister, Joan, who was married to William Hart, of Stratford. It remained in possession of the Hart family till about the year 1820, the last of that name who occupied it being the seventh in descent in a direct line from Joan Shakespeare, the sister of William. By special contributions, in 1849 this house was made the property of the nation. It has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition three hundred years ago, has been filled with Shakespeare mementoes of every kind, and a fund has been set apart for the purpose of keeping it permanently in repair, and open to the inspection of visitors from all nations. Enough remains of the original structure to show that Shakespeare was born, and that he spent his boyhood and youth, in a home fully equal, in regard to the comforts and proprieties of life, to those common among the well-to-do, burgher class of England in the sixteenth century.

No one who wishes to trace the circumstances which have influenced, for good or evil, the growth of a great intellect, will overlook the companionship of childhood. Who were the youthful companions of William Shakespeare? The parish register of Stratford, after the date of William's baptism, contains among others the following entries of the Shakespeare family: Gilbert, baptized October 13, 1560; Joan, baptized April 15, 1569; Richard, baptized March 11, 1574; Edmund, baptized May 3, 1580.

Putting these dates together, and calling imagination once more to our aid, we find that when William was two and a half years old, Gilbert came to be his playmate; when William was five years old, that most precious gift to a loving boy, a sister, was granted, to grow up with him, and to find in him at once a playmate and a protector; at ten, he had another brother to lend out into the green fields; and at sixteen, the youngest was born, "the baby," whom William probably never regarded in any other light than as a plaything.

These things may be accounted mere fancies. I think they contain a doctrine. Selfishness and gloom are apt to be engendered by a solitary childhood. The baptismal register shows, in the childhood of Shakespeare, to cause at least for the existence of such moral affections, as his writings give no evidence that such feelings ever did exist in his healthy and cheerful mind.

Stratford-upon-Avon is a small town in Warwickshire, ninety-six miles north-west from London. Its population in the time of Shakespeare was about fifteen hundred. The municipal government consisted of a bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses. The alderman, once a fortnight held a court also a court-lee, which appointed "ale-tasters" of officers to prevent fraud in the quality, portent element in an Englishman's co. court-lee appointed also afforers, whose to punish citizens for various minor offence there was no express provision in the stat there was the constable, an officer of no little tion in such a town. John Shakespeare, the William, held successively all these offices. It the jury of the court-lee in 1556, an ale-taster a burgess in 1552, a constable in 1559, an after 1559 and again in 1561, an alderman in 1565, and bailiff or chief magistrate in 1568. William was fifth year when his father was at the height of municipal distinction.

One thing is noticeable in regard to this gradual vation of John Shakespeare in the social scale. In the registers where his name occurs prior to 1571, is recorded simply as John Shakespeare, in one pla

The Room where Shakespeare was Born in the House in Henley Street.

John Shakespeare, glover. But in a record on September 28, 1571, William being then in his eighth year, the father's name is entered as Magister Shakespeare; and ever after among his neighbors he is known, not as goodman Shakespeare, or plain John Shakespeare, but as Master Shakespeare. This title of Master or Mr. was then never used, as now that of M. D. is never used, except by virtue of some specific legal right.

This change of title in the history of John Shake- speare, it can hardly be doubted, was in consequence of his increasing wealth and his position in the village. It shows incontestably that he was about this time a leading man in the town, and consequently that his son, the poet, could not have been the illiterate butcher's boy that the early biographers represented him to be. We are left free to admire his transcendent genius without being called upon to believe the absurd tables of his clownish ignorance.

As further bearing upon the circumstances of the poet's childhood, the following ascertained facts may be cited, showing the probable occupation and the worldly condition of John Shakespeare. In 1556 he
nument and garden adjacent, in Henley also a tenement with a garden and crofted field) in Grenehill Street, both in Stratford; also, by inheritance, some landed at Nutterfield, three and a half miles from Stratford. In 1570, he held, as tenant under Sir William, a meadow of fourteen acres, at an annual £8 (≈ $200 then). The inference from these unmistakable indications, John Shakespeare was at one living upon his own land, and renting the lands, and actively engaged in the business of cultivation in an age when tillage was profitable. When a little later in life, he came to the village and settled in Henley Street, he probably kept up his agricultural labors, and also kept a shop in his house, where sold the products of his farm,—butcher's meat, wool, hides, and other articles, such as gloves made from the skins of the animals slaughtered. Harrison says: "Men of great port and countenance are so far from suffering their farmers [tenants] to have any gain at all, that they become graziers, butchers, tanners, sheepmasters, woodmen, and denique quid non."

probably on this account, William was thrown upon his own resources somewhat earlier than he might otherwise have been. The boy evidently knew little either of a father's care or of a father's control after the age of fifteen.

**Grammar School Attended by Shakespeare, Stratford.**

This explains the mystery of the apparently contradictory traditions in regard to the occupation of John Shakespeare. We see how he was a "butcher," also a "wool-merchant," also a "glover," also a "farmer," also a "yeoman," how finally John Shakespeare, the woodman of Arden, sold timber to the corporation of Stratford. The evidence is tolerably complete that John Shakespeare, in his later years, for some cause not ascertained, fell into pecuniary difficulties and embarrassments. He was evidently in straitened circumstances in 1579; was turned out of the aldermanship in 1586; was arrested for debt in 1587; and finally, in 1592, was reported by the authorities as absenting himself from church for fear of being arrested for debt. But as these things occurred chiefly after the formative period in the life of his son William, and as these difficulties, even when greatest, did not seem to affect the social status of the family, it is hardly necessary to pursue the subject further, except to remark that, 

**CHAPTER IV.**

**Shakespeare's School and Schoolmasters — What is Known of His Course of Study — His Knowledge of Latin and Greek — Evidence in His Writings of His Being a Classical Scholar.**

**Stratford-upon-Avon** was, as it still is, a quiet place, comparatively free from disturbance and excitement. Its ecclesiastical foundations were numerous and ample. With one of these, the Guild of the Holy Cross, was connected an endowed grammar school. It was founded in 1482, in the reign of Edward IV., by gift of Thomas Jolyffe, on condition that the authorities of the town and guild "should find a priest, fit and able in knowledge, to teach grammar freely to all scholars coming to the school, . . . taking nothing of the scholars for their teaching." The school was afterwards enriched by Sir Hugh Clpton, the great benefactor of Stratford, and finally was reorganized by Edward VI., in his royal charter to the town, which requires, among other things, "that the free grammar school for the instruction and education of boys and youth there, should be hereafter kept up and maintained as theretofore it used to be."

There is no register, or document of any kind, to show that Shakespeare actually attended this school. That he did so attend, however, is morally certain, from the fact of its existence, and from his father's position and standing in the village. We have no record that the showers fell or the sun shone upon the little garden and croft in Henley Street, yet we make no question of the fact. We have an almost equal certainty that the boy Shakespeare, "with his satchel and shining morning face," found his way regularly to the grammar school in Chapel Street.

A grammar school in England in those days meant a school for teaching mainly Latin and Greek, corresponding in some respects to the old-fashioned academy once so common in this country. It was always taught by men of the clerical profession, graduates of the universities. The teacher of this particular school from 1572, when Shakespeare was eight years old, to 1589, when he was sixteen, was a graduate of Cambridge, the Rev. Thomas Hant, who was at the same time curate of the adjoining parish of Luddington. In this school, and under this teacher, without a shadow of doubt, Shakespeare was instructed in the knowledge of the ancient tongues. As to the extent of this knowledge, an unfair presumption has been created by the oft-quoted expression of Ben Jonson on the subject. Jonson, who knew Shakespeare intimately, speaks of his having "small Latin and less Greek." This was said in Ben's usual style, more to point an antithesis than to state exact truth. Jonson, himself the pupil of the great Camden, was eminent for classical scholarship, and gloried in the fact. Statements by him on this subject, therefore, are to be received with some degree of allowance. What seemed to him a small modicum of Latin and Greek may have been after all a very fair possession. But taking his expression literally, it shows that Shakespeare had certainly some
considerable knowledge of the classics, and with equal
certainty that he had in his youth attended the public
grammar school, where only in Stratford this knowl-
edge could have been acquired by him. Now the
course of studies in these old endowed grammar schools
is a matter of public record. It included instruction
always in Latin and Greek, often in French, and some-
times in Italian. The classics usually read were Caesar,
Sallust, Cicero, Terence, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, in
Latin; Lucian, Xenophon, Homer, and Aristophanes,
in Greek.

The pupil, furthermore, was obliged to read a
goodly portion of this Latin before beginning
Greek. It is doubtful whether, in any public grammar
school then, a boy would have been able to begin
Greek without a familiar acquaintance with at least
Cesar, Cicero, Virgil, and Ovid; and after beginning
Greek, the Latin, be it remembered, would be still
continued; be it remembered too that the Greek itself
was studied through the medium of the Latin, the only
grammar and the only dictionary of the Greek at the
pupil's command being written in Latin. As indeed it
was, as the Greek was not a classical language, the dic-
tionary was concerned, Shakespeare then could not
have had even the little Greek that the critical Ben
was willing to allow him, without having known a
good deal of Latin. In all probability he knew
as much of both as would be learned by a bright boy who
attended the grammar school until he was fifteen or
sixteen, but who did not go thence to the university.
There is nothing in his history, and still less in his
writings, to make it necessary to suppose, as has been
too generally done, that for his knowledge of Roman
affairs he was dependent entirely upon the very
imperfect translations then extant of the Roman writers.
The signs, too, are unmistakable that in the use of
words he was thoroughly at home in the classic ele-
ment of the language, to an extent utterly unattainable
by one who had never studied Latin and Greek.

There is perhaps no more decisive test of scholar-
ship,—meaning by that term acquaintance with lan-
guages,—than the extent of a man's vocabulary. The
number of different words that common uneducated
people use is surprisingly small. A thousand or two,
sometimes only a few hundred, are all the words at
their command. Educated men of genius, like
Bunyan, have of course a larger stock at command,
but even in their case the number of different words
they use is comparatively small. The words they do
use are forcible and are used with great vigor, but
the range is limited. Men acquire a wide range of
words in two ways, namely, 1st, by becoming acquaint-
ated with numerous and varying subjects through study
and observation, and, 2d, by the study of languages,
and by the latter chiefly. Hence it is noticeable that
writers who have studied foreign languages, ancient
or modern, or others in the range of their vocabula-
ry, Milton, for instance, who was eminent as a
scholar, uses in his poetic works no less than eight
thousand different words. But Shakespeare, in his
poetry, nearly doubles the amount, using more than
fifteen thousand—a vocabulary larger, so far as known,
than that of any other English writer. A more con-
vincing proof of scholarship could not well be con-
cieved.

It may not be amiss to dwell a moment longer upon
this point, as it is an essential fact in any theory that
undertakes to explain intelligibly the problem of
Shakespeare's authorship. "A young author's first
work," as Coleridge well observes, "almost always
bespeaks his recent pursuits." The earliest produc-
tions of Shakespeare, accordingly, those written soon
after he had left school, betray unmistakably the classi-
cal scholar. Compare them with those of any un-
taught genius, say Bunyan, and see the difference.
Venus and Adonis, "the first heir of his invention,”
and the Rape of Lucrece, published only one year later,
are both on classical subjects; and while treated with
originality of conception, the author using freely old
materials to construct an edifice of his own contriv-
ance, are yet thoroughly and consistently classical in
all their ideas and devices. They show a mind steeped
and saturated with a knowledge of Greek and Latin
fable. Would an unlettered village youth have ven-
tured on such subjects, in addressing a nobleman like
Pompey, and one unfitted for his own scholas-
tship and for his patronage of scholars? All of Shakes-
pear's earlier plays, such as Love's Labour's Lost, The
Comedy of Errors, and the three parts of Henry VI,
abound in classical allusions, classical quotations, and
Latinisms both of diction and construction, almost to
the verge of pedantry;—not indeed the direct ped-
antry of his contemporaries, Marlowe, Greene, and
Felde, who made open play of their learning, and who
stole bodily from the ancients; Shakespeare, even in
these earlier days of his authorship, when still fresh
from his school studies, and infected to some extent
with the spirit of his times, yet used his classical
knowledge as a master, not as a servile copyist. As
he proceeded in his work, and acquired maturity of
power and of art, his mastery appears both in his less
frequent use of classical allusions and in the wonder-
ful ninety with which words of convenient use are
wrought into the substance of his own thought. In
the Latin constructions sometimes used in these later
plays, and in the Latin-English words which he some-
times coins, he shows not only singular facility of in-
vention, but unerring correctness. Milton himself
does not walk with more assured tread than does
Shakespeare, whenever he has occasion to resort to
classic lore. And then how wonderfully steeped in
beauty are these classical words and ideas, after having
passed through his subtle brain! How purely classi-
cal, yet with a grace which entirely his own, is that ex-
quisite image in Hamlet:

"A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

Observe, too, the new use to which this master
of language here puts the word "station"—a mode of
standing—a use of the word how purely Latin, and
yet how thoroughly Shakespearean. Perhaps, how-
ever, there is not in all his works a finer instance of
his absolute dominion in the world of words than in
that singular expression in Macbeth:

"This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,"

Not only by words and phrases, however, does he
show knowledge of classical lore, but by the comple-
etness with which he enters into the life of the
ancestors, as in the Roman plays, where he seems to
be actually co-existent with Cesar and Pompey, with
Brutus and Cassius, with Antony and Cleopatra. It
is not possible to believe that this intimate knowl-
edge of the "very form and pressure of the time" in
those old Roman days came from their own school
grammars and lexicons, and reading the wretched
translations of Thomas Pheer and Arthur
Golding. The foundation of this classical knowledge,
assuredly, was laid in that public grammar school at
Stratford, where, during all his boyhood, to the age
beyond that at which youth then went to the univer-
sities, he had the continued instruction of a learned
clergyman, himself a graduate of Cambridge.
and then, beyond question, Shakespeare became acquainted with the classical tongues, and with some of the masterpieces of classical composition; and this familiarity with the ancients, thus begun in youth, was there can be as little doubt continued in later life, while seeking materials for his own great works. No other theory seems possible. No other satisfies the conditions of the problem of his authorship. Assuredly, he was an intelligent, educated artist, not an inspired idiot.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES ACTING UPON HIS YOUTHFUL MIND—(a) RELIGIOUS TRAINING AND ASSOCIATIONS, THE QUESTION WHETHER JOHN SHAKESPEARE, THE FATHER, WAS A CATHOLIC, STRONGLY PROTESTANT CHARACTER OF THE STRATFORD PARISH CHURCH, LIST OF THE SERVICE BOOKS USED IN THAT CHURCH, CATHER-CHURCH OR PROTESTANT CHURCH; (b) STORIES WHICH SHAKESPEARE IN HIS BOYHOOD WAS DRILLED; (c) CHRONICLES AND LEGENDS WHICH FORMED A PART OF HIS YOUTHFUL READING, A LIST OF THESE BOOKS GIVEN; (c) LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS TO WHICH HIS YOUTHFUL MIND WAS SUBJECTED, REMARKABLE SERIES OF FACTS ON THIS POINT.

But education is more than learning. Education is growth, and whatever contributes to the growth of a great intellect, whether it be the religious associations of church and home, the story books devoured, the local usages and traditions by which one is surrounded and inspired, whatever thus acts upon the growth of a great intellect, is a part of its means of education. Let us glance at some of these outside the "schools and schoolmasters" of the boy Shakespeare.

And first of religious associations. On this point I propose to dwell a little, as the subject is one not so generally understood as it should be, and the facts that bear upon it are not matters of conjecture, but of record — clear, positive, and well defined; and they throw a strong light upon one of the most marked features of the author's works. More than a century and a half after his death, the theory was broached that John Shakespeare, the father of William, was a Catholic. The facts in regard to this matter are briefly, as follows: The Hart who, in 1770, occupied the Shakespeare tenement in Henley Street, had the roof new tiled. The bricklayer employed for this purpose professed to have found between the rafters and the old tiling a manuscript, which on examination purported to be the confession of faith of John Shakespeare, and which contained ample avowals of his being a Roman Catholic. The authenticity of this document, like the notorious Ireland forgeries, is now entirely discarded by Shakespearean experts and critics. John Shakespeare was of course born a Catholic, as were the great body of other Englishmen born prior to the breach between Henry VIII. and the Pope, in 1531. But the fact that he held various civil offices in Stratford, and especially that of chief burgess or mayor, shows incontestably that John Shakespeare was, outwardly at least, a Protestant during all the time of William's boyhood, for by the statute of Elizabeth, 1558-9, known as the oath of supremacy, every civil magistrate in the realm was bound under penalties of forfeiture and imprisonment to conform to the established reformed religion. John Shakespeare in his old age is indeed officially reported, among others of his neighbors, for "not coming monthly to the church," as required by statute, but

at the same time it is significantly added that he was thought "to forbear church for debt or fear of process;" in other words, he stayed away from church to escape arrest for debt, not out of disaffection for the reformed religion.

Then we have the fact, from which there is no escaping, that William and all his brothers and sisters were regularly baptized in the Stratford parish church, which was not only Protestant but Puritan, the vicar, Richard Bifield, being one of the most zealous of the Puritan divines. Shakespeare himself, his wife, his daughter, his son-in-law, all lie buried in the most conspicuous position in the chancel, — the strongest possible attestation that this Protestant church was the religious home of the Shakespeare family.

The services of that church, then, were, beyond question, among the educational influences under which the intellect of Shakespeare grew. Let us see for a moment what these services were, and how far they were of a kind likely to influence such a mind. The Psalter in use there, the only one in fact then in use in England, was the Book of common prayer, or, as it was called, the English Psalter. Two old tombstones of old Sterndale and Hopkins; these were the Psalms to which without doubt his boyish ears were accustomed. The Book of Common Prayer, adopted in the reign of Edward VI., 1549, and reaffirmed by Elizabeth, 1559, was then in use in all the churches, and was, with all its wealth of purest English, perfectly familiar to the youthful Shakespeare. The portions of Scripture which he read from the Psalter Book on the Sabbath were, as they still are, from Cranmer's version, 1540, known as The Great Bible, a huge folio for the use of the churches. But the householder Bible of that day, the only one printed in small volume, was the Geneva version, executed by the Presbyterian refugees at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1560. This Geneva Bible, it can hardly be doubted, was the one used in the household of John Shakespeare and of his son William. It was indeed for half a century, that is, until the appearance of our present version, in 1611, the common household Bible of the great majority of the English people. That Shakespeare was familiar with this Geneva Bible is further proved by a critical examination of the Scripture words and phrases which he uses in such abundance, and which are clearly those of the Geneva version.

In this connection, it is proper to notice certain manuals of religious instruction in which all young persons were then drilled. Shakespeare, in King John (I. i.), mentions one of these, the Absey Book. This Absey Book, so called from A B C, is the name of a little manual for the instruction of young children, put forth in the first year of the reign of Edward VI. It contains "the A B C, the Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, and Ten Commandments." It contained also, in some of the subsequent editions, a few short lessons for reading and spelling, and a brief catechism of religious instruction. Besides this Absey Book, Edward, before the close of his reign, put forth a new edition of the old English Primer, being "a short catechism of plain instruction, containing the sum of Christian learning." These two manuals, the Absey Book and the Primer, covering substantially the same ground, and that almost half a century later by the New England Primer put forth by the "great John Cotton" of Boston, were made obligatory. Every schoolmaster of the realm was required, by royal command, and under severe penalties, to teach these

* Various little incidents show the Puritan character of the village. In 1564, 2s. are paid by the corporation for defacing the image in the chapel. In 1600, a man is fined by the authorities for trading on the Sabbath. The inscriptions on the tombstones of the Shakespeare family in the church all speak deep religious feeling of the John Bunyan order.
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manuscripts to his puffs. It is morally certain then that Shakespeare conned them and committed them to memory.

To recapitulate: From the plain old Psalter of Sternhold and Hopkins, in use in the parish church, from the weekly services of the Book of Common Prayer, from the daily use at his, mother’s knee of the last edition of the old book the Geneva Bible, from the careful training which good Master Hunt gave him in the Abbey Book and the Primer, it is easy to understand how a mind so susceptible to external influences as was that of Shakespeare became so imbued and saturated, as we find it, with Scripture language and doctrine.

Another educational influence needs to be mentioned. Shakespeare’s plays show him to have been early familiar with the old English chronicles and other legendary lore which formed a part of the popular reading of that day. A mind such as his would naturally revel in this kind of reading, as did Walter Scott’s in the old border ballads of Scotland. Some of the books of this kind at the command of the youthful Shakespeare, which he has used so largely in his works, and which evidently helped to mould and fashion his King Lear, is it worth while to mention. They were “the books, the academees,” (Love’s Lab. Lost, IV. iii.) from which his soul drank nourishment, just as truly as it did from Master Hunt and Lily’s grammar and the volume of Greek and Latin lore over which he pored in the famous Chapel Street grammar school. Among the books thus devoured by the imaginative boy we may reckon, with scarcely a possibility of mistake, the following:

1. *The Palace of Pleasure* by William Painter, 1566. This was a collection of stories and novels, from various languages, translated into English. In this collection we find among others the pitiful Italian story of Romeo and Juliet, as translated from the French of Boistean.

2. *Fabyan’s Chronicle* of the old British history, 1516. This contains among its many wild legends the “story of Leir and his three daughters”—a story peculiarly interesting to a Warwickshire man, as “Leir” is reputed to have founded the neighboring town of “Caerlel,” now called Leicester.

3. *Hall’s Chronicle*, 1548. This was devoted to a narrative of the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster, a large part of the battle-fields of which were within a day’s walk of Stratford-upon-Avon. That this book had been well thumbed by the youthful bard may be inferred from the fact that three-fourths of all his great historical plays were founded on materials gathered from this field.

4. *Holinshed’s Chronicle* of England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1577. This is another fascinating book of the same sort. Shakespeare follows it in all his plays on English history. He doubtless devoured it when a boy, just as Walter Scott devoured the old Scotch ballads and legends.

5. *Gesta Romanorum*, translated into English by Robinson, 1593. This was a famous story-book of those days. It was a vast storehouse of monkish and mediaeval legends, full of fascination for an imaginative mind, and containing among other things the two stories which form the groundwork of the *Merchant of Venice*, also the story of the Emperor Theodosius and his three daughters, which is another form of the old fabliau of King Lear.

6. *Reginald Scott’s Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. This work, with its infinite details and wild stories of witches, fairies, hobgoblins, and other uncanny folk, must have had a strange fascination for the mind that has given us the weird sisters of *Macbeth*, Aricel and Caliban of *The Tempest*, and all the long list of Puck, Peaseblossom, Titania, Queen Mab, and their fellows.

Many other books might be mentioned as forming very probably a part of the library of the boy Shakespeare. But of these six which have been named, Palace of Pleasure, Fabyan’s Chronicle, Hall’s Chronicle, Holinshed’s Chronicle, Gesta Romanorum, and Reginald Scott’s Discovery of Witchcraft, there can be no doubt more than we could if we saw the very books themselves with his autograph upon them, the very dog’s-ears telling us where to turn for the well-thumbed passages which have formed the staple of so many of his most glorious creations.

We are considering, remember, the educational influences that gave shape and color to the character of this wonderful man. I have spoken thus far, first, of his school and the studies which he pursued there; secondly, of his church and his religious instruction and associations; thirdly, of the story books and legends which were within his reach, and with which his works show him to have been entirely familiar. All these things are strictly educational; by grouping them together thus in one view, we are able to realize to some extent the kind of atmosphere in which the mind of Shakespeare grew, and what received such a healthy development. But there was still one other educational influence, not inferior to any of these. I refer to the powerful influence of the local associations that were around him on every side, and on this point I shall make no apology for entering a little into particulars. The subject, you will find, is in the highest degree suggestive.

The childhood of Shakespeare, it can hardly be doubted, was one of great physical activity. The Stratford butt, which, with all its faults as a work of art, is perhaps the best authenticated likeness of him, tells unmistakably the same story. In his writings, too, he displays a minute familiarity with out-door sports of every kind, an acquaintance with external nature and country scenes, such as is never gained except by those whose childhood and youth are spent largely in the open air, among the green fields and by the hedge-rows and lanes of the country. The free, harum-scarum country boy speaks out from his page in places innumerable. In this, as in many other points, there is a striking resemblance between Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott,—the same healthy robustness of thought, the same joyousness of temperament, the same fondness for out-door life and out-door sports, the same close observation of nature, the same love for legendary lore, written or unwritten. The story of Scott’s early life fortunately is on record; and, by analogy, it tells us plainly how, in corresponding circumstances, the Stratford boy with his great exuberance of life deported himself among the stirring associations by which he was surrounded. Let us look for a moment at some of these local transactions and associations, which were likely to act upon the imagination in a thoughtful way in that spring-time of life when the quick-coming fancies of the brain are just beginning to take root.

We have all read Walter Scott’s description of Kenilworth Castle, and of the gorgeous pageants exhibited there by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth. All mid-England was there by thousands, three hundred and twenty heads of the drain on the occasion testifying to the extent of the gathering. Is it likely, can we conceive it possible, that a boy of active habits and ardent imagination, then in the twelfth year of his age, and living only thirteen miles away, would be absent from such an exhibition? The dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment must have been especially suggestive to the
mind of the young villager. When, on that occasion, the great Earl welcomed his sovereign with a more than regal magnificence, it is not hard to believe that his ambition looked higher than the part of favorite counsellor and minister. The Stratford boy would not be slow to take up the pleasing surprise, as it passed from mouth to mouth among the gaping multitude, nor would he soon forget the pageant itself, or the gay throngs surging in and out through the lordly portals. The only passage in the plays in which Shakespeare appears distinctly to allude to Queen Elizabeth is one the hint of which seems to have been caught on this occasion. Bear in mind that in these shows at Kenilworth, the mythology of lakes and seas abounds. "Arion appears bearing on a dolphin's back," "Triston, in likeness of a mermaid, comes towards her majesty." With these things in mind, let us see if we do not get some new light on the origin of that exquisite passage in the speech of Oberon, in _A Midsummer Night's Dream_, already referred to (II. i).

Obe. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal's thrown by the west,
And loosed 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
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free,

Let us look at some of the other local associations: Only ten miles from Stratford was Warwick Castle, the seat of the great Earl, the king-maker, with its huge piles of masonry and its rich historical associations. Many an old servitor of the house would be there, only too glad to pour into the ear of the curious boy the tales of tragic interest which had been enacted within and around its walls.

A mile from Warwick, at Blacklow-hill, was the scene of another startling tragedy. There, in 1312, the favorite of Edward II., Piers Gaveston, was beheaded by the barons. Conspicuous among the objects that would here rivet the attention was the ancient statue of Guy at Guy's Cliff, the famous "Black Dog of Arden," by whose hand the butchery was perpetrated.

Only twelve miles away was the scene of the great battle of Evesham, where, in 1265, Edward I. defeated the barons under Simon de Montfort. The tomb of King John was at Worcester, only twenty miles away. Coventry, eighteen miles away, was the seat of the famous Black Prince. There were the famous lists where, according to Shakespeare's own description (_Richard II._ I. iii), the quarrel first began between the houses of York and Lancaster. There, too, was something still more attractive to a young poet. The Coventry Mysteries, the most famous of their kind in England, were then in full activity, and the people of the rural counties were hardly less attracted to them than are the people of Germany now to the Passion Plays of the Oberammergau. All mid-England thronged to see these remarkable open air theatricals,—the germ from which in less than twenty years Shakespeare's own theatre was to spring.

A two days' walk would bring one from Stratford
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to Shrewsbury, where the Hotspur Percy was slain, and the Scotch Earl Douglas taken, and minute touches in Shakespeare's description of the battle show that his eye was thoroughly familiar with the scenery of this great battle-field.

One day's walk down the Avon brings you to the scene of the great battle of Tewksbury,—the crowning struggle of a terrible sixteen years' war. In that battle, as Margaret so piteously says to Richard, "Thou sluest Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury." (Richard II., I. iii.).

The battle of Bosworth Field was fought within thirty miles of Stratford. Burton, writing in 1624, says the inhabitants then living around the plains of Bosworth Field "have many occurrences and passages [of the battle] yet fresh in memory, by reason that some persons thenceabout, which saw the battle fought, were living within less than forty years." Forty years from Burton's date takes us back to the sixteenth year of William Shakespeare. Why should not he, the boy-dramatist, like Scott, the boy-novelist, have gathered knowledge and caught inspiration from the lips of these old narrators? The battle of Bosworth Field was, in Shakespeare's day, the Waterloo of English history. Burton again, in another place, speaking of this battle, identifies the spot "by a little mount cast up, where the common report is, that at the first beginning of the battle Henry Est [Eustace, nicknamed Paille,] God's servant, did make his pararmetrical ordonnance to his army (Richard III., V. iii.); (also) by divers pieces of armor, weapons, and other warlike accouterments, and by many arrow-heads new found, whereof about twenty years since [1604] great store were dug up, of which some I have now in my custody, being of a long, large, and great proportion, far greater than any now in use; as also by relation of the inhabitants, who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory." Let it be remembered in this connection that the ten historical plays, no less than eight are associated in many of their battle-fields with the localities which have been named, and with which Shakespeare was from boyhood perfectly familiar. Of these plays, four, namely, Richard II., Henry IV., Part I., Henry IV., Part II., and Henry V., constitute a connected tetralogy, showing the rise of the House of Lancaster; of the remaining four, namely, Henry VI., Part I., Henry VI., Part II., Henry VI., Part III., and Richard III., constitute a second tetralogy, showing the rise of the House of York. The wars described in these eight plays agitated the English nation for full a century. The memory of them was still fresh in the minds of the English people at the time when Shakespeare's boyhood began, being about as far removed from him as the events of the American Revolution are from us. The battle-fields of these fierce wars and the monuments of them on every side of him were a part of the educational forces to which his young mind was subjected.

No one who has read Romeo and Juliet is likely to forget the amiable Friar Lawrence. The picture of this kind-hearted old man has all the marks of a portrait, the original of which may be traced with no difficulty. Shakespeare and Sidney and some of his Stratford, at Evesham, were the ruins of the famous Abbey of the Benedictines, which had been robbed and dismantled by Henry VIII., in 1539. More than one hundred and fifty inmates of this monastery were turned loose upon the world. Many of these men doubtless were still living, sheltered in the cottages of old servants and retainers of the monastery, and meeting more likely than that young Shakespeare came in contact with more than one of these meek and peaceful old men. "The Infirmarist of a monastic

house, who had charge of the sick brethren, was often in the early days of medical science their only physician. The book knowledge and the experience of such a valuable member of the conventual body would still allow him to exercise these useful functions when thrust out into the world; and the young poet may have known some such kindly old man, full of axiomatic wisdom," who unconsciously sat for his portrait of Friar Lawrence. It is observable of all Shakespeare's pictures of monks, that they are drawn in the spirit of charity, and show the benevolent and kindly side of their character. The expelled Benedictines of Evesham, living in a serene and peaceful old age before his eyes, would naturally prompt to such a view.

Shakespeare's knowledge of archery and other field sports often comes out in his writings. In the Venus and Adonis, for instance, the practised huntsman appears as unmistakably as in Scott's Lady of the Lake. The painting of the hare-hunt, in the Venus and Adonis, is, for minute accuracy unequalled in all English literature. So in the Merchant of Venice, he shows his familiarity with archery. (I. l.)

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both.

The ancient sport of archery was revived in England with much ceremony in 1560, Shakespeare being then sixteen years old. A short distance from Stratford, about a mile from the little village of Bidford, was still standing twenty-five years ago an old crab-tree, known as Shakespeare's Crab-Tree, and celebrated partly by the tradition that he was one of a party who accepted a challenge from some Bidford toppers to try which party could drink the most ale, but more certainly by the tradition that under this tree were many games of archery, in which Shakespeare and other Stratford boys took part.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF HIS DEED-STEALING, HOW FAR IT IS TO BE CREDITED.

There is another somewhat circumstantial tradition of Shakespeare's youth, which may be exaggerated in many of its details, and yet must have had some foundation in truth,—enough at least to add to the conviction that when a boy he was addicted to boyish sports and boon companions. "He had," says Rowe, one of the earliest of the biographers, 1709, "by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to avenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him; and though this probably the first essay of his poetry, he lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and his family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter in London." Rowe speaks of the ballad as being lost, but some later antiquaries succeeded in gathering fragments of it from the lips of two or three extremely aged persons who had portions of it in memory. The first stanza, at least, has been clearly made out from two

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independent sources. The ballad may possibly not have been Shakespeare's, but there is no doubt of its having come down to us by direct oral tradition, reaching back very nearly to Shakespeare's day.

To understand the malicious poem upon Sir Thomas's name, it should be remembered that in the language of heraldry the word "lucie" (Lat. lucius, O. Fr. lus) meant a pike, a kind of fish, and that three white hues or pike, interlaced, were in the quarterings of the coat-of-arms of the Lucy family. The balladist, whoever he was, quibbles upon the rustic pronunciation of the word "l-o-u-s-e," which was also sounded "lucie," and thus brings out the provoking idea which so nettled the provincial dignitary. The stanza is as follows:

A Parishion member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an ass;
If lowse is Lucy, as some volk miscall it,
Then Lucy is lowse, whatever befell it,
He thinks himself great,
Yet an ass in his state.
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowse, as some volk miscall it,
Sing lowse Lucy, whatever befell it.

Shakespeare certainly at no period of his life was above this sort of quibble, and in his "Merry Wives of Windsor" (I. ii.) he uses almost exactly the same expression, so that readers have very generally believed that Sir Thomas sat for the picture when the dramatist gave us his immortal portrait of Justice Shallow:

Seton. All his ancestors that come after him . . .
May give the dozen white hues in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Sans. The dozen white hues do become an old coat well;
It agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man.

Charlecote, with its ample parks and its noble mansion and its worthy surroundings of every kind, was in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, and doubtless was one of the objects that helped to fill the mind of the young bard with images of beauty, whether the story of his youthful escapade there be true or not.

CHAPTER VII.

His marriage—painful surmises raised in regard to it by recent discoveries—questionable character of the transaction—happiness or unhappiness of his married life, the arguments pro and con—The romance connected with the name and memory of Anne Hathaway.

WHAT I have given thus far in regard to the personal history of Shakespeare is, I am constrained to say, though extremely probable, yet, with one single exception, devoid of absolute certainty. Truth to say, from the register of his baptism to his nineteenth year, we have not one fact strictly personal to himself which we can affirm on direct and positive evidence. The second fact of his life for which we have authentic documentary evidence is his marriage. The date of his marriage is involved in the same difficulty as the date of his birth. The reason of the uncertainty as to the exact date is that the marriage register has not been found; but not many years ago a legal document was brought to light which fixes the date within a day or two. In the year 1836, there was discovered in the Consistorial Court of Worcester, the county adjoining to Warwickshire, a document relating to Shakespeare, which on examination proved to be his marriage license. In this document, bonds are given by two of his neighbors to indemnify the Bishop for licensing the marriage with only once pub-
brother-in-law; furthermore, Jack Sandells and John Richardson, Shakespeare's bondsman, on the marriage license, were neighbors and friends of the Hathaways; and finally, the Shakespeares and the Hathaways seem from various circumstances to have lived on the most neighborly terms.

As to the omissions of the will, it is to be remarked that the "best bed" in such a family was usually an heirloom, and went, according to English custom, to the heir-at-law; that the "second-best bed" was doubtless the one connected with the bridal ceremony and the married life of the parties; and finally, that by English law the wife had her widow's portion, and was thus annually provided for without any special legacy in the will. Still, the one awkward fact remains, and the union, it is feared by many, was an ill-assorted one, and as such was a misfortune, even though not a crime.

In this connection, too, it must be added that a portion of the sonnets seem to reveal to us some dark passages in Shakespeare's London life, and from this the inference has been made that he was driven to seek in forbidden ways the companionship and solace that he did not find by his own hearth-stone. That he did not, however, by the fascinations of the capital, become seriously alienated from his Stratford home is as clear as day, and is among the important facts bearing upon this vexed question. He never became a Londoner, as did Jonson and the other dramatists of the day. All the pet names given him by his contemporaries connect him with his country home. He is ever "the sweet swan of Avon," "the bard of Avon," not of the Thames. Every year, during his long sojourn in London, he made his annual visit to Stratford. His children are baptized, married, and buried there. His earnings, year by year, are invested there. It has even come to light that among his investments was a purchase of land at Shottery, the seat of the Hathaway Cottage, which certainly does not look as though the place had become distasteful to him. Everything in fact that we certainly know of the history of the man shows that Stratford and its surroundings, the residence of his wife and the scene of his youthful love, continued to be the home of his affections. Had there been any such alienation as has been imputed, there would not have been on the part of the injured wife that strong desire, which we know her to have expressed, to be buried in the same grave with him.

Anne Hathaway, the name of the young woman who so early gained such an ascendency over the youthful poet, was, according to a very general tradition, possessed of great personal beauty. There is indeed no direct contemporary record to this effect. But the tradition is at least an innocent one, and is not contradicted by any adverse testimony.

Of the sonnets, there are two or three at least that are redolent of this spring-time of life, and which I for one can hardly help believing were written by him before leaving Stratford, and were inspired by this Stratford beauty. One of these, in a half playful, half passionate vein, is a continued parody or pun on his own name of "Will."

Whoever hath her wish, then 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 versatile,
Not once vouchsafe to hide thy will in shine?

Another sonnet, in like youthful vein, differing so widely from the deep tragedy that pervades others of his sonnets, is addressed to some one playing on the virginal, an instrument of music then in use, the keys, called "Jacks," being of wood.

Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my lord 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,' said to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will,'
Sonnet CXXXV.

Another sonnet, on many who have been called 'Jacks,'

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed instrument, which增
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wavy concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that mingle leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilest my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by the blushing stand?
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips.
O'er whom (which) thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blust than living lips,
Since saucy Jacks so happy are in thine
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.
Sonnet CXXVIII.
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This sonnet, whether addressed to Anne Hathaway or not, is at least a refutation of the theory that all the sonnets were inspired by a male friend. The sentiments here expressed are surely not those of man towards man, but of a man towards a woman.

Anne Hathaway's cottage, at the little village of Shottery, a mile and a half across the green fields from Stratford, still remains, and in it the "second best bed with the furniture," bequeathed by her husband. Nothing more picturesque is to be seen in all the country round.

The next entry in the Stratford register with which this story is concerned is the following: Baptized, February 2, 1555, Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter of William Shakespeare. Shakespeare's wife bore him only these three children. Hamnet, the only son, died at the age of twelve. The daughters, Susannah and Judith, were both married. Judith was married to a Stratford man, Thomas Quiney, and had three sons, who however all died without issue. Susannah, the oldest daughter, and the chief inheritor, was married to Dr. Hall, an eminent physician of Stratford. She had one daughter, Elizabeth, who was twice married, the last time to Sir John Barnard, but she likewise died without issue. No lineal descendant of Shakespeare, therefore, now exists.

CHAPTER VIII.
WHAT LED SHAKESPEARE TO THE PLAYERS AND TO LONDON.

Many conjectures and surmises have been given as to the cause of Shakespeare's leaving Stratford for the metropolis. The real cause I take to be that stated briefly by Aubrey, the earliest of all the biographers (1670). "This William," says Aubrey, "being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London." Let us see if some light cannot be thrown upon this brief paragraph.

Among the fiscal accounts of Stratford have been several entries which may be serviceable in this matter. These entries are charges of public money expended by the authorities for certain theatrical performances at different times, from 1609 to 1580, that is, from the fifth to the seventeenth year of William Shakespeare. In 1580, when his father John Shakespeare was chief magistrate or Bailiff, there was a payment of £9 to the Queen's Players, and of 12s. to the Earl of Worcest-ter's Players. In 1573, the Earl of Leicester's Players received 5s. 8d. In 1576, my Lord of Warwick's Players had a gratuity of 17s., and the Earl of Worcester's Players one of 5s. 8d. In 1577, my Lord of Leicester's Players received 15s., and my Lord of Worcest-ter's Players 5s. 4d. In 1579, my Lord Strange's men, at the commandment of the Bailiff, 5s., and the Countess of Essex's Players 14s. 8d. In 1580, the Earl of Derby's Players, at the commandment of the Bailiff, 8s. 4d.

These entries are explained by the following passage in a book by R. Witte, 1639, who gives his own age at that time as seventy-five, and who must therefore have been born in the same year with Shakespeare. Witte is describing what he had seen in a country town near Stratford when he was a boy. His description, in connection with the foregoing entries, is almost as satisfactory as if it had been said in express terms that the same thing was seen by Will Shakespeare, another boy, in another town of merry England, "all in the olden time." The title is:

"UPON A STAGE-PLAY WHICH I SAW WHEN I WAS A CHILD."

"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 inform him what nobleman's servants they are, and so to get license for their playing; and if the Mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city; and that is called the Mayor's Play, when every one that will come in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect unto 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 courtiers of several kinds, amongst which three ladies were in special grace with him; and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsel and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rod again asleep, that he snorted and waked, and in the mean time closely conveyed under the clothes wherewithal he was covered a vizard like unto a swine's snout upon his face, with three wire chains fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being severally held by these three ladies, who fell to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see that 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 blue, with a sergeant of arms, his mace upon his shoulder, the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaning with the other hand upon the other's shoulder; and so they two went along in a soft pace, round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, where all the Court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost man with his mace struck a blow upon the cradle, whereat all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate 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 personate in the geast 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."

Now if R. Wiltes, born in 1584, saw when a child this exhibition in the town of Gloucester, I do not find it at all difficult to believe that when, in 1590, John Shakespeare, Bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon, ordered the payment of 9s. to the Queen's Players for the exhibition of a Merry Interlude, his son Will, then five years old, stood in like manner between his father's legs, as he sat upon one of the benches, and there saw a like notable "gest;" and that he continued to witness the other exhibitions of a like kind which occurred from time to time in his native town during the whole period of his boyhood.

The inference which these records suggest is strengthened by others of a later date. The first direct evidence that we have of Shakespeare's being in London
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is a list of certain persons in that city, engaged as players and as proprietors of the Play House. In this company, of which Shakespeare is one, occur the names of several other actors from the same county of Warwick, and one other at least from Stratford itself. Thus, then, it was. The great dramatist found, even in these rude exhibitions, something congenial. He found in these wandering and clumsy theatricals the elements of his own glorious day-dreams. His soul was touched, rudely it may be, but on that choral which yielded its deepest and sweetest music. To join his fellow-townsmen who had already embarked in this business, and to seek by it in the great metropolis the means of living and of fame, was certainly one of the most natural and probable of all possible results. It was instructive. His leaving Stratford for London at the time he did needs no further explanation. It requires no fable of deer-stealing and prosecution, no interposition of paternal misfortunes, no fiction of domestic disquietudes and treasons. Shakespeare found himself among the players for the same reason that the birds in spring-time find themselves among the branches. He became a dramatist under a law as generic as that which draws sweetness from the Æolian harp when kissed by Zephyrus, or that which opens the throats of the feathered tribes when vernal airs and genial skies warm them into melody. It was nature herself prompting her favorite son to his proper work. The strolling players and the merry interludes, at the little town of Stratford-upon-Avon, were to Shakespeare the mirror of Merlin, revealing to himself the secret of his own wonderful powers. The powers were there. They needed only an occasion to put them in motion.

CHAPTER IX.


ONE of the riddles of literature is that so little should be known of the man who is beyond question the greatest genius that literature has to boast of; and the riddle is all the more perplexing from the fact that this man lived in the very focus of English civilization, at one of its most illustrious epochs, and that he has been dead only about two centuries and a half.

The exact date of Shakespeare's going to London is not known. The probability is that he went about the year 1598, four years after his marriage, he being then twenty-two years old, and his youngest child not yet two years old. He died in 1616, and the last four or five years of his life are known to have been spent in his native village, after his retirement from the metropolis. This would make his London career cover a period of about a quarter of a century.

The first notices we have of Shakespeare in London are in connection with the company of actors known, first as the Lord Chamberlain's men, and afterwards as the King's Players. Some account of this company therefore is the first thing in order. Strolling actors were at that time liable to be taken up as vagrants. To relieve them from this penalty the better class of actors attached themselves to the service of some nobleman, and, as his servants, they were by law free from arrest. One company, known as the Earl of Leicester's Players, early acquired special distinction, and in 1574, through his influence, obtained a special charter from the Queen. The leading proprietor in this company was James Burbage, a Warwickshire man. This James Burbage was, in Shakespeare's boyhood, the man of greatest mark in the theatrical world. He was the pioneer in the building of play-houses, the first house ever built in England specially erected for theatrical purposes being that put up by him in 1577, in Shoreditch, on ground formerly belonging to Holywell Priory. It was in the open fields on the north side of London, and just outside the city limits. This building was known simply as the Theatre. After occupying it more than twenty years as a play-house, Burbage pulled it down, carried the materials to the other side of London, on the south bank of the Thames, and there, in 1599, with these materials, built the play-house known as the Globe. He had also, some three or four years before, near the north bank of the Thames, opposite Southwark, erected still another play-house, known as the Blackfriars, being built upon a part of the foundation of the old monastery of the Black Friars, which had been demolished in the reign of Henry VIII.

This James Burbage had a son Richard, who was confessedly the greatest actor of his day, and one of the greatest of all time. He was about the same age as Shakespeare, and was the leading man in the company of players to which Shakespeare belonged. They played chiefly in the buildings just described, put up by the elder Burbage, namely, the Theatre, the Blackfriars, the Globe. The principal actors in this company were Richard Burbage, William Shakespeare, Lawrence Fletcher, Augustine Phillips, John Heminge,
Hence it play-houses and the theatrical profession were brought out by this company. The Burbages, father and son, were in particular intimately associated with Shakespeare all through his theatrical career, and the younger of them is one of those affectionately remembered by Shakespeare in his will. Another man for a time of this company, though he appears afterward to have gone over to a rival company, was Thomas Greene, of great celebrity as a comic actor. He is generally believed to have been a Stratford man, and to have been directly instrumental in introducing Shakespeare to the company. Still another member of this company, John Heminge, is said to have been from Shottery, the residence of Anne Hathaway, near Stratford. He remained with the company to the last, and was one of the editors of the first Folio.

To understand the theatrical history of this period, it must be borne in mind that while both Elizabeth and James, and the court generally, looked with favor upon actors and acting, the city of London, under the influence of the Puritan element in the church, disapproved stage playing, and did everything in their power to suppress it. Hence nearly all the early play-houses were built in places contiguous to the population, but outside the limits of the corporation and beyond its jurisdiction. There were three such play-houses on the north side of the city, in what was then open country, in the neighborhood of Shoreditch. These three were: 1. The Theatre (Burbage's already buried), 2. The Curtain, and 3. The Fortune.

Two others, already mentioned, and belonging to the Burbages, were The Blackfriars, on the north bank of the Thames, and within the corporation limits, and The Globe, on the south side of the Thames, in the suburb known as Southwark, and sometimes as the Bankside. The Blackfriars, according to documents first brought to light by Mr. Halliwell, in 1874, was built in 1596, and the Globe in 1599. Shakespeare's theatrical career began at the old theatre in Shoreditch, outside of the city on the north, and continued there for the first ten or twelve years; it was then divided for a time between that theatre and the Blackfriars; and finally, for the last twelve or fifteen years, was divided between the Blackfriars and the Globe.

CHAPTER X.


The evidence is conclusive that Shakespeare began his theatrical career as an actor, and that he took parts both in his own plays and in others. Some of the parts taken by him, as that of the Ghost in his own Hamlet, and that of the old man Adam in As You Like It, are pretty well ascertained. It is also known that he played in Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humor.

The earliest authentic mention of Shakespeare as a player is in March, 1594, four years earlier than any authentic mention of him in this capacity hitherto supposed to exist. In the document just unearthed by Halliwell, and published in 1874, of the authenticity of which there has been thus far no question, Shakespeare is named as one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants who had acted two comedies before her majesty Queen Elizabeth during the preceding Christmas season, that is, in December, 1593. This document, then, shows Shakespeare, at the end of seven years from the time of his supposed advent in London, to have already risen to such consideration in the theatrical world as to be one of the three most eminent actors of the day, specially invited to play before her majesty on that occasion. Kempe and Burbage, the two others associated with him, being the acknowledged sovereigns of the stage. The document is interesting also as showing the exact amount paid for their services, viz., £20 equal to £100, or £500 now. The whole entry is worth quoting. It is in these words: "To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage, servants to the Lord Chamberlain, upon the Council's warrant, dated at Whitehall, 15 March, 1594, for two several comedies or interludes showed by them before her Majesty in Christmas time last past, namely, upon St. Stephen's day and Innocent's day, £13 6s. 8d., and by way of her Majesty's reward £50 13s. 4d., in all £20."

In regard to his ability as an actor, Chettle, writing while Shakespeare was still on the boards, 1592, testifies that "he is excellent in the quality which he professeth," and Aubrey, writing half a century after Shakespeare's death (1670), says "he did act exceedingly well." If in this respect he did not come up to the consummate ability of his friend, the younger Burbage, who was indeed the Garrick of his day, he
yet evidently was an actor of no mean ability, and his practical experience on the stage contributed largely, without doubt, to that masterly knowledge of stage-effect which is so conspicuous in his plays.

There is a well-authenticated tradition that Taylor, one of the Blackfriars' company, who acted Hamlet, was instructed in the part by Shakespeare himself; also, that Lowke, who acted Henry VIII., was likewise instructed in it by Shakespeare; and, finally, that Betterton, who, half a century later, became famous as a personator of these two parts, was aided therein by the stage traditions in regard to the manner of presenting them introduced by Shakespeare himself.

The evidence, furthermore, is conclusive that for many years Shakespeare was engaged both as a writer for the stage and as an actor. All his predecessors and most of his contemporaries were at once players and writers. Such was the case with Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, Peele, Nash, Munday, Wilson, Field, Heywood, Webster, and Ben Jonson. It was not until some time later in the history of the drama that the business of author and actor became distinct. All the early dramatists were actors, and took part in acting their own plays.

It is further probable that Shakespeare began the business of dramatist in the same manner as his predecessors, namely, as a "playwright." That is, he began, not by composing original plays, but by tinkering with plays of others extant. The drama, about the time that he began authorship, seems hardly to have been considered a part of literature. The person who prepared a play for the stage was not looked upon as an author. It was all one to the audience whether that which pleased them was original or borrowed. The actor sometimes came in for a share of personal regard, but no one ever thought of the writer. It can hardly be doubted that Shakespeare, while enjoying his theatrical success, felt keenly the humiliating social position to which his profession at this time subjected him. It is absurd to suppose that such a genius as Shakespeare's, did not know its own value. Read the fifty-fifth sonnet:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept sand-beaches with unshut time.
When wasteful war shall waste war's wasted word,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
Great men's decease adds not to my disasters,
But rather makes me happy in yourjlourly;
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
For my eyes and for my tongue; and when my eyes
Shall be outwent by death's unviewing power,
This ditty, or like to this, shall watch for you.

Bearing in mind thus his sublime consciousness of his own greatness and of the assured eternity of his lines, how infinitely touching is the pathos with which, in another sonnet (111th), he refers to the social humiliations to which his profession subjected him.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
That she of all the world so cruelly
Stole from me all the gold-balls of my bedhead,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breed.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdied
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

The feeling thus experienced, as he looked upon the great and noble who came to his play-house merely to be amused, is not at all in conflict with the fact that he enjoyed heartily his life, such as it was, though it did not give him social intercourse with the titled ones about him. We can well believe the tradition of the merry-making at the Falcon and the Mermaid, and of the wit-combats of which Fuller speaks, 1662, between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. "Many," says Fuller, "were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war." Master Jonson, the former, was built for war, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the early dramatists, prepared a piece for the stage purely as a matter of business. They took, or they made, whatever was likely to gain the end—to draw an audience. Shakespeare doubtless soon found that the less he took and the more he made, the more acceptable the preparation became to the public. Hence he proceeded farther by an adaptation of a manner technically called a "playwright," to a writer of original plays. Another thing also is probable, and indeed is evident from recorded facts, that his plays became gradually so important to the company to which he belonged, that he dropped entirely the office of actor, and confined his attention exclusively to writing. At what time precisely this change took place has not been ascertained. All that we know certainly is that during the early part of his theatrical career he was an actor, afterwards he was both actor and writer, while for many years before his death he was connected with the stage only as a writer. The story of his having begun by holding the horses of those attending the theatre is now generally discredited. If the thing did occur, it must have been at the theatre, in Shoreditch, to which Shakespeare was first attached. As plays were then engaged to him in the autumn of the year, the play-goers coming from the city would read the place on horse-back, and so the holding of the horses would become a considerable business.

The date of the composition of the several plays is involved in great obscurity. A discussion of the subject would involve many dry details quite unsuited to a sketch like this. One general remark, however, may be made, bearing upon this point. It is doubtful whether any one of the plays was published under the author's own inspection and authority. It was to the interest of Shakespeare and his company to keep the plays in manuscript in the theatre, as the main part of their stock in trade. The printing of them for persons to read lessened their value as a means of attracting people to the play-house. The fact, therefore, of the plays not coming out during the author's lifetime and under his own direction, is proof rather of his thrift, than of the neglect and reckless indifference to which it has been generally ascribed. In 1632, seven years after his death, two of his friends and fellow-actors published his plays in a largefolio volume, from the original copies then in the theatre. This publication is regarded as the true Edito Princeps, and as the chief authority in determining the text. A considerable number of the plays were published separately during his life. These were printed in small 4to pamphlets, and are known as the Early Quartos. Their publication, however, is generally believed to have been surreptitious, without the supervision or consent of the author.

The fact that the plays were kept in the theatre as a part of the theatrical property has had the additional effect of making it next to impossible to fix a definite time for the composition of certain plays. We know from a comparison of styles, as well as from contemporary records, that certain of the plays were written earlier, and others were written later. But even when a play had been once produced in the theatre, there is no proof that Shakespeare did not continue to alter and amend it from year to year. The proof indeed is just the other way, and the general conclusion now is, that all the plays were touched up from time to time, and that many of them, particularly those first written, were rewritten again and again.
CHAPTER XI.

RELATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE TO THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON—CHARACTER OF THIS NOBLEMAN—TRADITION OF THE GIFT OF £1,000—CONNECTION OF THE DAVENANTS WITH THE STORY—THEIR SPECIAL MEANS OF KNOWLEDGE ON THE SUBJECT.

THE first works of Shakespeare published, and the only ones certainly known to have been published under his own supervision and authority, were the Venus and Adonis, 1593, and the Lucrece, 1594. Shakespeare's birthplace being thirty years older. Both poems are dedicated to a youthful admirer of Shakespeare's, the young earl of Southampton, then in his twenty-first year. The earl is described by his contemporaries as a man of brilliant parts, possessed of great learning and accomplishments, and a munificent patron of letters. Testimonies to this effect in the shape of dedicatory odes and epistles are found scattered all through the literature of the period. The jets of the day locked up to him as the English Maccenas. Brathwayt, in the dedication of the Scholar's Medley, calls him "learning's best favorite." Florio, in his World of Words, speaks of him as one "in whose pay and patronage I have lived some years;" "To me and many more, the glorious and gracious sunshine of your honor hath infused light and life." The form of literature to which he was especially devoted was the drama. This we know from a contemporaneous record by Rowland Whyte, who says of Southampton and his companion Lord Rutland, "They pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day." In connection with this, we may observe that his mother by a second marriage became the wife of Sir Thomas Henrage, Treasurer of the Chamber. This office brought Sir Thomas, and through him his stepson, the young earl, into intimate association with actors and dramatists. Some brief reference to the affection of this brilliant nobleman for men of letters seems necessary to explain the intimate relations which grew up between him and Shakespeare. In the dedication of the Venus and Adonis, the language is that of distant but respectful compliment. The dedication of the Lucrece, only a year later, speaks unbounded admiration and affection. This change in the tone of the two dedications is remarkable, and is supposed to have been caused by an extraordinary act of generosity on the part of the young nobleman. The tradition is that the earl at one time paid the poet a gift of £1,000 (equivalent to £5,000 now) to enable him to complete a "purchase which he had a mind to." There is no inherent impossibility, and no very great improbability, in such a piece of generosity, and the tradition is clear and precise. If this thing ever did take place, its occurrence in the interval between the publication of these two documents gives special meaning and emphasis to both—the first dedication being that which prompted the mind of the generous young nobleman to make the gift, the second being the natural outpouring of affection for so great an act of kindness.

All this, probable as it is, we must still remember is pure conjecture. The tradition is given by Rowe, and Rowe gives it on the authority of Sir William Davenant, 1670, about half a century after Shakespeare's death. Shakespeare was intimate with the Davenants, and was godfather to their son, William, the celebrated Sir William Davenant of the next generation. Shakespeare used to stop at their house, the Crown Inn, in Oxford, in his annual journeys between Stratford and London. The elder Davenant, who was an innkeeper and vintner, being a great admirer and friend of the poet. These facts are expressly affirmed by Anthony A. Wood, the careful antiquarian of Oxford, who himself knew the Davenants personally. Wood says, the "mother [of Sir William] was a very beautiful woman, of a good wit and conversation," "the father was a very good and discreet citizen, yet an admirer and lover of plays and playmakers, especially Shakespeare, who frequented his house in his journeys between Warwickshire and London." The Davenants then must have been well acquainted with Shakespeare's affairs, and are competent witnesses to any important facts in his history. Rowe's statement is as follows: "There is one instance so singular in the munificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his [Shakespeare's] affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; [to wit,] that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to."

CHAPTER XII.

SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS FULLY RECOGNIZED BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES—EVIDENCES ON THIS POINT: (a) EXTRAORDINARY NUMBER OF EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS PUBLISHED DURING HIS LIFE-TIME; (b) NUMBER OF QUOTATIONS FROM HIM IN CONTEMPORARY WORKS OF ELEGANT EXTRACTS; (c) NUMBER AND EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER OF NOTICES OF HIM BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS—HOW THE CURRENT NOTION ORIGINATED ABOUT HIS NOT BEING KNOWN OR RECOGNIZED BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

It has been a common opinion that Shakespeare's genius was not recognized by his own generation; in fact, that he lived and died comparatively unknown. That his genius is now better understood and appreciated than it was two hundred and fifty years ago, I admit. It is also true that he is no longer thought to have been, as the wits of Queen Anne's day thought him, a sort of inspired idiot, babbling in genius, but wanting in art. Yet, while a broader criticism and a more extensive research have undoubtedly added to our knowledge of him, it would be a great mistake to suppose that he was not both well known and highly appreciated in his own day.

And, first, let us see what was done in the actual publication of his works while he was still living. From 1595, when the Venus and Adonis first appeared, to 1616, the time of his death, scarcely a year passed without the appearance in print of one or more of his works, some of them reaching as high as six editions within twenty-one years. The whole number of editions of separate works, copies or records of which have come down to us, was at the time of his death no less than sixty-five. Now even in this day of cheap publications and of universal rushing into print, an edition in fifty-two years would be a matter of interest to the printer's house. It is, however, in the bookseller's catalogues more than sixty editions of one or another of them, might surely seem to be not altogether a stranger to the public. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Tenison and Longfellow are not better known to the book-trade than was Shakespeare, antiquatus futundis, at the time of his death. Secondly, in the books of elegant extracts published at that time, and containing selections from standard
poets, Shakespeare is even thus early quoted. Thus, England's Parnassus, or, The Choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets, 1590, has no less than ninety extracts from Shakespeare, and Bel-Vertire, or Garden of the Muses, also in 1590, has several extracts from Shakespeare. Love's Martyr, in a new edition, 1601, has an appendix of new poems, "done by the best and chiefest of our modern writers." - the same being chiefly Chapman, Marston, Ben Jonson, and Shakespeare. England's Helicon, a Collection of Pastoral Poems (1614) contains three extracts from Shakespeare. This kind of incidental testimony it is impossible to gainsay. It is hard to conceive of a contemporary popularity more unmistakable.

Thirdly, although it was not the custom then, as it is now, for everybody to gossip on paper about authors, yet let us see whether Shakespeare and his works are not in point of fact mentioned in every variety of way by those who lived at the same time with him, who were conversant with his writings, and who knew the man himself personally. I will mention only a few of the very earliest, from 1591 to 1598.

The earliest of all is a passage in Spenser, not indeed naming Shakespeare, yet so evidently referring to him as to deserve citation. It is, I am aware, a matter of dispute whether the passage referred to was meant for Shakespeare, and many Shakespearians, those too of the very highest authority, reject the passage altogether. Yet, after considering carefully the arguments, for and against, I cannot resist the conviction that in penning these lines Spenser did have Shakespeare in his mind. The passage occurs in Spenser's poem, The Tears of the Muses, 1591, Shakespeare having then been five years in London. Spenser, who during that same period had been living at Kilkcolm Castle, Ireland, came in 1590 to London to attend to the printing of the first three books of the Faerie Queene, and while there was likely to learn something of the new poet, and perhaps to make his acquaintance. Nothing certainly could be more probable than that Spenser, during this temporary sojourn in the metropolis, should embrace the opportunity of frequenting the play-house, where all the wits of the day and all his friends among the nobility made daily resort. On his return to Ireland, this poem, the Tears of the Muses, was published, suggested apparently by what he had seen in London during his late visit, and bewailing what he considered the low estate of literature and the arts. In the poem, each of the Nine Muses in turn makes lament over the low condition of that particular art over which she presides. Among the rest, Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, bewails the degenerate state of her branch. In this lament occur the lines referred to:

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly mirth
Is also dead, and in doleful dree.

After a few more lines, expressing her scorn for the baser sort of dramatists who were flooding the stage with their vile productions, she goes on to say:

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
Scouring the bouldnes of such base borne men,
Which dare their folies forth to rashly throwe,
Dost rather choose to sit in Cell
Than so himselfe to mockery to sell.

Here Thalia speaks of some dramatic writer who had raised high the expectations of the public, but who is "dead of late," that is, who is so vexed at the scurrility and ribaldry prevailing that he ceases writing for the stage, resolving to sit idle for the time, rather than be mixed up with such base-born men. As there was no other dramatic writer in 1591 to whom these lines could possibly apply, and as the phrase "our pleasant Willy" points so clearly to William Shakespeare, it is hard to resist the conclusion that Shakespeare was meant, that he had thus, as early as even his twenty-seventh year, won emphatic recognition from the author of this Faerie Queene. Among the plays known to have been written prior to 1591, are Love's Labour's Lost, Comedy of Errors, and Two Gentlemen of Verona, all in the comic vein, and all therefore suited to bring their author under the notice of Thalia, the Muse of Comedy.

Three years later, that is, in 1594, Spenser again visited London, and on returning to Ireland wrote another poem, Colin Clout's Come Home Again, celebrating in pastoral verse, and, as was his wont, under assumed names, the various persons he had met in and near the court. Astrophel is Sir Philip Sidney, the Shepherd of the Ocean is Sir Walter Raleigh, and so on. Among these descriptions is one generally supposed to refer to Shakespeare, though the reference is by no means so clear as in the former passage. The lines are the following:

And there, though last not least, is Artron:
A gentler shepherd may no where be found,
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe heresely sound.

Edward Spenser.

Poets have in all ages been regarded as genus irritable,—a waspish race. All the accounts, however, which we have of Shakespeare, concur in representing him as, on the contrary, a man of amiable disposition and conciliatory manners. It is not a little remarkable that all his contemporaries and those of the age immediately following (except one little outpouring of spleen which I shall notice presently), speak of him, when they refer to him at all, in terms not merely of admiration, but of tender affection,—a man not only to be reverenced, but to be loved. Milton, whose epithets are never given at random, speaks of "sweetest Shakespeare" and "my Shakespeare," Leonard Diggles speaks of "our Shakespeare." His fellow-actors, Hensinge and Condell, in bringing out the first Folio, speak of "our Shakespeare." Ben Jonson says "Sweet xxix
Swan of Avon," "my Shakespeare," "my gentle Shakespeare." Spenser, in the passage first quoted, speaks of "our pleasant Willy," and "that same gentle spirit." So here, when in speaking of Action, a "gentler shepheard may no where be found," it seems but natural to infer that he means the same genial, love-inspiring spirit.

Another expression deserves notice. The Muse of Action, it is said, does "like himself heretically sound." This seems to carry a plain reference to Shakespeare's name, which in that day was often printed as two words joined by a hyphen, as Shakes-peare, and as such considered significant and played upon, according to the fancy of his friends. Thus Ben Jonson translates the name into "Shake-a-Lance" and "Shake-a-Stage." Greene calls him a "Shake-scene." Fuller refers to the "warlike sound of his surname, whence some may conjecture him of a military extraction.—Hasti-vibrans, or Shake-speare;" and finally the coat-of-arms devised for him by the Herald's office bears the crest of a falcon brandishing a spear. These things look certainly as if Spenser was aiming at the same mark when he speaks of a poet whose Muse does like himself heretically sound. Notice further the difference between the kind of praise now bestowed and that given three years before. Then the qualities spoken of were the "honey" and the "nectar," the "joy" and the "jolly merriment." Now, his Muse is "full of high thoughts" and "invention." Thus, two very divergent ages are explained by a comparison of dates. In 1591, Shakespeare had written little, if any thing, but comedy, with possibly the Venus and Adonis, and some of his sugred sonnets among his friends. But now, in 1594, three at least of his great tragedies had been put upon the stage, namely, Richard II., Richard III., and Romeo and Juliet. Well then might Spenser speak of the heroic sound of his name and of his high thoughts' invention.

Shakespear's own admiration for the poet-lauréat, found expression in a remarkable sonnet, published in the Passionate Pilgrimage, and addressed to a friend who was equally an admirer of Dowland, a famous English musician of that day:

If music and sweet poetry agree,
And music and the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'est the one, and I the other.
Dowland is dear, whose hands are never touch'd.
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovesst to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
When he himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as to us reason;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

After Spenser, the next writer, chronologically, who refers to Shakespeare is Robert Greene. This occurs in a tract published in 1592. Greene was quite notorious in his day. He wrote chiefly for the stage, and was charged with various excesses in private life. In a fit of repentance, near the close of his life, he wrote a tract called A Groats' Worth of Wit; Bought with a Million of Repentance. It was addressed to "those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance who spend their wits in writing plays, and more particularly to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele." He urges these writers to cease writing for the stage; to take warning from his experience; and, if nothing else would move them to be assured that the actors and the public were very unstable in their likes and their dislikes, and would soon abandon them for some new favorite. His words are: "Base-winded men, all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like [unto me, sought those burrs to cleave; those puppets [the actors] I mean, that speak from our mouths, there are additions; and when garnished in our colors. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been holding; is it not like you, to whom they all have been holding, shall [were ye in that case that I am now] be both at one of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger's heart wrought in a Player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombard out as the blanket of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country."

Here Greene is in ill temper with some young upstart, who, at first only a player, has presumed to write also for the stage, and who is obviously supplanting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele. From the date, 1592, and from what we know of the other dramatic writers then living, the new "upstart" could have been none other than Shakespeare, and this inference derives additional strength from the epithet which Greene gives him, "the only Shake-scene in a country."

Thus the great dramatist, now only twenty-eight years old, and only six years in London, is already beginning to supersede his predecessors and contemporaries, and to excite in consequence their jealousy and hatred. One of the epithets applied to him is especially justly and truly characterized by John do-everything, or, in good English idiom, a Jack-at-all-trades. Now the whole tenor of Shakespeare's writings, as well as all the traditions concerning his life, go to establish the conclusion that he was remarkable for his common sense and his practical talents. His transcendent genius did not prevent his attending to ordinary business in an ordinary way—did not hinder him from being shrewd at a bargain and thrifty in the management of affairs. It is easy to see that these qualities, in connection with his genius as a writer, would naturally give him in a short time the chief control of the theatre to which he was attached. The disparaging epithets of Greene mark the precise time (a critical point in the history of any rising man) when, from superior business talents as well as from superior genius, the actual management of affairs had gone into his hands, but his superiority had not yet been fully recognized. He was still one who could be taunted by his declining rivals as an "upstart,—one who imagined himself able to write as good blank verse as any of his contemporaries—one who was "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country"—one who thought he could be writer, player, manager, and what not—in fact, a very "absolute Johannes Factotum."

Greene's Groats' Worth of Wit led incidentally this same year to a notice of Shakespeare by Henry Chettle, another dramatic writer of the period. Chettle had been instrumental in the publication of Greene's pamphlet, and finding that injustice had been done therein to some of the parties attacked, he published a tract of his own, called Kind-Hart's Dream, intended to make reparation. In it occurs the following passage, referring to Shakespeare: "Myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he excellent in the quality [which] he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." The character which Chettle here gives of Shakespeare is precisely that already suggested, namely, that he has a manly genius, possessed of good temper, thrust, and common sense.

I have dwelt a little upon these four passages, Spenser 1591, Greene and Chettle 1592, and Spenser again
1594, because they are the first of all, and because, obscure as they are in some respects, they yet show how early Shakespeare became a man of mark. The other instances will be quoted more briefly.

This same Henry Cheke a little later refers to Shakespeare again, under the name of Melicert, taking him to task for not sounding the praises of Elizabeth, at the time of her death.

Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
Drop from his honied cause one sable teare,
To morn her death that grace his deserted,
And to her lves open'd and her royal rest:
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her rape, done by that Tarquin, Death.

Henry Williboe, an Oxford man, in a volume called Willobie, His Arise, published in 1594, the very year that the Lucrece was published, thus mentions the new poem:

Though Colliine have dearly brought
To high renowne, a lasting life,
And found—that most in vaine here sought
To have—a fair and constant wife,
Yet Terogynce plucked his glisterning grape,
And Shakespeare paints poore Lucrece rape.

Gabriel Harvey, who figured largely in those days as a literary critic, and who was much mixed up with the affairs of Spenser and Sidney, published in 1592 four letters “especially touching Robert Greene and other parties by him abused.” In the third letter is a paragraph addressed to one of the parties thus abused by Greene. The circumstances of the publication make it wellnigh certain that the person thus addressed was Shakespeare. The passage is so accepted by Dr. Ingleby, one of the most careful and exact of Shakespearean scholars. Harvey’s words are: “Good sweete Oraiture, be a devine poet indeede; and use heavenly eloquence indeede; and employ thy golden talent with amounting usance indeede; and with herculeall cantoes honour right vertue, and have brave valour indeede; as noble Sir Philip Sidney, and gentle Master Spenser have done, with immortal Fame; and I will bestow more complements of rare amplifications upon thee then ever any bestowed uppon thee; or this Tounge ever afforded.”

Six years later, 1598, Harvey wrote: “The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare’s Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, have it in them to please the wiser sort.”

Drayton, in his Matilda, also of 1594, gives the following allusion to the new poem:

Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,
Lately reviv’d to live another age,
And here arriv’d, and told of Tarquin’s wrong,
Her chaste denial, and the tyrant’s rage,
Arresting her passions on a sately stage,
She is remember’d, all forgetting me,
Yet I as fair and chaste as e’er was she.

In a work called Polimantia, 1595, the following expression occurs: “All praise the Lucrece of sweet Shakespeare.”

The Return from Parnassus, a play acted by the students of Cambridge, 1600, contains remarks on several contemporary poets—Spenser, Constable, Lodge, Daniel, Waton, Drayton, Davis, Marston, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Churcyard. Of Shakespeare the following is said:

Who loves Adonis’ love or Lucrece’ ape.
Himself have seen her heart, all loving life;
Could but a graver subject him content.
Without love’s foolish, lazy languishment.

In the prose part of the play, the following dialogue occurs between the actors, Kemp and Burbage.

“Kemp. Why, here’s our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe—aye, and Ben Jonson, too. O! that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill; but our fellow Shake- speare hath given him a purge that made him bery his credit.

“Barbage. Its a shrewd fellow, indeed.”

John Weever, in his Book of Epigrams, composed in 1595, has a sonnet addressed

At Guilellum Shakespeare.

Hon-tong’d Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
Lascivious Venus to adopt them, and none other
Their rose-tainted features cloth’d in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother.
Their rose-tainted goddess with his under-tress;
Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her;
With Lucretia, virgin like her dyes.
Froide just-stang Tarquinie, seeking still to prove her;
Romae, Richard, more whose names I know not.
Their sacred tongues and power-attractive beauty
Say they are saints, although that at they shew not.
For thousands vowe to them subjunctive duite:
They burn in love, thy children, Shakespeare bat the.
Go, wo thy Muse! more Nympheast brood beget them.

These various extracts, I may remark in passing, are quoted, not for their value as poetry, but for their value as evidence, and in this respect there seems no possibility of gainsaying their force.

In 1598, Richard Bawdfield writes:

“And Shakespeare, thou whose hony-flowing Vaine
(‘Flesing the world, thy praises doth obtaine;
Whose Venus and whose Lucrece sweete and chaste
Thy name in fame’s immortal Booke have plac’d, Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever;
Well may the loodie dye, but Fame dies never.”

In this same year are other incidental notices, either of Shakespeare himself, or of some of his writings. But I must omit these notices in order to dwell more at length upon the most important of all, the testimony of Francis Meres. Meres was a clergyman, “Master of Arts in both universities,” “an approved good scholar,” and a compiler of school-books. His testimony is the more valuable both because of its fullness and explicitness, and because, from his very occlusion as a compiler, he would be more likely than almost any other kind of writer to be a reflector and representative of public opinion. Meres’s book, called Palladia Tamia, or Wit’s Treasury, was published in 1598. It was a copy of a school book, giving a brief account of the chief English poets, comparing them with the corresponding Greek, Latin, and Italian poets. In this work, after enumerating the great tragic poets of Greece and Rome, Meres says we have in English Marlowe, Peele, Watson, Kyd, Shakespeare, Drayton, Decker, Ben Jonson (the names are given in chronological order). Again, in like manner, our writers of comedy are given—Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Nash, Heywood, etc. After quoting the Greek and Latin poets who had excelled in lyric poetry, he says, the best among our lyric poets are Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, etc. In like manner, those famous for elegy are Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh, Dryer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, and so on. Referring to the eepi monumentum of Horace, he says we live in English like enduring monuments in the works of Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare. He even quotes Shakespeare as one of those by whom the language had been improved: “The English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeous incribed in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and Chapman.” Some of Meres’s particular expressions are remarkable. “As the rule of Euclid was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete, wittie soul of
Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c."

"As Epicus Stolo said, that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say, that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English."

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his Gittlena of Verona, his Errors, his Love's labour's lost, his Love's labour's wonne, his Malamnmer'-night dreams, and his Merchant of Venice; for Tragedy, his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet."

Here, then, in 1598, we have Shakespeare, after a career of only twelve years in the metropolis, quoted publicly in a text-book as among the great English authors whose works alone are a monument "are perpetnias;" his name placed conspicuously in four successive lists of writers who have distinguished themselves severally in Comic, Tragic, Lyric, and Elegiac poetry, and in still another list of those who by the
did this Francis Meres in 1598? All this, too, be it remembered, when he was, as it were, only at the beginning of his career, and with eighteen years of the most productive and most conspicuous part of his life still before him. Was either Longfellow or Tennyson, with all the prestige of university honors and influence, and with all the machinery of modern book-making and advertising, better known or more fully recognized at the age of thirty-eight than was Shakespeare at that age? Could either of them at that age have been ranked as best of English writers, in each of the four classes of Lyric, Elegiac, Comic, and Tragic verse—or, in each of these styles, have been safely placed in comparison with the greatest of the Virgilian and Roman writers? Ben Jonson, who was as competent to speak of Shakespeare as would be Longfellow to speak of Tennyson, —even more competent, for Jonson and Shakespeare were intimately acquainted personally, wrote for the same stage, lived in the same city, dined at the same tavern, where they had those famous "wit-combats" of which Fuller speaks—Jonson, in the lines prefixed to the first Folio, speaks of Shakespeare in terms so proudly affectionate, that it is the most exalted eulogy,—speaks not only of his unparalleled genius, but of his consummate art; and extols him as surpassing, not only Chaucer, Spencer, Marlowe, and all other English writers, but even the ancients whom Ben worshipped,—surpassing even Aristophanes, Terence, and Plautus in comedy, Archilochus, Euripides, and Sophocles in tragedy.

The strange hallucination that Shakespeare was unknown among his contemporaries may have come in this way. Soon after his death, all stage-plays were at a discount under the sway of the Puritans. On the overthrow of the Commonwealth and the incoming of the Stuarts, French notions of taste were in the ascendant. The stage was indeed revived, but it was that of France, not the good old English drama. Then again with William of Orange and Queen Anne came the reign of Classicism. And so, for one cause and another, for a full century after the close of the great Elizabethan period, Shakespeare, it is admitted, was under a cloud. Even so late as 1793, Stevens, one of the great Shakespearean editors of the last century, could write of the Sacred Sonnets, whose praises the men of Shakespeare's own day could never tire of sounding, that it was not within the omnipotence of an Act of Parliament to compel people to read them, and he actually refused to print them in his extended edition of Shakespeare's works, regarding those wonderful lyrics as so much worthless rubbish. "We have not reprinted the Sonnets, etc., because the strongest Act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service."

In his own day, however, Shakespeare was the acknowledged sun of the literary firmament. We of the present century have but revived and raised somewhat the estimate in which the English people held him two hundred and fifty years ago.

Before dismissing this topic, it is worth while to notice, in these many references to Shakespeare by his contemporaries, how unhappily he is mentioned in terms of affection. This would seem, as before observed, to indicate the possession on his part of an amiable and obliging disposition, and gives plausibility to the tradition handed down by Aubrey, showing the origin of the friendship between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. "His acquaintance with Ben Jonson," says Aubrey, "began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time

Ben Jonson.
altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turn'd it by the solemn assent of the players, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the publick.

We no longer "damn him with faint praise," after the fashion of the time of Alex. Pope, nor give him half-hearted, patronizing commendations, after the fashion of the time of Dr. Sam. Johnson, but rather, like the renowned scholar and dramatist of Shakespeare's own day, look up to him with admiring, almost adoring wonder, as the most exalted of the Dil Majores of the dramatic art, the very Jupiter Olympus of the poetic pantheon, in whose presence the greatest even of the great Greek and Roman masters are content to stand at a respectful distance! Such was the trumpet-note of praise sounded by Bare Bon Jonson in Shakespeare's own day, two centuries and a half ago. Have we even at this day gone much beyond it?

I have not thus far referred to the Shakespeare-Bacon theory. The whole question seems to me to be contained in a nutshell. Stripped of verbiage, it is simply this: could the Creator who gave the world Dante and Homer have made a man of equal or even greater genius in Stratford-upon-Avon? Granted the genius, and all the other conditions of the problem are easy enough. Whoever had the genius to conceive these plays, would, in Shakespeare's surroundings, have had all the needed opportunities for education and acquired knowledge exhibited in the plays. The advocates of the Bacon theory quietly assume, in the face of all the accumulated evidence to the contrary, that Shakespeare was without education and without the means of acquiring knowledge.

They go back to the old exploded notion of Queen Anne's day, that Shakespeare was a man of clownish ignorance, and that the plays, if by him, were the product of an inspired idiot. I could understand the argument, if applied to a man in the condition of John Bunyan. But Shakespeare was a man of letters. He had ample means of being such, and he was accepted as such by the men of letters with whom he lived in familiar, daily intercourse. Besides, it is little less than monstrous to suppose that the greatest poetry of all time, and such an immense body of it, was the product of one whose acknowledged writings, enormous likewise in quantity, show no evidence of especial poetic gifts. Bacon's genius lay in the domain of science and philosophy, not of song, the few poor specimens of verse he has given only showing how much he was out of his element in that species of composition. We might as well suppose Aristotle capable of writing the Iliad, Wickliffe the Canterbury Tales, John Hampden the Paradise Lost, or John Stuart Mill the Idylls of the King, as suspect the author of the Novum Organum capable of the Midsummer-Night's Dream, Lear, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, and Macbeth.

If these wondrous creations were not by the Bard of Avon, assuredly they were not by the author of Insectorum Magna and De Augmentis Scientiarum. William Shakespeare Shakespeare's Signature.

CHAPTER XIII.

RELATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE AND HIS COMPANY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH AND KING JAMES.

The company to which Shakespeare belonged was under the patronage of Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, a kinsman and favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who had given the Lord Chamberlain use of the splendid palace of Somerset House, in which palace, it can hardly be doubted, the Chamberlain's company often played for the amusement of the Queen and Court. Shakespeare's plays, and Shakespeare himself, were well known to Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, one of the best authenticated traditions in regard to him is that the comedy of the Merry Wives of Windsor was written at her express suggestion. The refraining of Shakespeare from adulation, considering how grateful it was to the ears of the royal maids, speaks also trumpet-tongued for his manly independence. Blue eyes, blonde complexion, and golden hair, all predicable of Elizabeth herself, had become, by a sort of legal presumption, the only types of female loveliness. Yet in the face of this, the dramatist has the courage, perhaps, considering the imperious temper of the Queen, we might call it the audacity, to admire a regular brunette: He thus writes to some sweetheart:

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me, Knowing thy heart torment's me with disdain, Have put on black, and loving mourners be, Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain. And truly not the morning sun of heaven Better becomes the grey cheeks of the East, Nor that full star that ushers in the even. Both hate the gory cloud in solace blue. As these two mourning eyes become thy face: O let it then as well bewear thy heart. To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace, And suit thy pity like in every part. Then will I swear beauty herself is black And all they feel that thy complexion lack.

Sonnet cxxxii.

Spenser, or Sidney, or Raleigh, would as soon have cut off his right hand as to express admiration for such a woman.

Shakespeare, in this as in many other matters, was wiser than his time; he well knew that in the age to come his one dedicated alliance to the Maiden Queen, in the passage of the Midsummer-Night's Dream, already quoted, would be counted of greater worth than all the open flatteries poured out by his contemporaries with such lavish profusion.

Elizabeth was fond of theatrical exhibitions, and it was probably in consequence of this inclination of hers that the play-houses, which at different times, under the influence of the Puritan party, were ordered to be closed by the authorities of the city of London, were yet enabled to continue their performances, with little interruption, to the close of her reign.

On the accession of James, the Puritan party renewed their efforts to suppress the play-houses, and at first met with some success; but soon after reaching London, the new monarch changed his mind and took the Lord Chamberlain's Players (Shakespeare's company) under his own protection, allowing them henceforth to be called the King's Players, and giving them a royal license with special privileges. The date of this license is 1603, and the name of the players, as given in it, are Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage, Philips, Heninge, Condell, Sly, Armin, Cowley,—nine, Shakespeare being second on the list. We note also, that in a list of the comedians who represented the dramatis persona at the performance of Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humor, at the Blackfriars, in 1600, Shakespeare's name heads the list.
CHAPTER XIV.

SHAKESPEARE'S PECUNIARY AFFAIRS — HIS EXTRAORDINARY BUSINESS THRIFT — ACCUMULATION OF PROPERTY AT STRATFORD — AMBITION TO BE A RETIRED COUNTRY GENTLEMAN — EVIDENCES OF HIS TACT IN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT — EVIDENCES OF HIS KINDLY DISPOSITION AND CONSOLATORY MANNERS.

THERE are other evidences of Shakespeare's prosperity besides those drawn from the annals of the Blackfriars and the Globe. In 1596, John Shakespeare and wife recovered by law, evidently by the aid of money received from London, the estate of Ashiab, the marriage portion of William's mother, which had been alienated during the period of the father's pecuniary misfortunes. In 1596, again, the grant of arms to John Shakespeare by the herald's office was consummated evidently through influence put forth in London. In 1597, the poet bought the principal dwelling-house in Stratford, an old mansion formerly belonging to the Clotop family, and called the Great House, Shakespeare, on acquiring this property, fitted it up for his own residence, and changed its name to the New Place.

The first occasion, apparently, on which this company played before King James was when the Earl of Pembroke, Dec. 2d, 1603, gave, at his seat at Wilton, a great entertainment to the King. An entry of the fiscal accounts of that date show that £30 (== £150) was paid on that occasion to John Heminge, "on behalf of his Majesty's Players of the Globe," to perform at the festival before the King; and we know from another source that both Pembroke, who gave the entertainment, and his brother, the Earl of Montgomery, were great admirers and favorers of Shakespeare.

Ben Jonson speaks expressly of the favor with which both Elizabeth and James regarded Shakespeare:

"Those flights upon the banks of Thames, \[That so did take Eliza and our James.\"

There are two traditions on this subject which it may be well to notice here. The first is that on one occasion, during the progress of the play, her Majesty purposely dropped her glove in such a way as to oblige the poet to stop his acting and pick it up,—which he did, saying (as a king, in character),

"And though now bent on this high embassy, yet steep we to take up our cousin's glove."

The other tradition, pretty well authenticated, is that "King James I. was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare." John Davies, of Hereford, a contemporary poet, seems to have thought the dramatist not unworthy of such royal companionship. In a poem, The Source of Folly, 1607, Davies says:

To our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shakespeare.

Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,
Hadst thou not plaid some kingly parts in sport? Thou hadst bin a companion for a king.
And been a king among the meaner sort:
Some others raile; but, raile as they think fit,
Thou hast no raying, but a raying will:
And honestly thou sow'st, which they do reape.
So, to increase their stocke, which they do keep.

From a document dated 24 Jan., 1597-8, we learn that Shakespeare's influence with Lord Treasurer Burleigh is invoked by the Stratford burgesses, to aid them in getting from the government some abatement of taxes, as well as a portion of the government grant for the relief of certain cities and towns that had been injured by the plague. In the same document we learn that "he is willing to disburse some money on some odd yard land or other at Shottery," the birthplace and early home of his youthful sweetheart, Anne Hathaway. In Feb., 1598, in an inventory of corn and malt in Stratford, taken in apprehension of scarcity, William Shakespeare is entered as possessing ten quarters, being the third largest holder in his ward. In this year also we find him selling a load of stone to the corporation of Stratford. In October of the same year he is assessed in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, showing him to be a property holder in London, his rates being 13s. 4d. In this same month, too, Richard Quiney of Stratford, [father of the Quiney who afterwards married Shakespeare's youngest daughter,] writes to his "loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakspeare," in asking the loan of £30,—shows that the poet was not only a property holder but a money-lender. Four years later, 1602, Shakespeare, for and in consideration of the sum of £320 of current English money, purchased 107 acres of arable land in the parish of old Stratford, the negotiation being conducted by his brother Gilbert. Later in the same year he bought a house in Walker Street, near New Place, Stratford; and later still, for the sum of £60 (£1500), "one messuage, two orchards, two gardens, and two barns, with their appurtenances." Three years later, 1605, he made his largest purchase, buying the unexpired lease of a portion of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bischopton, and Welcombe, for the sum of £410. Shakespeare's annual income from these tithes, as we learn from another document, was £130 (£6900 now). Later still, 1612, he bought a house, with ground attached, near the Blackfriars Theatre, London, for the sum of £140. We find him also, 1604, bringing an action against Philip Rogers, in the Court of Stratford, for £1 15s. 10d., being the price of malt sold to him at different times; and, again, 1609, instituting process for £50 debt and 24s. damages and costs, against John Addenbrock of Stratford,—all these things showing clearly that "poetry and action did make the man of genius negligent in matters of business.

Now, putting together these various facts, we find that the dramatist was steadily advancing in fortune as well as in fame, and that, at the end of twenty years from the time of his going to London, he had, by a steady pursuit of his profession, risen to be a man of mark in the theatrical world. Every step in his history, so far as we are able to trace it, shows that he gained his success, not by sudden and capricious flights of genius, but by hard work and persevering industry. As his writings show him to have been one of the greatest of geniuses, so his life shows him to have been one of the most industrious and methodical of workers. He chose one profession; he pursued it without intermission for a period of thirty years; he pursued it with the connection with the same company; he pursued it in the same place. He rose, not by a bound, in consequence of some particular performance dashed off in a heat and a hurry, which is the vulgar idea of genius, but step by step, year by year, slowly, steadily, surely, triumphantly. He produced, in the twenty-five years devoted mainly to authorship, no less than thirty-seven great plays, or an average of one and a half plays a year; the latest plays over the best, each

*The royal party in those days sat upon the stage, near where our proscenium boxes now are.
† Had you not been an actor.
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succeeding year showing a higher style of workmanship, an ever-growing productiveness and power. He is another proof, if any were needed, that one would not go far astray in defining genius to be an enormous capacity for labor, or, as Longfellow puts it, “the infinite capacity of taking trouble.”

CHAPTER XV.
PROBABLE PERIOD OF HIS WITHDRAWAL FROM THE STAGE AND FROM LONDON—STATE OF HIS AFFAIRS AND OF HIS FAMILY AT THE TIME OF HIS RETIREMENT.

It is not certainly known at what time Shakespeare ceased to appear on the stage as an actor. The year 1604, however, is generally regarded as the probable time. The growing importance and popularity of his plays and his continued increase in wealth make it improbable that he continued to act later than the date named. The last record of his name in the company of the King’s Players is on April 9, 1604, when he stands second on the list, the only one above him being Burbage, who had for a long time stood at the head of his profession as an actor. The general belief is that Shakespeare ceased to appear as a player soon after this, in other words, when he was forty years old, and had been eighteen years in London. This may be considered as the culminating point in his personal history.

I have already expressed the opinion that Shakespeare possessed an unusual degree of common sense, that he was amiable, condolatory, and prudent; in short, that he had that class of qualities which fit a man for business, while they are vulgarly thought to be incompatible with genius. This is a class of qualities which it is difficult to show. Of indiscretion the proofs are generally positive and tangible. But prudence and discretion in the management of affairs must be established by negative evidence. It is certainly, however, no unmeaning circumstance that during the whole period that Shakespeare exercised a controlling influence in the theatrical company, its affairs were managed, not only with thrift, but without those quarrels and jars for which the profession in all ages has been notorious, and also without those causes of offence which the other theatres were perpetually giving to particular individuals or classes, civil, political, or religious. It is noticable also that almost immediately after Shakespeare’s withdrawal from the management, the company were beset with difficulties, and numerous complaints were lodged against them for offences against morals, manners, or taste. Thus, December, 1604, John Chamberlain writes of a certain tragedy by the King’s Players, in which kings and princes are brought upon the stage, “I hear that some great counsellors are much displeased with it, and so it is thought it shall be forbidden.” Again, 1606, the Mayor of London complains that “Kenape, Arany, and others, at the Blackfriars, have not forborne to bring upon their stage one or more of the worshipful Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandal, and the lessening of their authority.” Again, in 1606, it is complained that they brought upon the stage the Queen of France in a manner very offensive to the French ambassador; also, “They brought forward their own king [James] and all his favorites in a very strange fashion; they made him curse and swear, because he had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman because he had called off the hounds from the scent. They represent him as drunk every day.” In consequence of these irregularities, three of the players were arrested, and the performances were prohibited. These indiscretions and difficulties among the King’s Players, occurring in quick succession after Shakespeare had ceased to be of the company, speak trumpet-tongued to those which did not occur during the eighteen years that he was in the management.

After ceasing to be an actor, Shakespeare’s connection with the stage was that only of a writer of plays, and this connection he continued to the end of his life. This, however, did not necessarily require his residence in London. Even while living in London, he was wont, according to Aubrey, “to go to his native county once a year.” Various documents show that he early contemplated the project, which he finally executed, of retiring from London, to spend the close of life in his native village. We have already seen how regularly, from year to year, he invested in and around Stratford the money accumulated from his professional labors. At least seven years before he ceased being an actor, and fifteen years before retiring from London, he had become a property-holder in his native town. The village tradition, in the generation after his death, was that Shakespeare, “in his elder days, lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of £1,000 a year.” This, doubtless, is an exaggeration, certainly as to the amount of money spent. At the same time, the tradition obviously had some foundation in truth. He had already, some years before, bought the largest and finest residence in Stratford, that built by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry VII. and Known as “The Great House,” and afterwards as “The New Place;” and there is good reason for believing that his style of living there was that of a “fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.”

The time when Shakespeare retired entirely from London is not known. The most probable conjecture is that which places it in 1612, when he was forty-eight years old, and after a city life of twenty-six years. His father, mother, and two younger brothers
were now dead. Gilbert, however, the brother next younger than William, was still living. His sister Joan had been married to a Mr. Hart, of Stratford, and was also still living, as were also her husband and several children. His wife also, now fifty-six years old, was still living. His oldest daughter, Susanna, had been married some five years before to an eminent physician of Stratford, Dr. John Hall, and had one child four years old. His youngest daughter, not long after to be married to Thomas Quinney, vintner and wine merchant of Stratford, was still at home. It is not at all unlikely that both daughters, with the son-in-law and the grandchild, all lived together in the Great House, and that the other house belonging to him in the village was occupied by his brother Gilbert, who had looked after the poet's property during his absence in London.

When, therefore, the great dramatist retired from the metropolis, crowned with honor and laden with wealth, he was not in the condition of most even successful adventurers, who after a life of distant toil and struggle seek to spend its close among the green fields which had gladdened their eyes in childhood. They return ordinarily too late, when their own faculties of enjoyment are exhausted, and most of the friends of childhood are gone. Shakespeare, in 1612, was still in the prime of life and in the full vigor of his faculties. He had about him a large family circle, and children and children's children were around his hearth-stone. The popular tradition, minute documentary evidence, his whole recorded career, his whole character, go to show that his last days were eminently peaceful and serene. The thought contained in the 146th Sonnet, the nearest approach we have in any of his writings to an expression of his own personal feelings on the subject of religion, might well befit this period of his life, though written some years earlier:

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Legg'd with these powers that thee array
With doleful countenance, and heavy lay
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease?

Dead thou upon thy fading mansion spend?

Shall worms inheritors of this excess?

Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?

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CHAPTER XVI.

A SERENE SUNSET—THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE died, after a short illness, April 23, 1616, aged exactly fifty-two. During the quarter of a century that he had been embarked upon the great ocean of metropolitan life, his fame had been so vexed and agitated. His profession was one peculiarly fitted to produce disquiet and perturbation. But agitation, while it upturns and dislodges the feeble plant, makes the hardy to send its roots more deeply and firmly into the soil. The soul that is well balanced acquires only additional composure and self-possession from conflict. The conflict of life in which Shakespeare had been engaged had not only been eminently successful as to all external circumstances and relations, but had left him calm, contented, and peaceful within. From a meridian of intense activity and splendor, he went, like Chaucer before him, gracefully and composedly to his long repose:

So fades a summer's cloud away,

Thus sinks the star when storms are o'er,

So gently shuts the evening day,

So dies a wave along the shore.

Of the portraits of Shakespeare there are three at least which have good evidence of being taken from life. These are the Stratford bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the oil painting known as the Chandos portrait.

The bust was made apparently from a cast of the features taken after death, and was executed soon after that event; how soon we do not know, but certainly before 1623, for it is referred to in the First Folio, published in that year. Shakespeare is buried in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, near the west end of the chancel, and there is a slab over his tomb, with the quaint inscription so often referred to, and said to have been written by Shakespeare himself:

Good friend for Jesus sake forbeare

To dig the dust enclosed here:

Blesse, be ye then ye sparest the stones,

And cant ye he bey moves my bones.

To the right and left of him in the chancel, are the tombs of several other members of his family: his wife, his oldest daughter Susanna, his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, and Thomas Nash, who married his grand-daughter Elizabeth. On the north wall of the chancel, and facing these tombs, and at an elevation of a little more than five feet, is an ornamental niche or frame-work of stone, containing the bust already mentioned, nearly lifesize and extending down to the middle of the person. The poet is represented sitting, as if in the act of composition, his hands resting on a cushion, one holding a pen, the other a sheet of paper, while his eyes are looking not at his work but straight forward towards the spectator. The hands and face are of flesh color, the eyes a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or cloak was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under part crimson, and the tassels gilt. This Stratford bust is of great value, as having been made so early, and as having in all its features a sufficient and authentic likeness.

As a work of art, however, it is open to obvious criticisms. The skull has the smoothness and roundness of a boy’s marble, and about as much individuality of expression. The eyes and eyebrows are undesirably contracted, the nose has evidently been shortened by an accident of the chisel, the cheeks are puffy and spiritless, the moustaches are curled up in a manner never found except in some city naughty, the collar

Chancel of Stratford Church, With Shakespeare's Tomb and Bust.
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looks like two pieces of block-tin bent over, and finally the expression of the eyes, so far as they have any expression, is simply that of easy, well-conditioned good nature, not overburdened with sense or intellect.

In conjunction with this bust should be taken the portrait lately discovered, and known as the Stratford portrait. It is the property of the town, and is exhibited among the other curiosities at the Shakespeare House. No one who has seen the bust can look upon the picture without being satisfied at the first glance that the two are connected. But was the picture made from the bust, or the bust from the picture? Stratford people strongly insist on the latter, believing firmly that the picture was taken from life, and was the original of the bust. Critics and scholars outside of Stratford take, for the most part, the opposite view. Whichever theory is true, the picture without doubt is of great value, and is wisely placed for perpetual keeping in the same place as the bust to which it is so closely connected.

Next to the Stratford bust in the matter of authenticity as a portrait of Shakespeare, is the engraving by Martin Droeshout prefixed to the first folio edition of the plays, that of 1623, generally known as the Droeshout portrait. What portrait was used by him in making this engraving of Shakespeare is entirely a matter of conjecture. The probability is that it was some coarse daub by the actor Burbage, who had some pretensions as a painter, and who would be very likely to make a picture of his distinguished fellow-actor. If such a picture were hanging somewhere about the theatre, nothing would be more natural than for the actors, Heminges and Condell, in bringing out an edition of their friends’ plays, to use for the engraving this picture with which they were familiar. All this, however, is pure conjecture. What more concerns us is to know that Ben Jonson has testified in the strongest manner to the correctness of the likeness. His words, printed on the page facing the engraving, are as follows:

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

That the original from which the engraving was made must have been poor and bald as a work of art is manifest on the slightest inspection. This, however, is by no means incompatible with its having been a faithful likeness. The work of the engraver corresponds in this respect to the work of the painter. The engraving is to the last degree hard and stiff; it evidently is the work of one whose aim was to make a likeness rather than a work of art.

In comparing the face and head thus presented with those of the bust, we observe that while there are great differences, both in detail and in the general impression, it is easy to see the same man underlying both. There is the great distance between the eyes and the amplitude of forehead, so noticeable in all the likenesses. The flesh of the face is not so full and puffy as in the bust. The nose, not chopped off as in the bust, is however as straight as a stick, instead of having that delicate aquiline formation observable in one portrait which I shall show you. The beard is shaved from the chin, but a few hairs are sprouting on the under lip, and there is a very light moustache. The forehead is high and bold, as in all the portraits, and the hair hangs in long, smooth locks over the ears and the back of the head. The costume is evidently some theatrical display put on for the occasion and snacking very much of the stage-tailor. There is a doublet buttoned up to the chin, and a plated lawn ruff standing out all round in a most uncomfortable and un graceful position, and apparently stiffened in the edges and elsewhere with wire. One feature, the most noticeable of all, is the projection of the forehead. In all the other likenesses, without exception, the forehead, with its noble expanse, recoils gradually and evenly. But in the Droeshout engraving, the forehead is like some jutting cliff, projecting over, almost overhanging, the brow, in a way that is hardly less than monstrous. This misshapen character of the forehead may without difficulty be accepted, not as a part of the likeness of the poet, but as part of the engraver’s etching of the engraver. It certainly looks not unlike a huge goitre transferred from the throat to the brow.

Of the painted likenesses of Shakespeare none ranks so high as that known as the Chandos portrait. The history of the picture is tolerably complete. It belonged originally to John Taylor, painter, brother of Joseph Taylor, a player in Shakespeare’s company. It was left by will to Taylor by Sir William Davenant. From Davenant it passed in 1668 to John Otway, from him to Betterton the actor, from Betterton to Mrs. Barry, from Mrs. Barry, through two other hands, to the Duke of Chandos, from whom it takes its name. It was finally bought in 1848, at public sale, by the Earl of Ellesmere, and by him presented in 1856 to the Na-
breadth of forehead, that is to be seen in the Droeshout, though the forehead is still ample and strikingly noble. There is more general softness than in any of the other portraits. The picture is decidedly artistic, and the artist apparently, to some extent, sacrificed literal likeness to artistic effect. The complexion is dark; there is a pinkishness of color about the eyelids; the lips are inclined to be full and sensual; the ear that is visible is tricked out with a ring; the hair, a dark auburn, that in the Droeshout is plaited and smoothed down, hangs here in easy, unstudied profusion on the sides and back of the head, while most of the lower part of the face is covered with a soft beard of the same color. No lines of deep thought are in the face, no furrows on the brow. There is an equal show of softness, almost of effeminacy, in the costume. The dress, so far as it can be made out, is of black satin, and the collar is of fine plain lawn, folding over easily but simply.

At the first glance, on looking at the Chandos portrait and then at the Droeshout, one can hardly believe them to be representations of the same person. Yet, on placing them side by side, and deliberately tracing the lines of each, after the other, the substantial identity of the two is clearly established.

In addition to the three portraits which I have named, to wit, the Stratford bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the Chandos painting, there are many others of varying authority and celebrity. Of these I shall mention but two, the Terra-Cotta bust, and the German Death-Mask.

In 1845, in tearing down an old tea-warehouse in London, the foundations were laid bare of the famous Duke's theatre, built by Sir William Davenant, in 1662, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Among the curious articles thus brought to light was a beautiful terra-cotta bust, which on examination proved to be beyond question a likeness of Shakespeare, yet having a character of its own quite independent of all the other acknowledged likenesses, and carrying us back to within at least forty-six years from the time of his death. This bust, after having been for some years in possession of its finders, Mr. Clift and his distinguished son-in-law, Prof. Owen, of the British Museum, was finally bought by the Duke of Devonshire, and by him presented to the Garrick Club of London, in whose possession it now is. The work is highly artistic in its style, and in the position of the head and person, and in the character and arrangement of the costume. It has the refinement of the Chandos painting without its effeminacy, and bears intellectual traces in the lines of the face, but not so massive or robust as the Droeshout engraving. It remains to say a few words of the German Death-Mask. The history of its discovery, which is somewhat curious, will be given as briefly as possible.

Count Francis von Kesselstadt, who died at Mayence, in 1649, the last of his line, had a valuable collection of curiosities and works of art, which had been for several generations in possession of the family, and which at his death were sold at auction in Mayence. Among the articles then sold was a small oil painting, which is known to have been in the possession of the family for more than a century, and which in the family traditions was invariably regarded as a portrait of Shakespeare. It bore indeed an inscription to that effect, Den Traditionen nach, Shakespeare. The picture came, in 1847, into the possession of Ludwig Becker, court painter of Dartmouth, and after his death into the hands of his brother, the present possessor, Dr. Ernst Becker, private secretary of the Princess Alice of Dartmouth. It represents its subject as lying in state after death, on a bier, with a wreath round the head, covering in part the baldness of the crown, and with a candlestick, and the date 1637, dimly seen in the background. From certain peculiarities in its appearance, Mr. Becker and other artists and antiquaries who were consulted, came to the conclusion that it had been painted from a death-mask, and he accordingly wrote about making inquiries on the subject. He first found that a plaster of Paris cast of some kind had been in the possession of the Kesselstadt family, but that on account of its melancholy appearance, it had received little consideration, and what had become of it no one seemed to know. After two years of fruitless search, he at length, in 1849, found the lost relic in a broker's shop in Mayence, among rags and articles of the meanest description. A comparison of this cast with the picture convinced Mr. Becker, on artistic grounds, that the two were related to each other, and were representations of the same person. On the back of the cast is an inscription, the letters and figures being in the style common to two centuries and a half ago, and the inscription having in all respects the appearance of being contemporary with the cast. An examination of the cast, while in England, by experts at the British Museum, showed that the inscription had been cut at the time the cast was made. A microscopic examination by Prof. Owen showed also that the hairs still adhering in the plaster were human hairs. The inscription on the back of the cast, in deeply cut letters, is as follows:

† A° Dn 1616

The cross is the usual mark in such inscriptions to signify "died." The letters A° Dn are the familiar abbreviations for Anno Domini. It is then clearly a cast of some one who died in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death; it is also clear that it is not clearly connected with the Kesselstadt picture. This cast, then, of 1616, it is claimed, is the original from which was painted the picture of 1637, which picture is, according to the Kesselstadt tradition, a portrait of Shakespeare, and has in fact a very strong likeness to him.

Further, it is known that the Stratford bust, which
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Another impression, that one can hardly fail to receive from the mask, is the absence of any marked nationality in the features. The same thing is true of the well-known mask of Dante, in Florence; there is nothing Italian about it. So there is nothing distinctively English in this cast which claims to be the death-mask of Shakespeare. It gives us, as do his writings, the idea of a generic man,—a representative of the human race rather than of any distinct nationality. Another characteristic of the mask, equally marked, is the exceeding fineness and delicacy of the lines which make up the countenance. Grimm notices this peculiarity. No one, in fact, can fail to observe it who looks upon the mask.

While the mask differs, in one respect or another, from every recognized likeness of Shakespeare, there is no marked feature in any one of them which cannot be found in the mask. The variation in each case being easily explainable by the personal peculiarity, caprice, or unskilfulness of the particular artist. Thus the bust represents a round, full-faced man, decidedly puffy in the cheeks, while in the mask the face is thin and spare, and wears a thoughtful and rather melancholy look. Now it is well known that the flesh after death always falls away, giving this character to the face. So universal is this result that artists, in moulding a bust or painting a picture, from a death-mask, always make allowance for the falling away of the flesh, and fill it out to the supposed fulness of life, either from conjecture, or from some photograph, or other evidence of the ordinary condition of the face in health. Gerard Johnson, in undertaking to supply...
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This supposed falling off in the flesh, simply overdid the matter, and gave us a portly, jovial Englishman, instead of the thoughtful author of Hamlet and Lear. Underlying the superabundant fulness of flesh, however, the eye can easily trace in the bust all the essential lines of grace and thought to be seen in the mask.

The bust, as compared with the mask, is noticeable for the shortness of the nose, and for the extraordinary distance (one and a quarter inches) between the nose and the mouth. John Bell, the sculptor, asserted on anatomical grounds, that the maker of the bust had met with an accident at the point of the nose, and then, instead of doing his work over again, he had cut away enough of the lower part of the nose to give the feature the requisite amount of nostril. The bust certainly has the appearance of having undergone some such manipulation.

Another point, in which the mask and the bust differ, is the distance between the eyes, and also between the eyebrows. The unoccupied space in the centre of the forehead, between the beginning of the ridge of hair on one side and the beginning on the other, is larger than I recollect to have seen in any human being. A corresponding width exists between the two eyes, the distance from the centre of one eye to the centre of the other being two and three-quarter inches. This feature gives to the face, as seen in the mask, an amplitude of forehead that is truly majestic, and one, when looking at it, cannot help feeling, that he understands better than he did before, where those great creations of genius came from, that have so long filled him with amazement. The bust-maker, on the contrary, through inadvertence, or possibly mistaking certain accidental irregularities of the plaster for a continuation of the hair, has run the brows more closely together, and then, to maintain consistency, has in like manner brought the eyes more closely to each other, to make them correspond with the brows. The effect of the narrowing of the forehead is further heightened by the fulness and plumpness of the cheeks already described; and the result of the whole is to give us the impression of a merry, good-natured farmer, instead of the majestic thinker that looks at us from the mask. And yet we can see how, through inadvertence, misconception, and unskilfulness, the one might have grown out of the other.

The mask has met with a slight accident, the tip of the nose on one side having crumbled, or having been broken, marring a little the nostril on that side. The features as revealed by the mask have a manly beauty, of the intellectual type, that is very noticeable, and that has called forth spontaneous admiration from all who have looked upon it. There is also an indescribable expression of sadness that no one fails to notice. Mrs. Kemble, on seeing it, burst into tears. Grimm suggests in this connection another idea, namely, that in the first moments after death the disguises of life disappear, and the real character comes out in the countenance. "Though life," he says, "may prove deceptive on this point, not so death. It is as if, in the first moments after death had laid his sovereign and soothing hand upon man, the features res-anumed before our eyes, as final imprint, that which they enclosed as the actual gift of creative nature, namely, the very sum and substance of life. Strange resemblances, wonderful confirmations of character, reappear in these first moments after the last moments."

Some of the hairs of the moustache, eye-lashes, and beard are seen in the mask, having adhered to the original concave shell and been thence transferred to the convex mask. These hairs, on examination with a glass, are found to be of a reddish brown, or auburn, corresponding in this respect with what we know historically to have been the actual color of Shakespeare's hair. If the mask be what is claimed for it, we have here literally a bit of Shakespeare himself.

The eyes are closed, and the left eye shows a slight defect from some cause. The moustache is rather full, and in the shape now frequently worn, the ends hanging down diagonally to the right and left, so as to cover the corners of the mouth. The "tooth-maker," in the Stratford bust, has curled them up in a way which alters the whole expression of the face, giving it a gay and jaunty air. The rest of the beard is shaven, except a small tuft under the chin, of the cut now called an "imperial." The nose is thin, delicate, slightly aquiline, and the profile altogether is extraordinarily beautiful. The boldness of the outline, as one looks at the mask in profile, raises the expectation of a narrow face and head; instead of the broad, commanding face and forehead which meet the eye on turning the mask, and looking at it full in front.

The impression which these various likenesses make upon the mind of the observer, especially the impression made by the mask, is that of majesty and force: what a noble face this man had! how worthy of the noble thoughts to which he has given utterance! We feel instinctively like applying to him the words which he has himself put into the mouth of Hamlet, when addressing his father's portrait:

See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man!
THE TEMPEST.

See Page 1.

In this comedy, Shakespeare is thought by able critics to have given us his most finished literary composition, and one in which the great poet has expressed his highest and serenest vein of life. One of his latest productions, first published in 1623, no source of the story of the play can with any certainty be pointed out. Malone supposed it to have been written in the year 1611, and probably produced in the latter part of 1612 for the first time. Shakespeare, who was fond of magic, makes admirable use of this art in The Tempest. Indeed, the serious parts of the drama are well suited for an opera.

SCENE.—The sea with a ship, afterwards an uninhabited isle.

In a cave hewn out of the solid rock lived the aged Prospero and his good and beautiful daughter, Miranda. This home was on an island, and thither Miranda had come with her father when she was hardly three years old. The cave in which they resided was divided into several cells, one of which, serving as Prospero's study, was provided with a number of books on astrology and magic, the knowledge of which Prospero had made exceedingly useful since his arrival on this island, which had been enchanted by the witch Sycorax, who died there shortly before his coming. Prospero by his art released many good spirits which the sorceress had imprisoned in the trunks of giant trees, because the spirits had refused to obey the wicked behests of the old enchantress. These liberated spirits were, after his coming, the instruments of the obedient will of Prospero. Ariel was the most prominent, who, gentle as he otherwise was, bore a deep-seated grudge towards the monster Caliban, the son of Sycorax. Caliban was found by Prospero during one of his excursions through the island, and was brought by him to the cave, where Caliban was taught to speak, but, owing to his perverted nature, little good and useful could he learn, and therefore was employed to do the more menial work, such as carrying wood and water. Ariel's duty was to compel the monster to perform these services. Ariel, invisible to all other eyes but those of Prospero, would often torment and harass Caliban. By the aid of these powerful spirits, Prospero ruled the winds and the waves of the sea. Thus he raised a violent storm, in the midst of which he showed his daughter a large ship, which he told her was full of human beings like themselves. Miranda begs her father to have mercy on their lives. The father soothes her agitation, and informs her that no person of the ship's company shall be hurt, that all transpiring would be done on behalf of his dear child. He now relates to her the cause of their inhabiting this island. "I was Prince of Milan," said he, "and you a Princess and only heir. My younger brother, whose name was Antonio, I intrusted with all my affairs of state, and devoted myself in retirement to profound study. My brother, deeming himself the duke, with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince and deadly foe of mine, effected my downfall. Knowing that they durst not destroy us because of the strong love of my people, they carried us on board a ship, and when some storm out at sea Antonio forced both of us into a small boat without sail or mast. But a faithful lord of my court, named Gonzalo, had secretly hidden water and provisions on board, and also some invaluable books. Our food lasted until we landed on this island, and ever since my pleasure has been to instruct my darling child. This tempest I have raised so that by this accident the King of Naples and your treacherous uncle might be brought to this shore." Prospero having concluded his narrative touched Miranda with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep. At this instant Ariel appears and gives a vivid account of the tempest to his master. Of the ship's crew not one soul has perished, and the vessel, invisible to them, is safely moored in the harbor. Mean time Ferdinand, the duke's son, reaching the island, meets Miranda. They mutually express surprise, and fall in love. Ariel, hidden by his master, now brings the king, Antonio, and the noble Gonzalo before Prospero, who embraces his brother and forgives him his past treachery. Prospero then dismisses Ariel from his service, buries his wand and books in the earth, vowing never henceforth to make use of the magic art. He then returns with the king, his brother, Gonzalo, Ferdinand, and Miranda to his native land, where, soon after their arrival, the mutinies of the hero and heroine, Ferdinand and Miranda, are celebrated, and "honor, riches, marriage-blessing" await them.

The characters in this play, while real and living, are conceived in a more abstract way, more as types, than in any other work of Shakespeare. Prospero is the embodiment of the highest wisdom and moral attainment; he is the great enchanter, and altogether the opposite of the vulgar magician. With the command over the elemental powers which study has brought to him, he possesses moral grandeur and command over himself. He sees through life, but does not refuse to take part in it. Gonzalo is human common sense incarnated. All that is meanness and most desirable appears in the wretched conspirators. Miranda is framed in the purest and simplest type of womanhood, while Ariel is a being of life and joy knowing no human affection; Caliban is his opposite, a creature of the passions and appetites. There is a beautiful spirit of reconciliation and forgiveness presiding over all, like a providence.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

See Page 16.

There was no edition of this comedy until 1623, but according to Malone as well as Chalmers, it was written in 1595. Though this play furnishes fewer occasions for music than some others, yet musicians are employed in the plot, as well as in the musical passages of Shakespeare in this play introduces all the musical terms in use in his time; as, a tune, a note, sing out, too sharp, too flat, harsh descant, the mean base, etc.

SCENE.—At times in the cities of Verona and Milan, or on the frontiers of Mantua.

Valentine and Proteus were two young gentlemen, who lived in the city of Verona, between whom a firm friendship subsisted. They pursued their studies together, and passed their leisure hours in each other's company, except when Proteus visited a lady whom he loved; and these visits to Julia and his passion for her, were the only points on which the two gentlemen differed. Valentine, who was not in love, often weared to hear his friend so incessantly talking of his Julia, and occasionally would taunt Proteus for his passion at her; but Valentine, on meeting Proteus, and informed him that they must separate for a time, as he was going to Milan. Proteus, however, tried to induce his friend not to leave him; but without avail. The two friends parted with vows of unalterable friendship. After his companion had left, Proteus wrote a letter to Julia, which he intrusted her maid Lucetta to deliver to her mistress. Julia, though loving Proteus as much as he did her, acts most inconsistently, refuses to accept the letter, and orders her maid to leave the room; but being curious to know the contents of the missive, calls Lucetta in again, and asks her what o'clock it is. Lucetta, who knew that her mistress rather desired to see the letter, without heeding the question, again presents the rejected epistle. Julia, incensed at this presumption on the part of her servant, tore the missive in pieces and threw them on the floor, ordering Lucetta out of the room.

When Julia found herself alone, she gathered the fragments up and began to piece them together, and made out the words, "love-wounded Proteus," but she could not make out the whole, and mortified at her own perversity in destroying such sweet and loving words, she pens a much kinder letter to Proteus than she had ever done before. While Proteus was in raptures over his letter, he was interrupted by the appearance of Antonio his father, who asks him what letter he was reading, and is told that it is one he received from his friend Valentine, at Milan. His father desires to read the news, but the son, greatly alarmed, assures him that there is nothing new, further than Valentine is well beloved by the Duke of Milan, who greatly benefits him with favors, and desires his friend Proteus to be the partner of his fortune. Antonio, deeming the advice of Valentine very worthy of attention, resolves to send the son at once to Milan, to spend some time there in the Duke of Milan's court. Proteus, knowing how peremptory was the will of his father, bid Julia a mournful farewell. They exchanged rings, and mutually promised to keep each other forever in remembrance. Proteus set out on his journey, and, arriving at Milan, found his friend Valentine really in favor with the duke; and moreover Valentine had become as ardent a lover as Proteus ever was. The lady of his love was Silvia, daughter of the duke, and his love was returned, though they concealed their affections from the duke, who intended his daughter should marry the count Thurio, whom Silvia despised. While these two rivals were, one day, on a visit to Silvia, the duke himself entered the room, and informed them of the arrival of Proteus, who soon thereafter made his entrance, and was introduced by his friend to the fair Silvia. Valentine imparted to him in confidence the whole history of his love, how carefully they had concealed it from the duke, even to using the name of Proteus for his father's consent, he had urged Silvia to leave the palace that very night and go with him to Mantua. Then he showed Proteus a ladder of ropes, by help of which he intended to aid Silvia to get out of one of the windows at dark. Upon hearing this confidential recital, strange to say, Proteus resolved to go and disclose the plan to the duke. The duke, after hearing the intelligence, resolved to frustrate Valentine's intentions, and by artifices makes Valentine betray the secret himself, and after upbraiding him for his ingratitude, banished him from the court and city of Milan. While Proteus was thus treacherously betraying his friend, Julia, who is inconsolable over the absence of her lover, resolved to dress herself and her maid Lucetta in men's clothes, and thus set out for Milan. Here she was hired by Proteus as a page, who, not knowing that she was Julia, sent her with letters and presents to Silvia—even sending her the very ring she gave him as a parting gift at Verona. Silvia, utterly amazed at this, rejects the suit of Proteus and refuses the ring, and Julia (disguised as the page Sebastian) praises Silvia and confides to her that Proteus had a love in Verona, who, as she knew, fondly loved him. Valentine, who hardly knew which course to pursue after his banishment, was set upon by robbers, who prevailed on him to become their servant, if they refused their offer, they would kill him. Valentine expected of them a promise never to outrage women or to rob the poor. Silvia, to avoid a marriage to Thurio, at last resolved to follow Valentine to Mantua, where she presumed him to have fled, and in company with Glamour, an old courtier, sets out on her journey, but on reaching the forest where Valentine and the banditti dwelt, was seized by one of the robbers, who intended to take her before their captain. Proteus, who had heard of Silvia's flight, pursued her to the forest, and still accompanied by Julia, his page in disguise, appears at this moment. While Proteus was rudely pressing Silvia to marry him, all were amazed by the sudden appearance of Valentine.

Julia, having thus proved, by her disguise of the page, the insincerity of her lover Proteus, produces in an affected manner the rings he has made presents of to herself and Silvia, and at the same time discovering her sex, exposes his duplicity to his second mistress. Proteus, who now realizes that the page Sebastian is no other than Julia, and thrilled with this proof of her constancy and true love for him, took again his own dear mistress and joyfully resigns all pretensions to Silvia to Valentine, who so well deserved her. Proteus and Valentine, enjoying that happy reconciliation, were surprised by the appearance of the Duke of Milan and Thurio, who came there in pursuit of Silvia. Thurio, when sternly rejected by Silvia, drew back in trepidation, leaving Valentine, his rival, in full possession of lady Silvia. The lovers and the duke return to Milan, where the nuptials are conducted with all due pomp and ceremony.

Shakespeare has in this play settled down in the field of Italian story, which is to bethe hereafter the scene of his greatest triumphs. The Two Gentlemen of Verona and its incidents were great favorites with Shake
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

See Page 35.

This is the only Shakespearean comedy which is entirely without serious characters and situations; nevertheless, it shows a masterful intention and demonstration — although jocously carried out — to prove the sacredness of wedlock. Queen Elizabeth, whose ear was perpetually assailed by fulsome panegyric, and who encouraged all sorts of silly shows, May games, and buffooneries, was not insensible to Shakespeare's talent; and having been much delighted with the character of Falstaff, as delineated in the first and second parts of Henry the Fourth, advised, or, perhaps we may rather say, commanded, the hard to portray the fat knight in love. Such is the tradition of the origin of the play, some incidents of which may have pleased the dauntless of Henry VIII., although they are somewhat repulsive to modern taste and delicacy. According to Chalmers, this comedy was written in 1596, while Malone assigns 1601 as the proper date.

SCENE.—At Windsor, or near to it.

Falstaff, the droll hero of the trilogy of Henry IV., and V., is unable, on account of his limited income, to defray the costs of his extravagant tastes. He hits upon the old idea, which is doubly amusing from his age and physical defects, of trying his luck in love, and thus replenish his empty purse. He writes love-letters to Mrs. Page and to Mrs. Ford simultaneously. His former wife, Anne, being angry at Falstaff, resolve to instigate the husbands of this shameful conduct. Both ladies having received letters of the same import, show them to each other, and mutually agree to retaliate upon Falstaff. As a mediator, they choose their talented friend Mrs. Quickly, who informs Falstaff that both ladies accept his suit, and expect to see him. Page has implicit confidence in his wife's fidelity, but Ford does not trust his wife, and disguising himself, assumes the name of Brook, asking Falstaff's assistance in his designs upon Mrs. Ford. He learns from Falstaff that this lady had promised to meet him. Just as the knight is about to enjoy the company of Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page informs him that the injured husband is on his way hither, having half the inhabitants of Windsor at his back. The unlucky lover is hastily thrown into a clothes-basket and covered with a quantity of thirty lines. He is carried to a beech-tree and there thrust into a shallow ditch. But, despite this involuntary bath, Falstaff is not yet the wiser, and runs again into the trap set for him. In Ford's house he is found again by the jealous husband. The ladies this time dress him up in the garb of an old woman, who is known as the disputable sorceress, or old witch of Brentford. Ford, who had forbidden this bag to enter his threshold, drives Falstaff, after giving him a severe thrashing, from his abode. Mrs. Ford now imparts to her husband the whole affair, cares him of his jealousy, and, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Page, prepares the third practical joke at Falstaff's expense. A rendezvous is arranged in the oak of the fabulous hunter, Horne, where, according to a popular superstition, fairies and elves carry on their revels at midnight. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, in pursuance of their plan to revenge on Falstaff his attempt on their chastity, decoy him, under pretence of an amorous meeting, into Windsor Park at midnight, where he is attacked by Evans and all the kin and kindred of the family. Ford and Page, who are dressed as soldiers, are in the meantime orders to Falstaff in various other ways. Falstaff is represented ludicrously disguised, having a buck's head forced on his head, and seated beneath the oak with his mistresses, who affect surprise at their being discovered.

In juxtaposition, and yet distant from the story of seduction and deception, a case of elopement is enacted in the play, as a counterpart of the former in its subplot. Falstaff and Mrs. Page have a marriagable daughter, Anne Page, for whose hand and heart three lovers woo—Squire Fenton, whose love is good and true, is responded to by Anne; and Slender, the cousin of the country Justice Shallow, a dunce with an annual rent of £300, who is the favorite of Anne's father, and last, the dandified French Doctor Costard, who is favored by Mrs. Page. Under Horne's oak, where Anne is enacting the queen of the fairies, Slender, according to the father's plan, is to elope with the daughter; but the mother, having planned a like affair, wants her to elope with Dr. Caius. The shrewd Anne apparently accedes to each plan, but on her part plots and prepares with her lover a different understanding, in consequence of which Slender indeed elopes, according to the plan of the father, with a fairy dressed in white; Dr. Caius, after the plan of the mother, with one in a green garb; but neither of the two have Anne Page, nor even another girl, but only disguised boys. Fenton and Anne, however, gain their purpose, and reach the church, from which they return husband and wife. The parents yield, with great resignation and heartiness, to the inevitable, and after a general reconciliation, from which even the fat and guilty Falstaff is not excluded, the comedy closes.

In Falstaff, bubbling over with humor combined with that consummate conceit which makes his character so inefably droll, we have a picture that only Shakespeare could draw. Falstaff is the representative, in his idleness and self-indulgence, of the debauched professional soldier of the day. But this lewd court hanger-on, whose wit always mastered men, is outwitted and routed by the Windsor Wives. "Wives Page have a marriagable daughter, Anne Page,..." the healthy moral. The play has no pathos about it; it is only merry; but, nevertheless, it is admirably constructed. The double plot works through it without a hitch; and the situations are conically first-rate, though we confess the tone is lower than in both Shakespeare's earlier and later works. There are no grandees in the play; it seems a play of contemporary manners and a direct sketch of English middle-class life. The sardonicness of "sweet Annie Page" runs all through it. She is the young English girl of Shakespeare's admiration — not seventeen, pretty, brown-haired, small-voiced, whose words are few, but whose presence is everywhere felt. True to her love, she is ready-witted, and dutiful to her parents, only disobeying them for the higher law of love. Her real value is shown by the efforts of those three lovers to get her. Fenton is a...
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The Comedy of Errors.

See Page 78.

The Menace of Plautus have furnished our poet the matter for this lively, entertaining, and ingeniously executed play, which is so full of a witty spirit. It is one of his earliest dramatic efforts, and perhaps was written before the year 1591, though Malone fixes the date at 1593. In The Comedy of Errors music has no mention.

SCENE.—Ephesus.

Various and prolix disputes and contentions between the cities of Syracuse and Ephesus caused, in retal-
tion for the precedent set by the former city, the enactment of a cruel law, according to which all intercourse between these two places was abolished, and any inhabitant of Syracuse seen in Ephesus was punished with death and confiscation of his estate if he were not able to pay a ransom of one thousand marks. Ignorant of this law, Egeon, an aged merchant of Syracuse, is found in the streets of Ephesus, arrested, and by the duke condemned to be executed. Upon the question, what has induced him to visit Ephesus, he relates that his wife had borne him twins, who had so extraordinary a resemblance to each other that he had purchased of their poor parents two twin brothers, whom he had brought up to attend upon his own sons. Suffering shipwreck, Egeon had been separated from his wife, with their older son and his comrade. The younger son, who, after he had grown to manhood, had been afflicted with an irrepressible longing to go in search of his lost mother and brother, was still engaged in this search; both sons he now deemed lost to him, since for seven years he had sought for them on all seas, but in vain, and it was thus he had come to Ephesus. The duke, influenced by a feeling of pity, grants Egeon one day to procure the thousand marks for his ransom. Egeon's sons, of exact form and size and bearing the same name—that of Antipholus—were at this time in Ephesus with their servants the Dromios, who are also as alike as other. The younger Antipholus had just arrived with his Dromios, the older brother, however, had already lived twenty years in the city, having, as a courageous soldier, once saved the duke's life, and had in the course of time become a rich and highly respected merchant. He married a rich heiress of Ephesus named Adriana, whose beautiful and wise sister Luciana resided with them. The twins and their followers, who bear such striking resemblance to each other, cause many vexations and entangling mistakes, and thus, quite naturally, many very comically amusing scenes are enacted, and errors upon errors follow. One bewitching mistake confounds the other. The errors which are occasioned by confounding the two gentlemen and their servants with each other, cause the Antipholus of Syracuse to believe that he is under the influence of magic, and therefore seeks refuge in a cloister, whose abbess, Emilia, charitably grants to him a place of refuge. Adriana, who presumed the fugitive to be her husband, complains to the duke of the conduct of the abbess, who refuses to give up the fugitive, who is deemed insane, before his cure is effected. One word draws another, until it becomes finally apparent that the jealous Adriana is the wife of the Ephesian Antipholus, whom she had often tortured with her silly suspicions. After confessing her behaviour to the abbess, the latter seriously expostulates with her. Meanwhile, evening comes and Egeon is to be executed, when opportunely at this juncture the twin pairs, and those with whom they have been confounded, all meet in the vicinity of the convenl. The penetration of the duke at once solves this mystery of errors. The excellent abbess is none other than Emilia, the long lost wife of Egeon, and the loving mother of one of the Antipholus. The duke now pardons Egeon, without the payment of ransom; Adriana is permanently cured of her jealousies, while Antipholus of Syracuse marries her sister the good and fair Luciana.

In the Comedy of Errors, which commentators believe to be either the first or the second part of the dramas of Shakespeare, he has exquisitely brought in the pathetic element in Egeon's story and threatened death, the mother's love and suffering, and the ruing of the family at the end of the play. He has also presented the beautiful element of the affection of Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana—the first introduction of that seriousness and tender love which is never after absent in Shakespeare's plays. The sweetness of Luciana in dissuading her sister from jealousy, in her advice to Antipholus of Syracuse, her sister's supposed husband, in Scene 2 of Act III., before she consents to her suitor's love, is very beautiful in its tender thoughtfulness. Adriana, though jealous and cruel, really does not mean to be, and truly urges that her love is the cause. The contrast between the two brothers of Syracuse and of Ephesus is finely marked. The Antipholus of Ephesus was a man without a father's or a mother's training, and with no purpose in life like his brother. He is a brave soldier, but has no true view of love and marriage; he has taken a wife, yet consorts with a collier. Antipholus of Syracuse, brought up under a father's watchful care, is a far better type of a man. The search for his lost twin brother has given him a purpose in life; and although his temper is somewhat too unrestrained and he beats his servant too often, yet he reverences women, and declines the opportunity to avail himself of the mistake of his unknown brother's wife. Of the two Dromios, the Syracusan seems to have been the better. He is more humorous and cool and takes his troubles easier than his master. The noble and pathetic figure of Egeon forms a fine background to the play, his long search for his wife appealing to all hearts. This drama forms a fine acting play, the humor being brought out most comically.

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**

*See Page 92.*

The more serious part of the material on which this comedy is founded, were known to the reading public of England, at the time of our poet, through various works, such as the episode of Arriodant and Gencova, in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, which already then existed in two English translations. The nearest resemblance to this play is a novel of Bandello, entitled, "Timbro di Carolinia, and Felicia Leonata." The other comical parts of the play, and the persons represented therein, seem to be altogether Shakespeare's own creation. According to Malone, the play was written in 1600; while Chalmers reports it a year earlier, that it was printed in quarto, and was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 29, 1600, under the name of Benedick and Beatrice. There is much music in the play, especially in the masquerade, Act II., Scene 2, and several songs are introduced. In the last Act, Scene 8, the epitaph and song are beautiful, and well calculated for music.

**SCENE.—Messina.**

Leonato, the Governor of Messina, has an only daughter, named Hero, who lives with his niece, Beatrice, in her father's palace. Beatrice is a lively, mirthful, and witty girl, the very counterpart of the sedate Hero. Returning from a happily ended war, appear as the guests of Leonato, Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon, with his favorites, Claudio and Benedick, all old friends and acquaintances of the governor and his family. Claudio sues for the quiet Hero, wins her love and, through the mediation of the Prince, obtains the consent of her father. Benedick and Beatrice, both animated by a spirit of thoroughly inexhaustible
honor, begin a real contest of wits, incessantly teasing each other, and both to all appearances utterly forsaking love and matrimony. By an amusing plot, however, both, while deeming themselves unobserved, are made witnesses to pre-arranged conversations, from the purport of which it is intended to convince them that Beatrice is inspired with love for Benedick, and Benedick is madly in love with Beatrice. Both are deceived by the trap set for them; but nothing novel is acquired thereby; we only better our knowledge how their affairs are situated. The Prince of Arragon had also brought with him to Messina his bastard brother, Don John, a man discontented with himself and all the world, full of venom and rancour, who seeks pleasure in making mischief. He stands the pure, innocent, and chaste Hero, as being a common ... 

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

See Page 112.

A ROMANCE or a drama from which our poet might have gleaned the material for this play, is thus far not known. The argument on which this comedy rests is the important contrast between the fresh and youthful, ever new blooming reality of life and the abstract, dry, and dead study of the strictly pedantic life. Shakespeare wrote the play, according to Malone, in 1594; according to Chalmers, in 1592.

SCENE.—Laid in Navarre.

The young and kind-hearted Ferdinand of Navarre conceived the somewhat fantastic idea of spending, in company with three knightly followers, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, three years in strict seclusion from the outer world. In pursuance of this aim, they have sworn a sacred oath, especially binding themselves to abstain from all social intercourse with women, and to devote themselves to the study of wisdom and learning. Their plan, however, is forthwith defeated by the arrival of the fair Princess of France, with her attending ladies — Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine. This party, on account of pressing affairs of state, request an immediate audience, which cannot be denied. All these knights of wisdom and abstinence fall in love with these ladies, who are just as amiable as they are good and subtle. A quick encounter of contending wits ensues, during which the gentlemen tense and deride each other for breaking their vow, each at the same time trying to justify himself, but allaiming to win the hearts of the fair French ladies. The latter, on their part, try to cleverly defend themselves by vying with one another in witty retorts, and by cleverly ridiculing the courtiers for their foolishly conceived but quickly violated plan of affected struggle with wisdom. Intermingled in the play, as the most amusing and diverting contrasts, are the comic episodes between two bombastic and learned pedants, Holofernes and Nathaniel, as well as the pranks of the arrant knight and braggadocio, Armado, a youthful and haughty page, who acts the part of a privileged fool. The entire plot of the story and of the actors is suddenly interrupted by the announcement of the death of the sick and aged father of the Princess of France; and the drama closes with a very earnest lesson, and that, though expressed by the king in a jesting mood, is exacted by the ladies (though in another shape) as an expiration and for repentance. A duet between Spring and Winter (Cuckoo and Owl) makes a charming epilogue, which in a poetic form sheds a light over
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the sense and meaning of the whole. The finale of the comedy thus reverts back to the beginning.

The London wits of the day, with their assumed consequence and abounding conceit, naturally amused the Stratford-bred Shakespeare, and parts of this, his first written play, were designed to give them a covert reproof, and to show them they could be beaten at their own weapons, by a country lad, too, and that all their city cleverness, on which they so much prided themselves, was as nothing beside good heart and work. The best speech in the play is, of course, Biron's, on the effect of love in opening men's eyes and making the world new to them. How true this is every lover since can bear witness. But still there is a "chaffiness" about it very different from the humility and earnestness of the lovers who figure in most of Shakespeare's other plays, except, perhaps, that of the worthy Benedick. The fair Rosaline, too, in her witty passages, reminds us of Beatrice.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

See Page 133.

The comedy of Midsummer-Night's Dream is the most extravagant, yet the most artistic, the most amusing, and withal the most thoughtful, the most poetical, and nevertheless the liveliest, which the phantasy of a poet ever created for the glorification of phantasy itself. The greatness of the author's genius reveals nowhere so much as here, where he gives his imagination full play, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and beyond the limits of the visible world. Two songs alluded to in the last scene of this play are lost. Malone asserts that this drama was written in 1592, while Chalmers has reasons for stating 1598 as the date.

SCENE.—Athens, and a wood not far from it.

Oberon, king of the fairies, beseeches his wife, Titania, to grant to him her beautiful adopted boy as a page; and upon Titania refusing this request, he seeks to revenge himself by wetting her eyes with the sap of a flower while she is sleeping. This lotion has the magical power of causing her to become exceedingly enamored with the first being she beholds on awakening. The person whom her eyes first observe is a weaver of Athens, named Bottom, a rough and entirely illiterate man, and who has, at this time, come, with several other mechanics, to the grove, where Oberon and Titania were holding their fairy court. These artisans had entered the wood to have a rehearsal for the play of Pyramus and Thisbe, which they design to act at the nuptial festivities of Duke Theseus of Athens, who was soon to be married to Hippolyta. But before Titania's awakening, Puck, a serving spirit to Oberon, who was ever ready for fun or frolic, had, by magic, adorned the weaver, Bottom, with the head of an ass. At the time this is taking place, a young pair, Lysander and Hermia, in love with each other, had likewise lied themselves to this enchanted grove, having fled from Athens on account of the cruelty of the father of Hermia, and the strictness of the laws of Athens, which forbade their union. They are overtaken at night by Demetrius, a lover, whose suit for Hermia the father of this lady favors, and by Helena, a youthful friend of Hermia, who loves Demetrius, but finds her love rejected. Oberon, the fairy king, feels pity for fond Helena, and commands Puck to wet the eyes of the flint-hearted Demetrius with the same magic fluid which had already proved so efficacious on his queen, Titania. Puck, by some mistake, enchants instead Lysander, but finding out his error, also enchants Demetrius. The consequence is, that both Lysander and Demetrius, on awakening, fall in love with Helena, whom they both perceive at the same moment. As a result, Helena now thinks the declarations of both these suitors malicious mockery, while Hermia, who, meantime, had arrived upon the scene, is inconsolable to discover herself thus so suddenly deserted by the hitherto faithful Lysander.

Meantime Titania has yielded to the wish of Oberon, and the latter, joyful over the reconciliation with his wife, removes the magic spells from Lysander and Bottom; only Demetrius' spell will not leave him, or rather the spell she supplied by the magic which the devoted fidelity of Helena imparts to him, whose love he now rewards in turn with his love. The Duke Theseus, of Athens, whose marriage is also about to be celebrated, obtains the consent of Hermia's father to her union with Lysander, and thus it happens that three marriage ceremonies take place, on which occasion the artisans enact their very jovial and grotesque play of Pyramus and Thisbe, which they have so faithfully and amusingly rehearsed. Congratulations and fairy dances conclude the nuptial feasts and the drama.

The finest character in the play is undoubtedly Theseus, and in his noble words about the artisans' play, the true gentleman is shown. Theseus is Shakespeare's early ideal of a heroic warrior and man of action. His life is one of splendid achievement and joy; his love is a kind of happy victory; his marriage a triumph. But his wife's character is poor beside his. There is not much marked difference of character between the lovers Demetrius and Lysander, nor is there much distinction between Helena and Hermia, except that in person Helena is the taller of the two and the gentler in disposition. Though the story is Greek, yet the play is full of English life. It is Stratford that has given Shakespeare his outdoor woodland life, his clowns' play, and the clowns themselves—Bottom, with his inimitable conceit, and his fellows, Snug, Quince, etc. It is Stratford that has given him all Puck's fairy lore—the pictures of the sweet country school-girls, seemingly parted and yet with a union in partition. There is exquisite imagery running through the play—a wonderful adumbration, though it be, of delicate and aerial fancy beside the broadest and coarsest comedy.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

See Page 150.

In this play our bard celebrates the idea of a universal philanthropy, in the first place, as a Christian charity, but more especially in its tenderest and most gentle emanations, as friendship, comunal love, as well as grace and mercy, in opposition to the strict tenet of the law. George Chalermes fixes 1597 as the date of this comedy, while Malone reports 1598 as the exact time of its appearance. The musical elements of this interesting drama are beautiful, numerous, and celebrated. In it is found the initial of a well-known and now proverbial eulogium on modulated sounds: "The man who has no music in his soul," etc.

SCENE.—Partly in Venice and at Belmont.

A rich and fair heiress named Portia, who lives at Belmont, near Venice, is, according to the last will of
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

her father, prohibited from marrying, except the suitor who comes to woo should correctly choose one of three caskets — one of them gold, one of silver, and one of lead. The latter contains the portrait of the fair lady; and the suitor fortunate enough to choose the casket containing Portia's picture, is to be Portia's husband. Bassanio, a young nobleman of Venice, is so fortunate, and carries off the prize. But he is scarcely betrothed to his love, when he receives news from Venice telling him that his noble-hearted friend Antonio, whose generous means furnished him for his successful journey to Belmont, is completely ruined by the wreck of ships at sea, and that the bond which Antonio, in over confidence, had given to the Jew Shylock on Bassanio's account for a sum of money, could not be met when due. Shylock now insists literally on the cruel penalty provided as a forfeit — a pound of Antonio's flesh to be cut from any part the Jew pleased to take it. Bassanio, supplied by his bride with ample means, and presented with a ring which he vowed to her he never would part with, hastens towards Venice to the rescue of his friend. Portia, his spirited lady love, meanwhile, procures for herself, by the aid of a renowned lawyer, who is a friend of her family, letters of introduction, and thus fortified, and in the disguise of a Doctor of Laws, is introduced to the Duke of Venice as a lawyer who would be able, even in such a difficult case as that now pending between the merchant of Venice and the Jew Shylock, to decide in strict accord with the laws of Venice, and yet, withal, in the interest of human equity. By virtue of Portia's ingenuous sagacity, Antonio, the unfortunate merchant who had become security for her husband Bassanio, is rescued from his cruel persecutor. In her disguise as an advocate of law, Portia refuses every offer of reward, but requests and finally obtains from the unwilling Bassanio that ring which she had given to him on his departure from her, under the most solemn vows never to part with it. The same scene is likewise enacted by her waiting-maid Nerissa, who is in the disguise of an attending clerk, and who is betrothed to Bassanio's friend and companion Gratiano. Portia and her waiting maid now hasten to their home. They arrived at Belmont before their husbands, whose embarrassment on account of their having parted with their rings, the pledges of their love, causes great railing and merriment, until finally the entire intrigue is explained. Through the play is interspersed the suit, elopement, and marriage of Jaquenetta and Oliver, who are converted by Christianity, becomes the wife of Lorenzo, a young Venetian for whom Portia, in her role as counsellor of law, obtains the legal right to inherit the fortune of his unwilling father-in-law, Shylock. Cruel and repulsive as the character of the latter appears in the story, the thoughtful reader cannot help but sometimes pity him as one of the persecuted Jewish race, a revelation of hatred and prejudice, as well as the remorseless cruelty practised towards them by the remorseless and laws of the Middle Ages.

To understand the plot of this play, which is complicated, by three points, we have, first the main point in the history of the forlorned bond; then a secondary plot, the affair of the three caskets, and, as a final episode, the elopement of Jessica and Lorenzo.

A true and noble woman the poet portrays in Portia. In the language of Jessica, "the rude world has not her fellow," and to this all who have studied the play will agree, echoing the words of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, when she says, "Shakespeare's Portia, then, as now, is my ideal of a perfect woman." She is one of those women that the poet shows us first in gloom and then brings into the sunshine of love. She is gloomy, naturally, at the momentous chance that her fate hangs on, until it gives her the man she loves. She has wit and humor, and good judgment, too. She is unfeigned, for she allows her husband to leave her so soon to save his friend. Note her quick insight and wit on the call for action, her self-reliance; the admirable handling of her case in court; the reserving of her power to the last, hoping to raise Shylock to the nobleness she would have him reach. See how the essence of all the virtues of woman is in her speech for mercy, which will echo through all time. In the trial scene she keeps her happy, roughish humor, chaffing her husband about giving her up, and insisting on his ring (this latter scene is remarkably effective on the stage). No words can praise Portia too highly. Jessica, "the most beautiful pagan and most sweet Jew," is romantic and impulsive. Love is her ruling passion, as greed is that of her father's.

Antonio is a noble gentleman. There is a beautiful and touching unselfishness about him, as note his message to Bassanio, who was a fine enough fellow, but far inferior in character to the woman whose love he won. In Shylock, we have the embittered hate of ages of cruelty and oppression flaring up to strike when chance allowed it.

AS YOU LIKE IT.
See Page 170.

THE material of this play the poet gleaned from the story entitled "Rosalinde, Euphues Golden Legacie, etc.,” which its author, Thomas Lodge, wrote at sea, on a voyage to the Canary Islands. The drama was written in 1600, when Shakespeare was thirty-six years old. There are various remarks on music and several songs embodied in this comedy.

SCENE.—Is laid first near Oliver's house; afterwards in the usurper's court, and in the forest of Arden.

A French duke, who had been deposed and banished by his younger brother Frederick, with drew with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden, leaving his only daughter Rosalind at the court of the usurper as a companion of the latter's only daughter Celia; these ladies love each other like sisters. This affection which subsisted between them was not in the least interrupted by the disagreement between the fathers, and becomes not less tender when Rosalind falls in love with the brave Orlando, who, in a wrestling match with a hitherto unexcelled athlete, wins the victory in the presence of the assembled court; but Orlando has lost his lease of his estate, and by the execution of the deadly enmity of his older brother Oliver, seeks safety in flight. Adam affectionately accompanies him, and proffers Orlando the money he has saved. But the faithful servant, through infirmity and fatigue, is unable to proceed far on the journey. Orlando, cheers his drooping spirits and urges him to go forward. The older brother, Oliver, was charged by the usurping duke with having advised the flight of Orlando, and the duke orders him to arrest and bring back the fugitives. Rosalind, having been banished from her uncle's court, left it clad in the disguise of a page, and chanced her towards the forest of Arden. Celia, the usurping duke's daughter, loving Rosalind tenderly, accompanied her in her flight in the garb of a shepherdess. More for the purpose of pastime and sport than for
protection, the two ladies entreat the clown Touchstone to flee with them. Arrived at the forest of Arden, they purchase from a shepherd his estate with house and herd, and still disguised live there for a time as a brother and sister, when they are agreeably surprised by the arrival of Orlando, who has joined the followers of the banished duke. Rosalind then becomes Rosalind, her brother Orlando being wounded, and, seeing the bloody handkerchief which he has sent her as a proof of his attachment, faints in the arms of Celia. Rosalind, after having assured herself of the love and constancy of the knightly Orlando, fully bestows her affections on him, and with the consent of her father, to whom she has made herself known, is welded to him. The courtier, Oliver, who owes his life to the valor and courage of his brother Orlando (who rescued him twice, while travelling through the country, from the fangs of a serpent, and again from a lion while asleep in the forest of Arden), marries the fair Celia, with whom he has fallen in love at first sight. Meantime, DuCru d'Escurel, becoming alarmed at the large number of his subjects who are leaving for his brother's support, marches at the head of an army to the Arden forest to annexe the followers of the deposed duke. At the outskirts of the forest, however, the usurper is met by a pious hermit, who beseeches him to desist from his cruel undertaking. Stung by his conscience, he voluntarily restores the dukedom to his brother, and resolves to spend the remainder of his life in a religious house. A messenger proclaiming this resolve is sent by the now penitent duke to his brother, who again ascends his throne, while all the banished courtiers return to the city and are restored to their former dignities—all but the melancholy Jaques, who, disgusted with worldly show, goes into retirement.

This story goes back to the old Robin Hood spirit of England, to the love of country, of forest, and of adventure. Rosalind's rippling laughter comes to us from the far-off woodland glades, and the wedded couple's sweet content reaches us as a strain of distant melody. Miss Baillie says of Rosalind: "The way in which she delights in teasing Orlando is essentially womanly. There are many women who take unaccountable pleasure in causing pain to those they love, for the sake of healing it afterwards." Rosalind is fair, pink-checked, and impulsive; what she thinks she must speak out, true woman as she is. There is a great want in her life; but she meets Orlando, and the want is filled by love. It was she who planned this country expedition, and, though she could find it in her heart to cry like a woman, she feels she must comfort poor Celia as the weaker vessel. But sad as she is, she needs only the news of Orlando's nearness to throw off her melancholy instantly, and to jump into the liveliest of gay humor; and the deliciously sprightly fun of her chaff of Orlando is unsurpassable. Orlando is a fine young fellow with whom we all must sympathize; there is such a charm in his manliness, and there is, too, a freshness about him and the energy of a healthy, active life. Oliver is a poor creature; but whitewashed, and reformed, we believe he made a good husband to Celia "the tender and true." The melancholy Jaques gets off some immortal worthy things of the philosophizing kind, as note his exquisite words on the "Seven Ages of Man." Touchstone's fun with Corin the shepherd and William is most amusing; to quote Miss Baillie again: "He is undoubtedly slightly cracked; but then the very craks in his brain are chinks which let in the light."
wield, and takes formal lessons from Petruchio in the art of Taming the Shrew. Petruchio's young wife, the fiery Katharina, carries finally the prize away as the most submissive wife of the three, and, because of her amiability and goodness, receives from her father a largely increased dowry.

The fair Kate, the shrew, stands boldly out in marked individuality. She has been brought up a spoiled child, strong-willed, and overindulged by her father's weakness and her sister's gentleness. Then she may be said to have a grievance, for she is not to be married, while her mild sister is. She is soured by neglect, and batters her sister from on high. Petruchio comedy, he adores her, and she likes him, too, as the first man who has had the nerve to overrule and attempt to control her. She is bewitched by his assurance and coolness, while consciences that she has forfeited, by her childish bad temper, a woman's right to chivalrous courtesy, and she feels she has no right to complain of her lover's roughness. As a woman, too, she likes the promise of money, and decides to marry him; even has learned, by this time, to love him, as not how she cries when he comes late. Having got him, she is baulked of the wedding feast (cruelest of all blows for a bride). Under the influence of the wedding, she is so tender, at first, that we almost regret that Petruchio had not taken advantage of this tenderness, and tried taming by love; but then, if he had, we should have lost some of the very best scenes of the play. However, Kate decides to stand up for her rights, and how she is defeated and humbled, and finally gives up the effort, becoming the model wife, the story relates.

Petruchio really makes himself, for effect, worse than he is. He is one of those determined men that like the spice of temper in a woman, knowing the power in him to subdue. He teases and tantalizes Kate in such a pleasant, made-up fashion, that we like him, although, probably, he tries her too far and too severely. No doubt they proved a happy couple. Kate could obey Petruchio with a will, for he had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect. Gruccio is an excellent comic character, one of the best of the kind from Shakespeare's pen.

Encouraged by the countess, to whom she had confided her love, she journeys to Paris, and succeeds in inducing the king to confide in her method of curing him. She agrees to suffer condign punishment in case she shall not succeed in restoring the king's health; on the other hand, should she cure the monarch, he promises that she shall be married to the man of her choice, and besides receive a rich dowry. Under her ministering care the king recovers entirely, and chooses the young Count of Rousillon for her spouse, who, despite all unwillingness and resistance at first, finally yields to the behests of his sovereign, and is married to Helena. Bertram has no affinity for his young wife, and moreover considers their marriage a misalliance, flees from Helena soon after the marriage ceremony is over, and lies himself to Florence, where he orders the service as a soldier—meanwhile informing Helena by letter that she should never again see him in France, nor greet him as her husband, until she could wear on her finger the ring which he claims to have inherited from his ancestors as a family relic, and could nurture a child of his paternity on her breast. Despite these two seemingly impossible conditions, Helena does not yield to his threats. With the aid of her husband's knowledge, she follows her truant lord, reaching Florence in disguise, where, with the assistance of the chaste daughter of an honest widow named Diana, she is soon in a condition to demand the fulfillment of her husband's strange conditions, and returns to France simultaneously with Bertram, where she has been announced as dead. As soon as the count is convinced of the truth of her assertions, he is thrilled with many emotion at such enduring love, and, in rapture over her high-spirited devotion, clasps Helena in his arms, henceforth bestowing all his affection on her. The unmasking and punishment of a villain named Parolles, a follower of Bertram, forms a diverting entertainment and an embellishment to the scenes, an episode of which calls to mind some of the parts of Falstaff's experience.

In this play the object of Shakespeare was no doubt, covertly, to teach a lesson to the English people on the pride of birth, in the poor, lowly-born Helena, richest and highest in the noblest qualities, and proving also how much true love could take a woman through unspotted and unimpaired. Coleridge calls Helena 'Shakespeare's loveliest character besides the great Mrs. Jordan.' He says: "There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment, not desponding over its idol, but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own faith. Her love is like a religion—pure, holy, deep. The faith of her affection combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible makes them so."" The same as she says of Parolles, the count is brought through Bertram, for love blinds his eyes. How beautiful is the confession of her love to Bertram's mother; and what a fool Bertram appears in leaving his sweet, unselfish young wife, and how his brutal letter only brings out by contrast her truth and nobleness. How earnestly she wants to save him! She knows the urgency of his "important blood," and takes advantage of it to work a helpful means in a lawful act, without disgrace, fulfills the condition her husband's business has made precedent to her reunion with him. Shakespeare has, indeed, proved in the character of Bertram (one who prides himself on his noble birth) its worthlessness, unless beneath a noble name rested a noble soul. Bertram, to speak mildly, is a snob, a liar, and a sneak, and it requires all the love of the

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

See Page 320.
lower-born lady, of God's own make, to lift him to a level that obtains any of our regard. He has physical courage, but of moral courage he has none, and is unable to judge men.

**TWELFTH NIGHT; or, WHAT YOU WILL.**

See Page 232.

The sources which our poet made use of for this comedy are found in the novel entitled "Apollo-nius and Silvia." According to some, he is said to have probably used two Italian comedies of similar name, namely, "Gli'inganni" and "Gli'ingannate." *Twelfth Night* was written in 1600; but there is no edition of an earlier date than the first folio, in 1623. This comedy opens with a beautiful eulogion on music, which prevails throughout. The use of *Euripides*, in the same manner as at present, seems to have been well known at this time, as appears in Act I.

**SCENE.—Laid in a city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.**

Sebastian and his sister Viola were twins of the most remarkable resemblance to one another. Having both escaped the danger of perishing by shipwreck, Viola is rescued by the captain and taken to the coast of Illyria. Through the aid of her benefactor, the maiden, dressed in male attire, enters into the service of Duke Orsino. Intimate acquaintance with this handsome and excellent man inflames the susceptible heart of Viola with the fire of a first love. But the duke loves Olivia, a rich and fair young countess. Viola, in her disguise as a page, introduces herself to Olivia, on behalf of her master, Orsino, who passionately loves Olivia, who is, however, in mourning for her brother; and, unable to return the duke's affection, refuses at first even to listen to Viola's message, but no sooner sees her than, ignorant of her sex, she falls in love with the page; forgetful of the vow of entire seclusion from the world, Olivia unvels herself before Viola (Cesario), confessing her feelings, which, of course, are not returned. Viola, now perceiving the danger of her disguise, hastens from the presence of Olivia, with the emphatic declaration that she would never love a woman. Meantime her brother, who too had been saved by the captain of a vessel, arrives likewise in Illyria. His benefactor, who had at a former time during a naval engagement inflicted great damage on the Illyrians (habit even caused the death of their duke), is of course in imminent peril among these people. His liberty, his property, yes, even his life, are in jeopardy, and nothing but the love for his *protégé* could have caused him to land. A ruffian who courts Olivia, and is jealous of the supposed rival Cesario, whom he deems the favorite of the countess, attacks Viola, and Antonio, confounding her with Sebastian, hastens to her relief. Officers of the law appear upon the scene of the tangle, and, recognizing Antonio from his taking part in the naval combat, take him off to prison. After Viola's departure from the scene of the trouble, Sebastian, who is in search of Antonio, appears, and is himself attacked by Viola's adversary. The countess, who having now interceded with the duke, mistakes Sebastian for Orsino's page, and as such loads him with caresses. Sebastian, astonished at his good fortune and struck with her beauty, falls in love at first sight. A priest at hand solemnizes the marriage ceremony without delay. Viola, who makes herself known as Sebastian's sister, by her womanly charm, spirit, and faithful love, wins the heart of the duke, and on the same day she is made "the mistress of her lord" and Illyria's duchess.

Viola is the true heroine of the play. She is sad for her brother's supposed death; but she is thankful for her own escape, and looks disaster full in the face, taking practical steps for her future life. The duke wants sympathy, and she gives it to him; she knows the duke loves music, and she gives it to him to cheer him in his love-born state. Note the real love that Viola describes, and the fancied love the duke feels for Olivia. That is a touching scene between Viola and the duke, where the music makes her speak in so masterly a way of love; and where Viola, in answer to the duke's fancied greatness of his love, gives him such hints of her own far greater affection for him, that no man not blinded by phantasm could have failed to catch the meaning of her words. Then comes that scene when the man she adores threatens her with death, and she will take it joyfully from him whom she declares then she loves more than life, and finally the reciprocation of her love by the duke. The duke has a fanciful nature; he is a dreamy, musical man. Still, he is not to be despised. He is a rich, beautiful, artistic nature, fond of music and flowers, and his love once obtained makes him a husband tender and true. The comic characters of this play are Shakespeare's own. The self-convicted of Malvolio is refreshing.

**THE WINTER'S TALE.**

See Page 251.

The plot is taken from the "History of Dorastus and Fawnia," by Thomas Green, and was written, according to Chalmers, in 1601, and according to Malone in 1604; and first appeared in the folio of 1623. Schlegel, the great German translator and Shakespearean scholar, says that the title of this comedy answers admirably to its subject. It is one of those histories which appear framed to delight the idleness of a long evening. There are two somewhat absurd songs, some other musical illusions, and a pedler's song woven into this drama.

**SCENE.—Sometimes in Sicilia and at times in Bohemia.**

Polixenes, King of Bohemia (a country we must imagine in this play to extend to the sea-coast), is on a visit to the court of his lifelong friend Leontes, King of Sicilia, and after a sojourn of nine months at last resolves to depart. The urgency of Leontes to induce his friend to continue his visit somewhat longer being without avail, he requests his queen Hermione to try her fortune in accomplishing that end; and the queen really succeeds in persuading the guest to defer the return to his own country for another week. But suddenly in the king's heart a suspicion now arose by reason of this success wrought by the persuasive eloquence of his wife, and he became at once inflamed by such a violent fit of jealousy that he even seeks to take his noble friend's life. By an honorable confidential friend, whom he sought to employ as a tool to carry out his revenge, Polixenes is prevented from further designs upon the King of Bohemia. But Leontes is still jealous of his wife, and with Polixenes enters her apartment and demands the delivery of his only son, Mamillius, Hermione demonstrates, and is ordered to prison; while there she is delivered of a daughter, Perdita. The infant is brought by Paulina, wife of Antigonus, a lord of his court, to its father, but is
ordered out of his sight. The oracle to whose decision the case is submitted, declares the queen innocent, and prophecies that Sicilia's crown will remain without an heir until the abandoned child is found again. At the same time the death of the crown prince is announced, upon which news the queen faints and is taken away for dead. Thus ends the first three acts in the drama.

The fourth act is ushered in by a prologue, and is laid sixteen years later in Bohemia. The ship in which Antigonus, the Sicilian lord, carried the infant princes out to sea, had been driven by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia, where the child was left by him, dressed in rich clothes and jewels, with a paper pinned to its mantle with the name Perdita written thereon. Antigonus never returned to Sicily; for he was torn to pieces by a bear as he was going back to the vessel. The deserted baby was found by an old shepherd, who took it home to his wife, who nursed it carefully. Perdita, the banana infant of Leontes, brought up to womanhood as the shepherd's daughter, gains the affections of Florizel, the son of the King of Bohemia. The king Polixenes attends the sheep-shearing (a rustic festival) in disguise, at which the loving pair and both present, discovers himself, and forbids their intimacy.

Camilto, a courtier of Sicily, who had been sojourning at Polixenes's court, proposes to Florizel and Perdita that they shall go with him to the Sicilian court. To this proposal they joyfully agreed, taking with them the old shepherd, the reputed father of Perdita, who has still preserved Perdita's jewels, baby-clothes, and the paper which he had found pinned to her garments. They all arrive at the court of Leontes in safety, who receives them with great cordiality. The king had bitterly repented of his former jealous-frenzy, and is now entirely satisfied at having found his long-lost child. Polixenes, King of Bohemia, in pursuit of his son, arrives also in Sicily, and now everything that was obscure is cleared up, and Queen Hermione, believed to be dead, returns from her place of seclusion, and the play ends in transports of joy and happiness.

In the Winter's Tale, we see the contrast between town and country. The play is fragrant with Perdita, with her primroses and violets, so happy in the reconciliation of her father and mother, so bright with the sunshine of her and Florizel's young love. So long as men can think, Perdita shall brighten and sweeten their minds and lives. There is something so ineffably touching in the lost and injured daughter meeting the injurious father and forgiving him. Above all rises the figure of the noble, long-suffering wife, Hermione, forgiving the cruel and unjust, though now deeply repentant, husband who has so cruelly injured her. She is among the noblest and most magnanimous of Shakespeare's women; without a fault, she suffers, and for sixteen years, of a though guilty of the greatest fault. If we contrast her noble characterlessness on her honor with that of other heroines in like case—the swooning of Hero, the ill-starred sentences of Desdemona, the pathetic appeal, and yet submission of Imogen—we will see how splendidly Shakespeare developed this one of his finest creations.

When Camillo's happy suggestion that Florizel should take Perdita to Sicily and Leontes has borne fruit, and Shakespeare brings the father and daughter together, and then brings both into union before us with the mother, though so long dead, the climax of pathos and delight is reached; art can no further go. Paulina is a true lover of her mistress, and a lovely character in her earnestness and courage. Although the story is told of Sicily, we see all through that the great poet has English scenes in his mind's eye. The lovely country around Stratford is always before him as he writes.

THE LIFF AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

See Page 275.

IN more than one respect this tragedy is not only the prologue, but the basis of the entire dramas of Shakespeare which treat upon the history of England. It appears to have been written in 1596, but not published till 1623. It was founded on the old play entitled The Troublesome Reign of King John. The action of this present tragedy occupies a space of about seventeen years, beginning at the thirty-fourth year of King John's life. There is no music in this play but trumpets and the din of war.

SCENE.—Sometimes in England and France.

After the demise of Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion, John wrung the English crown from the weak hands of his nephew, Arthur, whose claim was supported by King Philip of France. But in the hope of incorporating England with his kingdom by the plan, the French monarch is prevailed to sanction a marriage between the dauphin and a niece of John, and is about to withdraw his aid from Arthur, when the arrival of the Cardinal Pandulp, the pope's legate, prevents him consummating the agreement, and the dogs of war are again unloosed. Constance, mother of Arthur, having in vain endeavored to interest the French king and the legate in behalf of her son's claim to the crown, appeals in paroxysms of despair to heaven, and denounces Arthur's uncle, John, the usurper of the throne and his son's rights.

Philip of France in a decisive engagement is defeated, and the captured Arthur is handed over by his uncle to the keeping of a certain Hubert, chamberlain to the king. John, feeling insecure from the superior force of his enemies, orders Hubert to put out his prisoner. Hubert, moved to pity by the youth and innocence of the victim, spares him. But on quitting him, the prince, in dread of another attempt, leaps from the ramparts, and is found dead by Pembroke. A number of discontented barons resolve to free themselves from the yoke of the tyrant, and to this end invite the Dauphin of France to assume the English crown, with the sanction of the pope. On the arrival of the dauphin, John is compelled to yield an ignominious abdication by actually placing his royalty at the disposal of the cardinal, who then endeavors to stay the advance of the dauphin. His intercession proves, however, unsuccessful; and hostilities are about to be resumed, when the news of the loss of a French transport having a large number of troops on board, together with the news of the capture of an English reserve force, causes the author of the French prince to cool, and inclines him to make peace. Meantime, King John is poisoned by a monk, and his son Prince Henry succeeds to the throne. The departures from history which Shakespeare in this play introduces, are all designed in the interest of dramatic art, and not with the pretext of adhering to strict historical truth.

The character which stands foremost in King John is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she has lost. Deserted and betrayed, she stands alone in her despair, amid false friends and ruthless enemies — an eagle wounded, but defiant.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Considered as a dramatic picture, the grouping is wonderfully fine. On one hand, the virtue-like ambition of the mean-souled and cowardly tyrant John; on the other, the selfish, calculating policy of Philip; between them, balancing their passions in his hand, is Cardinal Pandolph, the cold, subtle, heartlesslegate; the fiery, reckless Falstaff; the prudently Lewis; the still unconquered spirit of old Queen Elinor; the bridal levendness and modesty of Blanche; the bawdy craft and innocence of young Arthur; the noble Constance, helpless and yet desperate — form an assemblage of figures that, taken altogether, cannot be surpassed in variety, force, and splendor of dramatic and picturesque effect.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II.
See Page 295.

The principal source from which Shakespeare drew the argument of this play was Holinshed's History of England, and he has here adhered to this information. Without detriment to this its practical source, he has followed history literallly, with an almost perfect fidelity. Inasmuch as the first edition of this tragedy appeared in 1597, there is good reason to believe that it was written in 1596. Here we have music in abundance. Military instruments are admirably described. All instruments played with the bow, in Shakespeare's time, were fretted except violins, and this is made obvious in this historical drama.

SCENE.—Dispersedly in England and Wales.

Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, eldest son to John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, denounces Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor, and, among other accusations, charges him with abetting the murder of the Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle. Norfolk, the accused duke, denies the charge, and offers to prove his innocence by single combat. The king consents to this, and orders the adversaries to appear on a certain day at Coventry. They arrive there, punctually ready for the encounter; but just at the moment when the signal for commencement is to be given, King Richard protests. Knowing that his own skirts are not clear of the taint of his uncle's death, hence afraid of the consequences of the duel, whatever the result of the latter may be, and also secretly dreading the adversaries, he banishes both nobles, having first assembled the lords of his realm and received their assent. Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is sentenced to perpetual banishment, while the Duke of Hereford is exiled for ten years, which term the king reduces, out of regard for the aged John of Gaunt, to six years. The king also commands them while abroad never to have verbal intercourse with each other, as he is afraid of their mutual explanations. Soon after Bolingbroke's departure, his father, the Duke of York, dies, and the king perpetuates the injustice of confiscating the estate of the deceased duke, thus cheating the banished Henry Bolingbroke out of his inheritance. Enraged over this undeserved robbery, Bolingbroke awaits a good opportunity to return to England for the purpose of dethroning King Richard. He knew how to ingratiate himself with the army and the English people, being either related by blood with all the great families, or connected by the bonds of friendship with them. Richard meanwhile is living in great luxury, surrounded by worthless favorites, and influenced by them to tyrannize over his people, who grow bitterly discontented. Richard having gone to Ireland to avenge the death of the viceroy, Count Le Marche, who had been slain by the Irish during an insurrection, Bolingbroke makes good use of his absence, having heard of it previously; and, taking the name of Duke of Lancaster, returns to England, landing near Ravenspurgh, in Yorkshire. The Duke of Northumberland and his valiant son Henry Percy (Hotspur), having been insulted by Richard, at once join Bolingbroke's forces. During this time, news comes in from all quarters, and soon swell the forces of Lancaster to an army of 60,000 soldiers. Even Langley, Duke of York, who had been left by Richard as regent in London, offers no resistance, being himself too weak, and, moreover, having been deceived by Bolingbroke, who represents that he had merely returned to have his banishment and the wrongful sequestration of his estates annulled. Bolingbroke, emboldened by continued additions to his army, now enters London at the head of his troops, where he is hailed by the people as their deliverer from a justly hated tyranny. Other cities follow the example of the metropolis. Richard, having heard of Bolingbroke's return from banishment and his attempt to usurp the crown, lands on the coast of Wales, from his Irish expedition, and receives the news of his rival's progress and the danger to which himself and his followers are now exposed. But he can learn nothing but misfortune: for his favorites, Busby, Green, and Earl of Wiltshire, had already been executed, the Earl of Salisbury's army is scattered, his own troops are weak and inclined to desert, the people embittered, and the regent, York, though thus far a neutral, "neither as friend nor foe," had gone over to Bolingbroke. In this desperate dilemma, Richard appeals to the vices and invites the enmity of the Duke of Northumberland and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to visit him at Flint, near Chester. The duke receives Richard, who with humbled face appears. Seated upon two miserable horses, Richard and Salisbury accompany Bolingbroke to London. Richard is dethroned and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Bolingbroke ascends the throne under the name of King Henry IV. The old Duke of York becomes his firm friend to the king; the Duke of Anmerle, son of the Duke of York, continuing the firm friend of Richard, notwithstanding his deposition, comes to visit the old duke, his father, with a paper so carelessly concealed on his person, that York, doubting his loyalty to Bolingbroke, seizes it, and finds a treasonable plot to restore Richard to the throne. The father vows to immediately inform the king, but the son himself and his mother intercede and obtain the king's pardon. Richard dies in the fortress of Pontefret by the hands of assassins, whose leader, Sir Pierce of Exton, without equivocation, asserts that he had been induced by Henry IV. to commit the murder. This charge is afterwards denied by the king. Nevertheless, King Henry resolves, in atonement of the bloody deed, to take a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and with this vow, uttered at the coffin of his predecessor, ends the tragedy.

No doubt one of the motives which induced the great poet,—a sincere patriot, a lover of his country, and a keen observer of the times,—to take up the role of the historical plays, of which Richard II. is one, was to point out the great dangers to the state, and to the sovereign, of unworthy favorites. The degenerate son of the Black Prince, the flower of warriors, is pictured by Shakespeare as a mere royal sham—a king in words only—for act effectively he cannot. His nobles quarrel in his very presence; and the contemptible meanness of his nature is shown in his inability to take the reproof of the noble, dying Gaunt.
It is not until his death that we feel any pity for the weak and dethroned king. In Bolingbroke, the poet has drawn the wily and astute leader, prompt to seize and turn to his own advantage the errors of his rivals.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.
See Page 316.

THE author that Shakespeare follows in this historical drama is the chronologist Holinshed. So far as the comical scenes with Falstaff and his followers go, the play was perhaps already known in 1588 as a favorite, though weak and rude popular play, under the title of The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth. The tragedy, however, was written in 1597, and printed in quarto form in the following year. Falstaff furnishes the funniest music in this play.

SCENE.—Entirely in England.

The first part of the play covers a period of but ten months, viz., from the battle of Holmedon, on September 14, 1402, until that near Shrewsbury, which was fought July 21, 1403. After the deposition and death of the unfortunate Richard, we find Henry IV.'s attention drawn to the invasion of the Scots, who, under his heroic leader, Archibald, Earl of Douglas, threaten the borders of England, but are defeated and beaten back by the celebrated Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur. The report of this victory has scarcely reached the ears of the king, when he, despite all the customs and usages of the times, insists upon the delivery of some of the prisoners made by his victorious general, Percy, and especially insists on having the body of the gallant Douglas. Enraged at this claim, Hotspur liberates all his captured prisoners without a ransom, and, in conjunction with his relations and followers, plans an insurrection against his new lord, whose ascent to the throne they had so recently effected. After a treaty with the Scotch and Welsh leaders, the insurgents march on Shrewsbury, where the king, leading his men in person, advances on them. A decisive battle ensues, in which Hotspur is slain by the hands of Prince Henry, and the insurgents suffer a total defeat, all their leaders being taken captive. Worcester and Vernon suffer execution, but Douglas is set free without ransom and permitted to return to Scotland. The earnest and tragic scenes of the play are in bright contrast with the comical parts, and these latter are interspersed on the following basis. Henry IV. is apprehensive of his son Henry, Prince of Wales, because the latter is a young man of remarkable talents; but the suspicion is entirely ill-founded, since the prince has never acted in conflict with the duties and love due from child to parent. The prince is not fond altogether at ease at court, and, perhaps for prudential reasons, seeks to avoid meeting his cold-hearted father. Desirous of becoming acquainted with the life and doings of the people, even of the lowest orders, he surrounds himself with a band of jovial, careless characters, who underrun the leader of their princely leader perpetrate the wildest tricks and follies, even going so far as to commit criminal acts. The principal scapegrace, both as physical appearance and merriment, in this company, is Sir John Falstaff, the most amusingly entertaining character that author has ever described. Among the funny scenes, Falstaff, having joined the royal army, in a skirmish with Douglas pretends to be slain. Prince Henry, recognizing his jolly old companion seemingly among the dead, ludicrously avows his intention to have him embowelled, but is no sooner gone than the knight jumps to his feet, and, congratulating himself on his narrow escape, insures his safety by immediate flight.

In this drama we have the headlong valor of Hotspur, the wonderful wit of Falstaff, the noble rivalry of Henry Percy and Henry, Prince of Wales. Kingsdoms are striven for; rebels are subdued. Through every scene beats the full strong pulse of vigorous manhood and life. The whole play is instinct with action. Every character lives, and what magnificent creations they are. Hotspur, Glendower, Henry and his son Prince Hal, Douglas, Poins, Lady Percy, and Mrs. Quickly. In some parts, though, Shakespeare calculations in Falstaff, and who can say enough of him? He is the very incarnation of humor and lies, of wit and self-indulgence, of shrewdness and immorality, of self-possession and vice, without a spark of conscience or of reverence, without self-respect—a adventurer preying on the weaknesses of other men! Yet we all enjoy him, and so did Shakespeare himself. Falstaff's most striking power is seen when that doughty knight is cornered. Look at the cases of Poins; of Prince Hal's exposure of his robbery; of his false accusation of Mrs. Quickly; his behavior in the fight with Douglas, and his claiming to have killed Hotspur. His affrontery is imitable. He is neither a coward nor courageous. Like a true soldier of fortune, he only asks which will pay best—fighting or running away—and acts accordingly. He evidently had a sort of reputation as a soldier, and was a professed one, obtaining a commission at the outbreak of the war. The power of the barons was at that time too great, and turbulence consequently followed. But a strong king is now on the throne—no fine sentiments followed by nothingness, no pious weak moralizing with him. What Henry has won will he keep, let who will say nay. Henry acts generously, for he offers peace even to the arch-rebel Worcester, his bitterest foe. It is refused, and then having doffed his easy robes of peace, and crushed his old limbs in ungentle steel, he orders only Worcester and Vernon to execution. "Other offenders he will pass upon." His real character, his astuteness and foresight, are shown in his talk with Harry, when he contrasts himself with Richard the Second. No wonder such a king regretted the heir he feared to leave behind him, little then knowing the stuff his son was made of. This son, Prince Hal, Henry of Ardenworth, is Shakespeare's hero in English history. See how he draws him by the mouth of his enemy Vernon; how modestly he makes him challenge Hotspur; how generously treat that rival when he dies; gives Douglas his freedom, and gives to Falstaff the credit of Hotspur's death. And Hotspur we cannot help liking, with all his hot-headedness and petulance. But he believes too much in himself, and all must give way to his purposes. He is too aggressive.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.
See Page 339.

HOLINSHED'S Chronicles has also been the source from which the poet delineated this second part of Henry IV. The time covered by this historical drama extends over the last nine years of this king's reign. This part was probably written immediately after the first part of the play had been finished, that is in 1598. It was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 23, 1600.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Scene.—Wholly in England.

After the death of the ardent and heroic Percy (Hotspur), the insurgents lose all energy; and although Scroop, Archbishop of York, uses his clerical influence for the success of their cause and thus effect an increase of their numerical strength, yet all the leaders of the insurgents, with the exception of Mowbray, are more inclined to seek redress for their wrongs by a capitulation, than to hazard further their fortunes in battle. On the other hand, the leaders of the king's army, Prince John of Lancaster and the Earl of Westmoreland, do not incline to risk a decisive battle, and hence they invite the ring-leaders of the insurgents, when both armies are confronting each other near Gaultree forest, to hold a conference. This leads to a compromise, according to which the insurgent vassals, by authority of the king, receive the assurance that their troubles shall be redressed, and at the same time a disbandment of the troops is stipulated for both sides. The royal troops, however, receive secret orders of a treacherous import, not only to keep together, but to pursue the disbanded insurgent army, and to annihilate it. This they do, and Archbishop Scroop and his fellow-conspirators are without delay led off to execution.

Meantime the king's strength is failing him, and even the news of the destruction of his enemies does not tend to restore him. Feeling the approach of death, Henry orders the crown to be placed on his pillow. Prince Henry, during one of the king's fainting spells, supposing him dead, takes the crown to try it on; but the king recovers, and commands the diadem to be restored to its place, upbraiding the son for his precipitancy; although the dying king is so well satisfied with the innocence of his motives for the action, that he fully excuses the prince. The king soon after this incident died, and the son having succeeded to the throne, on his return from his coronation was rudely saluted by Falstaff, who presumed on the former intimacy. Falstaff, however, was sternly reproved by the new monarch and discarded.

There is a quieter tone pervading this second part: it hardly has the freshness and vigor of the first. Indeed, it would be difficult to keep up the first impressions of Falstaff and the impetuous valor of Hotspur. Even Shallow cannot make up for them. The king is dying, the king and his army, but in his quiet progress to the grave. The most striking speech in the play is that of Henry the Fourth's on sleep. The lower rank of the people come more to the front in this play; and we have more prominence given than before to the low tavern life and the country squire and his servants. Though the hand of sickness is on the king, yet "Ready, aye ready," is still his word; and as soon as Hotspur is beaten, another army marches against Northumberland. Thus the archbishop and whose two separate rebellions Shakespeare has put into one. How strong is the wish of the old king for the redemption of his son, Prince Hal, from the slough in which he is wallowing. And in the king's last speech to his gallant heir we see the man's whole nature—wily to win, strong to hold, a purpose in all he did. For Prince Hal we have one unworthy scene, two creditible ones. The shadow of his father's death is sickness on him, and he goes in half self-disgust to his old, loose companions; but there is not much enjoyment in his forced mirth; he feels ashamed of himself, and soon leaves Falstaff and his old life forever. He now deeply feels the degradation of being Falstaff's friend. On hearing of the war again, the prince changes at a touch and is himself. The next time we see him in his true self is at his father's sick bed, where again he wins to him his father's heart. When Prince Hal becomes king, his treatment of his brothers, the Chief Justice, and Falstaff, is surely wise and right in all three cases. One does feel, though, for Falstaff; but certainly what he ought to have had, he got—the chance of reformation. What other reception could Henry, in the midst of his new state, give in public to the slowly and debauched old rascal who thrust himself upon him, than the rebuke he so well administered. In the second part, Falstaff has his old wit and humor, and his slipperiness when caught; but we have him now as more of the sharper, the cheat, and the player on others. The scenes with Shallow and Silence, and the choice of soldiers, are beyond all praise. We cannot help noting the use the old rascal intended to make of his power over the young king. Justice now overthrows the rogues. Falstaff dies in obscurity and poverty; Nym and Bardolph are hung in France; Pistol is stripped of his braggart honor. Poins alone, the best of the set, vanishes silently, so that the whole wild set breaks up and disappears, leaving the world to laugh over them and their leader forever.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

See Page 361.

On the writings of the chronologist Holinshed this drama is also founded. Shakespeare truthfully celebrates this, his favorite hero, as the ideal king and warrior; and history itself grants to the master of dramatic art that in this opinion he is entirely justified. The year of the composition of this history is alluded to in the prologue to Act V. of the play, viz., 1599. One cannot mention the year without the thought of that great contemporary of Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser, burnt out of the Irish house he has lovingly described, losing there one of his children, and dying miserably in a tavern in King Street, Westminster, on January 13, 1599, leaving behind him these last lines of his unfinished Faerie Queene as the subject of his last thoughts, as his last prayer on earth:

"For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thenceforth, all shall rest eternally.
With him that is the God of Saboth's light.
O! that great Saboth's God grant my Saboth's right!"

Book VII., Canto VIII., stanza II.

One likes to think of the two poets knowing, honoring, and loving one another, of Shakespeare's following Spenser to his grave in the Abbey, near Chaucer. There is manifest allusion to the different parts of music in the first act.

Scene.—In England and France.

The incidents represented in this drama reach from the first year of Henry V.'s ascension to the throne to his marriage with Katharine, and are spread over a period of six years. Henry had scarcely come into possession of the English crown, when he prepared ways and means to carry out and fulfil his dying father's injunctions, and by conquests abroad seeks to obliterate the stain which tarnishes his title to the crown on account of his father's ne'er-do-well son. In pursuance of this plan, he renews an old and outlawed claim to the crown of France, and, for the purpose of enforcing his right, makes preparation by gathering and equipping a large army. The French court, intimidated by such a claim and warlike demonstration, basely attempted the capture and assassination of the English monarch.
through bribing three powerful noblemen who are intimately connected with Henry. This plot is discovered, and the conspirators are executed. Henry, having invaded France on her breach of treaty, marches with his troops to Harlebe, summoning that city by herald to surrender, but being answered with contempt and defiance, he determines to take the town by storm, in which he succeeds. Afterwards, at the great battle of Agincourt, King Henry encounters the French army, which outnumbers him six to one, and gains a splendid victory, which breaks the power of the French, although the culmination was not really reached until the capture of Rouen, Jan. 16, 1419. The King of France is now compelled to yield to the severe conditions which the victor imposes, namely, to acknowledge Henry as heir to the French crown, and to give him his daughter, the Princess Katherine, for his wife. In this play Sir John Falstaff does not appear in action, but, according to Mrs. Quickly's description, meets a quiet and gentle death, after a prolonged illness.

There is but brief play of the tender passion in this drama, which is fairly resonant with the clash of contending armies, of fierce alarms, wounds, and death. There are some exceedingly fine scenes, as mark the touching picture of the dying York and Suffolk, and the humility with which King Henry after the battle of Agincourt, on bended knees, ascribes the credit of the victory alone to God.

Henry is the true warrior; Shakespeare's ideal king, evidently. See the good humor and self control with which the king receives the dauphin's insolent message (sting him though it does), and his strong resolve to win or die; and see the devotion of all his thoughts and energies to carry out this resolve. See how he convicts traitors out of their own mouths, and sends them to death, not for his personal wrong, but for seeking England's ruin. Note Henry as the soldier; the splendid patriotism and rhetoric of his speeches drives the warm blood to our cheeks as we read. How humble he is when victory is his, and how well he merits it by his foresight, skill, and valor. As a lover, the character of the king comes out well — no grand words, no pretence, but just a plain, blunt soldier, with a good heart. We can hardly realize that such a man was the father of that miserably weak creature, Henry the Sixth.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

See Page 390.

Shakespeare, in producing this work, was perhaps indebted only to the Unfinished Chronicles, which, however, was handled with poetical freedom, without binding himself to dates regarding the historical facts. It was written in 1597, as Malone informs us, but according to Chawners in 1593. The play is ushered in with solemn music.

SCENE.—Partly in England and France.

The drama opens with the scene of Henry V.'s body lying in state previous to being solemnly buried at Westminster. The crown of England has scarcely been transferred from the head of the conqueror of France to that of his son, yet a tender child, when the French, animated by the spirited courage and valor of the maid Joan of Arc, seize the favorable opportunity to reconquer their old possessions and to take the oath of allegiance to Charles, their hereditary prince.

Meantime, the quarrels of the dukes of York and Somerset, disputing the claims of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, appeal to Warwick, Suffolk, and their followers, then present, in confirmation of their respective claims. The lords thus appealed to declining to answer, Plantagenet, Duke of York, bids those who agree with him to approve it by plucking a white rose. Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, adopts for the same purpose, as his emblem, the red rose, that the partisans of each might be known. These troubles form the embryo of that interminable series of fierce internecine wars which shortly thereafter drenched the kingdom in blood. The hero Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury and his son, John Talbot, near Bordeaux, with their little army of soldiers, were by the united armies of the enemy overpowered and sacrificed to the personal jealousies of the English nobility, who failed to send reinforcements. The extraordinary success which attended the French armies under Joan of Arc, surnamed the Pucelle, in raising the siege of Orleans and everywhere repulsing the English, made the latter at last yield to victories too many to recall. On being outlawed by the English under the Duke of York, she was, with a cruelty that marked the ferocity of the age, burned as a witch. Meantime, King Henry VI. is induced, by the artful suggestions of the Earl of Suffolk, to ask for the hand of Margaret, daughter of Reignier, Duke of Anjou. An alliance is formed quickly with her father, and the duke is sent to France to accompany the princess to England. With the consummation of this fatal marriage for England concludes the drama.

In the play of Henry the Sixth, Shakespeare deals in three parts with a weak king, Henry the Sixth; in one part with a strong king, Richard the Third. The subject is a splendid one for the dramatist. On the one side is the narrative of individual love; on the other, the overthrow of a kingdom and a throne. The love of Guinevere and Lancclot of old is reproduced in the guilty love of Margaret and Suffolk, leading to the bloody wars of York and Lancaster, which filled England with civil war and lost her the realm of France. The fair Margaret was turned by ambition into "the she-wolf of France." Her pride was so overweening, that it caused her to level the noble Humphrey, the sole support of her husband's throne, and thus to open room for all the angry turmoil of the nobles and the design of the base and crafty Gloucester to work their way.

And then the ruined queen, bereft of husband, love, child, throne, has nothing left to console her, but waits grimly for the overthrow of her enemies, clutching over the villanies of Richard and the storm that is gathering to overwhelm him at Bosworth Field. The characters of the far-seeling Exeter, the noble Talbot, that splendid soldier, the gallant Salisbury and the generous Bedford, stand out among a host of traitors, or worse, that figure on the scene. The cruelty of the English and the indifference of the French to that splendid woman, Joan of Arc, appear in bold and sad relief. There is noble material for tragic poetry here. On the side of Lancaster the chief personal interest is that of Queen Margaret. The great Duke of York dies, but his place is filled by the portentous figure of Gloucester, so terrible by his energy, his disregard of moral restraint, and his remorseless hatred to all who are opposed to him. Henry VI. is the feeblest of Shakespeare's English kings. Possessed of that negative kind of sanctity which shuns evil, but shunning courageous effort also, he becomes the cause or occasion of almost as much evil as if he were actively criminal.
THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

See Page 410.

SCENE.—In various parts of England.

The second part of this tragedy, considered by itself, comprises the period intervening between the marriage of the king to Margaret and the first battle of the St. Albans, covering a period of ten years. Scarcely have the nuptial ceremonies between King Henry and Margaret of Anjou been celebrated, when the new queen develops a plan to obtain unlimited control over her husband, and by the aid of several powerful nobles, especially by that of her lover Suffolk and of Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, to force the Duke of Gloucester from his position of Regent. Their first attack is aimed at the wife of Gloucester, the ambitious Eleanor Cobham, who is accused of witchcraft, sentenced to recant in public and to endure an imprisonment for life. Immediately upon this, the virtuous Duke of Gloucester himself is taken in custody, and charged with high treason. All this is done against the will and desire of the king, who entertains no suspicion against the Regent, whose accusers, becoming aware that their evidence of guilt is insufficient, cause the Regent's assassination, and on the day set for his trial he is found dead in his bed. The Duke of Suffolk is accused by the popular voice of having murdered the Regent, which oblige the king to send Suffolk into banishment. He was afterwards taken at sea by pirates, and in a little cockpit beheaded. Meanwhile, Salisbury and Warwick, who, from the first dispute in the Temple-garden, became convinced of Plantagenet's claim to the crown, having had first removed from him the "attaint of blood," reinstated in the dukedom of York, now salute him as king. The scene of the terrible end of Cardinal Beaufort, uncle to Henry VI., is graphically delineated in the third act. A prey to the keenest remorse, the wretched prelate is represented on his death-bed. The king, with his nobles, pay him a visit; but the cardinal, disregarding all, raves incoherently about his crimes. At the moment of his death, the king demands a sign of his hope; but instead of giving it, he grins, grashes his teeth, and expires, leaving Henry horror-struck. Meanwhile, the government of Ireland is intrusted to the Duke of York, who, before his departure, in order to test the feelings of the populace, induces an Irishman, a bold commoner, named Cade, to announce himself as a descendant of Edmund Mortimer, and to aspire to the latter's pretensions to the crown.

is cruelly treated by the revengeful Queen Margaret, who places a paper crown upon his head and taunts him, and while offering a handkerchief dipped in the blood of his recently murdered son, asks the duke to dry his tears with it. Soon after this scene the Duke of York is murdered. The powerful assistance rendered by the Earl of Warwick, surnamed the "King-Maker," now gives the vanquished hosts of York strength to turn the tide of war and to defeat their adversaries near Tewton, in Yorkshire, and Duke Edward is raised to the throne. King Henry flees to Scotland, but is afterwards captured and placed in the Tower. Queen Margaret and her son go to Paris to obtain possible aid from the King of France, whose willingness to aid them is much weakened by the presence of Warwick. The latter had received from his liege lord orders to sue for the hand of the Princess Bona, King Lewis's sister. Suddenly a messenger arrives from England, bearing the news of Edward's marriage to the beautiful widow, Lady Elizabeth Grey. Enraged at this insult, Warwick concludes a treaty with Margaret and Lewis, and dethrones Edward, who escapes to Burgundy. Here he obtains troops, which enable him soon to effect a landing at Ravenspurgh. The people of England flock to the support of King Edward, who, from his social and kindly manners, has always been favored by the populace, and look upon Warwick and his allies as favoring the cause of the nobles. The city of London, too, espouses the side of Edward, and furnishes men to swell his constantly increasing army. Finally, in the decisive battle of Barnet, Warwick suffers complete defeat, and dies on the field. Prince Edward and his mother, Queen Margaret, being taken prisoners in the still more conclusive battle of Tewksbury, where the remnant of the Lancastrian power is really annihilated, are brought before the victorious Edward, who roughly charges the prince with rebellion, but is so forcibly answered by the royal youth, that Gloucester, Clarence, and their followers assassinate the prince almost in the king's presence. The imprisoned king, Henry VI., is afterwards murdered in the Tower by the duke, Richard of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.). With an expression of Gloucester's inspired villany upon the offspring of Edward, and the banishment of Queen Margaret by Edward IV., the tragedy is concluded.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

See Page 458.

Those deep mines of historical wealth, the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed, furnished Shakespeare with the data for this play, which was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Andrew Wise, October 20, 1597, and published in a quarto volume the same year, though it was probably written in 1593. The length of time comprised in this drama is about fourteen years, covering the last six years of King Richard's life—beginning with Clarence's imprisonment, 1477, and ending with Richard's death at Bosworth Field, 1485.

SCENE.—England.

The threatened extinction of the house of Lancaster, as well as the falling health of King Edward, staped the ambitious Richard, Duke of Gloucester, to begin his struggle for the throne by threatening while the Duke of Clarence, his older brother, whom he causes to be murdered in the Tower. King Edward died soon after this event, after having seemingly
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reconciled his blood-relations and followers with the brothers and cousins of his wife, the Queen Elizabeth, and having appointed his only living brother, Richard, Duke of York, as guardian over his minor children, first conferring on him, during the minority of the Prince of Wales, the office of Protector and Regent. Richard, however, upon the death of his royal brother, immediately takes the two young sons of Edward — the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York — away from the control of the relations on their mother's side, Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, and has these unhappy noblemen, under the charge of high treason, executed. A like fate meets Lord Hastings, whom, having proved himself utterly averse to Gloucester's plans of usurpation, he denounces as guilty of treason and sorcery at the Council table, and procures an immediate condemnation and execution. Through the powerful assistance and connivance of the Duke of Buckingham, who insidiously spreads a report of the illegitimate birth of the late King Edward, as well as of his two sons, Richard succeeds in having the crown formally offered to him, which offer he accepts, and with hypocritical reluctance. The sons of Edward, having been placed in the Tower, are, soon after the coronation of Richard, and by his order, murdered by his creatures, Drigton and Forrest, to execute their cruel task at midnight by suffocating the royal boys.

The king's next crime was the poisoning of his wife, so that he might be free to marry the oldest daughter of his brother Edward, Princess Elizabeth. Buckingham having opposed the murder of the sons of Edward, soon becomes a thorn in Richard's side, and he punishes that nobleman by a refusal to fulfil the promises that had been made him prior to Richard's ascending to the English throne. This duplicity on the part of the king causes Buckingham's defection, for which he is arrested and at last executed.

Richard III. is interrupted in his schemes of violence and murder. Henry, Duke of Richmond, lands with a large army near Milford-haven, and is marching towards London, when on the way thither he meets the army of Richard III., who, with their hands are death-dealing hands of a warrior in the battle of Bosworth Field. The crown now comes to the victor, who rules under the name of Henry VII., and by his marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., unite in firm and enduring amity the houses of York and Lancaster, and thus forever settles the fierce quarrels and bloody conflicts between the rival races of the White and of the Red Rose.

It may be here stated that the ancestors of Shakespeare are said to have fought at the battle of Bosworth Field, and derived their warlike name from military services rendered to the cause of Richmond in that famous action.

Shakespeare has most powerfully depicted the contending motives and feelings in the character of Richard III. His depressing and insulting his victims with the zest of grim humor, and his delight in galling fools and in his own villany, are admirably and frequently brought out. Villain as he is, he has the villain's coolness, too, He never loses temper, except when he strikes the third messenger. Richard is a skilful general, looking to things himself, and prompt to take precautions against all that may endanger his own safety. The Duke of York — a soldier's death, and in the last and effective battle-scene, where, unhorsed, he so gallantly fights on, we almost admire him. The action of the play covers fourteen years — from Henry VI.'s murder, May 21, 1471, to Richard III.'s death, August 22, 1485.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII.

See Page 486.

NOT published until 1643, when it appeared in folio form. It is the Epilogue to the historical cycle of the bard's dramas, and was probably written in 1601.

SCENE.—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign (1521), and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. The Duke of Buckingham (son of the same duke who had been executed by order of the tyrant, Richard III.) becomes unfortunately entangled in personal disputes with Cardinal Wolsey, who, under the reign of Henry VII., had obtained great influence and power, and now finds means and ways to lure several intimate attendants of his rival, and thus to convict the duke of treason. Soon after this, Henry meets, at a grand masquerade given by Wolsey, Lady Anne Boleyn, and, struck with her beauty, immediately singled her out from all the ladies present, and falls violently in love with her. Anne Boleyn's charms enhance the scruples he had long pretended to feel as to the legality of his marriage to Queen Katharine, his deceased brother's widow. Cardinal Wolsey fears the connection of his monarch with an Englishwoman, who is suspected, moreover, to favor the doctrines of the Reformation; considering this affair also as prejudicial to his own dignity and that of the Pope, he sends a message to the Pope, to whom Queen Katharine had appealed, to delay the decree of divorce. This letter, and a statement of the immense possessions and wealth of the Cardinal, by a singular mistake, fall into the hands of the king, who, enraged at this treachery, immediately divests Wolsey of all his worldly pomp and offices, and the fallen favorite is only saved from being found guilty of treason by his sudden death. The new queen, Anne Boleyn, is now crowned with great state and ceremony, while Queen Katharine dies heart-broken at her divorce from the king. Meantime, a conspiracy is planned against Archbishop Cranmer, to whom the king is indebted for the ecclesiastical consent to the divorce. Cranmer meets his royal master, to whom he had been accused by enemies who had been eagerly plotting his destruction for favoring the doctrines of the Reformation. The prelate, glad of the opportunity, kneels, pleads his cause, and so well satisfies the king of his innocence, that he raises him, and restores him to more than his former share of favor. The play closes with the ceremony of christening Princess Elizabeth, the afterwards famed Queen Elizabeth of England.

Written, as this play was, at a period treading close upon Shakespeare's life,—in the reign of the great, but at times irascible daughter of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth,—we can well understand how Shakespeare was obliged to temporize and sacrifice the opinions and unities largely to policy. The strongest sympathies which have been awakened in us by the play run opposite to the course of its action. Our sympathy is for the grief and goodness of Queen Katharine, while the course of the actor requires us to entertain, as a theme of joy and compensatory satisfaction, the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and the birth of her daughter, which are in fact a part of Katharine's injury, and would seem to amount to little less than the
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triumph of the wrong. This defect mars the effect of the play as a whole. The scenes in the gallery and council-chamber are full of life and vigor, and are, besides, picturesque and historical. Note that scene between Gardiner and Cranmer. Cardinal Wolsey is drawn with superb power. Ambition, fraud, and vindictiveness have made him their own, yet cannot quite ruin a nature possessed of noble qualities. In the fate of Cardinal Wolsey our second interest centres; and his soliloquy upon his downfall from power is among the finest the poet ever wrote. The opening of the play—the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny—has the full stamp of Shakespeare's genius upon it, and is full of life, reality, and freshness.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

See Page 510.

A TRAGICO comedy, founded on Chancer's "Epos Troilus and Cressida." The play was written in 1602, and entered in Stationers' Hall, February 3, 1603, but not printed till 1609.

SCENE.—Troy, and the camp of the Greeks in front of that city.

Calchas, a Trojan priest, treacherously leaving the cause of his country, is taking part with the Greeks, to whom he becomes of great service. As a reward for these services, he demands the exchange of an eminent Trojan, named Antenor, for his daughter Cressida, who lives under the protection of her uncle Pandarus, in Troy, where her beauty and charms have made a deep impression on the heart of Prince Troilus, a son of Priam the king. Cressida has already accepted the suit of her lover, and was betrothed to him, when her happiness is interrupted by the arrival of Diomedes, who is ordered by her father to have her exchanged, and brought back to him. The lovers, on parting, swear eternal fidelity, and Troilus soon finds an opportunity to reach the camp of the Greeks. Here he learns the sad news of the unfaithfulness of his betrothed, who had already transferred her love to Diomedes, and convinces himself, by obvious proof, of her defection. Meantime, Andromache and Cassandra, the wife and sister of Hector, alarmed at the prophecies they have had of his fate, write, entreating him not to go to battle, Andromache making his infant join in their prayers to dissuade him. But affirming his vow to the gods, his honor, and his fame, he resists, rushes to combat, and is slain by Achilles. Troilus now vows to avenge the death of his brother Hector on the Greeks, and by such vengeance to stifle his grief. With a terrible curse against the panderer Pandarus, the drama is concluded.

This is the most paradoxical and variously interpreted of all the dramas of Shakespeare. This heroic comedy, tragic-comedy, or parody, as some have termed it, is not merely written as a pleasant satire on ancient knighthood and heroism, but is perchance worked out to serve a counterpart to Falstaffianism, with the intent of quieting, or soothing the noble breasts of the 16th century with the dubious consolation that knighthood among the ancients was of no finer quality. The principal idea is rather intended to show the deeply founded and effective contrast existing between the spiritual and intellectual formation of the ancient Greeks, as compared with the modern aim of Christianity. The play points to the fact that the Trojan war—as extolled by Homer—in so far as its real issue was concerned, turned simply upon the recapturing of an adulterous woman who had eloped with her paramour, and whose immoral conduct can by no means be excused on account of Paris's ideal beauty. In this play the moral is rendered prominent, that the kidnaping of Helen did not deserve the great Greek war of retaliation, since the honor of the people had not been more impugned by the action of Paris than by that of Helen. Thus the play causes the moral conviction of the reader to revolt against such an aim, and this effect of the drama becomes the lasting impression. The love-story of the faithful Troilus, and the false and lustful Cressida, which gives its name to the play (albeit it is not its real turning-point), serves only as a modified repetition of the history of Menelaus and his faithless spouse, Helen, and hence presents as all the more conspicuously glaring the crime that led to the famed Trojan war.

CORIOLANUS.

See Page 536.

SHAKESPEARE derived his material from Plutarch's "Life of Coriolanus," which he read in North's translation. This tragedy was neither entered at Stationers' Hall nor printed till 1623, but probably written in 1609 or 1610.

SCENE.—In the city of Rome and the territories of the Volscians.

Caio Marcius, a scion of one of the oldest and noblest families of Rome, who, after his father's early death, is educated by his mother, Volumnia, had already while a youth shown his valor as a warrior in the battles against banished Tarquin. Every war brought him fresh public acknowledgments of his merit and honor. Thus he had attained great dignity and renown, when a dispute between the senate and the people occurred, caused by the severe oppressions of the patricians and wealthy citizens, which the senate sustained. Owing to the humorous eloquence of Menenius Agrippa, however, the people were quieted, after granting them five tribunes and representatives in the senate-chamber. The people are now willing to surrender a duty they had hitherto refused. But the patricians are at first discontented with the innovation, which is especially very violently opposed by Marcius. A war with the Volscians gives him occasion to renew his valorous deeds. The general, Cominius, who praises the greatness of his military exploits before the soldiers, gives him the name Corio-

lans, for the victories he attained near Corioli. Soon after this occurrence, he is at once elected a candidate for the consulate, but, against all precedent, he imprudently, in a speech, derides the people, and they withdraw their votes from him. Highly incensed at this defection, he assails the populace in an oration before the senate, demanding the abolishment of the tribunal. The people, embittered and enraged at this, threaten to throw him from the Tarquin rock, but he is rescued by the patricians. Failing to consolidate the plebeian faction, he is banished from Rome, and, burning with rage, vows the destruction of the city. He joins the Volscian forces, and by their prince, Aufidius, is made commander-in-chief of their army, then about to be led against his own countrymen. His mother, urged by the imperilled Romans, is prevailed upon to go with her kinsmen to the camp of the Volscians, to pacify, lix
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if possible, her son. Listening to her entreaties, Coriolanus resolves to retreat, and thus Rome is spared. But the Volscians, fired by Tullus, are now dispersed with Coriolanus, and call him to account for his action. He is about to defend himself in public, when Tullus, fearing the impression of his eloquence, under the taint of traitors, assassimates him. His corpse is buried by the Volscians with all the honors due to his noble memory.

Coriolanus is among the finest of the group of Shakespeare's Roman plays. The hero lived in the early days of Rome, in those pure, old, austere times when the great city had driven Tarquin from his lustful throne; for it was against that monarch that Coriolanus had won his first garland of oak by overwhelmingly defeating him. Now nobly the pure white figure of Volания rises, clad in all the virtues that made the noble Roman lady. See how she overcomes her mother's righteous indignation against her townsman's injustice to her gallant son; and how with happy victory won she returns to Rome to give the proud city its first blood.

Coriolanus is in many respects a noble character and among the "flower of warriors;" but his pride is overweening, and that flaws and ruins the jewel of his renown. Treated with ingratitude, base and outrageous though in his case it was, he cannot put his country above himself. His grip is on her throat, when his wife, Virgilia, stirs his mother to appeal to him, and in that scene in the Volscian camp, Coriolanus, who has thought himself above nature, cannot resist their appeals. His wife, mother, and boy prevail. Coriolanus is himself again, and takes death, as he should, at the hands of his country's foes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

See Page 564.

THIS play is the tragedy represented by human depravity in its most vindictive form—a thirst for revenge. Whence the poet gleaned the material for this play has not been accurately ascertained. It was one of his first attempts at a drama, and was written as early as 1587, though some say 1589, when Shakespeare was followed by twenty-five years of age. A great many editors and critics have supposed the play spurious, for the color of style is wholly different from that of Shakespeare's other plays, but nevertheless the evidence is now strong in favor of its genuineness.

SCENE.—Rome and the adjoining country.

Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman general, victorious in the war against the Goths, returns, crowned with honors, to Rome, bringing back with him, as captives, Tamora, the queen of the Goths, with her sons, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius. Of his own twenty-four sons, but four were left to him; the rest suffered death for their country on the battle-field. Through Andronicus's valor, Saturninus is raised to the vacant throne of the Empire. The emperor marries the captive queen of the Goths, and is by her goaded to bloody deeds of revenge against Titus, who had ordered the slaying of her son Alarbus as a sacrifice for the fallen sons of Rome. Tamora now instigates her wicked sons, Demetrius and Chiron, to murder Bassianus, brother to the emperor and husband of Lavinia, daughter of Titus Andronicus, whose dead body they remove; and still further urged on to diabolical deeds by Aaron, a Moor (who is beloved by Tamora), they deprive Lavinia of her chastity, cut off her tongue and both her hands. Thus mangled, the widowed Lavinia alarms her young nephew by following him and being unable to speak. The miscreants themselves report the cruel deed to the emperor, and charge two sons of Titus with the crime of having murdered Lavinia's husband. Titus, in the anxiety to save his sons, is insidiously advised by Aaron to cut off his own hand, which he sends as an expiatory sacrifice to the emperor. The latter returns his hand, accompanied by the heads of his already executed sons. The great afflictions suffered by Titus weaken his reason. By means of a staff held in the stump of his arm, Lavinia writes the names of the murderers of her husband in the sand, and causes thus the forming of a plan of revenge between her father, her uncle Marcus, and her now only brother, Lucius. Meantime, the empress bears a child. This illegal issue of the Moor, Aaron, by the empress, is, to avoid detection by her husband, the emperor, sent by his mother to be murdered. Demetrius and Chiron, the ready instruments of her crime, profess immediate compliance, and draw their weapons to dispatch it, but Aaron calls them to task. Marcus, urges them to revenge, and vows vengeance to any one that touches it. To further conceal the foul deed, the Moor kills the nurse, and hastens with his child to the Goths. This same course is taken by Lucius, who now, like a second Coriolanus, advances against Rome at the head of a Gothic army. Dire punishment overtakes Saturninus and Tamora, who are slain; the latter had, however, before her execution, a thymelic meal set before her—that is, the flesh of her own slain sons were served up for the repast. Aaron is buried alive; Titus (a second Virginius) stab his own outraged daughter, and is himself slain by the hands of Saturninus. Lucius, the son, and Marcus, the brother of Titus Andronicus, press a kiss of love upon the pale lips of the murdered hero. Lucius, the favorite of the people, is proclaimed Emperor of Rome, and rules wisely and well the lately terribly disturbed empire.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

See Page 581.

ONE of the earlier productions of our poet, and one of the most celebrated of his dramas, this play appeared first in print in 1597, and had, up to the year 1609, been published in four editions, each issue with improvements and additions. It was written, without doubt, in 1592.

SCENE.—For the greater portion of the play, in Verona; in the Fifth Act, once at Mantua.

Between two patrician houses of Verona, the Capulets and Montagues, existed from time immemorial a deadly feud. The family of Montague had an only son, named Romeo; that of Capulet but one daughter, named Juliet. Romeo's outward demeanor and education were all the model of noble manhood, while Juliet's form and features were in unison with the purity of her mind, the ideal of noble womanhood. They did not know each other, when it happened that the old Capulet prepared a festival for his friends, and Romeo, the young heir of the Montagues, introduces himself, disguised, with some gay friends, his cousins Benvolio and Mercutio, who are also in disguise, to this grand entertainment of their enemies. Here obtaining a sight of Juliet, Romeo falls at once in love with her.
An interesting dialogue takes place between the lovers, which is interrupted by Juliet's nurse. Tybalt, a fierykinsman of Juliet's, having discovered Romeo, vows revenge on the intruder. The interview, however, has succeeded in producing the most ardent passion between Romeo and Juliet, and the latter endeavors to secure the interest of her nurse, of whom she makes careful notations. She is also in love with her nurse and is provoked by Tybalt, the fierce cousin of Juliet, with Mercutio, the gallant kinsman of Romeo. Mercutio is slain; and Romeo, who had endeavored to prevent this duel, allows himself, by his momentary passion, to be drawn into a conflict with Tybalt, in which he kills the latter. A tumult ensues, the heads of the Capulets and Montagues, with the prince, arrive at the scene, and the latter, not fully aware of the provocation, orders the banishment of Tybalt. He, with a final speech, leaves the window, holds a stolen interview, and swearing eternal constancy, prepares to depart by the way he came. During this scene between the lovers, the nurse calls Juliet, who alternately answers her, and tenderly takes leave of her lover. Romeo, by the advice of the good Friar Laurence, lies to Mantua. Juliet, inconsolable over this separation, weeps bitterly. Her parents think that the death of her cousin Tybalt is the cause of her tears, and resolve to marry her to the kinsman of the prince, Count Paris, who now suea for her hand. Juliet, to avoid marrying Count Paris, and to preserve her faithfulness to Romeo, swallows an opiate furnished her by Friar Laurence, the effect of which is to produce the temporary semblance of death, and is found by her nurse and others in this trance on the morning of the intended nuptials. Universal grief follows, and Friar Laurence, with a view to moderate it, and to prove his friendship for Romeo, recommends the immediate interment of Juliet's body. Meantime, the messenger sent by Friar Laurence is not admitted, because he had tarried in a post-house, and returns home without seeing Romeo, while Balthasar, Romeo's servant, although enabled to communicate with his master, only informs him of Juliet's death and burial, not her true state of life. Romeo, in his despair, procures a deadly potion, returns to Verona, where the friar visits Juliet's tomb at midnight, unwatched, from the misrepresentation of the friar's note, with her reported death being but a trance. Count Paris, the intended husband selected by Juliet's parents, meets Romeo; they quarrel, fight, and Paris falls. Romeo takes a final leave of his seemingly dead mistress, and swallows the poison. At this moment, Friar Laurence sails to await Juliet's awakening. She, on learning the melancholy catastrophe, kills herself, and dies in the arms of Romeo. The friar previously requests her to follow him into a convent, but is frightened off by approaching footsteps. Juliet, imprinting an affectionate farewell kiss on the lips of the dead Romeo, takes his dagger and stabs herself. Meanwhile, Paris's page has summoned the guards, who, on seeing what has happened, call the prince, the Capulets and the Montague families to the scene, while the other attendants bring Laurence and Romeo's servant thither. The prince investigates the tragedy, and Friar Laurence rehearsesthe details of the melancholy story. His statement is corroborated by the page and Balthasar, and also by a letter from Rome to his father. Over the bodies of their unhappy children, the deadly enmity of the Capulet and Montague families ceases, and they are finally and effectively reconciled by the great grief that has overwhelmed them.

This drama is among the most powerful of the great poet in strong delineation of passion and richness of fancy. In Juliet we have the first striking figure of Shakespeare's youthful conception of womanhood. The glorious figure of girlhood, clad in the beauty of the southern spring, stepping out for scarce two days from the winter of her grand but loveless home into the sunshine and warmth of love, and then sinking back into the horrors of the charmed-house and the grave, is one that ever will be the student of Shakespeare. The deeper and richer note of love which the great bard has struck becomes deeper and richer still in Romeo and Juliet. Fierce Tybalt; gay, fiery Mercutio; gallant Benvolio; tender, chivalrous Romeo— we see them all in fancy as they move under the intense blue of the Italian sky. The day is hot; the Capulets are abroad; Mercutio's laugh rings down the street; his jewelled cap flames in the sunlight. Such sights and sounds as these crowd on the mind's eye as we read and think. "Passion lends the lovers power," as the old song says. It is the time of the affections and warm youthful blood. But these violent delights have violent ends, and Juliet, "ill-divining soul," prepares us for the end that awaits the delicious, passionate love of the garden scene. Far above anything Shakespeare had yet written stands this and the lovers' subsequent meeting and parting. The character of Juliet, too, is the grudging star of the play—far above Romeo, whose sentimental weeping for Rosaline, and grief when he hears of the order for his banishment, call forth a well-deserved reproach from Friar Laurence. The Nurse, so thoroughly a character, is the first and only figure of the kind in Shakespeare (except, perhaps, Mrs. Quickly). The fussy, bustling, hot-tempered old Capulet is a capital figure, too. The play is "young" all through, not only in its passions, but in its conceits and its excess of fancy. The time of the action of the play is five and a half days. The ball is on Sunday night; the lovers are married on Monday, and pass the night together. Juliet drinks the sleeping draught on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday, instead of marrying Paris, is found seemingly dead and entombed. She sleeps more than forty-two hours. On Thursday Romeo returns, and on his way to the tomb he discovereth the body of Friday. She stabs herself, and the families are roused from their sleep to come to the tomb, as previously related.

T I M O N O F A T H E N S.

See Page 608.

It has not yet been decided as conclusive what Shakespeare obtained his basis for this tract from North's English translation of Plutarch, or from Payne's older work, entitled "Palace of Pleasa-nor is the date of its composition stated as certain was probably written in 1605.

SCENE.—Athens and the contiguous woods.

Timon, a noble citizen of Athens, equally renowned for his patriotic love for the cause of his fatherland, as on account of his immense wealth, is charitable beyond prudence, without aim or measure. Surrounded by a crowd of parasites, he is distributing to
one of them a rich jewel, nearly the last remains of his wealth. His friend, Apemantus, the cynical philosopher, warns him of the consequences of such prodigality, but his advice is not listened to. When reduced in fortune, he knocks at the door of his friends, who formerly had been his daily guests, but finds, as might be expected, closed doors and deaf ears. Filled with bitter rage, he once before invited these false friends for the last time to his place before them, in covered dishes, nothing but lukewarm water, a fitting symbol of their friendship, and, with terrible curses, throws the vessels at their heads. Abandoned and treated with the blackest ingratitude by those he had enriched and benefited, Timon spurs the hated city of his residence, and, renouncing human society, seeks the shelter of the forest, where he becomes an inveterate misanthrope. All invitations for a return to Athens he rejects; neither Flavius, his honest steward, who offers to divide his savings with him; nor Alcibiades, his general, who offers to revenge him; nor the senators of Athens, who offer him the highest office of honor, were able to change him. In this seclusion from the busy world, he draws from his bitter experience the motives of the people who come thus to meet him—not moved by pity or even curiosity, not for the purpose of consolation or atonement, but for the selfish and covetous reasons of thrift for gold, for it was rumored in Athens that, while digging roots, he had found a treasure which a miserly fellow had once buried. Still a prodigal with his gold, not for charitable purposes, but animated by evil intentions, Timon meets all who visit his retreat only to bide and excite, and so lead to the destruction of the hated human race. A warrior under Alcibiades at last finds Timon's grave, and reports the inscription, written by himself, witness to the lowness he felt for mankind until death.

JULIUS CAESAR.

See Page 627.

Among the materials used by Shakespeare in this play were North's translation of the biographies of Julius Caesar, Marcus Antonius, and Brutus, by Plutarch; perhaps Appian and Dio Cassius were not unknown to him. It was probably written in 1602, soon after the completion of Hamlet.

The political moral of the tragedy is, that the most unstatesmanlike and politically immoral policy is that which is not in keeping with the strictest requirements of the laws of right and equity. A treacherous or cruel deed, even carried out from noile or patriotic motives, cannot escape the Nemesis of retribution.

SCENE.—In the city of Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippus.

Julius Caesar, renowned for many gallant deeds, and for his brilliant victories loved by the Roman nobility as well as by the people, after vanquishing the younger Pompey in Spain, thought that the time had now come to carry out the ambitious desire, so long entertained, of making himself the absolute ruler of the Roman Empire. On his return to Rome, contention was caused by the display made of the vanquished prisoners—an ostentation which had not been previously attempted—and the magnificence of this triumphal march could not altogether drown the displeasure; nevertheless, the Romans vied in showing Caesar honors, which almost amounted to adoration. In fact, Caesar was already a monarch, and his admirers urged him now to assume the name and the crown of an emperor. As Caesar was now on the eve of his departure for the war against the Parthians, his partisans endeavored to spread the rumor that, according to a prophecy contained in the book of Sibyl, only a king or emperor could be victorious over that people. At the Lupercal festival, Antonius, approaching Caesar, offers him the crown, which is three times rejected by Caesar, and, amid deafening applause of the people, the crown is returned to the capitol. Caesar, however, in opposition to this act, displaces the two tribunes who had, in different parts of the city, deprived the columns erected in his honor of their royal mantle, and imprisoned several citizens who had called him king; this strange conduct at last awakened the anger and suspicion of some of the prominent Romans against Octavius and Augustus. At the instigation of Cassius, a conspiracy was formed. All was soon ready for execution, and it was resolved that Brutus should be the leader, because his mere presence would, so to say, sanctify and strengthen the justice of any action. Brutus was a true Roman in that luxurious and corrupt epoch of Roman history. Even the love and honor which Caesar had once bestowed on him he forgot, in his patriotic hope to redeem Rome, and by his leadership to make it the first among the noblest Romans. Without any offering of sacrifice or vow, the sacred league was formed, that Caesar at the festival of the Ides of March (the 15th) should be slain. Of the Roman ladies, Portia, the wife of Brutus and Cato's spirited daughter, was the only one who had knowledge of the conspiracy. On the fatal day, the assassination of Caesar was enacted in the senate-chamber, Caesar giving the first thrust. After having received twenty-three wounds, the last of which Brutus inflicted, Caesar falls. Cassius had urged that Mark Antony should also be slain, but the humane policy of Brutus saves him. Mark Antony weeps over Caesar's fall; and having obtained permission to make a funeral oration over the dead body, seizes the opportunity to so artfully work on the passions of his auditors, the turbulents Roman populace, as to cause a riot, leading at length to a civil war, in which he gains supreme power. His further attempts, however, to follow the example of Julius Caesar are frustrated, and he is compelled, against his will, to acknowledge Octavius Caesar and the influential Lepidus as triumvirs in the government, whose first act was that bloody proscription, from which even Cicero the great orator is not exempted, but falls a victim. After being present at the execution of those of their enemies who had lingers on the Roman people to embark for Macedonia to pursue Brutus and Cassius, who, after the news had been imparted to them that Portia had committed suicide by swallowing burning coals, venture, on the day of Cassius's birthday, the decisive battle of Philippi. Mark Antony seems on the point of gaining the last great battle against the conspirators, and dismays the day; Brutus, their great leader, to avoid falling into the victors' hands, and impressed with the fear denounced against him by Caesar's ghost, which had appeared to him the preceding night in his tent, commands his page Strato to let him fall on his sword, and thus dies. His corpse receives an honorable burial at the hands of his victorious enemies.

Julius Caesar is not the real hero of this play, but Brutus is; yet Caesar's spirit rules, as Cassius and Brutus before their deaths acknowledge. Caesar's murder is the centre and hinge of the play. The death of the great soldier overcomes his conquerors; for though his bodily presence is weak, his spirit rises, arms his avengers, and his assassins proclaim his might.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Shakespeare has made the Caesar of his play not the brave and vigorous subdue of Britain and the Goths, but Caesar old, decaying, falling both in mind and body; his long success had ruined his character and turned his head. The character of Brutus is that of one of the noblest of men the poet has drawn,—not the noblest. Brutus believes himself the man to act the times right; but as honor calls him he must act. He is no judge of men; he cannot see that Cassius is playing on him as on a pipe; he misjudges Antony, and allows him to make that most effective appeal at Caesar's funeral to the passions of the fierce Roman mob; he always takes the wrong steps in action; he has his faults, too, as see his ungenerous upbraiding of Cassius about getting gold wrongfully, when he, Brutus, had previously asked for some of it: and how his vanity gives way to Cassius's appeal to him in the scene after Caesar's death. That is a glorious scene between Brutus and his wife — pure soul to soul; no thought of earthly dallying between them.

MACBETH.

See Page 647.

Holinshed's Chronicles, formed on the "History of Scotland" by the Scotch chronicler, Hector Boethius, forms the basis to the plot of this tragedy, which was written in 1606.

SCENE.—Principally in Scotland. At the end of the Fourth Act, in England.

The throne of Duncan, king of Scotland, is threatened by one of his vassals, who is aided by the Norwegians. But this danger is averted by the intransigent valor of his co-conspirators, Macbeth and Banquo, generals of the army. On their return from the last decisive victory, these officers meet, upon a lonesome heath, three witches; the first greets Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, the second as Thane of Cawdor, while the third banishes him with the prophetic announcement: "All hail, king that shall be hereafter!" * Nor does Banquo go away without a prophecy, for the witches say that his sons after him shall be kings in Scotland. The early fulfilment of the first two prophecies excite in Macbeth's breast the hope that the other will be fulfilled, and that he will ascend the throne of Scotland. Macbeth, without delay, had informed his wife of all that had been said, who with him set about the ambitious work, but withal an umbling and unscrupulous one, and consequently a person ever ready to do anything, however wrong, to accomplish her designs. Lady Macbeth is told by her husband that King Duncan is about to visit the castle, and she at once resolves to murder the king. Duncan, who on his journey is accompanied by Malcolm and Donalbain, his sons, and a numerous train of nobles and attendants, comes to the castle, where Macbeth, his wife, and Macduff, are met on the road by Macbeth, who has hastened to welcome him. The king's arrival causes great rejoicing; he makes valuable presents to the attendants and also to Lady Macbeth, his kind hostess, whom he presents with a valuable diamond. Being tired with his day's travels, Duncan retires early to sleep. At midnight the murderers lie to their terrible work. Macbeth wavers; but his wife knows how to banish all his scruples, and taunts him bitterly until he nerves himself for the bloody deed, and kills the sleeping king with the dagger of one of the king's officers on guard, in order to draw the suspicion on them. At morning dawn the bloody deed of the previous night is discovered. Although Macbeth and his lady are pretending the deepest sorrow and distress, and the former, in feigned rage, rushes to King Duncan's room and stabs the two officers on whom he endeavored to cast suspicion, all doubt who the real perpetrators are. Malcolm and Donalbain flee; Macbeth is crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters is literally fulfilled. Macbeth, after usurping the crown, to secure himself in the possession of it, caused Banquo to be assassinated by the hands of hired murderers, and celebrates his success by a grand banquet. He is alarmed in the midst of it by the appearance of Banquo's ghost! The queen and nobles, to whom the spectre is invisible, express amazement, and vainly strive to soothe him. Macduff, the Thane of Fife, hastens away and seeks refuge in England with Malcolm; but Macbeth storms his castle and murders pitilessly Lady Macduff and her children. Remorse and the dangers that menace her husband's throne having thrown Lady Macbeth into a dangerous condition, rest becomes a stranger to her harrowed mind; she walks in her sleep, and in that state discloses the secret of the king's murder to her physician and her attendant, and at last kills herself. The entire country is in revolution; one after another the Macbeths' friends, the Macduffs, are avenging their deaths, and Macbeth is driven finally, by their mischievous oracles, into a state bordering on insanity. They tell him he need not fear any harm to his person until Birnam wood should come to Dunkinane; nor could any one born of a woman cause danger to him. But in the attack upon Macbeth's stronghold the wood really advances towards Macbeth's castle. The English soldiers, while on their march, passed through these woods of Birnam, and, in order to conceal their numbers, carried green boughs and twigs in leaf before them. This is the significance of the prediction of the weird sisters; and a foe not born of woman arises indeed against him—in Macduff, who was not born of woman, in the ordinary manner of man, but was prematurely taken from his mother. The finale is reached when Macbeth falls in a struggle with the avenging Macduff; and Duncan's oldest son, Malcolm, ascends the throne as legal heir and king of Scotland.

Macbeth is a play of conscience, though the workings of that conscience are seen far more in Lady Macbeth than in her husband. The play is designed to show, too, the separation from man as well as God, the miserable, trustless isolation that sin brings in its train. Before the play opens there must have been consultations between the guilty pair on Duncan's murder, and when the play opens, the pall of fiendish witchcraft is over us from the first. The fall of the tempted is terribly sudden. Lady Macbeth has a finer and more delicate nature than Macbeth, but having fixed her eyes on the attainment by her husband of Duncan's throne, she accepts the inevitable means; yet she cannot strike the sleeping king, who would stab her as she did him. She, therefore, till her thread of life suddenly snaps under its load of remorse. The real climax of the play is in the second act rather than the fifth, and no repentance is mixed with the vengeance at its close. The only relief is the gallantry of Macbeth, the gratitude of Duncan, and the picture of Macbeth's castle, so pleasantly put into Duncan's and Banquo's mouths. Macbeth had the wrong nature for a murderer—he was too imaginative. The more blood he shed, which he thought would make him safe and hardened, did but increase his terrors. But he resolves to know the worst, and after his second visit to the witches, the courage of desperation takes the place of the feebleness of the guilty soul, and finally he faces and meets his own death with a coolness almost admirable.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

See Page 666.

Many books and essays have been written concerning this tragedy of all the tragedies of Shakespeare; some of the critics, in their analysis of the play, vary materially, especially in the understanding of the principal character. According to the general acceptance of modern critics, Shakespeare designed to delineate his religious, moral, artistic, and dramatic acknowledgment of faith, and wrote this drama for the exaltation of the dramatic art upon the stage, as an educator as much entitled to serve the highest interests and aims of humanity as any other educational influence.

The source from which Shakespeare gathered his material, was probably the novel entitled the "History of Hamlet," by the Danish author, Saxo Grammaticus. This drama was written, according to Dr. Drake and Chalmers, in 1507, while Malone fixes the date in 1500, and it appeared first in print, in a quarto edition, in 1641.

SCENE.—Elsinore, Denmark.

Prince Hamlet, the son of King Hamlet, of Denmark, after receiving the news of the sudden death of his father, leaves Wittenberg, where he had been in pursuit of learning, and returns to the residence at Elsinore. In addition to the deep mourning caused by the great loss he had sustained in his father's death, he is, moreover, exceedingly affected by his mother's speedy remarriage. The queen, who had been loved with tenderness by King Hamlet during the thirty years of their married life, and who simulated, at the funeral of her husband, the most frantick grief, had, nevertheless, but a few brief weeks thereafter, celebrated her nuptials with Claudius, the brother of the late lamented king. Prince Hamlet's uncle, Claudius, was a prodigal and a hypocrite, who had also contrived to accomplish his election as king of Denmark. Hamlet, from this hasty and unseemly marriage, and other scandalous incidents which had transpired at the court, had long suspected a secret crime, and over this he brooded in a melancholy which alarmed his friends. Hamlet, moreover, from Horatio, and some officers who were devoted to him, learned that the ghost of the departed king had appeared to them on the portico, before the palace, at midnight. Prince Hamlet, on hearing this report, accompanies the guard on the following night, and he, indeed, discerns in the apparition, which also appears to him at midnight, the spirit of his father, who informs him that his sire had not died a natural death, but had been stealthily poisoned by his brother Claudius, the now reigning king. The ghost asks Hamlet to revenge the murder; and to a gentle youth, who had been induced to commit adultery by the ignoble usurper. Hamlet vows revenge, and at once resolves on a plan to carry out this intent. But his righteous revenge is delayed by difficulties, since he does not design to commit murder or any other crime, and, moreover, respects the injunction concerning his mother, whom he did not wish to harm.

Hamlet, closeted with his royal mother, upbraids her with her incestuous marriage to his uncle, and her father's murder. His father's ghost, at this moment, appears to him. The queen, to whom the spirit is invisible, seeing Hamlet gaze on and converse with empty air, thinks his mind is disordered, and displays the greatest consternation. During this interview Hamlet hears a noise behind the arras, and thinking it to be the king, thrusts his sword through the hangings, only to find he has killed Polonius, who was eavesdropping. Hamlet now resolves to act like one whose mental faculties had become clouded, and in this completely succeeds, to all others but his friend Horatio. In this confused aberration of mind, Hamlet leads the entire court at his will to carry out his purpose of judge and avenger; and he also finds in this affecotion of insanity the means of advising his beloved Ophelia to remain single. By a theatrical performance before the court, he succeeds in convicting the king of his crime. Ophelia's mind, distracted with the sights of Hamlet and the death of her father, gives way, and in pursuit of her insane amusements she is drowned. Laertes, Ophelia's brother, is instigated by the usurping uncle to fight with Hamlet, and how this act of revenge not only causes the death of the criminal king, but also the poisoning of the queen, of Laertes, and Hamlet, the drama fully unfolds.

In judging of the character of Hamlet, we must get rid of the absurdity of supposing him a man of decision and action, whose hesitation was due only to want of conviction of his duty.

While we all admire his brilliant intellectual gifts of wit, sarcasm, reflection, his courage and his virtues, we must still find him in firm purpose in his diseased view of God's earth and its inhabitants, and of life, with his shirtings of duty. But in his uncertainties about the mysteries of death and of the future world Hamlet but typifies each one of us at some time or other in our lives. And this is the secret of the attraction of Hamlet over us. How powerfully drawn is the scene where Hamlet, rising to nobleness and strength, upbraids his mother for her disgraceful adultery and treason to his noble father's memory, which Hamlet has felt to his least soul. And against his mother and her sin all the magnificent indignation of his purity and virtue speak. We forget his bloodstained hands in the white heat intensity of his words. In his second interview with Ophelia, he turns to her at first with gentle words and affection, which are curdled into bitterness and brutality by her offer to return his gifts and by seeing her father behind the arras.

Horatio, with his fortitude, his self-possession, his strong equanimity, is a strong contrast to Hamlet; and Laertes, who takes violent measures at the shortest notice to revenge his father's murder, is another contrast in a different way; but then Laertes is the young gallant of the period, and his capacity for action arises in part from the absence of those moral checks of which Hamlet is sensible. Polonius is owner of the shallow wisdom of this world, and exhibits this grotesquely while now, on the brink of dotage, he sees, but cannot see through. Hamlet's ironical mockery of his, Ophelia's sensitive and affectionate side is a reverse of heroic. She fails Hamlet in his need, and then in her turn becoming the sufferer, gives way under her afflictions. We do not honor, we commiserate her.

But whatever vacillation shows in the character of Hamlet, his grand, over-mastering purpose of revenge for his murdered father never leaves him. Polonius, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Ophelia, all whom he thinks plotted against him, are by his means dead; and then comes the end—the erring queen dying by her guilty husband's means, and he shortly following her; Laertes reaping the due reward of treachery, though forgiven by Hamlet before dying, and—then the death of "that man in Shakespeare we feel most pity for."
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

KING LEAR.

See Page 696.

The legend of King Lear and his three daughters existed in the medieval ages, in the Latin and French versions, and is also found in Holinshed's Chronicles of England, whence Shakespeare obtained the material for this drama, written in 1605.

SCENE. — The Kingdom of Britain.

Lear, King of Britain, having reached his eightieth year, concluded to resign his crown, and to divide his dominion between his two eldest daughters, Cordelia and Goneril, and his son, Regan. The Duke of Albany; Regan, the wife of the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, whose hand and heart the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy are wooing. The old king questions his daughters as to which of them has the greatest love for him, and while Goneril and Regan, in the most exaggerated terms express their affection, Cordelia, scoring the fulsome meanness and hypocrisy of her sisters, declares in clear and simple word and action, and thereby dishonors her father. Lear, who had always been a fiercely passionate man, feels so embittered at the seeming coldness of her reply, that he rejects and disinherits his formerly favorite daughter, and divides his realm between the two elder daughters equally. He reserves for himself merely the maintenance of his title as king, and a hundred knights as attendants. With each of his daughters he is to alternately live one month at a time with his MOST loving ward. The Earl of Kent, who naturally raises objections against this precipitate action of the king, is banished from the kingdom. Cordelia, although disinherited and spurned by her father, and now rejected by the Duke of Burgundy, is nevertheless chosen as the wife of the King of France, solely on account of her virtue, merits, and charms. But the real characters of Goneril and Regan soon manifest themselves. They begin to treat their aged father with coldness, and they not only suffer, but order, moreover, that the servants fail to show the respect due to the old king. These unnatural daughters furthermore demand the entire dismissal of his guard of one hundred faithful warriors. Lear flies from Goneril and Regan, but only as it were from one trouble to a greater, for each sister endeavors to vie with the other in mockery and derision. This is too hard for the old man to bear. In his despair he becomes insane, and leaves the court at night during a violent rainstorm, his daughters closing the door on him. But the faithful Kent, in the disguise of an attendant, and his fool, accompany Lear through the dismal darkness, until the Earl of Gloucester meets them, who had discarded his son Edgar on account of the slanderous accusations by Edmund, his bastard son. In a novel upon the field the earl found his son Edgar, in a disguise as poor Tom, and here the poor old king with his two faithful friends at last found refuge. Through the aid of Gloucester and Kent, King Lear is securely brought to the town of Dover, where Cordelia lands with an army from France, for the purpose of reinstating her father upon the throne. Goneril and Regan, meantime, fall in love with Gloucester's bastard son Edmund, and Regan is poisoned in a fit of jealousy by her sister, while her husband, the villainous Cornwall (who had deprived the Earl of Gloucester of his eyes, for the latter's intercession for the aged king), dies by the hand of one of his own servants. Goneril ends her accursed career by committing suicide. Cordelia's army is outnumbered and defeated by Edmund's soldiers, and Cordelia and her father are captured. After Cordelia had been strangled by an assassin hired by Edmund, the latter meets his well-deserved fate in a duel with Edgar. Lear dies while tenderly clasping in his arms the corpse of Cordelia, but Edgar, Kent, and the Duke of Albany remain to again firmly establish the much harassed kingdom of Britain.

Lear is especially the play of the breach of family ties — the play of horrors, the unnatural cruelty to fathers, brothers, and sisters of those who should have loved them dearest. Lear, as he is first presented to us, is so self-indulgent and unrestrained, so foolish to the top of his bent, so terribly unjust, not only to Cordelia, but to Kent, that we feel that hardly any punishment is too bad for him. Stripped of power by his own rash folly, his own fool teaches him what a fool he has been. When he has come to himself, cut off the flatterers who surrounded him, and realizes the consequences of his own folly, our sympathy for him melts into tender pity. The pathos of his recognition of Cordelia, his submission to her, and seeking her blessing, his lamentation over her corpse, are exceeded by Shakespeare's power. Note the wonderful power of this last scene — the poor old king, bending with piteous lamentations over the dead body of his murdered daughter, trying to raise her to life, and, failing, relapsing into the dreadful torpor of despairing insanity. Cordelia is the sun above the depths shown in the natures of her sisters Goneril and Regan. The noble and long-suffering Kent is a fine character. Edgar and Edmund are a contrasted pair; both are men of penetration, energy, and skill — Edgar on the side of good, Edmund on the side of evil.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

See Page 722.

Based upon a romance contained in the Italian collection of "Ilucatomi," by Giraldi Cinthio, this tragedy was written in 1612 and first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6th, 1621, being printed in the following year.

SCENE. — During the First Act in Venice; during the rest of the drama at a seaport town in Cyprus.

Othello, a courageous Moor, and able commander-in-chief in the service of the republic of Venice, wins the love of Desdemona, a noble Venetian lady, and only daughter of the Senator Brabantio. The marriage secretly concluded between them is not acknowledged by the father, who deems the affinity of his daughter for a Moor, celebrated though he might be, as inexplicable and unnatural, and that only by spells and witchcraft could the fair Desdemona have been seduced to marry Othello, without the consent of her parent. At this juncture the services of the gallant Moor are needed by the republic of Venice to repel the invasion by the Turks of the island of Cyprus. Othello, accompanied by Desdemona, his wife, Cassio, his lieutenant, and Iago, his ensign, with Iago's wife, Emilia (the latter acting as attendant to Desdemona), accompanies the party. A storm scattered the Turkish fleet, but is riding against the Port of Othello, stirred up by a devil in the form of a human being. Iago entertains a deadly hatred against Othello, partly because he accuses him of having had in the past an illicit connection with his wife Emilia, and partly because Othello had preferred Cassio and had appointed him to a vacancy of a higher rank; whereas Iago believes he, from his bravery and knowledge, was fairly entitled to that place. Iago therefore
Theplots of Shakespeare's Plays.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

See Page 748.

Plutarch's Life of Antony was the source from which Shakespeare gleaned the historical data for this tragedy, which was entered in the Stationers' book May 2, 1606, and was, according to the conjecture of Malone, composed in the same year. It was not, however, printed till the folio of 1623.

SCENE.—In different parts of the Roman Empire.

After the pitched battle of Philippi, where the last remaining force of the republic under Brutus and Cassius met with utter defeat, upon the division of the Roman territories ensuing, Asia fell to the possession of Mark Antony, who ruled that country as an autocrat with unlimited power, and became a slave to his love for pomp and display. In this condition he is mastered by an irresistible love for Cleopatra, the widowed Queen of Egypt. At Tarsus he met her for the first time, and, spellbound by the power of her charms, was induced by her to follow her to Alexandria, where he idled away his time amid pleasures and festivities. Bad news from Rome awakens him from the intoxication of his amorous pleasures, and, with heavy heart, tears himself away from Cleopatra, and hastens back to Italy. Here a reconciliation takes place, not only between himself and Octavius, but also between the triumvirs and Sextus Pompeius (Pompey). To strengthen this renewed friendship, Antony married Octavia, the beautiful sister of Octavius Caesar, who accompanied her husband to the seat of his government in the eastern provinces of Rome. Meanwhile Pompeius had, despite all agreement again renewed with Mark Antony and Octavius (in this engagement) now demanded an increase of power, he deprives him also, without raising a sword, of his army and dignity. These successes of Octavius alarmed Mark Antony, who sends his wife from Athens to Rome as a mediator, while he himself goes to Egypt, and at Alexandria commences the former life of luxurious pleasure in company with Cleopatra. A breach between Mark Antony and Octavius Caesar now becomes unavoidable, and the fortunes of war must decide between them. Antony, with Diomed, his general, takes a last farewell of Cleopatra preparatory to a battle with Caesar, who is now encamped before the walls of Alexandria. Antony recommends Diomed to the queen's special favor, who promises to reward him. An attendant brings Antony's helmet, and a slave puts on his sandals, while the Queen of Egypt, pressing his fate, is loth to part. Antony for the last time tries the fortunes of war, at first with some show of success, but is soon deserted by the fleet, which consists chiefly of Egyptian vessels, and, being also defeated on land, flies in despair to Alexandria, under the delusion that Cleopatra had betrayed him. The latter, to escape his ill-favor, goes herself to a temple, and is announced as having

demon's ill-starred answers, coupled with Iago's cunning prompting, hurries on poor Desdemona's death. Then comes the disclosure of the dupe he has been; and the kiss with which he dies, shows where his love still was, and pleads for him. A noble nature "perpendicular in the dead extreme." Cassio, notwithstanding his mortal weaknesses, has a chivalrous nature, and has an enthusiastic admiration for his great general and the beautiful lady, his wife. Emilia may be compared to Paulina, in the Winter's Tale.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Antony, on hearing the sad news, falls on his but not being killed, and learning that Cleopatra is still alive, causes himself to be carried to what he may die in her arms. Octavius extends to Cleopatra his protection and sympathy, but sends his friends. Posthumus, on the strict guard over her, hoping to take the young queen to Rome to grace his triumph; but Cleopatra, acquainted with the defeat and death of Antony, and anticipating her own treatment from the conqueror, applies asp to her bosom and dies. Charmian, her faithful maid, follows her mistress's example, but before dying has time to relate to Caesar's guards, who are breaking in, the tragic death of Egypt's queen.

Nowhere else does Shakespeare appear a greater master of a great dramatic theme. In Julius Cæsar we are prepared for any outbreak on the part of Mark Antony — by the wildness of his blood and want of a noble purpose in his ordinary pursuits, by his selfishness and unscrupulousness, too; by his proposal to sacrifice the patricians, and the redeeming qualities of his nature might be thought to be shown in his love for Cæsar, his appeal to the people for revenge, and his skill in managing them; yet in his development lust and self-indulgence prevail, and under their influence he loses judgment, soldiership, and even the qualities of a man. His seeming impulse towards good in his marriage with Octavia lasts but for a time — all her nobleness and virtue cannot save him. He turns from this gem among women to the luxurious Egyptian, and abides by his infatuation even when he knows he is deceived. How powerful is the story wrought out of the great soldier sinking to his ruin under the gorgeous colorings of the Eastern skies and the varying splendors of the lustful queen! "She makes hungry, where most she satisfies." To Cleopatra it is hardly possible to do justice here. The wonderful way in which Shakespeare has brought out the characteristics of this sumptuous, quondam harlot, goes far beyond all his previous studies of women. The contrast between her and the noble Roman lady Octavia, to whom her wandering husband bears such favorable witness, is most marked and most interesting. Enobarbus, who sees through every wife and guile of the queen, is, as it were, the chorus of the play.

Cymbeline.

See Page 775.

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 Cæsar, and the scene of the play commences about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign in Britain, i.e., in the sixteenth year of the Christian era. This play was written, according to Malone, in 1603, and, according to Chalmer, in 1606.

Scene. — In Britain and in Italy.

Cymbeline's first wife died when his three children (two sons and a daughter) were very young. Imogen, the eldest of these children, was brought up in her father's court, but the two sons were stolen out of their nursery during their infancy, and no trace of what had become of them, nor by whom they had been abducted, could be discovered. Cymbeline was again married. His second spouse was a wicked, plotting woman and extremely cruel to her stepchild Imogen, and yet, despite this hatred, desired her to marry Cloten, a son of her own by a former husband; since by this means she hoped, at the death of her husband, to place the crown of Britain upon the head of Cloten, her own offspring. She was aware that if the lost children were not found, the princess Imogen would be the sole heir of the king. But this design was spoiled by Imogen herself, who married, without the consent or even knowledge of her father or the queen, an accomplished gentleman named Posthumus, whose father had died a soldier's death in the wars for Cymbeline, and his mother, soon after his birth, died also. For grief at the loss of her husband. Imogen and Posthumus grew up at court, and were playfellows from their infancy. But in Cymbeline's latest marriage he banished Posthumus from his native land forever. The queen, who pretended to pity Imogen for the grief she suffered at losing her husband, offered to procure them a private meeting before Posthumus set out on his journey to Rome, whence he intended to go. The young couple took a most affectionate leave of each other. Imogen gave her husband a diamond ring, and Constanzia, her mother, and Posthumus promised never to part with it. He also fastened a bracelet on the arm of his wife, which he prayed she would preserve carefully as a token of his love, and both vowed eternal love and fidelity. Imogen remained a solitary and sad lady in her father's palace, and Posthumus reached Rome, where he fell into company with some gay young men of different nations, each one of them praising the ladies of his own country, and his own love. Posthumus, who praised his own dear Imogen as the most virtuous and constant woman in the world, offended by this speech a gentleman named Iachimo, who felt aggrieved that a lady of Britain should be so praised above the refined Roman ladies, his countrywomen. Posthumus, having wagered with Iachimo his ring against a sum of gold, that the chastity of his wife Imogen was invulnerable, the artful Italian, who had journeyed to Cymbeline's palace in Britain, contrives to hide himself in her bed-chamber, and thus furnishes himself with particulars in describing her person and her apartment, and, as a further evidence, by stealing her bracelet, in order to induce Posthumus to give him the ring. Returning from Britain with the tokens he has stolen, Iachimo claims from Posthumus the forfeit of his wife's infidelity. Posthumus at first doubts, as does his friend Pisanio, but Iachimo's proofs are so strong, that he at length yields to his force, gives him indignantly the ring, and vows vengeance on Imogen. Posthumus, now convinced of his wife's inconstancy, employs his servant Pisanio to pair to Britain for the purpose of murdering her; Pisanio, in the full belief of Imogen's innocence, vies her to disguise and absent herself for a time from her father's court, and wait till her truth can be made manifest. Pisanio, upon the advice of his master, became very tired, and a kind Providence strait, directed her steps to the dwelling of her long brothers, stolen in infancy by Belarius, a former in the court of Cymbeline. Belarius, banished alleged treason, had brought the princes up in a place where he lived concealed in a cave. At this case was Imogen's fortune to arrive, and she entered...
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

See Page 803.

The story on which this play is formed is of great antiquity: Shakespeare probably gleaned it from Lawrence Twine's novel, entitled "The Pattern of Painful Adventures," published in 1567. That he also knew the treatise based on the same matter, viz., "Confessio Amantus," by Gower, appears already from the rôle of the chorus, which Shakespeare conveys to this ancient English poet for the elucidation of the plot and the connection of the various scenes. The English poet Dryden, in the prologue to his tragedy, "Mirza" (1677) recalls "Pericles the first work born to Shakespeare's muse." This tragedy was presented 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 until the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson.

SCENE.—In various countries.

Antiochus, king of Antioch, desiring of having his daughter remain unmarried, and thus in his own keeping at the palace of his court, causes her suitors to be slain if they are unable to solve a riddle which he submits to them. In this way the great beauty of the young princess, who is presumed to be a virgin, becomes a fatal snare to the lives of numerous wooers, who, while burning with ardent love for her, rashly undertake the great task of trying to untangle the puzzle. At last the enigma is solved by Pericles, Prince of Tyre, who at once resigns all his claims on the fair girl, since he has learned with horror, from the solution of the riddle, that king and princess—father and daughter—lived together in incest. Notwithstanding this refusal to marry the princess, Pericles is invited by Antioch to remain as a visitor at his court for some time. But the Prince of Tyre concludes not to stay, since it had been intimated to him that this invitation was merely extended to consummate his murder, Antiochus fearing the circulation of the report of his nefarious conduct and that of his unchaste daughter. Pericles hastened away to Tyre, but even in that city he does not feel secure against the persecution of Antioch, and, fearing that his presence at home might embroil the people of his country in war, resolves to go abroad for pleasure, meantime remaining in his communications with the government of his native land, and remaining with the aid of his exiled father as lord of his court and one of his most faithful advisers. Pericles goes to Tarsus, where he soon becomes beloved, and moreover ingratiates himself with the people by rendering them aid in a terrible famine, by supplying them with stores of provisions for their relief. Cleon, the governor of Tarsus, prevails on Pericles to settle in his country, but Pericles declines, and on resuming his travels he is driven by a storm at sea to the coast of Pentapolis, where he, as victor in a tournament, wins the hand of the fair Princess Thaisa, daughter of King Simonides. After staying a year at the court of his father-in-law, Pericles starts on his return home, having previously heard the news of Antiochus' demise. The sea, never a friend to Pericles, treated him badly, for scarcely had the vessel set sail when another gale nearly wrecked the ship. The young wife of Pericles, who accompanied him, was terribly frightened by the fierceness of the tempest, and during its prevalence was confined and delivered of a daughter, who, being born at sea, received the name Marina—that is, "the sea-born." Thaisa while in childbed is afflicted with spasms and convulsions, and in this state, taken for dead, is placed in a well-sealed casket.

Imogen is a character it is almost impertinence to praise. She has all Juliet's impetuous affection; but she is wiser far, and stands far above Posthumus. Compare her receiving Iachimo's assertions of Posthumus's infidelity with Posthumus receiving those against her. Note her noble indignation against Iachimo's base proposals to her, in which the princess, as well as the wife, speaks; and then how cleverly she disposes of her husband's weakness. Great is the pathos of her words over the lost bracelet. Then comes the meeting with her unknown brothers after she has heard her husband's slander; and then her seeming death. But she rises again, unlike the unhappy Juliet, to relive her life more truly than before—the queen, the life, the wife, of the husband she has lifted to herself, the sister of those gallant brothers, the daughter of the father, of whose comfort she was a great part. Posthumus's faith in Imogen is of the half-romantic kind; he does not understand the value of the woman he has won, and hence the sudden overthrow of that faith. Coten is the aristocratic fool, thick-witted and violent, and with all the coarse conceit of a high-born boor.

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thrown in the sea, because the storm, which was raging with unabated violence, worked on the restless sailors, who did not think the sea would me calm again so long as a dead body was on board. The waves drifted the casket towards the shores of Ephesus, where Cerimon, a noble physician of great renown, soon succeeded, by means of his science and art, in reviving the apparently dead Thaisa, and restoring her again to life and vigor. Thaisa now enters the temple of Diana as a priestess to serve that goddess. Meantime, her husband, Pericles, filled with a consuming melancholy, had intrusted his daughter to the care of Cleon and his wife Dionyzia, and left Tarsus for his home in Tyre. Marina grew up at the palace of her foster-parents, and when she had reached her fourteenth year, by her matchless beauty and unequalled mental gifts, provoked the jealousy and envy of her foster-mother, whose daughter, Philoten, was entirely obscured by the brilliant charms of Marina. Dionyzia, determined to rid herself of such a rival, hires an assassin, who is just in the act of murdering the fair Marina when he is deprived of his victim by the sudden interference of some pirates, who wrest Marina from his clutches and escape with their fair prize to Mitylene, where they sell her to the keeper of a brothel. But the virtuous Marina knows not only how to keep herself pure and undefiled in the house of lust and sin, but also how to so impress her vengeful tempters that they desist from their immoral practices. Through the intervention of the governor of Mitylene, Marina obtains her liberty, and by virtue of her many talents is enabled to maintain herself until she is found by her father, who, driven by melancholy and despair, had again set out on his travels, and by a strange chance reached Mitylene, whence father and daughter embark for Ephesus. Here, visiting the temple of Diana, father and daughter have the inexpressible joy of finding in the high-priestess the long-lost wife and mother. The drama concludes with Pericles and Thaisa blessing the nuptials of their daughter and Lysimachus, the governor of Mitylene, and giving the crown of Tyrus as a wedding-gift to the happy couple. Cleon and Dionyzia, the wicked foster-mother of Thaisa, met with a sad but deserved fate at the hands of their own outraged people, who, enraged at their ingratitude towards Pericles—the friend of the citizens in their great extremity—set fire to the palace, which was burned with all its occupants in one general funeral pyre.

**SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.**

See Page 822.

Besides the thirty-seven plays contained in this edition, Shakespeare wrote the following poems, which were first published separately. In Venus and Adonis, entered in the Stationers' register, and printed in 1593, we have the same luxuriance of fancy, the same intensity of passion as in Romeo and Juliet, unlawful as the indulgence in that passion is. From whatever source came the impulse to take from Ovid the hearted story of the fierce lust of the heathen goddess, we cannot forbear noticing how, through this stifling atmosphere, the great poet has blown the fresh breezes of English meadows and woodlands. No play has fuller evidence of Shakespeare's intimate knowledge and intense delight in country scenes and sights. This poem was printed six times during Shakespeare's life, and was dedicated by Shakespeare, when twenty-nine years of age, to the young Earl of Southampton. The Rape of Lucrece followed, 1594, and was also dedicated to Southampton, as “the first heir of my invention,” who, according to Sir William d'Avenant's statement, presented the poet with the sum of £1000, so he might make some purchase. If the incident is accepted as a fact, it is honorable to the liberality as well as the cultivated taste of the Earl of Southampton, and shows that the “poor Warwickshire lad” met with a munificent patron at an early stage of his literary career. The Passionate Pilgrim was printed in 1599; A Lover's Complaint, not dated; and a collection of Sonnets appeared in 1609. That some of these sonnets existed in 1598 we now know. They are so evidently intensely autobiographic and self-revealing, so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakespeare's growth and life, that we cannot take them in any other way than as the records of his loves and fears. Shakespeare admirers are so anxious to remove any seeming stain from the character of their ideal, that they deny that these sonnets are life pictures, forgetting how great is the difference between our times and those of Queen Elizabeth, and that an intimacy now thought criminal was then, in certain circles, nearly as common as hand-shaking is with us. “There are some men who love for ‘love's sake,' and loving once love always; and of these was Shakespeare,” says a distinguished author. “They do not lightly give their love, but once given, their faith is incorporate with their being.”
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 supposes it to have been produced in 1600. The dates which they severally ascribe to the remaining plays are as follows:

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THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alonso, King of Naples.
Sebastian, his brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Milan.
Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor.
Adrian, Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a savage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Jester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.
Mariners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an airy Spirit.
Iris,
Ceres,
Juno,
Nymphs,
Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—A ship at sea; an island.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page xl.]

ACT I.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-cord. [A very 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 topmast or your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cut! hang, you scoundrel, insolent nosemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning: though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an untaught vessel.

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

Enter Mariner.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist For our case is as theirs.

Them. I'm not of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards: This wide-chapp'd rascal would thou might'st lie drowning.

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it And gape at widest to glut him.

[Exeunt. Ant. and Seb.]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would faint die a dry death.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE II. — The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The tempest, that would pour downAtIndexing pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature 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 ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed'd and
The flattering souls within her.

Pros. No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. 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:

[Enter spirits; all sit down.]

Act III. Scene II.

Pros. Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comport.
The dreadful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou sawst sink,
Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Began to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition.
Conclusion 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou 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 thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off
And other 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 hastd, and more, Miranda. But how
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abyss of time?
If thou remember'd, wouldst thou have come here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
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 thou his only heir
And prince no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!

Act IV. Scene I.

Pros. What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we beaved thence,
But blessfully holp lither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pr. My brother and thy uncles, call'd Antonio —
I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
Be so perjurious! He was bound to thee next thyself
Of all that time I loved and to the part
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories 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 rant in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what time pleased his caus he was
The ivy which had bid my princely trunk, [not.
And snaked my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st
Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me,
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaken'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did get 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 lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke: out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing —
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deadness.

Pros. To have no scope between this part he
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be 
[play'd
Absolutely Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now inapable; confederates —
So dry he was for sway — wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his child to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd — alas, poor Milan! —
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event; then tell
If this might be a brother. [me

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

Pros. Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me and my brother, hearten his 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, one midnight
ACT I.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.

Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. 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 sleek, Now in the whirlpox, in every cabin, I flamed amazement; sometime I'd divide, And burn in many places; on the topmast, The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly. Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune Seen to besiege and make his bold waves tremble, Yea, his dread thunder shake.

Pros. My brave spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul But felt a fever of the mad and play'd Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel, Then all afeare with me: the king's son, Ferdinand, With hair up-staring — then like reeds, not hair: Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty, And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that's my spirit! But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master. Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd; On their sustaining garments not a blister, But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me, In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. The king's son have I landed by himself; Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs In an old angle of the isle and sitting, His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship The mariners say how thou hast disposed And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew From the still-vox'd Bermoothes, there she's hid: The mariners all under hatches stow'd; Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour, I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet Which I dispersed, they all have met again And are upon the Mediterranean flote, Bound sadly home for Naples, Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd And his great person perish.

Ari. Ariel, thy charge Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work, What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season. Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six Must by us both be spent most presently, and now Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains, Let me remember thee what thou hast promised, Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody? What is 't thou caust demand?

Ari. My liberty. Pros. Before the time be out? no more! Ari. I prithee, Remember I have done thee worthy service; Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst Troth me a full year. [promise Pros. Dost thou forget From what a torment I did thee free? Ari. No. Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread Of the salt deep,
ACT I.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins of the earth
When it is tainted with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir. [forgot
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
The foul witch Sycorax, with witchcraft and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir. [speak; tell me.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?
Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. Over a month recount what thou hast been
When thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir. [with child
Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born — not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.
Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pr. If thou more murmur'st, I will read an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. I will be correspondent to command
And do my spirit's gently.

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

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea; be
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible [subject
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in 't; go, hence with diligence!

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strange ness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis.
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch that wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

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

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business
Come, thou torture! when? [for thee:

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.
Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

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

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
Upon thy wicked damn, come forth! [self

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dwelt as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er! [cramps.
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night shall have
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strokedst me and maddest much of me, wouldst
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how [give me
To make the bigger light, and have the less,
That burn by day and night; and I then loved thee
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fer-
curse'd be I that did so! All the charms [life:
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bals, light on you!
For I gave all the subjects that I have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you stye me
In this hard rock, while you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most llying slave, [thee,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used
Fifth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Ari. Abhorr'd slave, [which
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 gamble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thee purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile
race, [fatures
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hast deserved more than a prison.

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

Ari. Hag-seed, hence! Fetch us in fume; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice? If thou needest not 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. [Aside] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Sycorax,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Fer-
dinand following.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Court me when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.
Foot it fealty here and there:  
And, sweet sprites, the buttren bear.  
Burthen [dispersedly]. Hark, hark!  
Bow-wow.  
  The watch-dogs bark:  
Bow-wow.  

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strangling chanted dear  
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.  

Fer. Where should this music be? 't is 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,  
Allaving both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.  

Ariel sings.  
Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made:  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Buon-ding-dong.  

Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.  

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.  

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance  
And say what thou seest yond.  

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?  

Ari. Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit. [senses  
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such  
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest  
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd  
With grief that's beauty's conqueror, thou mightst  
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows [call him  
And strays about to find 'em.  
I might call him  
A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.  

Pros. [Aside] It goes on, I see, [free thee  
As my soul proffers it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll  
Within two days for this.  

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?  

Mir. 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.  

Pros. How? the best?  
What would thou, if the King of Naples hear thee?  
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;  
And he does weep: myself am Naples,  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, behold  
The king my father's wreck'd.  

Mir. Alack, for mercy!  
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of  
And his brave son being twain.  

[Exeunt Milan, Per.]  
Mir. The Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
If now 't were fit to do 't.  
At the first sight  
They have changed eyes. Delicante Ariel. [sir:  
I'll set thee free for this. [To Fer.] A word, good  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.  

Mir. 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 inclined my way!  

Fer. O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.  

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.  
[Aside] They are both in either's powers; but this  
swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light. [To Fer.] One word more; I  
charge thee  
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp  
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on 't.  

Fer. No, as I am a man.  

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house. [temp'le:  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.  

Pros. Follow me.  
Speak not for him; he's a traitor. Come;  
I'll manage thy neck and feel together:  
Sea-water shall I give thee drink: thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.  

Fer. No;  
I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.  

Mir. [Drews, and is charmed from moving.  
O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle and not fearful.  

Pros. What? I say;  
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;  
Who mistak'st a show but darest not strike, thy con-  
science  
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop.  

Mir. Hence! hang not on my garments.  

Mir. Sir, have pity;  

I'll be his surety.  

Silence! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!  
An advocate for an impostor! hush!  
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!  
To the most of men this is a Caliban  
And they to him are angels.  

Mir. My affections  
Are then most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.  

Pros. Come on; obey:  
Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
And have no vigour in them.  

So they are;  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up,  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends; nor this man's threats,  
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of: space enough  
Have I in such a prison.  

Pros. [Aside] It works. [To Fer.] Come on.  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Fer.] Follow  
[To Ari.] Hark what thou else shalt do me. [ne.  

Mir. Be of comfort;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than let appears by speech: this is unvented  
Which now came from him.  

Pros. Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.  


ACT II.  

THE TEMPEST.  

SCENE II.
ACT II.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I. — Another part of the island.

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

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have given us 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.

Al. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
Gon. Sir,—
[by and by it will strike.

Seb. One: tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's
Comes to the entertainor.

Seb. A dollar. [spoken truer than you purposed.
Gon. Doleur comes to him, indeed: you have
Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant
Gon. Therefore, my lord,— [you should.
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Al. I prithee, spare.

Ant. Well, I have done: but yet,—
Seb. He will be talking, first begins to crow;
Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager,
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done. The wager?
Ant. A laugh.
Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—
Seb. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss 't. [cruel temperance.
Adr. It must needs be of subdole, tender and deli-
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench. [livered.
Seb. Ay, and a sublate: as he most learnedly de-
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly,
Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fern.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
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 almost
beyond credit.

Adr. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
Drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding
Their freshness and gloses, being rather new-dyed than
Stained with salt water. [it not say he lies?
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage
of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of
Tunis. [well in our return.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper;
Adr. Tunis was no sooner 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 Æneas' 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.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp;
He hath raised the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy
next?

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

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

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 ever came there.


Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for. [riague.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's mar-

Adr. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
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?

Erat. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their lacks; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the confusions waves he kept, and car'd
If himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I doubt not
He came alive to land.

Adr. No, no, he's gone. [loss.

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

Adr. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to and importuned other-
By all of us, and the fair soul herself [wise
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have [your son,
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.

Adr. So is the dearst 'o the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
Time and space to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. 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 plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'd sow t' with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?
ACT II.

THE TEMPEST.

Scene I.

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gen. I'm the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of many fraternize: Letters should not be known: riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tillth, 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. Yet he would be king o'rt.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gen. All things in common nature should produce With sweet 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 poison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, none: all idle; whose and knives.

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

Seb. God save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gen. And,—do you mark me, sir? Prithée, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gen. 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 laughed at.

Gen. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing.

Ant. What a blow was there given! [stiff.]

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gen. 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, invisibly, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gen. No, I warrant you: I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. [I am very heavy?] [All sleep except Alon. Seb., and Ant.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Seb. Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comfortor.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[Alono sleeps. Exit Ariel.]

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

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not

Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, When Seb.'s Sebastian? O, what might? — No more:

And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes that hope! with standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; whist.'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There is meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if need be; which to do

Treblest thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thou mockst it! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run

By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithée, say on:

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

A matter from thee, and a birth indeed

Which throses thee much to yield.

Ant. Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd

As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'

What great hope have you! no hope that way is

Another way so high a hope that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Who is the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

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

Ten leagues beyond man's life: she that from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post—

The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins

Be rough and razzable; she that — from whom?

We all were sea-swallow'd through some cast again,

And by that destiny to perform an act,

Whereof 's past is prologue; what to come

In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?

'tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel

Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake.' — Say, this were death

That now hath selected; why, they were no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate

As amply and unnecessarily

As this Gonzalo: I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I have! what a sleep were this

For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.
True.
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much fitter than before; my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Sb. But, for your conscience?

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consistencies,
This sound of cries and clashing, and all that;
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wish for dead 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 beats the hour.
Sb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou go'st at Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
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.
Sb. O, but one word. [They talk apart.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

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

[Songs in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king.

[Ari. Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are
Wherefore this ghostly looking? [You drawn?
Gon. Why. Whiles we stood here securing your reign,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Ari. I heard nothing.

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

Gon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

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

Gon. Lead off this ground; and let's make fur-
For my poor son. [Theer search

Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, 'tis the island.

Gon. Lead away. [done.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of
Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infection that the sun sucks up
From dogs, fens, flax, on trees fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me I 't the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every tribute are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
Aloft, with astrigent who with cloven tongues
Do kiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Trin. O, now, oh! Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. 'I ll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing ' t the wind; yond same black cloud,
yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would
shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before,
I know not where to hide my head: yond same
cloud cannot choose but fall by pailsfuls. 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 must. Look there:
A strange fish! Wore I in England now, as once I
was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday
fool there but would give a piece of silver: there
would this monster make a man: any strange beast
there makes a man: when they will not give a deit
to relive and drivel, and beggar them out ten to see
a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins
like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now lose
my opinion; hold! it no longer: this is no fish, but
an islander, that lately suffered by a thunder-
bolt. [Thunder.] Alas, the storm is come again!
My best way is to creep under his galamander; there
is no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints
a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud
till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a battle in his head.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashoare —

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

[Sings.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a taunt,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang! [itch:

This is a scurry tune too: but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!
Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of
Island? I have not scared 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 's nostrils.
Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!
Ste. The spirit torments me: Oh!
Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Hast thou not 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; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking; I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend: his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come, Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

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

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

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm blown over? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gamboge for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scape'd!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

Ste. How diest thou 'scape? How camest thou hither's 'scape by this bottle which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject: for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapest.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid; moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not much heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man? i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents; swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most peridious and drunken monster! when 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle. Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject. Ste. Come on:; down, and swear. [Exit Trinculo.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scarry monster! I could— Ste. Come, kiss. [find in my heart to beat him.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. Prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; and I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how to shave the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee to clustering aliberts and sometimes I'll get thee young scampels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me? Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly] Again.

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell! Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more than I'll make for fish; nor fetch in firing At requiring; nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban Has a new master: get a new man.

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

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Per. There are some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This is my mean task
Would be heavy to me as 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 cabred,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up.
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress ness
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base
Hath never been her Phytofrator. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you, Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are cajo'li'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
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.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now
Till half an hour hence. [farewell

Fer. A thousand thousand!

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

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

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island!
They say there's but live upon this isle: we are three of them: if th'o other two be brawned like us, the state totters.

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

Tri. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in this tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swim, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my liege lord, monster, or my standard.

Tri. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no stand- Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

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

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

[Aside.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.

Tri. Thou liest, most ignominious monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I do? Why will thou tell a magnificent lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

[Aside.

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, Tri. 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutiner,—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 hear me again to the suit I made to 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 Ari. Thou liest. [pee of the island.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in't, take him by the hand, I will supplant some of your Tri. Why, I said nothing.

[Beeth.

Ste. Mmu., then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revive me—"for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I will serve thee.

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

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield thee thine asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not. [pitch]

Cal. What a pled nimmy's this! Thou scurvy
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink the blood of hiselin; for I shall not
Know where the quick freshares.

[him

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

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

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats Trin.] As
you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie; out o' your wits
and hearing too? A box o' your bottle! this can
sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster,
and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha! [further off.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Priateh, stand
Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.


Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or punche him with a stake,
Or cut his wendaz with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books: for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave urtensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, with a brand, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great's do least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Ass?

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

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

Trin. Excellent.

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

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

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [ure

Cal. Thou makest me merry: I am full of pleas-
Let us be jo'ndal: you will twit the catch
You shall be neat as a meagre.

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

Flont 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;

That's right is free.

Cal. That's not the tune. [Ariel play's tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [Aside] Honest lord, They have said well; for some of you there present Are worse than devils.
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.
Pros. [Aside] Praise in departing.
Fra. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. Will 't please you taste of what is here? Not I.
Goo. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys, Who would believe that there were mountaineers Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we Each puttering of five for one will bring us [find Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to and feed, Although my last: no matter, since I feel The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to and do as we.
Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.
Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny, That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live, I have made you mad; And even with such-like valour men hang and Their proper selves. [Alon., Seb., &c. draw their swords.
You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of Fate: the elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with tempests' at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowel that's in my flame: my fellow-ministers Are like inscrutable. If you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you — that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed The powers, delaying not for six months to guard you Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me: Lingering perdition, worse than any death Can be at once, shall step by step attend [from— You and your ways; whose wrath's to guard you Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your heads— is nothing but heart-sorrow And a clear life ensuing.
He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with macks and mews, and carrying out the table.
Pros. 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 minister ministers Their several kinds have done. My high charms And these mine enemies are all knit up [work In their distractions; they now are in my power; And in these fists I leave them, while I visit Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd, And his and mine loved darling.
[Exit above.
Gon. I, the name of something holy, sir, why stand In this strange stare? [Alon.
O, it is monstrous, monstrous! Methought the billows spoke and told me of it; The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced The name of Prosper: it did blast my trespass, Therefore my son i' the ooze is lodg'd, and I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded And with him there he mudd'd.
[Exeunt.
Seb. But one fiend at a time, I'll light their legions o'er. [Ant.
I'll be thy second. [Exeunt Seb. and Ant. 
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt, Like poison given to work a great time after, Now gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you That are of suppurer joints, follow them swiftly And hinder them from what this ecstasy May now provoke them to. 
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerity pen'd you, Your compensation makes amends, for I Have given you here a third of mine own life, Or that for which I live: who 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, stow Heaven, I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand, Do not smile at me that I bestow her off, For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it.
Against an oracle.
Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition Worthy purchased, 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 assersion shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow; but barren hale, Sour-eyed disdain and discard shall bestrew The union of your bed with weeds so loathly That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed, As Hyman's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope For quiet days, fair issue and long life, With such love as 'tis now, the nunnish den, The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion Our wiser genius can, shall never melt Mine honour into dust, to take away The edge of that day's celebration When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are found'r, Or Night keep chain'd below.
Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Art. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy meneer follow thy last ser-
did worthily perform; and I must use you [vice
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
Over whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Pros. Ay, with a twinkle. Presently?
Ari. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and saw.
Do you love me, master? no?
Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou hast hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit.

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dallowance
Too much the rein: the strongest oats are straw
To the fire; the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else a good-night your vow!

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

Pros. Well,
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peas;
Thy turn mountain with thy nibbling sheep,
And thy meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled briars,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims, [groves,
To make cold nymphs chasecastrate; and thy bourn-
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being less-born; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marsh, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; — the queen of the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bid thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; thy roeckcs fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Ccr. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Dissolute honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarce to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass' green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate.

On the best lovers.

Ccr. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do not await the queen of Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid. [done
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;

Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Sovers he will shoot no more but play with sparrings
And be a boy right out.

Ccr. High'st 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 prosper and
And honour'd in their deed. [They sing.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Ccr. Earth's increase, folson plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burtthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcely 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?

Pros. Spirits, which in mine art
I have from their confines call'd to exact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Pros. [Juno and Ceres whisper, and send
Iris on employment.

Iris. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute.
Or else our spell is marred.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windng
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless books,
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 sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks,
after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates.
Against my son they meant to murder; no more! It almost come. [To the Spirits.] Well done! avoid it.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mrs. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved 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-clap'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
ACT V.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I. — Before Prospero’s cell.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not: my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How is the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour: at which time, my lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,

When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confined together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,

Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,

All’s hush’d as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in

that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That’s more to me than my wetting; yet

this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be ever
ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithée, my king, be quiet. See’st thou here,

This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-ticker.

[thoughts.]

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

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Ste-

phano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool! It is but trash.

Trin. O, bo, 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.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To do with thus on such luggage? Let’s alone.

And do the murder first: if he awake,

From toe to crown he’ll fill our skins with pinches,

Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not

this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:

Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove

a bald jerkin.

[your grace.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an’t like

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here’s a garment

for’t: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king

of this country. ‘Scal’d by line and level’ is an excel-

lent pass of pate: there’s another garment for’t.

Trin. Monster, come, put some line upon your

fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on’t: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn’d to barnacles, or to apes

With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this

away where my hoghead of wine is, or I’ll turn you

out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in

shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about,

Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark!

Sark! [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 pand or cat o’ mountain. [then

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little

Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.]
Act V. The Tempest. Scene 1.

In the line-grove which weather-feuds your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly [zalo;]
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The Good old lord. Gonz-
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From the roof, and thus they expressly works
That if you now beheld them, your affections [em
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. Whence this? This mine shall
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their affections, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindler moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury [quick,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they be pentent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

[Exit. Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets
By moonshine do the green chair ringlets make,
Whereof the eye 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 builded
The moonshine, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And的心ed the sleep of this hallowed hour:
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graces at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
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 under the ground; and with the vault
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [Solomon music.

Re-enter Ariel before: then 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 use a prayer, and build within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steels upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st? I will play thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou bereave me and my daughter?
Thy brother was a farther in the act. [blood,
Thou art pinched for 't now. Sebastian. Flesh and
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,

Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king: I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore.
That now lies foul and muddy, that one of them
That yet looks on me, or could know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discourse me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him,
Where the bee sucks, there shall I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I conch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly.
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariell! I shall miss
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so. [thee;
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shall thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Be awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return.
Or ere you pulse twice beat.

[Exit. Gonz. All torment, trouble, wonder and amaze-
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us [ment
Out of this fearful country!

Sebastian, sir, king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero;
For more assurance that a living prince
Does not now sleep to the dead vault
Will come back to the end of this hour
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted tribute to abuse me,
As late I have been, I know thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood: and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entrust [pero
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Pros-
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gonz. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all! [Aside to Seb. and Ant.] But you, my brace of lords,
were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.


Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy ranked fault: all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
We were deem'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportive
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
[ter?]
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daugh-

Pros. In this last tempest, I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For it is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Beating this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing:
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at chess.

Mr. Sweet Lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
Mr. Yes, for a score of kings you should
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Sch. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause.

Kneels.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a good father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou canst here.
Mir. O, wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pros. 'Tis now to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast
at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath savior'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life: and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child for love!

Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, [gods,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us bither.

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

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

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazebly following.

O, look, s'ir, look, s'ir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'board, not an oath on shore?
Hit th'ist no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boots. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and brave and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

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

Pros. [Aside to Ari.] My trick'sy spirit! [strengthen
Alone. These are not natural events; they
From strange to stranger, Say, how came you bither?

Boots. If I did think, s'ir, I were well awake,
I'd still search for you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly belied
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a truce, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping bither.

Ari. [Aside to Pros.] Was't well done?

Pros. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

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

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [Aside to Ari.] Come
hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free; [sir?
Untie the spell. [Edict. Ari.] How fares my gracious
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd labs that you remember not.

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

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

Tri. If these be true spirits which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
ACT V.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night: which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle; and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And hence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch [chick,
Your royal fleet far off. [Aside to Ariel.] My Ariel,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw
near.

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here confined by you.
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceivers, dwell
In this bare isle by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved 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.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Milan, Father to Silvia.
Valentine, the two Gentlemen.
Proteus, Father to Proteus.
Antonio, Flourish to Valentine.
Thurio, a clownish servant to Valentine.
Eglamour, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine.
Launce, the like to Proteus.
Panthino, Servant to Antonio.
Julia, beloved of Proteus.
Silvia, beloved of Valentine.
Luceîta, waiting-woman to Julia.
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws, with Valentine.
Servants, Musicians.

SCENE.—Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I.

SCENE I.— Verona. An open place.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus: Home-keeping youth have ever homey wits, Were not affronted by thy swelling words, Days to the sweet glances of thy honour’d love, I rather would entreat thy company To see the wonders of the world abroad Than, living duly shagarded at home, Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness, But since thou lovest, love still and thrive therein, Even as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adjure! Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger, If ever danger do environ thee, Comment thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy beasman, Valentine.

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

Pro. Upon some book I love I’ll pray for thee.

Val. That’s on some small story of deep love: How young Leander cross’d the Hellespont, Pro. That’s a deep story of a deeper love;

For he was more than over shoes in love, Val. ‘Tis true; for you are over boots in love, And yet you never swim the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? Nay, give me not the boots. Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What? Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with greans: [ment’s mirth Cow looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading no With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain; If lost, why then a grievous labour won; However, but a folly bought with wit, Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you’ll prove.

Pro. ’Tis love you cavil at. I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you: And he that is so yoked by a fool, Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud The eating canker dwells, so eating love Inhabits in the fairest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,

Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turn’d to folly, blasting in the bud, Losing his verdure even in the prime And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But whereas we must a counsel thee That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu! my father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me ship’d.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, now: now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters Of thy success in love and what news else Betideth here in absence of thy friend; And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so farewell.

[Exit.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love: He leaves his friends to dignify them more; I leave myself, my friends and all, for love. Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me, Made me neglect my studies, lose my time, War with gross counsel, set the world at nought: Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is ship’d already, And I have play’d the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a sheep- herd then and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I’ll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE II.

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 rather, but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so. [hin]
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. It is that's closest kept burns most of all.
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love best that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.
Luc. 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 have showed these lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves no ice than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate.
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What a 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 profligate construe 'ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love!
That, like a baby, will scratch the nurse
And presently all humbled kiss the rod!
How charitably did Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would thy ladyship?
Jul. Is't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why dost 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 thought of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

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ACT I. 

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE III.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?
Luc. Ay, and melodions were it, 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 you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too dat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descent:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [Tears the letter.
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be lingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.
Jul. Nay, I would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such lovely words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in a picture of the goodly youth,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contempluously on thy dishonour.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wounds be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' writen down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;' that I'll tear away.
And yet I will not, sith 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 is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. If you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, rather, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthio.

Ant. Tell me, Panthio, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He would'th'that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slander 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 universals.
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home.
Which you, out of great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that.
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and found in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved
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.
Pant. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent
him thither:
There shall he practise tours and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be the eye of every fair and worth.
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised;
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it.
The execution of it shall make known,
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor
And to command 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;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
[Two Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. A letter, and the letter; I see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. You're of the same mind, I think, your lordship.
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go;
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after
No more of stay. To-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthio: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exit Ant. and Panthio.

Pro. Thence have I shunn'd the fire for fear of
burning.
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
ACT II.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE I.

And with the vantage of mine own excuse
I hath excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this if is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.' [Exeunt.

ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is
but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament that deck's a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. Sir, is not that 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. [slow.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too
Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know Madam
Speed. Sir, that your worship loves? — Silvia?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you
have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your
arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like
a robin-redbreast; 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 robbing;
to speak purling, 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 ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for
without you were so simple, none else would:
but you are so without those follies, that these follies
are within you and shine through you like the
water in an urinal, 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
upper?
Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.
Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.
Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her,
and yet 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.
Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well—
Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her
favour infinite.
Speed. That's because the one is painted and the
other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair,
that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How esteemeest thou me? I account of her

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 ungartnered!
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Sir, your own present folly and her passing
deformity: for he, being in love, could not see
to garter his hose, and you, being in love, cannot
see to put on your hose.
Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love: for last
morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; and yet I think my bed: 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.
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 Amoretti?'
Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.
Peace! here she comes.
Speed. [Aside] O excellent motion! O exceeding
puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter Silvia.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

[Hon of manners.

Speed. [Aside] O, give ye good even! here's a mild
Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.
[She gives him it.
Speed. [Aside] He should give her interest, and
Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your ladyship.
[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.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of me:
Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will w
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet—
Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the secret.
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. [Aside] And yet you will; and yet another
yet?
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like
Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
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:

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Enter Pantano.

Poa. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.

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

SCENE III.—The same. A street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Launce. 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 sourdest-natured dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it, I'll tell you what this whole is as well, and show you another. [Exit.]

Scene II.—Verona. 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. [Exit Proteus.

Jul. I have dined,AY, but hearken, sir; though the chaunceful Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat, O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exit.

Enter Pantano.

Poa. Launce, away, away, abroad! thy master is shipped and thou art to post after with ears. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Nay, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost: for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Poa. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pro. Tut, man, I mean thou 'll lose the flood, and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Poa. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launc. In thy tide.

Poa. In thy tide?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my body.

Pro. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Poa. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [Exit.]


Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?
Enter Proteus. [Exit Thurio.

Thur. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you. Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio, Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of house-affairs. When you have done, we look to hear from you. Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship. [Exeunt Silvia and Thurio. Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came? commended. Pro. Your friends are well and have them much. 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 contaminating Love. Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fars, with penitential groans, With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs; For in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chase'd sleep from my entrail'd eyes And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrows; O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord [row. And hath so humbled me as I confess There is no woe to his correction Not to his service no such joy on earth. Now no discourse, except it be of liking: Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love. Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye. Was this the idol that you worship so? Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint? Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Exceed, except not any; except with you against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour —
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss
And true 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. [own.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
As rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
Pro. But she loves me not? [surprise.
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Pledged and agreed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber.
In these affairs I am so engross'd with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembar.
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will. [Exit Valentine.
Val. Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drive out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love —
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image against a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too much,
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'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 severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!
ACT III.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE I.

For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia — witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive.
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll be as sly as we.
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treacherous used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia’s chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now propitiously I’ll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I’ll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio’s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Verona.  Julia’s house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul.  Counsel, Lucetta: gentle girl, assist me;
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character’d and engraved,
To lesson me and tell me some good mean
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc.  Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul.  A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love’s wings to fly.
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such degree, 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,  [food?
By longing for that food so long a time.
Dost 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 bounds of reason.

Jul.  The more thou damnest it up, the more it
The current that with gentle humour glides, burns.
Thee, know’st, being stopp’d, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell’d stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
And by so many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course:
I’ll be as patient as a gentle stream
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I’ll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc.  But in what habit will you go along?

Jul.  Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose observation of the unblest may.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may be seen some well-reputed page.

Luc.  Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul.  No girl: I’ll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth.
Of greater time than I shall show to be, [speeches?

Luc.  What fashion, madam, shall I make your

Jul.  That fits as well as ‘Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?’
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc.  You must needs have them with a copiece, madam.

Jul.  Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour’d.

Luc.  A round hose, madam, now’s not worth a
Unless you have a copiece to stick pins on.  [pin,

Jul.  Lucetta, as thou lovest 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 unmaist a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc.  If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

Jul.  Nay, that I will not.

Luc.  Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who’s displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul.  That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears
And instances of infinite love
Warrant me welcome to your Proteus.

Luc.  All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul.  Base men, that use them so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus’ birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles.
His love sincere, his thoughts immediate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc.  Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to
him?

Jul.  Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only desire me love by loving him;
And present give me with to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarryance.  [Exeunt."

ACT III.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke.  Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.  [Exit Thu.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what’s your wish with me.

Pro.  My gracious lord, that which I would dis-

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:  [cover
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done present, undeserving as I was then,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot:
Know you not determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen 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 plot,
Than, by execution, dispatch me hence.
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprovided, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care; Which to requit, command me while I live, That myself, and yet to shun thee, I leave, Happily when they have judged me fast asleep, And oftentimes have purposed to forbid Sir Valentine her company and my court; But fearing lest my jealous aim might err And so unworthily disgrace the man, A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find That which myself hast now disclosed to me. And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this, Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, The key whereof myself have never kept; And therefore she cannot be conveyed away. Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean How she her chamber-window will ascend And with a corded ladder fetch her down; For which the youthful lover now is gone And this way comes he with it presently; Where, if it please you, you may intercept him. But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly That my discovery be not aimed at; For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence. Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know That she was brought thither. Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit. 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 my friends, And I am going to deliver them. Duke. Be they of much import? Val. The tenour of them doth but signify My health and happy being at your court. Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile; I am to break with thee of some affairs That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret. 'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought To match my friend Sir Thorio to my daughter. Val. I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match Were high 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? [ward, Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, fro- Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty, Neither regarding that she is my child Nor fearing me as if I were her father; And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers, Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her; And, where I thought the remnant of mine age Should have been cherished by her child-like duty, I know not resolved to take a wife And turn her out to who will take her in: Then let her beauty be her wedding-tower; For me and my possessions she esteem not. [this? Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this? Duke. There is a lady in Verona here Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy And nought esteem my aged eloquence: Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor — For long alone I have forgot to court; Besides, the fashion of the time is changed — How and which way I may bestow myself To be seated in the like light. Val. Win her with gifts, if she present 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 con- Send her another; never give her o'er: [leants her. For scorn at first makes after-love the more. If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you, But rather to begot more love in you; That she may feel thy love could not yet gone: For why, the fouls are mad, if I at mine. Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!' Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces; Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. Duke. But she I mean is promised 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. That will not do: thou must not go to her; It will not do, thou must not go to her. Val. Why then, a ladder quickly made of cords, To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks, Would serve to scale another Hero's tower, So bold Leander would adventure it. Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood, Advise me where I may have such a ladder. [that. Val. Why, sir, that would be but a day. Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child, That song for everything that he can come by. Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder. Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone: How shall I best convey the ladder thither? Val. Why, any cloaks 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 Silvia!' And here an engine fit for my proceeding. I'll be to-morrow to break the seal for once. [Reads. 'My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly, And slaves they are to me that send them flying: O, could their master come and go as lightly, Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying: My love's thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them: While I, their king, that lither them importune, Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,' Because myself do want my servants' fortune: I curse myself, for they are sent by me, That they should harbour where their lord would What's here? [be. 'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee,' 'Tis so: and here's the ladder for the purpose. Why, Phacthoon, — for thou art Mercop's son,— Will thou aspire to guide the heavenly car And with thy daring folly burn the world? Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee? Go, base intruder! overweening slave! Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates. And think my patience, more than thy desert, Is privilege for thy departure hence: Thank me for this more than for all the favours Which I have bestowed on thee, for which I have esteemed 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. Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
ACT III.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE I.

But, as thou lostest thy life, make speed from hence.  

[Exit.[

Val.  And why not death rather than living torne To die is to be banish'd from myself;[ment?  And Silvia from her self? banish'd from her Is self from self: a deadly banishment!  What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?  What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?  Unless it be to think that she is by  And feel upon the shadow of perfection.  Except I fly by Silvia in the night,  There is no name in the nightingale;  Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  There is no day for me to look upon;  She is my essence, and I leave to be.  If I be not by her fair influence  Foster'd, that thid, cherish'd, kept alive,  I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:  Tarry I here, I but attend upon death:  But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro.  Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce.  Soho, soho!

Pro.  What seest thou?

Launce.  Him we go to find: there's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro.  Valentine?

Val.  Who then? his spirit?

Pro.  Neither.

Pro.  What then?

Val.  Nothing.

Launce.  Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?  Pro.  Who wouldst thou strike?

Lach.  No, master, forbear.

Pro.  Villain, forbear.

Laurence.  Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—  [a word.

Pro.  Sirrah, I say, forbear.  Friend Valentine,  Val.  My ears are stopt and cannot hear good news, so much of bad already hath possess'd them.  Pro.  Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.

Val.  Is Silvia dead?

Pro.  No, Valentine.

Val.  No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.  With she forsworn me?

Pro.  No, Valentine.

Val.  No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.  What is your news?

Launce.  Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro.  I am banish'd — O, that's the worst.  From hence, from Silvia and from me thy friend.  Val.  O, I have fed upon this woe already,  And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  Both Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro.  Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the doom — Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force — A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;  Those at her father's chari'ck flight she tend'rd;  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 silvery-shedding tears,  Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;  But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  Besides, her intercession chatt'd him so,  When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  That she forswore her life, or for thine sake  With many bitter threats of biding there.  [speak'st.  Val.  No more; unless the next word that thou  Have some malignant power upon my life:  If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  As ending anthem of my endless doleour.  Pro.  Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  And study help for that thou lament'st.  Time is the nurse and breeder of all good,  Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;  Besides, thou wert to abbreviate thy life.  Hope is a lover's staff: walk hence with that  And manage it against despairing thoughts.  Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;  Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.  The time now is the 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 lostest Silvia, though not for thyself.  Regard thy danger, and along with me!  [boy,  Val.  I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.  Pro.  Go, sirrah, find him out.  Come, Valentine.  Val.  O my dear Silvia!  Helpless Valentine!

[Exit Val. and Pro.

Launce.  I am but a fool, look you; and yet  I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.  He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me: nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet '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-spangle; which is much in a bare Christian.  [Pulling out a paper.  Here is the cate-log of her condition.  'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.'  Why, a horse can do no more; say a horse cannot fetch, but only carry:  therefore is she better than a jade.  'Item: She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.


Launce.  With my master's ship? why, it is at Speed.  Well, your old vice still; mistake the word.  What news, then, in your paper?

Launce.  The blackest news that ever thou heardest.  Speed.  Why, man, how black?

Launce.  Why, as black as ink.

Speed.  Let me read them.  [read.

Laurence.  Fie on thee, joll-head! thou canst not Speed.  Thou liest; I can.  [thee?

Launce.  I will try thee.  Tell me this: who begot Speed.  Marry, the son of my grandfather.  Launce.  O illiterate boisterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.  Speed.  Come, fool; come; try me in thy paper.  Launce.  There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!  Speed.  [a sheet]Imprimis: She can milk.

Launce.  Ay, that she can.

Speed.  Item: She brews good ale.

Launce.  And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of thy heart, you brew good ale.'

Speed.  Item: She can sew.

Launce.  That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed.  Item: She can knit.

Launce.  What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed.  Item: She can wash and scour.

Launce.  A special virtue: for then she need not be washed in prison or be compelled to the bath.

Speed.  Item: She can spin.

Launce.  Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed.  Item: She hath many nameless virtues.

Launce.  That's as much as to say, bastard vir-


ACT III. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE II.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Proteus.

Now how, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman
According to our proclamation gone?

Pro. Ay, she is gone a good league to the
That may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item: She hath a sweet mouth.

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item: She doth talk in her sleep.

Launce. 'tis no matter for that, so she sleep not
In her talk there.

Speed. Item: She is slow in words.

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her
To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue:
I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief

Speed. Item: She is proud.

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy,
And cannot be 'ta'en from her.

Speed. Item: She hath no teeth, 

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love

Speed. Item: She is curst.

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item: She will often praise her liquor.

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item: She is too liberal.

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ
don their she purshe shall not, for
that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may,
and that cannot I help. Well proceed.

Speed. Item: She hath more hair than wit, and
more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine,
and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. 

Because that once was the office once more.

Speed. Item: She hath more hair than wit,

Launce. More hair than wit? it may be; I'll prove it.
The cover of the salt hides the salt, and
therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that
covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater
hides the less. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.
Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as holding it is impossible,

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay, who art thou? he hath stayed for a kins man then thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? box of your love-letters! 

Exeunt

Now will he be swinged for reading my letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust him
into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

SCENE II.—The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight. [you,

Thur. Since his exile she hath despised me most.

Duke. Forget my company and raiul't at me, I suffered much of others who did 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.
ACT IV.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE II.

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. [love.
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in
Thy course, and thou know'rt that I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently.

To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen!
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it? I will pardon you.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,
First Out. Then knout not so, sir; we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we'll hear him.
Third Out. Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My chamber, and I lose myself in costs,
Of which if you should here disturb me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
Sec. Out. Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
Third Out. Have you long sojourned there?
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me. [stay'd,
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was,
Sec. Out. For what offence? [hear.
Val. For that which now torments me to re
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
Friar.
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
First Out. We'll have him. Sighs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievish.
Val. Peace, villain!
[To.
Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take
Val. Nothing but my fortune. [lenem,
Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are griefs
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men;
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
Sec. Out. We'll here, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart. [these.
First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as
But to the purpose—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
ACT IV.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE III.

where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [Music plays.

Host. hear him speak.
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay: but, peace! let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our sing? commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness.
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells in each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you saddler than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when if jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite. [Music.

Host. You would have them always play but one
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?

Jul. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he loveth her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog: which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.


Pro. Sir Thurio, feelest thou: I will so plead
That thou shalt say my cunning drift excels.

Th. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Th. Farewell. [Exeunt Thur. and Musicians.

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake? [Music.

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's 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. Then subtle, persued, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery.
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request.
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself.

Even for this cause I spend in talkimg to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [Aside] 'Tis false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be: yet Valentine thy friend
Survives: to whom thou'st thyself a 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 take it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and speak thence
Or, at the least, in her sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vonuchase me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I think end: to that I think sick and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside] If 'twere a substance, you would
sure, deceive it.
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send me to him in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ermight
That wait for execution in the morn.
[Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidon, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, 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
Entranced me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command. [row.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-mor.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself!

According to your ladyship's imposition,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman —
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not —
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Theon art ignorant what deep good will
I hear into the banish'd Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Van Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
Nougrieve, thou sayst, for so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love die,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine.
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
ACT IV.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE IV.

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company.
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Unease not my father's anger, Egadmore,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying home.
To keep my hoary match, [plagues.] Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrow 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 placed,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befell you.
When will you go?
Sib. This evening coming.
Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sib. At Friar Patrick's cell, Where I intend holy confession.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good-morrow, &c.
Sib. Good-morrow, kind Sir Egadmore. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter Launce, with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the
cur with him, look, you, it goes hard: one that I
brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from
drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers
and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even
as one would say precisely: thus I would teach a
dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to
Mistress Silvia from my master: and I came no
sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me
to her tester and steals her capon's leg: O,
'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself
in all companies! I would have, as one should
say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed,
to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had
not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon
me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged
for it; sure as I live, he had suffered for't; you
may judge. He trusts me himself into the com-
pany of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under
the duke's table: he had not been there—bless
the mark!—a missing while, but all the chamber
smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What
cur is that?' says another. 'Whip him out!' says
the third; 'Hang him up!' says the duke. I,
having been acquainted with the smell before,
knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that
whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quothe I, 'you mean to
whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quothe he.
'You do him the wrong,' quothe I: 'it was I
did the fellow Cuddy. He makes me no more
ado, but whips me out of the chamber.
How many masters would do this for his servant?
Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for
puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been
executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese
he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.
Thou thinkest not of this now, Nay, I remember
the trick you served me when I took my leave of
Madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me and
do as I do when didst thou see me heave up my
leg and make water against a gentlewoman's far-
thingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pr. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt. [To Launce] How now,
you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days lodging?
Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me take care to myself.
Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?
Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and
you tell us curish thanks is good enough for such a
Pro. But she received my dog? [present.
Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I
brought him for you again.
Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?
Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen
from me by the hangman boys in the market-place:
and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big
as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.
Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[Exit Launce.

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Pro. Sebastian, I have entertained thee.
Partly that I have need of such a youth
That can with so much spirit do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish loth.
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my anger deceiveth 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 not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?
Pro. But pity her.
Jul. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Pro. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forget 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 is her hand, and tells her
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.
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now and ever, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have praised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.
Sib. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

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
delivered 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
This Julia gave it him at his departure.

Though his false finger have 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.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest.

That I have wept a hundred several times. [Her.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook
Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-thurture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made my voice so good,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wep't bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.

Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!

I weep myself to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.

Jul. [Exit Silvia, with attendants.]

Sil. And she shall thank you for't, if ever you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful! [Her.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see: I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig,
Her eyes are 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 found 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 worship'd, kiss'd, loved and adored!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseen eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [Exit.}
ACT V.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE IV.

Pro.  O, ay; and pities them.
Thu.  Wherefore?
Jul.  [Aside] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro.  That they are out by lease.
Jul.  Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke.  How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir EGLAMOUR of late?
Thu.  Not I.
Pro.  Nor I.
Duke.  Saw you my daughter?
Pro.  Neither.
Duke.  Why then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And EGLAMOUR is in her company.
'Tis true: for Friar 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 discern;
But mount you presently and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.  [Exit.]
Thu.  Why, this is dangerous company,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on EGLAMOUR
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.
[Exit.]
Pro.  And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of EGLAMOUR that goes with her.  [Exit.
Jul.  And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.  [Exit.

SCENE III.—The frontier of Mantua. The forest.

Enter Outlaws with Silvia.

First Out.  Come, come,
Be patient: we must bring you to our captain.
Sil.  A thousand more mischances than this one
Have teach'd me how to brook this patiently.
Sec. Out.  Come, bring her away.  [Thou?][Exit.
First Out.  Who is the gentleman that was with
Third Out.  Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun
Both MOYSES and VALERIUS follow him.
[us, with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is best: he cannot escape.
First Out.  If it be possible, I must bring you to our cap-
tain's cave:
For fear not: he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil.  O Valentine, this I endure for thee!  [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val.  How use both breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any.
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall
And leave no famous monument of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia:
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What hallowing and what stir is this to-day?  [law.
These are my mates, that make their wills their
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.

They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?

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 forced your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my need, but one fair look:
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val.  [Aside] How like a dream is this I see and
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.  [hear!]
Sil.  O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro.  Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil.  By thy approach thou mak'st me most un-
happy.  [your presence.
Jul.  [Aside] And me, when he approacheth to
Sil.  Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have had a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than be trusted, when one's own,
O, Heaven! be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone: solicit me no more.  [death.
Pro.  Women! If it's to achieve that it next to
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved!
Sil.  When Proteus cannot love where he's re-
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love, [loved.
For whose dear sake thou didst then read thy faith
Into a thousand oaths: and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'd'st 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 noble form,
'll woo you: like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you against the nature of love,—force ye.
Sil.  O heaven!
Pro.  I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val.  Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro.  Come, Valentine!
Val.  Thou common friend, that's without faith
or love,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuad'd me; now I dare not say
I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me
Who should have false Proteus: who, when one's own
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus.
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: 'O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!  [Proteus.
Pro.  My shame and guilt confounds me,
Forgive me, Valentine: if heartily sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence.
I tender 'thou here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Val.  Then I am said:
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
By penitence 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 me unhappy! [She swoons.]
Pro. Look to the boy.
Jul. O good sir, my master charged 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.
Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Depart
Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, And entertain’d thee deeply in her heart. How oft hast thou with perjury cleat the root! O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush! Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me Such an immodest raiment, if shame live In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, [minds. Women to change their shapes than men their Pro. Than men their minds! ’tis true. O heaven! were man But constant, he were perfect. That one error Fills him with faults: makes him run through all Inconstancy falls off ere it begins. [thee: What is in Silvia’s face, but I may spy More fresh in Julia’s with a constant eye? Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy cluse;
T were nitty two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for Jul. And I mine. [ever.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Outlaws. A price, a price, a prize! [Duke.
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced, Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia’s mine, Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath; Do not name Silvia thine; if once again, Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands: Take but possession of her with a touch: I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I; I hold him but a fool that will endanger His body for a girl that loves him not: I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou, To make such means for her as thou hast done And leave her on such slight conditions. Now, by the honour of my ancestry, I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, And think thee worthy of an empress’ love: Know then, I here forget all former griefs, Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again, Plead a new state in thy unravel’d merit, To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine, Thou art a gentleman and well derived: Take thou my Silvia, for thou hast deserved her. Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me I now beseech you, for your daughter’s sake, [happy. To grant me boon that I shall ask of you. Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate’er it be. Val. These banish’d men that I have kept withal Are men enudled with worthy qualities: Forgive them what they have committed here And let them be recall’d from their exile: They are renounced, 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? [Bashes. 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 fortuned. Come, Proteus: ’tis your penance but to hear The story of your loves discovered; That done, our day of marriage shall be yours; One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [Exeunt.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Sir John Falstaff,
Fenton, a gentleman.
Shallow, a country justice.
Slender, cousin to Shallow.
Ford, two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
William Page, a boy, son to Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson.
Doctor Caius, a French physician.
Bardolph, sharpers attending on Falstaff.
Nym.

Robin, page to Falstaff.
Simple, servant to Slender.
Rugby, servant to Doctor Caius.
Host of the Garter Inn.
Mistress Ford.
Mistress Page.
Anne Page, her daughter.
Mistress Quickly, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE——Windsor, and the neighborhood.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before Page’s house.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slan. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and ‘Coram.’

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and ‘Custalorum.’

Slan. Ay, and ‘Rato-lorum’ too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself ‘Armigero,’ in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, ‘Armigero.’

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred.

Slan. All his successors gone before him hath done’t; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white laces in their Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white laces do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The lace is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an Evans. I may quarter, coz. [old coat.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, my’r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. It Sir John Falstaff have committed disgramments unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my be- nevolence to make atonement and compensate be- tween you.

Shal. The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot: there is no fear of God in a riot; the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God, and not to hear a riot: take your viziments in that.

Shal. Ita! o’ my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my brains, which peradventure brings good discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slan. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that very person for all the odd, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of money, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death’sbed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrection!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion if we leave our priddles and praffles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page, [pound?]

Slan. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred shillings. Ay, and her father is make her a paller penny.

Slan. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. 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 for Master Page. [Knocks] What, ho! Got pless your house here! Page. [Within] Who’s there?

Enter Page.

Evans. Here is Got’s blessing, and your fricid, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likeings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship 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 thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. I thank you: by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.
Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all that is now answered. [Exit Shallow; the council shall know this.

Fal. 'twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.


Fal. Good worts! good baggage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slender. Marry, sir; I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Evans. You Banbury cheese!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Sling, say! panca, panca! slice! that's my humour. [cousin?

Slender. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There are three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is Master Page, intellect Master Page; and I think 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. Evans. Fery gout: I will make a brief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discretion as we can.

Pistol! Pistol.

Pistol. He hears with ears.

Evans. The devil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

Pistol. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slender. 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 shovels-boards, that cost me two shifting and two peace a-piece of Yeald Miller, by these gloves.

Evans. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pistol. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine, I challenge you to a battle of this laden bilbo. Word of death: froth and scum, thou lies! Slender. By these gloves, then, 'twas he. Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours:

I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the mutchbook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slender. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bardolph. Sir, for my part. I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: lie, what the ignorance is!

Bardolph. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions pass the carewes.

Slender. Sir, by my troth; and he then too; but 'tis no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I 'll drink with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knives.

Evans. So get judge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink with divers ladies, and sober ladies.

Evans. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford! Fal. Mistress Ford, by thy troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pastry to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [Enter all except Shal., Slender, and Evans.

Slender. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

Simple. How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Shal. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight past? and she will play Latin in the play.

Shalender. 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?

Slender. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I am a philosopher; but I am the reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Shal. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Shal. 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. Simple. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affect 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?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Shal. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reasons.

Evans. Nay, God's lords and his ladies! you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.
Act I. The Merry Wives of Windsor. Scene III.

Shakespeare.

Skal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Shen. I will do a great thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Skal. You would have, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to please you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Shen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and, disolutely.

Evans. It is a very discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'disolutely;' the ort is, according to our meaning, 'disolutely.'

Shen. Ay. I think my cousin meant well.

Shen. Ax, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne! Shen. The dinner is on the table: my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. O'd's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt Shallow and Evans.

Shen. Will 'tplease your worship to come in, sir?

Shen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Shen. The dinner attends you, sir.

Shen. I am not a hungry man; I thank you, forsooth.

Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Shen. 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.

Shen. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Shen. I had rather walk here. I thank you. I bruised my shin this other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneyes for a day or stewed pales, 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? [off.

Shen. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked.

Shen. 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's nose, are you not?

Shen. Ay, indeed, sir.

Shen. That 's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rogues.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Master Shender, come; we stay for you.

Shen. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Shen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Shen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Page. No, sir, you, keep on.

Shen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Shen. I pray you, sir.

Shen. I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [Exeunt.

Scene II.—The same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius's house which is the way; and there dwell 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.

Shen. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is better yet. Give her this letter for it is a woman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[Exeunt.

Scene III.—A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host host of the Garter! [and wisely.

Host. What says my bully-rock? speak sharply.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discord, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag: trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pouns a week.

Host. Sir, I hope you will entertain your master.

Falstaff. I shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [To Bardolf.] Let me see the froth and line: I am at a word; follow me.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go: adieu.

Bardol. It is a life that I desired: I will thrive, Sir. O base Hungarian wight! will thou the spigot warmth?

Falist. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour concealed?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquitt of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his fitching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time. [rest.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's watch. Sir, there's the wise it call. 'Stee! for!' a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pistol. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pistol. Young ravens have must food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pistol. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am Sir. Two yards, and more. [about.

Pistol. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist, two yards about; but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style: and the hardiest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff.'

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legions of angels.

Pistol. As many devils entertain: and 'To her, boy,' say I. [the angels.

Nym. The humour rises: it is good: humour me Fal. I have write me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious

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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. ACT IV.

Scene IV. A room in Doctor Caius's house.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, I faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rag. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.

[Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, most delicate no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master?

Sim. Yes, that he is.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-spirted man, is he not?

Sim. He is, forsooth. He is like 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! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Re-enter Rugby.

Rag. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [Sings Simple in the closet.] What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! Go, John, go make your master ready; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[Singing] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet a hoitier vert, a box, a green-a-box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a-box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [Aside] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mam.

Caius. Good morrow, sirrah, ye shall be content.

Quick. [Aside Falstaff and Robin.] As I live, there is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the world I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! barron! [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? there is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, bake me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes] Quick. [Aside to Simple] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, I do you my master what good I can: and the very yen and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, bake me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes] Quick. [Aside to Simple] Are you avisied 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. [Exit.]

Caius. It is no matter a-ter 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 nine host of de Jarter 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-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door, my poor heels, Rugby.

Enter Mrs. Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What, have I escaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [Reads.] Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me, Thine own true knight, By day or night, Or any kind of light, With all his might.

For thee to light, JOHN FAULSTAFF,' What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an un-weighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked,—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgave me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary. Mrs. Page, Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trivial respect, I could come to such honour! Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with triles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou best? Sir Alice Ford! These knights will lack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy guny.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight; 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 reprood to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Thunder- bush Psalms to the tune of Green Sleeves. What tempest, I twop, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother
of thy letter: but let thine inherit first: for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, 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 as two toys if had rather a grievance, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost sick, to think what must come out with mine own honesty. I hearten 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 bored me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. 'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine hand, to the uttermost penny.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not touch the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greedy knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter Ford with Pistol, and Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. [poor.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and both young and old, one with another, Ford. He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou, Like Sir Action he, with Ringwood at thy heels: O, odious is the name!

Ford. What, what, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell. [night:

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckold-birds do Away, Sir Corporal Nym! [sing.

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. 

[Exit. Ford, [Aside I will be patient; I will find out this, Nym. [To Page] And this is true: I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the rumoured letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. I love your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit. Page. I am the humours of it, quotas a'! here's a fellow brights English out of his wits. Ford. I will seek out Falstaff. [prose.

Page. I never heard such a drawing, affecting Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a Caiarian, though the present, and I will bend him for a true man. Ford. Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg?

[Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George. [Aside to Mrs. Ford] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [Aside to Mrs. Page] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

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 Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarding men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp would I let it lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either ipsum in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host?

Host. How now, jolly-rook! thou'rt a gentleman, Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Cains the French doctor. Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [Draws him aside.

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [To Page] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Bark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [They converse apart.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleiro?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, or 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, An-creics?
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT II.

Enters Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my commission to pay thee: I have granted upon my good friends for three reprivities for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geniuncle of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hast it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hast thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinketh 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 thrust! To your mansion of Pick latch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: 1, 1, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and finding mine honour in the necessary, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensnare 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 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. Farewell, sir.

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. Do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouch-

saw what you say.

Quick. There 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, letter after letter, gold and silver; smelling so sweetly all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alli-
gnant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me 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, pension-
ers: but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Quick. What says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercy.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absent 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 trampled life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, command 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 was as furious a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so strait-witted: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I. I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: 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. 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 nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to under-
stand 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.
I'll use them well; commend me to them both;
there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go
along with this woman. [Enter Mistress Quickly and
Robin.] This news directs me! -

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriages:
Clap on more sails: pursue; up with your lights:
Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them.

Fal. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll
make more of thy old body than I have done. Will
they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the ex-
 pense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good
body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done;
so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below
would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with
you; and hath sent your worship a morning's
drink of ancient vintage.

Fal. Call him in. [Exit Bardolph.] Such Brooks
are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah,
ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encom-
passed you? go to; via!

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?
Ford. I make bold to press with so little prepara-
tion upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give
us leave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent
much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaint-
ance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I see for yours; not to charge
you; for I must let you understand I think myself
in better plight for a lender than you are: the
which hath something emboldened me to this un-
seasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before,
and virtue do lie open.

Fal. Money's a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here
troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John,
take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may desire to be
your porter. 

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the
Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad
to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,— I will be
brief with you,— and you have been a man long
known to me, though I had never so good means,
as desire, to make myself acquainted with you.
I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very
much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good
Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as
you hear them unfolded, turn another into the reg-
ister of your own: that I may pass with a reproof
the easier, with you yourself know how easy it is
to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her
husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Fal. I have long loved her, and, I protest to
you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a
doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet
her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but nig-
gadly give me sight of her: not only bought many
presents to give her, but have given largely to many
to know what she would have given; briefly, I have
herself her as love hath pursued me; which hath
been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever
I have given her, either in my mind or in my means,
meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless ex-
perience be a jewel that I have purchased at an in-
finite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:
'Love like a shadow flies when substance love
pursues;
Pursuing that it flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction
at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. What quality was your love, then?

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Like a fair house built on another man's
ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking
the place where I erected it. [Exit.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to
Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you
all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me,
yet that she has other suitors; which I know to be
true, and that there is shrewd construction made of her.
Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gen-
tleman of excellent breeding; admirable discourse,
of great admiittance, authentic in your place and
person; generally allowed for your many war-like,
court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money;
spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have;
only give me so much of your time in exchange of
it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honours of this
Ford's: use your art of wooing: win her consent to
you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of
your affection, that I should win what you would
enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very
preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so se-
curely 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 communicate themselves; I could drive
her thence from the ward of her purity, her reputation.
In a word, both to show, and a thousand other her
defences, which now are too strongly embattled
against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your
money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am
a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Fal. I say you shall.

[none.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want

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,
herself and others she went to and from me; for 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 best in your acquaintance. Do you
know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know
him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say
the jealous wittol knave hath masses of money,
for which the his wife seems to well-favoured. I
will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffers;
and there's my harverpion.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might
avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I
will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my
cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor over the
Act III.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Scene I.

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitals that me have stay six or seven, two, treee hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now he old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some suit of our youth in us: we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will he 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 pietistic churchman. You must go with me, master doctor. [Mock water.

Host. Pardoun, guest-justice, A word, Mournseur Caius. Mock-water! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully. Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman. Scaryy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He vill clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me de look he shall clapper-de-claw me: for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Host. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Sl. Adieu, good master doctor. [Exeunt Page, Shal., and Sl.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feeding; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I ain? said I well? Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, my lord's earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; well said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. 1 pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which

way have we looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physics?

Sin. Marry, sir, the pitie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

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Evans. I most vehemently desire you will also
look that way.
Sim. I will, sir.
[Exit.]
Evans. 'Tis my soul, how full of chollors I am,
and trembling of mind! I shall be glad if he have
devised how to make my seeds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —
Meric on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.
[Songs.
Melodious birds sing madrigals —
When I sat in Paphion —
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow, &c.

Re-enter Simple.
Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Evans. He's welcome. [Songs.
To shallow rivers, to whose falls —
Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master,
Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogs-
more, over the stile, this way.
Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep
it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.
Shal. How now, master Parson! Good morrow,
good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamaster out of the dice, and
a good student out of his book, and it is wonderful.
Sim. [Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!
Page. 'Tis my soul, good Sir Hugh!
Evans. 'Tis your friend, and I, your mercysake, all of you!
Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?
Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and
hoose this raw rheumatic day!
Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.
Page. We are come to you to do a good office,
master parson.
Evans. Fery well; what is it?
Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who,
believing having received wrong by some person, is at
most odds with his own gravity and patience that
ever you saw.
Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I
never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning,
so wide of his own respect.
Evans. What is he?
Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor
Caius, the renowned French physician.
Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I
had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.
Page. Why?
Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hicobrates and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly
knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.
Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight
with him.
Sim. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!
Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep them
asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.
Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your
weapon.
Shal. So do you, good master doctor.
Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let
them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.
Caius. I pray you, let me speak a word with your
car. Wherefore will you not meet-a me?
Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, use your patience;
in good time.
Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog,
John ape.
Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, let us not be
bragging toockers to other men's humours; I desire
you in friendship, and I will one way or other make
you amend. [Aloud] I will knock your urinals about
your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings
and appointments.
Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, — mine host de parson,
I like not stay for him to kill him. Have I not,
at de place I did appoint?
Evans. As I am a Christian soul now, look you,
this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by
mine host of the Garter.
Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French
and Welsh, sole-curer and body-curer!
Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.
Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?
Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the
potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my
priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the prayers
and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial;
so. Give me thy hand, celestial; 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 but burnt sack be the issue. Come,
shal, let us turn to a thousand prayers.
Page. I am at the place,
Page. I am at the place,
Page. I am at the place,
Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.
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Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.
Page. I am at the place.

SCENE II.—A street.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant;
you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a
leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or
eye your master's heels?
Robin. I bad rather, forsooth, go before you like a
man than follow him like a dwarf.
Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see
you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?
Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she
at home?
Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together,
for want of company. I think, if your husbands
were deat, you two would marry.
Mrs. Page. Be sure of that.—two other husbands.
Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?
Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dicken his
name is my husband had him of. What do you
call your knight's name, sirrah?
Ford. Sir John Falstaff.
Ford. Sir John Falstaff!
Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.
There is such a league between my good man and
he! Is your wife at home indeed?
Ford. Indeed she is.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—Act III., Scene i.
Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.  
[Exit Mrs. Page and Robin.]

Ford. Has Page any brains; hath he any eyes; hath he thinking?  
Sure, they sleep; he hath the Falstaff in him, the boy with his!  
Good letters, twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank: he cries Man, I cannot hear him; he has the Falstaff's boy with his!  
[Exit Ford.]

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 witches in Batchel-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?  
Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.  
[Exit Servants.]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-musket! what news with you?  
Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.  
Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?  
Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn.  
Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!  
Mrs. Page. You warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.  
[Exit.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumishment; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?  
Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough;  
this is the paragon of my ambition: O this blessed Mrs. Ford, O sweet Sir John!  
[Exit.]

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. Thy lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!  
Fal. Let the court of France show me such another.  
I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian adornment.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become nothing else: nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so;  
thou wouldst make an absolute curiouer; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled parting: I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.  
Come, thou must not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.  
Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee.  
Come, I cannot cog any other reason this and that, like a number of these hisping laowhters, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time: I cannot, but I love thee;  
one but thee; and then deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

SCENE III.—A room in Ford's house.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!  
Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket  
Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!
ACT III.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE III.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.


Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [Falstaff hides himself!]

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overwhelmed, you're undone for ever!

Mistress Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Ford? You're a well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?

Mistress Ford. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! I wish it were true! I wish I had it true!

Mrs. Page. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mistress Ford. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence; and you are undone.

Mrs. Page. Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mistress Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman near me, sir; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather:' your husband's here at hand; best think of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to buckling: or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Dutchet-meal.

Mistress Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [Coming forward] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never—[Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call you a man, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!


Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the clerk-staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Dutchet-meal; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caiaus, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, when the matter is over, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you Sir Hugh Evans. To the laundress, forsooth. [this?]

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whether they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck! I warrant you buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out! I'll warrant we'll unmask the fox. Let me stop this way first. [Locking the door.] So, now uncap.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen. [Exit Page.

Ford. This is very fantastical humour and jealousies. Caiaus. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [Exeunt Page, Caiaus, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellence in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissembling disease will scarce obey this medicin.

Mrs. Ford. Shail we send that foolish carrier, Mistress Page, to you, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caiaus, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.


Ford. Evans, is there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the cellars, and in the presses, herein forgive my sins at the day of judgment! Caiaus. By gar, nor I; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

[Exit. Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for Evans. You suffer for a past conclusion: your wife is as honest a 'oman as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caiaus. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I
that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave
Anne. Now, Master Sleender,— [you.
Sten. Now, good Mistress Anne,—
Anne. What is your will?
Sten. My father'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 Sleender, what would you
with me.
Sten. Truly, for mine own part. I would little or
nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath
made motions; if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man
be his dote! They can tell you how things go better
than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Sleender: love him, daughter
Anne.
Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.
Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs. Page. Master Fenton, come not to my Page.
She is no match for you. [child.
Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Sleender, in
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, Shal., and Sten.

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your
In such a righteous fashion as I do, daughter
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love
And not retire: let me have your good will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to your fool,
Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better hus-
Quick. That's my master, master doctor. [band.
Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick in the earth
And bow'd to death with turnips! [ter Fenton,
Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Mas-
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.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.
[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.

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,
Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [Exit Fenton.
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 Sleender had her: or, in sooth, I would Mas-
ter 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 speciously for Master Fent-
on. 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.
I have lived to be carried in a basket,
like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown
in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick,
I'll have my brains taken out and butter'd, and give
them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues
slipted me into the river with as little remorse as
they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen of the fitter: 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 drowined so that the shore was shelvy and shallow—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been drowined! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

_Exit._

_Bardolph_ with sack.

_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 snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

_Bard._ Call her in, woman!

_Enter Mistress Quickly._

_Quiet._ By your leave;  I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

_Fal._ Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pot of sack truly.

_Bard._ With eggs, sir?

_Quiet._ Simple of itself; I'll no palet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit Bardolph.] How now!

_Quiet._ Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

_Fal._ Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

_Quiet._ Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection. [promise]

_Fal._ So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's

_Quiet._ 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.

_Quiet._ I will tell her.

_Fal._ Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

_Quiet._ Eight and nine, sir.

_Fal._ Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

_Quiet._ Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.]

_Fal._ I marvel I hear not of Master Brook: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

_Enter Ford._

_Ford._ Bless you, sir!

_Fal._ Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

_Ford._ That, indeed, Sir John, is my business. 

_Fal._ Master, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

_Ford._ And sped you, sir?

_Fal._ Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

_Ford._ How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

_Fal._ No, Master Brook; but the pecking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual pushain of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protestèd, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his hee-las rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, 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, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a bucket.

_Ford._ A buck-basket!

_Fal._ By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul souks and stews, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

_Ford._ And how long lay you there?

_Fal._ Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in this basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knife would have searched it: but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the proud of these courses of clothes to be delivered; 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, bilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong dissolution, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of this;—a man of my kindred, think of that,—that an ass subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to escape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surfeit, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

_Ford._ In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

_Fal._ Master, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have here will Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband this morning gone a-birding; I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

_Ford._ 'Tis past eight already, sir.

_Fal._ Is it? I will then address me to your appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.]

_Ford._ Hum! ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I dream? Master Ford! awake! awake! Master Ford! there's a lie made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecturer; he is 't my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, put into a pepper box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I 'll be horn-mad. [Exit.]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford’s already, think’st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I will 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? [to play. Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave 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. [come. Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head: Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; and, God’s name, let your master be 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! ’s nouns.’ Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is ‘fair,’ Will, Polecat? [William? Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.


Evans. No, it is ‘lapsis’: I pray you, remember in your prayer.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lead articles? Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined. Singulariter, nominativum, hic, haec, hoc.

Evans. Nominativum, hic, haec, hoc; pray you, mark: genitivum, hius, suas, suae, suae.

Well, what is your accusativum, William? Will. Accusativum, hic.


Mrs. Page. Peace!


Will. Genitivum,—horum, harum, horum. Quick. Vengeance of Jenny’s case! tie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore. Evans. For shame, ’oman. You’o do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hauck, which they’o do fast enough of themselves, and to call ‘horum’ tie upon you! Evans. ’Oman, art thou lunatic! hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

SCENE II.—A room in Ford’s house.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my suffrance. I see you are obscene in your love; and I profess requital to a hair’s breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accompaniments, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He’s a-birding, sweet Sir John.


Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who’s at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old tunes again; he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind: so curses all Eve’s daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, ‘Peer out, peer out!’ that any madness I ever beheld but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him: and swears he was carried out the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own fouldery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly shamed, and he’s but a dead man. What a woman are you! —Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

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
10:31

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffee, chest, trunk, web, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Ford. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised —

Mrs. Page. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Ford. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman’s gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.

Ford. So this is he?


Mrs. Page. Set somebody hold let Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is lunaticks! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed. Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress Ford.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous foot to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forbid you witness do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah. Pulling clothes out of the basket.

Page. This passes!

Ford. Would you take up your wife’s clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was some 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. Pull me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a man’s death.

Page. Here is no man.

Ford. By my faith, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eevens. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is —

Ford. Well, he’s not here I seek for. [Jealousies.]

Page. Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show 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.

Ford. What, he, 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! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what’s brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daintyy as this, is beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you whoreson, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.


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, Youth in a basket! O you panderer rascals! there’s a knot, a breach, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleeding!
cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let’s obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I have the cudgel bawled and hung over the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scoured out of him: if the devil have him not in too simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it 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 afflicated, 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.

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.

Ford. 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 bear not him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Ford. Ay, sir: I’ll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I’ll make them pay; I’ll save them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I’ll save them. Come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Ford’s house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. ’Tis one of the best discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour. [wilt: Ford. Pawn me, wife. Henceforth do what then I rather will suspect the sun with cold [stand, Thus they with wantonness: now do they thy honour in him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. ’Tis well, ’tis well; no more: Be not as extreme in submission As in offence.

But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they’ll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie, he’ll never come. Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peat as an old ‘oman; me-thinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you’ll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great tang’d horns; And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood and shames a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner;

You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know The superstitious tule-headed eld

Received and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear In deep of night to walk by this Herne’s oak: But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he’ll come: And in this shape when you have brought him thither, What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, And thus:

Nan Page, a daughter and my little son And three or four more of their growth we’ll dress Like urchins, urchins and fairies, green and white, With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden, As Falstaff, she and I, are newly met, Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once With some diffused song: upon their sight, We two in great amazement will fly: Then let them all encircle him about And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight, And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel, In their so sacred paths he dares to tread In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth, Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known, We’ll all present ourselves, dis-born the spirit, And shock him home to Windsor good will.

Ford. The children must Be practised well to this, or they’ll ne’er do. Evans. 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. They shall be excellent. I’ll go and buy them.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white.


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 use us properties And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let me about it: it is admirable pleasures and very honest knaveries.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford, Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

I’ll to the doctor: he hath my good will. And none but he, to marry with Nan Page. That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And he my husband best of all affects. The doctor is well men’dy’d, and his friends Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her. Though twenty thousand worther come to crave her.

[Exit.
SCENE V.—A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, ho? what, thick-skinned talk, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir. I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slenor.

Host. There’s his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing bed and truckle-bed; ’tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he’ll speak like an Anthropophilus unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. I would to heaven a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I’ll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed; I’ll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? Is it thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Sim. [Aside] How now, mine host!

Host. Here’s a Bohemian-Tartar terries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully; let her descend; my chambers are honorable: lie? lie!—Enter Falstaff.

Sim. There was mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she’s gone. [Brentford?]

Sim. Pray you, sir, was’t not the wise woman of Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscel-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slenor, sent to her saying, her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Sim. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Sim. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slenor of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Sim. 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 were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master’s fortune to have her or no.

Sim. “Tis, ’tis, a fault of his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Sim. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Sim. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Host. Thou, sensible host, must make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Sim. 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, who they are.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond 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 Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hostes of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Coggeshall, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise and full of gibes and slandering-stocks, and ’tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

[Exit.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Veris mine host de Jarteer?

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 Jananny: by my 1rot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight. I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exit Host and Bard. Fol. I would I could 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 till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I foresware myself at prime-ro. Well, if my way were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Sim. 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.

Host. Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Sim. What tellest 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 constant had set me the stocks, the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and I, 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.

Sim. Come up into my chamber.

[Exit.

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.

Fent. As you please, sir. I will assist me in my purpose.

Host. Assist me in my purpose, and as an honest gentleman, I’ll give thee a hundred pound in gold more than thy loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you with these letters from Tho. Page: Who mutually hath answer’d my affection, So far forth as herself might be her choosers,
ACT V.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. SCENE V.

Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at: The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both; fat Falstaff Hath a great scene; the image of the jest I’ll show you here at last. Her 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 Elton. Immediately to marry: she hath consented: Now, sir, Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That she shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are taking of their minds, And at the deanery, 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, To the better denote to her the doctor, For they must all be masked and go armed. That quaint in green she shall be loose curdled, With ribands pendant, flattering about 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? Ford. Both. But she is one. And here it rests, that you’ll procure the vicar To stay for me at church ‘twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony. Host. Well, husband your device; I’ll to the vicar: Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest. Ford. So shall I evermore 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 Mistress Quickly. Ford. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I’ll hold, This is the third time: I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away! Quickly. I’ll provide you a chain; and I’ll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. Ford. Away. I say; time wears: hold up your head, and minece. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter Ford. How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter Will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne’s oak, and you shall see wonders. Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed? Ford. I went to her. Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a very old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him. Master Brook, that ever governed treeny. 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 Goliah with a weaver’s beam; because I know the strife itself is a snore. I am in haste: go along with me: I’ll tell you, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I knew not what ‘t was to be beaten till lately. Folow me: I’ll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver her wife into your hands. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park. Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender. Page. Come, come; we’ll concoch the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter. Shallow. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a may-word how to know one another; I come to her white, and very ‘mum!’ she cries ‘budget!’ and by that we know one another. Skulld. That’s good too: but what needs either your ‘mum’ or her ‘budget’? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o’clock. Page. The night is dark: light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let’s away; follow me. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A street leading to the Park. Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius. Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, and away with her to the deanery; and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together. Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu. Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor’s marrying my daughter: but ’tis no matter: better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break. Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Huglia? Mrs. Page. They are all concealed 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 dispaly to the night. Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him. Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked. Mrs. Ford. We’ll betray him finely. [cry Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their leeches; Those that betray them do no treacheries. Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park. Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as Faires. Evans. 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 as Herne. Ford. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve: the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded goddass
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, of the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blaming blame to miss my tail? Who comes here? my doe?

**Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.**

*Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my dear? my male deer?*

**Ford.** My doe with the black sent! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the time of Green Sleeves, half kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [heart]

*Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet- Ford. Divide me like a bribe brick, each a branch: I will keep myself to myself, my shoulders to the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.**

**Mrs. Page.** Alas, what noise? 

*Mrs. Ford.** Haven forgive our sins! 

**Ford.** What should this be? 

*Mrs. Ford.** Away, away! [They run off.]

**Ford.** I think the devil will not have me damned, least he there’s in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

**Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as before:** 

*Evans. Sweet Master, and the owner it. Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white. You moonshine revelers, and shades of night. You orphan heirs of fixed destiny. Attend your office and your quality. Crier Holgobain, make the fairy eyes. Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys. Cricket, to Windsor chimney’s shall thou leap: Wherefort hedges unmarked and worlds unmar- There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry; swept, Our radiant queen laces slats and slutted. [thud.] 

**Ford.** They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall I ’ll wink and cough; no man their works must eat. 

*Lies down upon his face.*

**Evans.** Where’s Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid That, ere she sleeps, has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the organs of her fancy; Sleep she as sound as careless infancy; But those as sleep and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, bucks, shoulders, sides and Quick. About, about; [shims. Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out: Strew good luck, ophues, on every sacred room: That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome as in state’s it is, Worthy the owner, and swell his gain. The several chairs of order look you scorn With juice of balm and every precious flower; Each fair instamant, coat, and several crest, With loyal blazon, evermore be blust! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing, Like tomb haunts find companionship. The expression that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white; Like sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood’s bending knee: Fairies use flowers for their charactery. Away; disperse: but till ‘tis one o’clock, Let our dance of custom round about the oak Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. 

**Evans.** Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set; And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, To guide our measure round about the tree. But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth. 

**Ford.** Hark! there’s a defender come from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! [birth.]

*Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o’erlook’d even in thy 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, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart. 

*Pist. A trial, come. 

**Evans.** Come, will this wood take fire? [They burn him with their taperes.]

**Ford.** 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. 

**SONG.**

Flie on sinful fantasy! 

Flie on lust and luxury! Last is but a bloody fire. Kindled with unchei desire, Fed in heart, whose fames aspire As thoughts to blow them, higher and higher. Pinch him, fairies, mutually; Pinch him for his villany: Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about, Till cannelies and starlight and moonshine be out.

*During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Calus comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Sender another way, and takes off a boy in white; and Ventoun comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck’s head, and ries.

**Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.**

*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 these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town? 

**Ford.** You never, 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-lasket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook. 

*Mrs. Ford.** Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again: but I will always count you my deer. 

**Ford.** I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass. 

**Ford.** Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

**Ford.** 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 ’tis may be made a Jack-a-Lent, wench, ’tis upon ill employment!
Eros. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not please you.

Ford. Well said, Father Hugh.

Eros. And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Ford. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross an erroneous as this? Am I rid with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I was chcoked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eros. Sese is not good to give puffer; your belly is all puffer.

Ford. 'Sese' and 'puffer'! have I lived to stand at the tantlr of one that makes triflers 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?

Ford. Old, cold, withered and of intolerable entails!

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eros. And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack and wine and methuselahs, and to drinkings and swarings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Ford. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plume of o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

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. [Aside] Doctors doth that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whan, ho! ho, father Page?

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know 't; would I were hanged, ha, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been I the church, I would have 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 postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'bedger,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deancy, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married an garcon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor.

[Exit.

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! [Pardon]

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother.

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Ford. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.

Page. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love.

Mrs. Page. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted.

Ford. Sir, the offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft.

Page. If disobedience, or undutious title, Since therein she doth evitate and shun.

Anne. A thousand irreverent cursed hours, [Her.

Page. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy: In love the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Ford. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschewed must be embraced.

Ford. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

[Enter.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: Master Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home;

Page. And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire: Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,

To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[Exit.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Vincentio, the Duke.
Angelo, Deputy.
Esclus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastic.
Two other gentlemen.
Provost.
Thomas, two friars.
PETER, A Justice.
VARRIUS.
Elbow, a simple constable.

Froth, a foolish gentleman.
Pompey, servant to Mistress Overdone.
Abhorson, an executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a nun.
Mistress Overdone, a bawd.
Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Esclus, Lords and Attendants.


Esclus. 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
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you; then no more remains,
But that to your 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're 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. [Enter

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Erected him our access to supply.
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Esclus. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.

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, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues, nor nature never lends

The smallest sample of her excellence
But, like a thirsty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a created
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:—

In our remove be thou at full onself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart; old Esclus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself and leaves unquest'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concerns shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scrape; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privately away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Ayes vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Esclus. Lead forth and bring you luck in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

Esclus. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you: and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature I am not yet instructed. Ay. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together, and we may soon our satisfaction have Touching this matter. Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Nor doth conclude like the sanctimonious pirate, that went with to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Shall not steal'?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'tis a commandment to commit 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 perform the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant: as there may between the lists and the violet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the violet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece; I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, 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, or that I begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. [Exeunt.]

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have Sec. 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 her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand colours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First 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; impety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Or. Well, well; there's one youder arrested and carried to prison was worth live thousand of you. Sec. Gent. As I pray thee? [fall.] Mrs. Or. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Clun. First Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so. [dio.] Mrs. Or. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Or. 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.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it. [Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.]

Mrs. Or. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what's the news with you? Pompey. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Or. Well; what has he done?

Pompey. A woman.

Mrs. Or. But what's his offence?

Pompey. Grabbing for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Or. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pompey. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you? Mrs. Or. What proclamation, man?

Pompey. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plumbed down.

Mrs. Or. And what shall become of those in the Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgler put in for them.

Mrs. Or. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be plumbed also?

Pompey. To the ground, mistresse.

Mrs. Or. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pompey. Come: fear not you: good counselors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still.

Mrs. Or. I have bought a house in the suburbs for the time to come, and I'll have gotten together a thousand people for a fair. They are well pleased with the fair. Mrs. Or. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

Pompey. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers.

Claudio. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pros. I do it not in evil disposition, but from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claudio. Thus can the demigod Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight. The words of heaven: on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so't yet still it is just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

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 immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty evil: and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the folly of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claudio. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is 't murder?
ACT I.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE IV.

Claud. No.
Lucio. Lechery?
Claud. Call it so.

[Enter Friar, Lucio, and Priest.

Priest. Here, you must go. [with you.

Lucio. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so look'd after?

[Enter Clay. Thus stands it with me: upon a true con-

[Enter Friar. I got possession of Julietta's bed:

[Enter Lucio. Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Which the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his omission that fills it up,

I stagger'd in: Lucio, my new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties [will

Which have, like miscord'd armour, hung by the

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 millmaid, if she be

In love, may sign it off. Send after the duke

And appeal to him.

Lucio. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, 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 grown I hope in that; for in my youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement

Of the state, as for the use of her mind which else should 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.

Lucio. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away!

SCENE III. — A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dripping dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose;
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps,
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And sent it receiv'd. Now, pleas sir,
You will demand of me: What do I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cage,
That goes about to whet his teeth, and his fangs,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty pinch'd in infancy.

The baby beats the nurse, and quite aathwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased;
And if 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 gaff them
For what I bid them do; for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And it 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 fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people; therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Standing a guard with envy; scarce confessest
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to breathe than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seers be.

SCENE IV. — A nunery.

Enter Isabella and Franciscus.

Isab. And have you oon's no farther privileges?

Fra. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votaries of Saint Clare.
[Aside. [Within] No! Peru that this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fra. 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 unworn.
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the priors;
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [Exit.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stand me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudius?

Isab. I am the same Lucio. [Enter Lucio. Isab. unhappy Lucio? let me ask, The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.


Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his
ACT II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE I.

He should receive his punishment in thanks: He hath get his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make 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 sainted, By your renouncement an immortal spirit, And to be talk'd with in sincerity, As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis You and his lover have embraced: [thus: As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time That from the seedness the bare fallow brings To teeming poison, even so her plentiful womb Expresseth his full tillth and husbandry. [Juliet? Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin Lucio. Is she your cousin? [names Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. Isab. O, let him marry her.

This is the point. The duke is very strangely gone from hence; How many gentlemen, myself being one In hand and hope of action. By these that know the very nerves of state, His givings-out were of an infinite distance; From his true-meant design. Upon his place, And with full line of his authority, Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood Is very snow-broth; one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense, But doth rebuke and blunt his natural edge With profits of the mind, study and fast. He—to give fear to use and liberty, Which have for long run by the hideous law, As mice by hounds—hath pick'd out an act, Under whose heavy sense your brother's life Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it: And follows close the rigour of the statute, To make him an example. All hope is gone, Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer To soften Angelo; and that's my path of business 'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life? Lucio. Has censured 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 sue, Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel, All their petitions are as freely theirs As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight; No longer staying but to give the mother Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you 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.  

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  

SCENE I.  

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?  

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.  

Ang. Are you, sir?  

Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir! parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plumbed down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house.  

Escal. How know you that? [too.  

Elb. Ay, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour.  

Escal. How? thy wife?  

[woman.—  

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest  

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?  

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she; if she be not a bawd's house, it is pitty 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 cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.  

Escal. By the woman's means?  

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spits in his face, so she detests him.  

Pom. 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?  

Pom. No, indeed, sir; nor 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-bellied, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed princes; 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 honour's have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.  

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.  

Pom. No, indeed, sir; nor 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-bellied, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed princes; 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 honour's have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.  

Froth. No, indeed.  

Pom. Why, you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid princes,—  

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.  

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past care of the thing yougot of; unless they keepeth it or doth it told you,—  

Froth. All this is true.  

Pom. Why, very well, then. —  

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose.  

What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her,  

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet. Escal. But I mean it not.  

Pom. 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 year; whose father died at Hallowmas: was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?  

Froth. All-hallow eve.  

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir: 'tis in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?  

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good delight.  

Pom. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.  

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there; I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.  

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.  

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, or none.  

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her.  

Escal. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.  

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.  

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentle man to her?  

Pom. Dost thou, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Dost thy honour mark his face?  

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.  

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.  

Escal. Well, I do so.  

Pom. Dost thy honour see any harm in his face?  

Escal. Why, no.  

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.  

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?  

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.  

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.  

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.  

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.  

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?  

Elb. O thou calf! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.  

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.  

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What of your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked calf?  

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.  

Elb. I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.  

Escal. Where were you born, friend?  

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.  

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?  

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.  

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?  

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.  

Escal. Your mistress' name?  

Pom. Mistress Overdone.  

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?  

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone 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 none 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?
SCENE II.—Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Prov. He's hearing of a cause; he will come I'll tell him of you.

Serv. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.]

Prov. I'll know His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for 't.

Enter Angelo.

Aug. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Aug. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his dooms.

Aug. Go to: let that be mine: Do you your office, or give you up your place, And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Aug. Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd 
Dares access to you.

Aug. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

Aug. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.]

See you the fornicatress be removed: Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Aug. God save your honour!

Prov. Stay a little while. [To Isab.] You're welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

Aug. How's 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.

Aug. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside] Heaven give them moving graces!

Aug. Observe the fault, and not the actor of it? Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the very cipher of a function. To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law! I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour! Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him; Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold; if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Aug. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes: I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy,
Any. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would? Any. 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?

He. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again. Well, believe this, No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the disputed 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 slept like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabella! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

[Aside.] Ay, touch him; there's

Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas! why, all the souls that were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the 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.

Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!

He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister [you;]
To our dear selves? Good, good my lord, beThink Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, well said.

Any. The law hath not been dealt, though it hath slept:

Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake.

Takes note of what is done: and, like a prophet,
Leeks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Yet show some pity.

Any. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know.
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As low as little does? Love should ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unedgeable and quarrel'd oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry 

Days such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench! He's coming; I perceive 't. [He will relent.] 

Provost. [Aside.] Fray heaven she win him! these
We cannot weigh our brother with ourselves.
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt the right girl: more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy:
[on t. 

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Art advised o' that? more

Any. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That liketh a brother's fault: it will confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his.
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Any. [Aside] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back. [well.

Any. I will bethe hin': come again to-morrow.

Isab. Mark how I'll bribe you: good my lord,
Any. How! bribe me? [turn back.

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sunrise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maid's whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Well; come to me to-morrow.

Any. [Aside to Isab.] Go to: 'tis well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Any. [Aside] Amen

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Any. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.

Any. What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or
The tempter or the tempted, whosis most? [mine.

Ha! Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carriion 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, he, he, he!
What's the best arm, or what's the fairest? Anger?
Dest thou desire her folly for these things
That make her good? O, let her brother live;
Thieves for their robbery have authority [her.
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again;
And best upon her heart, what's that is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints clos'd bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth good 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 smiled and wonder'd how.

**SCENE III. — A room in a prison.**

**Enter**, severally, **Duke disguised as a friar**, and

**Provost.**

**Duke.** Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

**Prov.** I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

**Duke.** Bound by my charity and my best order, I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me know the nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. [needful.

**Prov.** I would do more than that, if more were

**Enter Juliet.**

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws 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 awhile, [To Juliet.

And you shall be conducted.

**Duke.** Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry? **Jul.** I do; and bear the shame most patiently. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
And try your sentence, if it be sound, [conscience.
Or hollowly put on.

**Jul.** I'll gladly learn.

**Duke.** Love you the man that wrong'd you?

**Jul.** Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

**Duke.** So then it seems your most offensive act
Was mutually committed?

**Jul.** Mutually.

**Duke.** Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

**Jul.** I do confess it, and repent it, father.

**Duke.** 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do
Forget
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always towards, ourselves, not
heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.—

**Jul.** I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And hate the shame with joy. [Duke.

There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, Benedicte! [Exit. **Jul.**

Must die to-morrow! O injuries love,
That respires me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror! [Prov.

'Tis pity of him. [Exit.

**SCENE IV. — A room in Angelo's house.**

**Enter Angelo.**

**Aug.** When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst in my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Israel: 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 vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'T is not the devil's crest.

**Enter a Servant.**

How now! who's there?

**Serv.** One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

**Aug.** Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] O heavens! Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish thongs 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,
Quite their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untainted love
Must needs appear offence.

**Enter Isabella.**

How now, fair maid?

**Isab.** I am come to know your pleasure.

**Aug.** That you might know it, would much better please me.

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

**Aug.** Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.

**Isab.** Under your sentence?

**Aug.** Yes.

**Isab.** When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

**Aug.** Ha! lie these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

**Isab.** 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

**Aug.** 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 staint'd?

**Isab.** Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

**Aug.** I talk not of your soul: our compel'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompl.

**Isab.** How say you?

**Aug.** Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

**Isab.** Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

**Aug.** Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

**Isab.** That I do beg his life, if it be sin.
Heaven let me hear it! you granting of my suit,
It be that sin, I'll make it my most prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

**Aug.** Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.
ACT III.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  SCENE I.

Isab.  Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang.  Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black marks
Proclaim an ensniled beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd.  But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab.  No.

Ang.  And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab.  True.

Ang.  Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desired of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab.  As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whipps I 'ld wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I 'ld yield
My body up to shame and death.

Ang.  Then must your brother die.

Isab.  And 't were the cheaper way;
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang.  Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab.  Ignomy in ranson and free pardon
Are of two houses; lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang.  You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the siding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab.  O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
I something do excuse the thing I hate, [mean:
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang.  We are all frail.

Isab.  Else let my brother die,
If not a foedary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang.  Nay, women are frail too.  [selves;

Isab.  Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!  Help Heaven!  I fear their creation man
In printing by them.  Nay, call us ten times frail
For we are soft as our complacencies are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang.  I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—

Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;
I do arrest your words.  Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab.  I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang.  Plainly conceived.  I love you.

Isab.  My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang.  He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab.  I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fonder than it is,
Topnick on others.

Ang.  Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab.  Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!  Seeing, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother.  [aloud
Or with an outstretched threat I'll tell the world
What man thou art.

Ang.  Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsold'd name, the astoner of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweight
That you shall still in your own report
And snarl of calamity.  I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering suflerance.  Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him.  As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[Exit.

Isab.  To whom should I complain?  Did I tell this,
Who would believe me?  O perious months,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws!  I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he 'ld yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoo.
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fix his mind to death, for his soul's rest.  [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in the prison.

Enter Duke, disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke.  So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud.  The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke.  Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter.  Reason thus with
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing [life:

That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skye influences.
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict; merely, thou art death's tool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun
And yet runnest toward him still.  Thou art not
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness.  Thou'rt by no means
valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm.  Thy best of rest is sleep,
As isabel. 

Prov. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Isab. And very welcome. Look, signior, here’s your sister.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

Due. O heavens! It cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give’t thee, from this rank offence.

Claud. To sue to live, I find I seek to die;

And, seeking death, dull life: let it come on.

Isab. Would thou wouldst have happiness, my lord! Peace here; grace and good company!


Due. Dear sir, ere long I’ll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here’s your sister.

Due. Provost, a word with you.

Proc. As many as you please.

Due. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. 

Claud. Now, sister, what’s the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Angels are living and in 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.

Isab. Is there no remedy?

Claud. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain. 

But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you’ll importune it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

Isab. Perpetual durance?

Due. Ay, just: perpetual durance, a restraint,

Though all the world’s vastity you had,

To a determined scope.

Isab. But in what nature?

Due. 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,

Lest thou a-feverous life shouldst entertain,

And six or seven winters more respect

Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,

In corporal suffering finds a pang as great

As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine own: — grave

Isab. There spoke my brother; there my father’s

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die;

Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances. This outward-sainted deity,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word

Nips youth in the head and fouls doth emmew

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;

His filth within being cast, he would appear

A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. O, ’tis the cunning livery of hell,

The dammed soul’s Boyd to best and horrid cover

In prenzie guards! — Dost thou think, Claudio?

If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give’t thee, from this rank offence.

So to offend him still. This night’s the time

That I should do what I abhor to name,

Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do’t.

Isab. O, were it but my life,

I’d throw it down for your deliverance

As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick

Be perdurably mired? O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot:

This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clot; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprison’d in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

The penent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and uncertain thought

Imagine horror: ’tis too soon.

The weirdest and most loathed worldly life

That age, aching, 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 wretch!

Will thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is’t not a kind of incest, to take life

[think?

From thine own sister’s shame? What should I

Heaven shield my mother play’d my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne’er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!

Die, perish! Might but my bending down

Reprove thee from thy fate, it should proceed:

I’ll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,

No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin’s not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a lawd:
ACT III.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE II.

'Is best that thou diest quickly.

Claud.

O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
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
awhile.

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed
between you and your sister. Angelo had never
the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an
assembly or two stands, to try his judgment with
the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of
honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial
which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor
to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore
prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your reso-
lation from the angry law; do not stain to 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 Claudius.]
Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone.
Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises
with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath
made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty
makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being
the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of
it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made
to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding;
and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling,
I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to
content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had
rather my brother die by the law than my son should
be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good
duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I
can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or
discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the
matter stands, I will avoid your accusation;
he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your
ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing
good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself
believe that you may most uprightly do a poor
wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your broth-
er from his law-wounding inveighings; it is not the
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, father. 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
were with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was
alliance to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed:
between which time of the contract and limit of the
solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at
sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of
his sister. But mark how heavily this befall to
the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and
renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most
kind and natural; with him, the portion and sire of
her marriage-dowry, with both, her combine husband, this well-seeing Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dripped not one
of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole,
pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few,
beseeched her on her own humiliation, which she
yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her
tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take
this poor maid from the world! What corruption in
this life, that it will let this man live? But how
out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal;
and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but
keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fornicated maid hath yet in her
the continuing of her first affection, and that
kindness, that in all reason should have quenched
her love, hath, like an impediment in the current,
made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo;
answer his requiring with a plausible obedience;
agree with his demands to the point; only refer your
affairs to her: then, 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
stead your appointment, go in your place; if the
encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel
him to be accomplice: and here, by this, is your
brother saved, your honour untainted, 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
delightness 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
your self to Angelo; if for this night he entreat
you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction.
I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the
moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At
that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo,
that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you
well, good father.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on
the other, Elb, and Officers with Pompey.

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?

Proo. 'Twas never merry world since, of two
maries, the merriest was put down, and the worser
allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him
warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too,
for, that craft, being richer than innocency,
stands for the facing.

Duke. Take you your way, sir. 'Bless you, good
father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What of
fenced 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
T III.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE II.

Lucio. 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 dutes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too cruel that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking is put down, for they say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downward way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-nymph swam him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; 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 cockpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her chock, and the child would recover 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, my prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, sir: 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the crown the scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir. I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest your answer, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you: and I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio: well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more;
or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But
indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear
this again.
Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in
me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell
if Claudio die to-morrow or no?
Duke. Why should he die, sir?
Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-
dish, I would the duke we talk of were returned
again: this ungeniature agent will unpeople the
province! Yet, tell me, friar; the provender must not build
in his horse-caves, because they are lecherous. The
duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered;
he would never bring them to light: would he were
returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for
untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray
for me. The duke, I say to thee, would again, would
mutter on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I
say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though
she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said
so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can now succeed, but back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with
Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go: away with her to prison!
Mrs. Or. Good my lord, be good to me: your
honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.
Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still
forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy
sweat and play the tyrant.
Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may
it please your honour.
Mrs. Or. My lord, this is one Lucio's information
against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was
with child by him in the duke's time; he promised
her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old,
come Phillip and Jacob: I have kept it myself, and
see how he goes about to abuse me!
Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license; let
him be called before us. Away with her to prison!
Go to: no more words. [Exeunt Officers with
Mistress Or.]
Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered: Claudio must die to-morrow:
let him be furnished with divines, and have all
charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by
my pity, it should not be so with him.
Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with
him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!
Escal. Of whence are you?
Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is
To use it for my time: I am a brother [now
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special order, to the church's prayer,
To comfort and to strengthen the weak,
And perform an old contracting.
[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— The mounted grange at St. Luke's.

Enter Mariana and a Boy.

Boy sings.

Mori. Break off thee 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 disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.
Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
Do 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.

Maria. 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.

Maria. I am always bound to you. [Exit Duke.]

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circumvallated with brick, whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a planched gate, That makes his opening with this bigger key; This other doth command a little door. Which from the vineyard to the garden leads; There have I made my promise

Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him. [way?]

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
Isab. I have taken a due and wary note upon't; With whispering and most guilty diligence, In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice over.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you 'greed concerning her observance? Isab. No, none, but only a repair 't the dark; And that I have possess'd him my most stay Can be but brief: for I have made him know I have a servant comes with me along, That stays upon me, whose persuasion is I come about my brother.

Maria. '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 desires to do you good,
I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you? [It.

Maria. Good friar, I know you, and have found
Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the Who hath a mystery ready for your ear. [Hand, I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;

The vaprosoor night approaches.

Maria. Will't please you walk aside?

[Exit Mariana and Isabella.]

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes Are stack upon thee; volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother,"

Maria. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To break 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 tithe's to sow. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your yokes; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpled whippimg, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? lie upon him! he will discard our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit Prov.

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour have you, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery. [mystery?

Prov. Pom. painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation. Painting, sir, is a mystery. But what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine. Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Prov. Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if the too big 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?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more prudent thief 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's folly.

Pom. 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 Maritana and Claudio. [Exit Pompey and Abhorson.

The one has my pity; not a jot the other.

Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant. Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Clau. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. [Knocking within.]

But, hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit Claudio.]

By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?

Pro. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere 'tis long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. 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 abstinance
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mead'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.

Pro. [Knocking within.] Now are they come, Duke.

Duke. This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

[Knocking within.]

How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed
With haste [strokes].

That wounds the unsisting postern with these

Pro. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But hast the to-morrow.

Pro. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more erenow.

Pro. 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.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [Giving a paper] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow: for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

Duke. [Aside] This is his pardon, purchased by
For which the pardoner himself is in, [such sin
Hence 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 friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Pro. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking
me reminis of mine office, awakens me with this un-
wanted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath
not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Pro. [Reads]

'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let
Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in
the manner whereunto the same satisfaction,
let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that
more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus
fail not to do your office, as you will answer it
at your peril.'

What says you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be ex-
ecuted in the afternoon?

Pro. 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.

Pro. His friends still wrought reprieves for him:
and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government
of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?
how seems he to be touched?

Pro. 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.

Pro. 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 times drunk. We have very oft
awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and
showed him a seeming warrant for it: he hath not
moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in
your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I
read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but,
in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in
hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant
to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than
Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand
this in a manifest effect, I crave but four days' respite;
for the which you are to do me both a present
and a dangerous courtesy.

Pro. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour
limited, and an express command, under penalty,
to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may
make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the
smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you,
if my instructions may be your guide. Let this
Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head
borne to Angelo.

Pro. Angelo hath seen them both, and will dis-
cover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may
add to it. Shade the head, and tie the beard; and
say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared
before his death; you know the course is common.
If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks
and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I
will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good father; it is against my
oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the
deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence,
if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet
MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SCENE III.

I see you fearful, that neither my coat, in-uity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you; I'll go further than I meant, to pluck all fears 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.

PROF. I know the hand, but not the seal. 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 of his new mastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding call uses 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 shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

POM. I am as well acquainted 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, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money; marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the younger, for some small quality of peach-colored satin, which now reaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spar, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Fortlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Potts, 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.

POM. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

ABHOR. What, ho, Barnardine!

BARR. [Within] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

ABHOR. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

BARR. [Within] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

ABHOR. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POM. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHOR. Go in to him, and fetch him out. POM. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

ABHOR. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

POM. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

BARR. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

ABHOR. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your ears; for, look you, the warrant's out to-day.

BARR. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

POM. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

ABHOR. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

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.

BARR. 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 to-day, that's certain.

[You Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech Look forward on the journey you shall go.]

BARR. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

BARR. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[Exit.]

Duke. Unfit to live or die; O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.

Re-enter Provost.

PROF. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

PROF. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclined; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently: the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo; see this be done, And sent according to command: whilsts I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die. 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.

PROF. I am thy free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, 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 form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

PROF. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself. Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

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,

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To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!  
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?  
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the 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.  
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!  
Injured world! most damned Angelo!  
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot; Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.  
Mark what I say, which you shall find By every syllable a faithful verity: 
[eyes;  
The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your One of our convent, and his confessor,  
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried Notice to Escalus of Angelo.  
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your 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 combined by a sacred vow  
And shall be absent. Wendi you with this letter; Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart; trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the provost?  
Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabel, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved the brother; if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.  
Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medicinal.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end; if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, triar, i am a kind of barb: I shall stick.  
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath dismounted other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manners. His actions show much like to madness; pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities Escal. I guess not.  
[there?  
Ang. And 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 shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, thou beseech me, let it be proclaimed betimes i'th' 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.

Ang. Good night.

[Exit Escalus.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body that enforced The law against it! But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden lost, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares him.

For my authority bears of a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch [lived, But it confounds the breadth. He should have Saved 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 ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!

Aack, 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 your instructions, And hold you ever to our special drift: Though sometimes you do blemish from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavins' house, And tell him where I stay; give the like notice To Valentians, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavins first.  

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well.  
[Exit.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.  
[Exit.

SCENE VI.—Street near the city gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most
Where you may have such vantage on the duke, [sit,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
The generous and gravest city sound; [sounded;
Have bent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering; therefore, hence, away!

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The city gate.

Mariana visited, Isabella, and Friar Peter, at their stand,
Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
For running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should
Wrong it, to lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forlorn residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rack of oblivion, wipe me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time; speak loud and kneel
before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Veil your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
A worthy prince, dishonour not me your hand
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom?
be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
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, or not be believed, [here!
Or wring my tears from you. Hear me. O hear me,
Ang. My lord, her wits. I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strangely.

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?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer in 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 intensity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedest of all, 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 one Claudio,
[say? Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemned 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.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed of 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are 't the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caiffat deputy,—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.


Isab. In brief, to set the needless process by
How I persuad'd, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—

For this was of much length.—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:

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He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his conceivably intemperate lust.
Release my brother; and, after much deputation,
My sister renders counsels with as much
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Duke. 0, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, foul wretch, thou know'st not
What thou speakest.

Or else thou art a born d'gainst his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That a veil be对面 this he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice [on:
Thou canst here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, 0 you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here warpped up [woe,
In countenance! Heaven shield your grace from
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you 'll fail be gone. An officer!
To prophesY with him here in my retirement.
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice,
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows
How it may be that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been my lord,
For certain words he spoke against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this is a good friar, be-
And to set on this wicked woman here [like!
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scoundrel fellow.

Fri. P. Bless'd be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he voices, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously! believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear him-
But at this instant he is sick, my lord, [self;
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended against Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false: and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whenceover he's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her sense rav'd to her eyes, Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.

[Isabella is carried off guarded; and
Mariana comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched tools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then; neither maid,
Widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk: for many of
This kind are neither maid, widow, nor wife. [fane
Duke. Silence! that fellow: I would he had some
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess besides I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me. [better.

Lucio. He was drunk then my lord: it can be no
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert
Lucio. Well, my lord. [so too.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to it, my lord:
She thinks I have no sense of formality,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Aug. Charges she more than me?

Mari. No, Lord. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Aug. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me: now I will un-

[Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That to my loving matched from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Aug. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of mar-

riage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Come short of composition, but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mori. 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 's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in shape of things do me a favour:
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

Aug. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
These poor informal women are pitiful
But instruments of some more mightier member
v. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SCENE I.

Sets them on: let me have way, my lord, and this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart; and punish them to your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman, Comparest in her that’s gone, think’s she thy faults.

[saint, though they would swear down each particular, Were testimonies against his worth and credit

That’s seal’d in approbation? You, Lord Escalus, sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains To find out this abuse, whence ‘tis derived.

There is another friar that set them on;

Let him be sent for. [deed

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord! for he in-f HIGH set the women on to this complaint:

Your provost knows the place where he abides And he may fetch him.


And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin, Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, Do with your injuries as seems you best, In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you; But still I hope you have well determined Upon these slanders.

Escal. My lord, we’ll do it thoroughly.

[Exit Duke.

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Aye, sir. ‘Greenbeard, monachum!’ honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I’ll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you? Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she’ll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That’s the way; for women are light at midnight.

Recent Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar’s habit.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here’s a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. This is false; thou factum meminisse! honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that speaks.

Escal. How! know you where you are? [devil

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the 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 case gone too. The duke’s unjust, Thus to retort your manifold appeal, And put your trial in the villain’s mouth Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, than unrevenged and unhallowed friar,

Is’t not enough thou hast suborn’d these women To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain? and then to glance from him To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence! and to the rack with him! We’ll tone you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.

What ‘unjust’!

Duke. Be not so hot: the duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he Dare rock 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 over-run the stew; laws for all faults. But faults so com teethed, that the strong statutes Stand like the forfeits in a 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, goodman baldacine: doth this fellow prove him to be?

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.

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. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasurous abuses!

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal, Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with these giglets too, and with the other confederate companions!


Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; 0h, sir! Why, you baldacine, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knife’s visage, with a pax to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will it 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 bile these gentle three. [To Lucio] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him. [To Lucio. This may not be false.

Duke. [To Escalus] What have you spoken I pardon; sit you down: [your leave.

We’ll borrow place of him. [To Angelo] Sir, by Haste thou or word, or wit, or impudence. That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it thou mayst not be heard, And hold no longer out.

Aug. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look’d upon my passes. Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then and sequent death Is all the grace I beg.
ACT V.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  
SCENE I.

Duke.  Come hither, Mariana.  Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?  
Mar.  I was, my lord.  
Duke.  Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.  
Do you the office, friar; which consorts you.  
Retire here again.  Go with him, Provost.  
[Exit Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost.  
Recall.  Duke.  My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour  
Than at the strangeness of it.  
Duke.  Come hither, Isabel.  Your year is now your prince; as I was then  
Advancing and holy to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.  
Isab.  O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty!  
Duke.  You are pardon'd, Isabel:  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;  
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash renouncement of my hidden power  
Than him so be lost.  O uncle, they say,  
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.  
I do, my lord.  
Recall.  Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.  
Duke.  For this new-arrived man approaching  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Here, your well defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudged your  
Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity and of promise-break  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,  
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;  
Like doth quittance, and measure still for measure.  
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested:  
'Three times three, and then three:  
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vain.  
We do condemn thee to the very block  
Stage, Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.  
Away with him!  
Mari.  O my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.  
Duke.  It is your husband mock'd you with a husbando  
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit: else imputation;  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life  
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,  
Although by concentration they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you withal,  
To buy you a better husband.  
Mari.  O my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man.  
Duke.  Never crave him; we are definite.  
Mari.  Gently my liege,—  
Kneeling.  You do but lose your labour.  
Away with him to death!  [To Lucio] Now, sir, to you.  
Mari.  O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;  
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come  
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.  
Duke.  Against all sense you do importune her:  
Should him be there again,  
Hiscr Banner's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.  
Mari.  Isabel,  
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;  
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.  

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad: so may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?  
Duke.  He dies for Claudio's death.  
Isto.  Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.  
Look, if it please you, on this man condition'd,  
As if my brother lived: I partly think  
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
Till he did look on me: since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died:  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way; thoughts are no subjects;  
Intentions but merely thoughts.  
Mari.  Merely, my lord,  
Duke.  Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.  
I have bethought me of another fault.  
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour?  
Prov.  'Twas it commanded so.  
Duke.  Had you a special warrant for the deed?  
Prov.  No, my good lord; it was by private message.  
Duke.  For which I do discharge you of your office:  
Give up your keys.  
Prov.  Pardon me, noble lord:  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;  
Yet, it being sent me, after I had done it:  
O, my good lord,  
Recall.  Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.  
Duke.  Which is that Barnardine?  
Prov.  This, my lord.  
Duke.  There was a friar told me of this man.  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul;  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squares 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; [that?  
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's  
Prov.  This is another prisoner that I saved,  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;  
As like almost to Claudio as himself.  

[Unmuffles Claudio.  
Duke.  [To Isabella] If he be like your brother,  
For his sake  
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;  
Mathinks I see a quickening in his eye.  
Well may he; your evil quits you well;  
[yours.  
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth I find an apt remission in myself;  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.  
[To Lucio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool,  
A one of luxury, an ass, a madman;  
[coyward,
ACT V.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE I.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[Exeunt Officers with Lucio.

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 good-

there's more behind that is more grateulable.

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:

We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,

I have a motion much imports your good;

Whereo if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.

Lucio.—I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, 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 prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service.

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state:

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself essay him:

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art,

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.—Act I., Scene ii.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.

Egeon, a merchant of Syracuse.

Antipholus of Ephesus, twin brothers, and sons

Antipholus of Syracuse, to Egeon and Emilia.

Dromio of Ephesus, twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholus.

Dromio of Syracuse, to Antipholus and Emilia.

Balthazar, a merchant.

Angelo, a goldsmith.

First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.

Pinch, a schoolmaster.

Emilia, wife to Egeon, an abbes at Ephesus.

Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

Luciana, her sister.

Luce, servant to Adriana.

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page xxvii.]

SCENE—Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A hall in the Duke’s palace.

Enter Duke, Egeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ege. Proceed, my lords, 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 guilders to redeem their lives
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
Twist thy sedulous countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusan born
Come to the law of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke’s dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn’d to die.

Ege. Yet this my comfort: when your words are
My woes end likewise with the evening sun. [Done,

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
Why thou departest from thy native home
And for what cause thou comest to Ephesus.

Ege. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I’ll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor’s death
And the great care of goods at random left

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old.
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish’d but by names.
That very hour and in the self-same inn
A meaner 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 such two boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.

A league from Epidamnum had we sail’d,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plaintings of the pretty babies,
That mourn’d for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten’d him unto a small spare mast,
Such as scaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix’d,
Fasten’d ourselves at either end the mast:
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazying upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offend’d us;
Scene II.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out your are of Epidamn-last that your goods too soon be confiscate. [nunn. This very day a Syracusean merchant

Is apprehended for arrival here.
And not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town
Dies ere the lawyer's help can reach.
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 manner 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. Ant. S. Abstain by yourこちら, that very off,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

First 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 afterward 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.

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own credit
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I tent to the world am like a drop of water
Tha in the ocean seeks another drop.
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, contounds 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
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit. [late:
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot by the fire, it may be,
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.
[pray.

Ant. S. Well, Dromio, tell me this, I,
Where have you the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday
To pay the saddler for my mistres's crupper? [last
The saddler had it, sir: I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally 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,
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart.
ACT II.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Scene I.

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 his master, and we must see them 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 of door.

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 fowls Are their mates' subjects and at their controls: Men, more divine, the masters of all these, Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas, Indulged with intellectual sense and souls, Of more precedence than fish and fowls, Are masters to their females, and their lords: Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unmoved. Luc. Nay, not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed. Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway. Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear. 

Adr. T'is patience mov'd! no marvel though she pause. They can be meek that have no other cause. A wretched soul, bruised with adversity, We bid be quiet when we hear it cry; But were we burden'd with like weight of pain, As much or more we should ourselves complain: So thou, that hast no kind Neil to grieve thee, With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me; But, if thou live to see like right bereft, This fool-beg'rd patience in thee will be left.

Adr. Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is thy tardy master now at hand?

Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. Ay, ay, he told me his mind upon mine ear; Bespresh his hand, I scarce could understand it. Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning? Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows: and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he is such great care to please his wife. [mad.

Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad. Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; But, sure, he is stark mad. When I desired him to come home to dinner, He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold: 'Tis dinner-time; 'quoth I; 'My gold!' 'quoth he: 'Your meat doth burn,' 'quoth I; 'My gold!' 'quoth he; [lie, 'Will you come home? 'quoth I; 'My gold!' 'quoth Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain? ' The pig, 'quoth I, 'is burnt.' 'My gold!' 'quoth he: 'Eat me,' said sir; 'quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress! I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!' Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. Quoth my master:

'I know,' 'quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.' So that my errand, due unto my tongue, I think'd I should have more hope upon this shoulders; For, in conclusion, he did beat me there. [home.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him.

Dro. 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. 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. Am I so round with you as you with me, That like a football you do spam me thus? You spam me hence, and he will spam me hence; If I last in this service, you must ease me in leather. [Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face! Adr. His company must do his unions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. Hath he all the while the alluring beauty took From my poor check? then he hath wasted it: Are my discourses dull? barren my wit? If vulpine and sharp discourse be marr'd, Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard; Do their gay vestments his affections bate? That's not my fault; he's master of my state.
ACT II.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE II.—A public place.

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 must host repaire.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

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 displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see thou hast a merry vein;
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yeay, dost thou jest and flout me in the teeth?

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is
Upon what bargain do you give it me? 'tis earnest.

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chaff with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the same passion you make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your scorne.

Dro. S. Scone call you it? so you would leave battering? I had rather have it a head; an you use these blows long, I must get a scone for my head and insonce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten:

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for floutting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amend next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time? I thank you.

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I
Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that? [ Have.

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. Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Timon himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair and not speak with nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on himself; and what he hath scouted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's a 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 losteth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there
Is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. As for the time it 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 I amke when thou unmercifull wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste, [thee.

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touched, or caried to

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ACT III.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it, That thou art thus estranged from thyself? Thyself I call it, being strange to me, That, unlov'd and incorp'rate, And a better than thy dear self's better part, Ah, do not thus condemn me from me! For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall A drop of water in the breaking gulf And take unmingled thence that drop again, Without addition or diminishing, As take from me thyself and not me too. How lovely would it itself see to the quick, Should'st thou but hear I were licentious And that this body, consecrate to thee, By rufian lust should be contaminat'd! Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me And hurl the name of husband in my face And tear the skin off my harlot-howl And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring And break it with a deep-divouring vow? I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it. I am possess'd with an adulterate blot; My blood is mingled with the crime of lust: For if we two be one and thou play false, I do digest the poison of thy flesh, Being strumpeted by thy contagion. Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed; I live unstand'd, then undishonoured. [Exit Ant.]

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you In Ephesus I am but two hours old, As strange unto your town as to your talk; Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd, Want wit in all one word to understand. [Exit Luc.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed With when were you wont to use my sister thus? She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner. Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from That he did buffet thee and in his blows [him, Denied my house for his, me for his wife. [woman

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle- What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time. Ant. S. Vilhain, thou liest; for even her very words Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spoke with her in all my life.

Ant. S. Let her thus then call us by our Unless it be by inspiration. [names, Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave, Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

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 wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us Many are the shrewish when I keep not hours; [all; Say that I linger'd with you at your shop To see the making of her carcanet And that to-morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villain that would face me down He met me on the mart, and that I beat him And charged him with a thousand marks in gold And that I did away with him. Thou dunkard, thou, what dost thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know; That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show: Be it my wrong you are from me exempt, But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt. Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine: Thou art an em, my husband, I a vine, Whose weakness married to thy stronger state Makes me with thy strength to comminicate: If aught possess thee from me, it is dross, Unswerving, ivy, bitter, or idle moss; Who, all for cost 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 is, if 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 sure uncertainty, I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy. Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner. Dro. S. O, for my heads! I cross me for a sinner. This is the fairy land: O spite of stains! We talk with goldins, owls and sprites: If we obey them not, this will ensue, They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue. Luc. Why protest thou to thyself and answert not? Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou set! Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not? Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I. Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape. Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form. Dro. S. No, I am an ape, Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass. Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be [grass. 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, Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn. Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate. Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks. Sirrah, if any ask you for your master, Say he dines forth and let no creature enter. Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell? Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advise'd? Known unto these, and to myself disguised! I'll say as they say, and persever so. And in this name I'll call adventures so. Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Luc. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break yon pate. Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [Exit.

[Exeunt.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [Within] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's gate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind, [hint.]

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not be.

Dro. S. [Within] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hint!

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [Within] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Dro. E. Go to hell, jove! let it not be so!

Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect
The uninvited 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 ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungauged estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession.

For ever house where it gets possession,—[quiet,

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife but,—I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [To Aug.] 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 bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife:
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.
Aug. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

SCENE II. — The same.

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus?
Even in the spring of love, thy love springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth, [mess:

Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kind-

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Of you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Mule your false love with some show of blind—
Let not my sister read it in your eye; [mcss:
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
And let her eyes, like waters, weep,
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be taint'd;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief bears of his own attain't?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at beard:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubly evil with an evil word.
Alas, poor woman! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else,
I know not.
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—[not
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthly-green concili
Smile, in your best, secure, smile, weak,
The folded meaning of your words, dext'reous.
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 1, then well I know;
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will date;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but madly born. I do not know,
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fairest, being by,
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight. [night.
Ant. S. As go to, winking, sweet love, as look on
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My fished glory and my sweet hope's aim
My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thou will I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. S. Mary, 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. Mary, 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 reverent 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 she is a wondrous fat marriage.
Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?
Dro. S. Mary, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease: and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lump of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them, and her fat, and the rosy must, and a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll turn a week longer than the whole world.
Ant. S. What complexion is she of?
Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over with rain and wash the name of.
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's 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. Mary, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.
Ant. S. Where Scotland?
Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.
Ant. S. Where France?
Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverent, making war against her hair.
Ant. S. Where England?
Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.
Ant. S. Where Spain?
Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.
Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?
Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all over embellished with carbuncles, carbuncles, supphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.
Ant. S. Where stood Belgium, the Netherlands?
Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, lald 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 shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch;
And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail dog and made me turn i' the wheel.
Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is And since I have not much imported you; [dine, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Persia and want guides 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 him 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 Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the courtier’s.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes. [thou

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith’s house, go And buy a rope’s end; that will I bestow Upon my wife and her confederates, For looking me out of my doors by day. But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone; Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope. [Exit.

Ant. E. A man is well holp 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 doted to this gentleman: I pray you, see him presently discharged, For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish’d with the present money: Besides, I have some business in the town. Good sir, go, 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. I thought to have ta’en you at the Porpentine: The chain unfinish’d made me stay this long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this? Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not. Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have. Go home with it and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I’ll visit you And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now. For fear you see each chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell: But this I think, there’s no man is so vain That would refuse so fair an offer’d chain. I see a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I’ll to the mart and there for Dromio stay: If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

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I’ll to the mart and there for Dromio stay: If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman.

And I, to blame, have field him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to ex—

Your breath of promise to the Porpentine. [case

I should have child you for not bringing it.

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl. [patch.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, dis—

Ang. You hear how he importunes me:—the chain!

Ang. E. Why, give it to my wife and fetch your

Come, come, you know I gave it you even now. Either send the chain or send me by some token.

Ang. E. Fle, now you run this humour out of breath,

Come, where’s the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you’ll answer me or no:

I not, I’ll leave him to the officer by.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke’s name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

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: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obeys thee till I give thee bail.

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THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT IV.

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, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard.
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vite.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for needful at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me? [sleep,
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope
And told thee what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a back.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, he thee straight
Give her this key and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish hexametry
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!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[Exit Scene Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.]

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfill. [Exit.

SCENE II. — The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might he then perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation modest thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my smile.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
Luc. Then pleaded I for you. [were.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise thy beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deform'd, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungenteel, 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 yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now,
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar lumber, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is bottom'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, a tiger, worse a felldall in buff: [mends
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that before the judgment carries poor souls to
Adr. What is the matter? 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
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [Exit Luciana.

This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
Dro. S. No, no, on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?
Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 'tis time that I were gone;
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, it
turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt and owes more
that he's worth to passion.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit —
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute
As if I were their well-acquainted friend; [me
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 calls me in his shop
And shows me silks that he had bought for me.
And therewithal look 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-apparelled?

[mean?}

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou
Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise,
but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes
thither, working for a nickel to the Prodigal;
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,
and bid you forsake thy liberty.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE IV.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the 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 rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to-day, and will not lightly trust the messenger. That I should be attach'd in Ephesus, I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money. How now, sir! have you that I sent you for? [all.]  

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them.  

Ant. E. But where's the money?  

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope?  

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?  

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.  

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee tie thee home?  

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.  

[Leaving him.]  

Off. Good, sir, be patient.  

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. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!  

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am 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: may, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath harned me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yon-

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, ' respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, ' beware the end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beating him.]  

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband 

Adr. His inequity confirms no less. mad?  

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;  

Establish him in his true sense again.

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!  

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy! [pulse.  

Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel your 

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your  

[Striking him.]  

Cour. I charge thee, Satan, bound within this  

To yield possession to my holy prayers.  

[man,  

And to thy state of darkness let thee straight:  

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!' [mad.  

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not 

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!  

Ant. E. You mock me, you, are these your custom.  

Did this companion with the saffron face [ers?  

He rush'd into my house and took perfirce  

My ring away. This course I fit to choose;  

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.
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:— [Home; 

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans faible, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt and 

scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, shedid; the kitchen-velish scorn'd

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Ant. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pleas. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein

And yielding to him humours well his frenzy. [me.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. [might;

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you

But surely, master, not a rag of money. [cats?

Ant. E. He tells not that; nor sends me for a pursu

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! [Pleas.

Mistress, both man and master is possess'd; I

Know it by their pale and deadly locks:

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say wherefore dost thou lock me forth to

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [day?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out. [both.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all

And art confederate with a damned pack

To make a heathens abject scorn of me:

With but these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

[T. Plack. More company! The fiend is strong within

Luc. Ay, poor man, how pale and wan he looks! 

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler,

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 have him.

Plack. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[They offer to bind Dro. E.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer

Dro. E. 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 required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou

send me away?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,

good-master: cry 'The devil'!

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, 

Officer and Courtezan.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

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 of me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day

Came to my house and took away my ring—

The ring I saw upon his finger now—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, gaoler, 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 some help to have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

[Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur: fetch our stuff

from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will

surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair,

give us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation

that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that

claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to

stay here still and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A street before a Priory.

Enter Second 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.

Sec. Mer. Sir, thou dost know'st I did know'd here in the

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, [city?

Sec. Mer. Of credit infinite, highly beloved,

Second to none that lives here in the city:

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he

walks.
ACT V.  

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.  

SCENE I.  

Who, but for staying on our controversy, 
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:  
This ship you had of me; can you deny it?  
Ant. Who think I hoisted never did deny it.  
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it.  
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny or forswear it?  
Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did 
hear thee.  
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest.  
To walk where any hand never did deny it.  
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.  
Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.  
Try thee draw.  

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.  

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is  
Some get with him, take his sword away: [mad.  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.  
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take  
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!  
[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.  

Enter the Lady Abbess.  

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you  
hither?  
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast  
And bear him home for his recovery.  
Aug. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.  
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.  
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?  
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much different from the man he was;  
But till this afternoon his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage. [sea?  
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of  
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?  
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazng.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?  
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;  
Namely, some love that drew him off from home.  
Abb. You should do that have reprehended him.  
Adr. Why, so I did.  
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.  
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.  
Abb. Haply, in private.  
Adr. And in assemblies too.  
Abb. And, but not enough.  
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:  
In bed he slept not for my urging it;  
At board he fed not for my urging it;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company I glanced it;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.  
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:  
The venom chamours of a jealous woman  
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
It seems his sleepes were hindered by thy railing,  
And thereof comes it that his head is light.  
Thou sayest his meat was poisoned with thy upbraid-  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions; [lings:  
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;  
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?  
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:  
Sweet recreation brr, what doth ensue  
But moody and dull melancholy?  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,  
And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?  
In food, in sport and life-preserving rest  
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:  
The consequence is then thy jealous fits  
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.  
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly.  
When he did misbehave, she took it rough and wildly.  
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?  
Adr. She did betray me to my own reprodf.  
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.  
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.  
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband  
forth.  
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.  
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, as 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 peril of my oath,  
A charitable duty of my order.  
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.  
Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here:  
And ill it doth be seem thy holiness  
To separate the husband and the wife.  
Abb. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have  
him.  
[Exit.  
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.  
Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither  
And take peremptory my demand from the abbess.  
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,  
The place of death and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.  
Aug. Upon what cause?  
Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publickly for his offence. [death.  
Aug. See where they come: we will behold his  
Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.  

Enter Duke, attended; Egeon barbeheaded;  
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. [bass!  
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the ab-  
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:  
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.  
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my  
Whom I made lord of me and all I had, [husband,  
At your important letters,—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,—  
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Kings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,  
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went  
That here and there his fury had committed.  
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,  
He broke from those that had the guard of him;  
And with his mad attendant and himself,  
Each one 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  

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And will not suffer us to fetch him out, Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence. Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command Let him be brought forth and borne hence for our wars.

Duke. Long since this thy husband served me in my And I to thee engaged a prince's word, When thou didst make him master of thy bed, To do him all the grace and good I could. Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate And bid the lady abbess come to me. I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself! My master and his man are both broke loose, Beaten the men a-row with the wond'ring doctor, Whose beard they have singed off with brands of And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him [fire; Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair: My master preaches patience to him and the while His man with scissors nicks him like a fool, And sure, unless they send some present help, Between them they will kill the conqueror.

Adv. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are And that is false thou dost report to us. [here, Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; I have not breathed almost since I did see it. He cries for you and vows, if he can take you, To search your face and to disfigure you.

Cry within.

Hark! hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone! Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

Adv. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you, That he is borne about invisible: Even now we housed him in the abbey here; And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O grant me justice! Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I besrid thee in the wars and took Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice. [Exit. Unless the tear of death did make me deate, I see my son Antipholus and Dromio. [there! Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife, That hath abused and dishonour'd me Even in the strength and height of injury! Beyond thy power, unless thou bid me deate, That she this day hath shameless thrown on me. Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me.

White with harlots feasted in my house. [so? Duke. A most base fault! Say, woman, dost thou

Adv. No, my good lord; myself, he and my sister In day did dine together. So befall 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. E. My liege, I am advised what I say, Neither disturbed with the effect of wine, Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad. This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner; That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her, Could witness it, for he was with me then; Who parted with me to go fetch a chain, Promising to bring it to the Porpentine, Where Balthazar and I dined 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 perjured goldsmith swear me down That I think'd him yesternight a madman. Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which He did arrest me with an officer. I did obey, and sent my servant home. For certain doubts: he with none return'd. Then fairly I bespoke the officer To go in company with me to my house. By the way we met My wife, her sister, and a rabble more Of vile confessors. Along with them [lain, They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced vil.- A mere anatomy, a mountebank, A thready juggler and a fortune-teller, A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, A living-dead man: this pernicious slave, Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer, And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, And with no face, as 't were, outface me, Cries out, 'The living dead at hand! You live?' 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 sunder, I gain'd my freedom and immediately Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech To give you my sole satisfaction.

For these deep scamps and great indignities, [him, Ant. E. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness 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. [him: See, Sir. Besides, I will be sworn these cars of Heard you confess you had the chain of him After you first forsook it on the mart: And thereupon I drew my sword on you; And then you fled into this abbey here, From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls, Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me: I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven! And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impostch of this! I think you all have drunk of Cress's cup. If here you housed 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? [time. Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpen-

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatched that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her. Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here? Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace. Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess I think you are all mated about this neck. [hither. Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchesafe me speak a Haply I see a friend will save my life [word: And pay the sum that may deliver me. Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt. Ege. Is not thy name, sir, called Antipholus? And is not that thy bondman, Dromio? Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir, But he, I thank him, gaw'd in two my coards: Now am I Dromio and his man unbound. Ege. I am sure you both of you remember me. Dro. E. No, my lord, I never saw your thrice, by you; For lately we were bound, as you are now. You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir? Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.
ACT V.  

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.  

SCENE I.  

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord, — 

Dro. E. And I with him. 

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous 

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle. 

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day? 

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress. 

Adr. And are not you my husband? 

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that. 

Ant. S. I, and so do I; yet did she call me so: 

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here. 

did call me brother. [To Luc.] What I told you 

I hope I shall have leisure to make good; [then, 

If this be not a dream I see and hear. 

Aug. 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. 

Aug. I think I did, sir; I deny it not. 

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail, 

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not. 

Dro. E. No, none by me. 

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you 

And Dromio; nor my man did bring them me. 

I see we still did meet each other's man, 

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me, 

And thereupon these errors are arose. 

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here. 

Duke. It shall not need: thy father hath his life. 

Cour. Thereupon these errors are arose. 

Dro. E. Go to with us into the abbey here 

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes: 

And all that are assembled in this place, 

That by this sympathized one day's error 

Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company, 

And we shall make full satisfaction. 

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail 

Of you, my sons; and till this present hour 

My heavy burden never delivered. 

The duke, my husband and my children both, 

And you the calendars of their nativity, 

Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me; 

After so long grief, such festivity! 

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. 

[Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and 

Dro. E. 

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard? 

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou 

embark'd? 

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the 

Centaur. 

Ant. S. He speaks to us. I am your master, 

Dromio; 

Come, go with us: we'll look to that anon: 

Embrace thy brother there: rejoice with him. 

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's 

house, 

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner: 

She now shall be my sister, not my wife. 

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my 

hearth. 

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth. 

Will you walk in to see their gossiping? 

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. 

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it? 

Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then 

lead thou first. 

Dro. E. Nay, then: thus: 

We came into the world like brother and brother; 

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. 

[Exeunt. 

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.
Don John, his bastard brother.
Claudio, a young lord of Florence.
Benedick, a young lord of Padua.
Leonato, Governor of Messina.
Antonio, his brother.
Balthasar, attendant on Don Pedro.
Conrade, his followers.
Borachio.
Friar Francis.
Dogberry, a constable.

VERGES, a headborough.
A Sexton.
A Boy.
Hero, daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, niece to Leonato.
Margaret, gentlewomen attending on Hero.

SCENE—Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him. [action? Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this war's? 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 now.

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 show 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 he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the fight; and my uncle's fowl, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the birt-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?

Mess. 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's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block [books].

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your No; as 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 disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' 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, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to a happy end.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady mothers 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 long as he as she is.

Benedick. Be sure what you will still be talking.

Leon. Signior Benedick: nobody marks you. [living?]

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet best.

Benedick. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meat to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in a courtesy necessity.

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.

Benedick. A dear happiness to women: they else would have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I had lost God and my cold blood. I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man speak he loves me.

Leon. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! So some gentleman or other shall escape a predestinate scratched face.

Benedick. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Benedick. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, I'th God's name; I have done.

Benedick. You always end with a jude's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be sworn. [To Don John] Let me bid you welcome, my lord; and, being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

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 except Benedick and Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should, about some true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professor of a true judgment to their sex?

Claud. No: I pray thee speak in sober judgment. Bene. Why, faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, do not like her.

Claud. Thou art the kindest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her. [her?

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after Claudio. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sal brawn? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hard-flinder 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 looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary; if Hero were my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In 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, I'm faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look: Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to D. Pedro: I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With 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.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord; 'tis not so, nor 't was not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. 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 my humble thanks: but that I will have a reechet winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrikk, 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 finesse or the which I may go the fitter, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger,
my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker’s pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If so, 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 thou shalt try.

In O, 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 horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quack for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly bastoned on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [Exit.

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it.—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly bastoned on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [Exit.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she’s his only heir. Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look’d upon her with a soldier’s eye, That liked, but had a rouglier task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return’d and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently And fire the hearer with a book of words. If thou hast love and know how to show it, And I will break with her and with her father And thou shalt have her. Was’t not to this end That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love’s grief by his complexion! But lest my liking night too sudden seem, I would have sav’d it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader Than the ford?

The fairest grant is the necessity. Look, what will serve is it: ‘t is once, thou lovest, And thou shalt have her. But lest my liking night too sudden seem, I know we shall have revelling to-night: I will assume thy part in some disguise And tell fair Hero I am Claudio, And in her bosom I’ll uncloak 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, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, thy son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance: and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [Enter attendants.] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou say’st, under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man’s jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man’s leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man’s business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without control. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta’en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should bear 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 disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clout; 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 bite, and by any other 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?
ACT II.

MUCh ADO ABOUt NOtHINg.

SCENE I.—A ball 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-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway 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 talking.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face.

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her goodwill.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curt.

Beat. Too curtse is more than curtse: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curtse he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curtse, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the beardward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. I will not go; 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 maidis:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a misty 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 you start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cock we of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So walk you softly and look sweetly and say nothing. I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I please, or when I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Drawing her aside.]
ACT II.  MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  SCENE I.

Balth.  Well, I would you did like me.
Mary.  So would not I, for your own sake: for I have many ill qualities.
Balth.  Which is one?
Mary.  I say my prayers aloud.
Balth.  I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.
Mary.  God match me with a good dancer!
Balth.  Amen.
Bene.  And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.
Balth.  No more words: the clerk is answered.

Ves.  I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant.  At a word, I am not.
Ves.  I know you by the wrangling of your head.
Ant.  To tell you true, I countervail him.
Ves.  You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant.  At a word, I am not.

Ves.  Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself?  Go to, man, 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 disdained, 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; only his gift is in devising impossible shames: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany: for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene.  When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat.  I 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.]  We must follow the Bene.  in every good thing.

Beat.  Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Exeunt.  Then except all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.

D. 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.

Boro.  And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John.  Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud.  You know me well; I am he.

D. John.  Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud.  How know you he loves her?

D. John.  I heard him swear his affection.

Boro.  So did I too; and he swore he would marry her.

D. John.  Come, let us to the banqueting.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.

Claud.  Thus answer I in name of Benedick.

But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.  "Tis certain so: the prince woos for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues:
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not.  Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene.  Count Claudio?

Claud.  Yea, the same.

Bene.  Come, will you go with me?

Claud.  Whither?

Bene.  Even to the next willow, about your own business, county.  What fashion will you wear the garland of about your neck, like an usher's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's war?  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 dowrier: so they sell bullocks.  But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud.  I pray you, leave me.

Bene.  No!  now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud.  If it will not be, I'll leave you.  [Exit.  Bene.  Alas, poor hurt foul! now will he crease into sedges.  But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me!  The prince's fool! Ha?  It may be I go under that title because I am merry.  Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out.  Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro.  Now, signior, where's the count?  did you see him?

Bene.  Truth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame.  I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a Warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as you desire him, 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 overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro.  Why, wilt thou have a trust a transgression?  The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene.  Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro.  I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene.  If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro.  The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene.  O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her.  She told me, not thinking to tell me, that I was the prince's jester, that I was droller than a great thaw; challenging 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 promisaries, 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 thy youth left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have elb'd his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her: for certain, 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 follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato. Bence. 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 tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prestor John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any emblazons to the Pignies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bence. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure your presence.

Exit. Bence. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! where are you that said:

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that feudal complexion.

D. Pedro. I faith, lady. I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have vowed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of her marriage, and I will teach you how to joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her all 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 will say no little happy, if I can say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, count: or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

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 Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt: I may sit in sun, and cry leigh-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.

D. Pedro. I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried: but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousin Beatrice, 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.


Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not even sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her woeers out of suit.

[Exit. D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Bence.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a brev'ling: 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 Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour and uncertain fortune, he will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his quassy 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.— The same.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Borach. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicable to me: I am sick in dispencery to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Borach. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear to me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Borach. I think I told you last year, which much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.
ACT II. 

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. 

SCENE III. — Leonato’s orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Benedick. Boy! 

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior? 

Benedick. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir. 

Benedick. 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 fellows in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographic; 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 so changed, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I’ll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that’s certain; wise, or I’ll none; virtuous, or I’ll never cheapen her; fair, or I’ll never look on her; mild, or one none mean; 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, Claudio, and Leonato.

Don Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Cloten. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening, as hush’d on purpose to grace harmony! [Singing,] Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

Don Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we’ll hear that song again.

Balthasar. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

Don Pedro. It is the witness still of excellence To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balthasar. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; Since many a wiser youth commencement his suit To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes, Yet will he swear he loves.

Don Pedro. Now, pray thee, come; Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balthasar. Note this before my notes; There’s not a note of mine that’s worth the noting.

Don Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks.

Balthasar. Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing.

Don Pedro. Why, here, now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps’ guts should hate souls out of men’s bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all’s done.

THE SONG.

Balthasar. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceived ever,

One foot in sea, one on shore,

To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be ye blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hee nunny, nunny,

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leafy,

Then sigh not so, &c.

Don Pedro. By my truth, a good song.

Balthasar. And an ill singer, my lord.

Don Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Benedick. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bore no mischief. I had as lief I have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Don Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero’s chamber-window.

Balthasar. The best I can, my lord.

Don Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit Balthasar.]

Enter Signior Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

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ACT II.  

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  

SCENE III.  

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the foul sits.  

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. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?  

Claud. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.  

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.  

Claud. Faith, like enough.  

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never course of passion came so near the light of passion as she discovers it.  

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?  

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.  

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.  

Claud. She did, indeed.  

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.  

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.  

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-faced fool who speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.  

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.  

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?  

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.  

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I say 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 she will 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 Benedict and Beatrice between the sheet.  

Claud. That.  

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew not about her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for though you would dishonour him, if he writ to me, yea, though I love him, I should.'  

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedict! God give me patience!'  

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and if my lady hath so much overborne her that my daughter is 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 make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.  

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an aton 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 everything but in loving Benedick.  

Leon. O, my lord, sister like! and some blood combing 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 bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what 'a will say.  

Leon. Were it good, think you?  

D. Pedro. 'Tis not much good to me: for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, e'er she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will hate 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 more you know her, the more a contrario you'll love her.  

Claud. He is a very proper man.  

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.  

Claud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.  

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like女人.  

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.  

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise: for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.  

Leon. If he do fear God, a must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.  

D. Pedro. And so will he do: for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your lady: what now?  

Leon. We will go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?  

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.  

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.  

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.  

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.  

Claud. If he do not come on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.  

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.  

Bene. [Coming forward] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent, and she can witness; and I would that it might be required. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry; I must not seem proud: happy are they that bear their detractions and can put them to mourning. They say the lady is fair: 'tis a truth. I can bear them witness: and virtuous: 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age, shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his honour? No she! she is light, and she will not be troubled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.  

Enter Beatrice.  

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.  


ACT III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE I.—Leonato’s garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

_Hero._ Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou overhears’t us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honeysuckles, ripen’d by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites, 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. 

_Mary._ 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 Quin’s cragg’d arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

Now begin: For where shall Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

_Urs._ The pleasantest angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice: who even now Is couch’d in the woodbine covert. Fear you not yet the part of the discourse? 

_Hero._ Then go ye near her, that her ear lose not Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. [ing

Approaching the bower.

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As jugglers of the rock.

_Urs._ But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely? 

_Hero._ So says the prince and my new-crested lord. 

_Urs._ And did they bid you tell her of it, madam? 

_Hero._ They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, To wish him wrack with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it. 

_Urs._ Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall cough upon? 

_Hero._ O god of love! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man: But Nature never framed a woman’s heart Of ponder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprizing what they look on, and her wit Values itself so highly that to her All matter else seems weak: she cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endured.

_Urs._ Sure, I think so; And therefore certainly it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it. 

_Hero._ Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man, How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced, She would swear the gentleman should be her sister; If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique, Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-heeded; If low, an agate very vielle cut. If she speaks, why, a vane blown with all winds; Is silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simplicity and merit purchaseth.

_Urs._ Sure, sure, such cupping is not commendable. 

_Hero._ No, not to be so old and from all fashions As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable: But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover’d fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly: It were a better death than die with mocks, Which is as bad as die with tickling.

_Urs._ Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

_Hero._ No; rather I will go to Benedick And counsel him to fight against his passion. And truly, I’ll devise some honest shoulders To stain my cousin with; one doth not know How much an ill word may enpoison liking. 

_Urs._ O, do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment— Having so swift and excellent a wit As she is prized to have—as to refuse So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

_Hero._ He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

_Urs._ I pray you, be not angry with me, madam, Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument and valour, Goes foremost in report through Italy. 

_Hero._ Indeed, he hath an excellent good name. 

_Urs._ His excellence did earn it, ere he had it. 

When are you married, madam? 

_Hero._ Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in: I’ll show thee some affairs, and have thy counsel Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow. 

_Urs._ She’s limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam. 

_Hero._ If it proves so, then loving goes by haus: Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. [Exit Hero and Ursula. 

_Beat._ [Coming forward.] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? 

Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much? Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu! 

No glory lives behind the lack of such, 

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee, 

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:

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If thou dost love, my kindliness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reporting.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. — A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and
Leonato.

D. Pedro, I do but stay till your marriage be
consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll
vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro, Nay, that would be as great a soil in
the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new
coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be 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 hang-man 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.

Bent. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's a true drop
of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he
be not hang him, he wants love.

Bent. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bent. Hang it! [Exeunt.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it after.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a wound.

Bent. Well, every one can master a grief but he
that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him,
unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises;
as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-mor-
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 doublet. Unless
he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath,
he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,
there is no believing old signs; a' brushes his hat
o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen
with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath
already lost his manly looks.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by
the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can
you smell him out by that? [in love.

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's
D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Ye'd, or to paint himself? for the which,
I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now
crept into a bête-string and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him:
conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant,
one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite
of his fair face, I warrant.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face up.

Bent. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old
signor, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or
nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-
horses must not hear.

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about
Beatrice.

Claud. 'T is 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. [To Claudio.] Means your lordship to be
married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does. [know.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I
Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you
discern 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, circum-
stances shortened, for she has been too long a talk-
ing of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero,
every man's Hero.

Claud. Dishonour?

D. John. The word is too good to point 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 further 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, con-
fess not that you know: if you will follow me, I
will show you enough; and when you have seen
more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night which I should
not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where
I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And may it so be wished for thee to obtain
her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disarray her no farther till you
are my witnesses: hear it coldly but till midnight,
and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

D. John. O mischance strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will
you say when you have seen the sequel. [Leonato.

SCENE III. — A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true? Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should
suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for
them, if they should have any allegiance in them,
being criers for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour
Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desertless
man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Sca-
cole: for they can write and read.
ACT III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE III.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoile. God hath blessed you with a good name; to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

See Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vain show. I thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch: therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagabond men; you are to bid all man stand, in the prince's name.

See Watch. How if it will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Very. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most intolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quizzing master: for I cannot see how shrewd you should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle with me, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Dog. True, and he may have always been called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Very. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a call when he bleats.

Very. Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Very. Nay, by'r lady, that I think I cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: narry, 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.

Very. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any for I cannot tell: carry me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own: and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-norrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: he vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.]

Enter Borachio and Conrad.

Bora. What, Comrade!

Watch. [Aside] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Comrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.


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 shouldst 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 am a wonder.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfounded. Then knowest thou the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is appared.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Trust! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [Aside] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman; I remember his name.

Bora. Dost thou not hear anybody?

Con. No: 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a't turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pararo's soldiers he makes shy fellows, sometime like a brute, like a dog, like a Beel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his collique seems as massy as his club?

Con. As this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good-night,—I tell this tale vily:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, say afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by the towne 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 o'er night and send her home again without a husband.

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ACT III.  MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  SCENE V.

First Watch.  We charge you, in the prince’s name, stand!

Con.  Masters,—Call up the right master constable.  We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch.  And one Deformed is one of them: I know him: a’ wears a lock.

Con.  Masters, masters, masters.

Sec. Watch.  You’ll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Act. Watch.  Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Sec. Watch.  We are likely to prove a good 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.—Hero’s apartment.

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.]

Marg.  Truth, I think your other rubato were better.

Hero.  No, pray thee, good Meg, I’ll wear this.

Marg.  By my troth, ’tis not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero.  My cousin’s a fool, and thou art another: I’ll wear none but this.

Marg.  I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown’s a most rare fashion, I’ faith.  I saw the Duchess of Milan’s gown that they praise so.

Hero.  O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg.  By my troth, ’tis but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o’ gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a blush tinsel: but for a fine, quiet, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on’t.

Hero.  God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg.  ’Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a Hero.  Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?  [man.

Marg.  Of what, lady? of speaking honourably?  Is not marriage honourable in a beggar?  Is not your beauty honourable without marriage?  I think you would have me say, ’saving your reverence, a husband; an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I’ll offend nobody: is there any harm in the heavier for a husband?  None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise ’twis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat.  Good morrow, coz.

Hero.  Good morning, sweet Hero.

Beat.  Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat.  I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg.  Clap’s into ‘Light o’ love;’ that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I’ll dance it.

Beat.  Ye light o’ love, with your heels! then, if you have horses as stable as enough, you’ll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg.  O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat.  ’Tis almost five o’clock, cousin; ’tis time you were ready.  By my troth, I am exceeding ill; heigh-ho.

Marg.  For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat.  For the letter that begins them all.  Hero.  Well, an you be left turned Turk, there’s no more sugar by the star.

Beat.  What means the fool, crow?

Marg.  Nothing I; but God send every one their heart’s desire!

Hero.  These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat.  I am staid, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg.  A maid, and staid! there’s good catching of cold.

Beat.  O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg.  Even since you left it.  Doth not my wit become melancholy?

Beat.  It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.  By my troth, I am sick.

Marg.  Get you some of this distilled Carthus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero.  There thou priciest her with a thistle.

Beat.  Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg.  Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle.  You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by my lady, I know thou hast as little cause to think of my love as I of yours; for I saw not to think what I list nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love.  Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat.  What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg.  Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs.  Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero.  Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.  [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another room in Leonato’s house.

Enter Leonato, with Dobgberry and Verges.

Leon.  What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog.  Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that concerns you nearly.

Leon.  Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog.  Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg.  Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon.  What is it, my good friends?

Dog.  Good signior 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 honest than I.

Dog.  Comparisons are odorous: parabolas, neighbour Verges.

Leon.  Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog.  It pleasures 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 it in my heart to bestow is all of your worship.

Leon.  All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog.  Yea, an ‘twere a thousand pound more than ‘tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg.  And so am I.

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ACT IV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE I.—A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount your particular duties afterwanis. [lady.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this Claudio. No, Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her. [count.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Hero. I do, Leon. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.


Claud. O, what men dare do! what, men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do? Beca. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he! [leave: Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me that maid, thy daughter? Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose May countenance this rich and precious gift? [worth D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thank- There, Leonato, take her back again: [unfess, 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 censure sin cover itself with! 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 these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heart of a luxurious bed; Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty. Claud. 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,— [known her, Claud. I know what you would say: if I have

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you. Dog. It shall be sufficient. Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready. [Exit Leonato and Messenger.

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoast: bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men. Vev. And we must do it wisely, That we will spare no wish I warrant you: here's that shall drive some of them to a noncome: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol. [Exit.

ACT IV.

You will say she did embrace me as a husband, And extenuate the 'forehand sin: No, I do not. 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? [it: Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against You seem to me as Dian in her car. As chaste as is the budding lily; 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? Friar. Sweet prince, why speak not you? D. Pedro. What should I speak? I stand dishonourd, that have gone about To link my dear friend to a common stale. Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream? D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things Leon. This looks not like a mythic. [are true, Hero. True! O God! Claud. Leonato, stand I here? Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother? Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own? Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord? Claud. Let me but move one question to your And, by that laboriously 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? Claud. To make you answer truly to your name. Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach? Claud. Marry, that can Hero; Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue. What man was he talk'd with you yesternight Out at your window between twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this, Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord. D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato, I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honour, Myself, my brother and this griefed count Did seem to hear her, as that hour last night Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret. [lord, D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my Not to be spoke of;

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There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady, I
am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hast thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou falsely and unjustly hurst.
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hung,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come
thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[Exit Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.]

Beat. How doth the lady?


Friar! Hero, O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. Now how, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not? [thing
Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero: do not one thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames.

Myself, I am on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieve I, I had but one
Child I for that at frugal nature's frame:
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirch'd thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said: 'No part of it is mine:\nThis shame derives itself from unknown boins?'
But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was half myself not mine,

Valuing of her.—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Beat. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although until last night,
I had been a few months her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd? O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Washed her with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little while, for I have only been
Silent so long and given way unto
This course of fortune . . .

By noting of the lady I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental soul doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appear'd in proper faces?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove thou that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of hon-
And if their wisdoms be mised in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies;
her,
Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her hon-
The proudest of them shall well hear it.
That appetite unto a burial.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this
Friar.arry, this well carried shall on her be-

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream 1 on this strange course,
But on this travall look for greater birth.
The eye dying, as it must be so maintai'n'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lentened, pitied and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possesseth not not show us.
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in most pleasing habit,
More more delight in 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 accused her.
No, though he thought his accusation true,
Yet he be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape.
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all sin but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, nails and injuries.

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.

Beatrice.—Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar.—'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the care.
Come, lady, die to live; this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.
[.Exit all but Benedick and Beatrice.

Benedick,—Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beatrice.—Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Benedick.—I will not desire that.

Beatrice.—You have no reason: I do it freely.

Benedick.—Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beatrice.—Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Benedick.—Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beatrice.—A very even way, but no such friend.

Benedick.—May a man do it?

Beatrice.—It is a man's office, but not yours.

Beatrice.—I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

Benedick.—As strange as the thing I know not. It
Were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing; nor do I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Beatrice.—By my sword, Beatrice, thou loves me.

Benedick.—Do not swear, and eat it.

Beatrice.—I will swear by that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Benedick.—Will you not eat your word?

Beatrice.—With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Benedick.—Why, then, God forgive me!

Beatrice.—What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Benedick.—You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest you.

Beatrice.—And do it with all thy heart.

Benedick.—I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Beatrice.—Come, bid me do any thing for thee. o

Benedick.—Kil Claudio.

Beatrice.—That! not for the wide world.

Benedick.—You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Beatrice.—Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Benedick.—I am gone, though I am here; there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Beatrice.—Beatrice.

Benedick.—In faith, I will go.

Beatrice.—We'll be friends first.

Benedick.—You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Beatrice.—Is Claudio thine enemy?

Benedick.—Is he not approved in the height a villain, that is so slaked, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour.—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Beatrice.—Beatrice. [saying!]

Benedick.—Beat-shaped man out at a window! A proper

Beatrice.—Nay, but, Beatrice.—

Benedick.—Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Beatrice.—Beatrice—

Beatrice.—Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Condict; 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!—I counsel you; it melted into courtesies, value in compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Beatrice.—Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Benedick.—Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Beatrice.—Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Benedick.—Yea, as soon as I have a thought or a soul.

Beatrice.—Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, think of my peace. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.

SCENE II.—A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrad and Borachio.

Dogberry.—Is our whole assembly appeared?

Verges.—Very, O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton.—Which be the malefactors?

Dogberry.—Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verges.—Very, 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.

Dog.—Yes, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

Borachio.—Borachio.

Dog.—Pray, write down, Borachio. Yons, sirrah?

Conrade.—I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog.—Write down, master gentleman Conrade.

Masters, do you serve God?

Con.—Yea, sir, we hope.

Borachio.—Write down, that they hope they serve God; and write God first: for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con.—Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog.—A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Borachio.—Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog.—Well, stand aside. Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton.—Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog.—Yea, marry, that's the eldest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

First Watch.—This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog.—Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Borachio.—Master constable—

Dog.—Pray, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato’s house.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Don. Come, let them be opinioned.

Clau. God’s day, where’s the sexton? let him write down the prince’s officer coxcomb! Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Don. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Clau. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a household, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messing, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [Exit.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Don. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords.—

Don. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord; you so hastily now? well, all is one.

Don. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Leon. If he could right himself with quarrelling, some of us would he low.

Clau. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; then dissembler, thou:

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword; I fear thee not.

Clau. Marry, beshrue my hand.

If it should give your age such cause of fear.

Leon. In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Clau. Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword; I fear thee not.

Leon. Nay, prove me not, as under privilege of age to brag

What I have done being young, or what would

Wore I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,

That I am so wrong’d mine innocent child and me.

Leon. But I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruises of many days,

To challenge thee to trial of a man.

Clau. I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart.

And she lies buried with her ancestors;

O, in a tomb where never scandal slept.

Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

Clau. My villany?

Leon. Where, Claudio; where do I say, I say.

Don. Say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I’ll prove it on his body, if he dare,

Despite his nice fence and his active practice,

His May of youth and bloom of lusthood.

Clau. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Capst, thou so daft 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.

Leon. Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence; Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. 

Leon. Brother,—[niece; 
Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my And she is dead. slander'd to death by villains, That dare as well answer a man indeed As I dare take a serpent by the tongue; Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops! 

Leon. Brother Antony,— 
Ant. Bold you content. What, man! I know them, yea, And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,— Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys, That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander, Go antically, show outward hideousness, And speak off half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they burst; And this is all. 

Leon. But, brother Antony,— 
Ant. Come, 'tis no matter: Do not you meddle; let me deal in this. 

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience. 
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death: But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing But what was true and very full of proof. 

Leon. My lord, my lord,— 
D. Pedro. I will not hear you. 
Leon. My noble brother; away! I will be heard. 
Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it. 

[Enter Leonato and Antonio. 

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek. 

Enter Benedick. 

Clau. Now, signior, what news? 

Bene. Good day, my lord. 

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray. 
Clau. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth. 
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think-est thou? If we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them. 
Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true value. 
I came to seek you both. 
Clau. 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? 
Clau. Never any did so, though very many have been beseide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minions: draw, to pleasure us. 
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. 
Art thou sick, or angry? 

Clau. 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. 
Clau. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross. 
Bene. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed. 
Clau. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle. 
Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear? 

Clau. God bless me from a challenge! 

Bene. [Aside to Claudio] You are a villain: I jest not: I will make good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 

Clau. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer. 

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast? 

Clau. I faith, I thank him: he hath bid me to a call's head and a cupon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a coward too? 

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily. 

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit.' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit,' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody,' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, he hath the tongues: 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he were 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 proferest man in Italy. 

Clau. For which the which she wont hebetly and said she cared not. 

Bene. 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. 

Clau. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden. 

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horn on the sensible Benedick's head? 

Clau. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man!' 

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you a killed and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and, till then, peace be with him. [Exit. 

D. Pedro. He is in earnest. 

Clau. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice. 

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee. 

Clau. Most sincerely. 

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goeth a wooing! 

Clau. 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? 
Clau. Never any did so, though very many have been beseide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minions: draw, to pleasure us. 
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Clau. 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. 
Clau. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross. 
Bene. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed. 
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Clau. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer. 

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one! 

Clau. Hearken after their offence, my lord. 

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done? 

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thriftily, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves. 

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; then will I ask thee what is their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge. 

Clau. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. 

D. Pedro. Who 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?

Bona. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me.

Leonato. I have received even your very eyes: what your wis­doms could not discover, these shallow tools have brought to light; who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me cast Margaret in Hero's garments, how you dis­graced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusa­tion: and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of it.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bona. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treach­ery. And fled he is upon this villany. [Exit.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reform'd Signior Leonato of the understanding, and, masters, do not forget to signify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Very. 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? [Exit.

Bona. If you would know your wronger, look on Leone. Art thou the slave that with thy breath Mine innocent child?

Very. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself: Here stand a pair of honourable men;

A third is fled, that had a hand in it. I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:

Record it with your high and worthy deeds;

'Twas largely done. If you think you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin; yet shan't I not

But in mistaking.

Dog. By my soul, nor I; And yet to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;

That were impossible: but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she died; and if your love Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb

And sing it to her bones, sing it to nighttime: To-morrow morning come to my house, And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us;

Give her the right you should have given her cousin, And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose

For henceforth of poor 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 packed in all this wrong,

Hired to it by your brother.

Bona. No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,

But always hath been just and virtuous

In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered In his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wares a key in his car and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth: and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship;

which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship!

I wish your worship well: God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt Bona and Very.]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you today.

D. Pedro. We will not fail. [Exit.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [To the Watch] Bring you these fellows on.

We'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [Exit, scurrily.]

SCENE II.—Leonato's garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, des­erve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Mercy. 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.

Mercy. 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.

Mercy. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the buckler.

Mercy. 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.

Mercy. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [Exit Margaret.

[Sings] The god of love,

That sits above.

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve.—

I mean in singing: but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mon-
ACT V.  

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  

SCENE IV.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with 
tapers.

CLAUDIO.  

Is this the monument of Leonato? 

DON PEDRO.  

A Lord. It is, my lord. 

CLAUDIO. [Reading out of a scroll] 

Done to death by slanderous tongues 

Was the Hero that here lies; 

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs. 

Gives her fame which never dies. 

So the life that died with shame 

Lives in death with glorious fame. 

Hang thou there upon the tomb, 

Praising her when I am dumb. 

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn. 

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night, 

Those that slew thy virgin knight; 

Him which, in songs of woe, 

Round about her tomb they go. 

Midnight, assist our mourn; 

Help us to sigh and groan, 

Heavily, heavily; 

Graves, yawn and yield your dead, 

Till death be wittered, 

Heavily, heavily. 

CLAUDIO. Now, unto thy bones good night! 

Yearly will I do this rite. 

[Exit. 

D. PEDRO. Good morrow, masters; put your torches 

The wolves have prev'd; and look, the gentle day;

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about 

Dapples the drowsy cast with spots of grey. 

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well. 

CLAUDIO. Good morrow, masters: each his several way. 

D. PEDRO. Come, let us hence, and put on other 

And then to Leonato's we will go. 

[Exit. 

CLAUDIO. And Hymen now with luckier issue speaks, 

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe. 

[Exit. 

SCENE IV. — A room in Leonato's house. 

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, 
Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero. 

FRIAR. Did I not tell you she was innocent? 

LEONA. So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her 

Upon the error that you heard debated; 

But Margaret was in some fault for this, 

Although against her will, as it appears 

In the true course of all the question. 

ANTONIO. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well. 

BENE. And so am I, being else by faith enforced 

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it. 

LEONA. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves, 

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd. 

[Exeunt Ladies. 

The prince and Claudio promised 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. 

ANTONIO. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance. 

FRIAR. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think. 

BENE. To do what, signior? 

FRIAR. To bind me, or make me: one of them. 

SIGNIOR LEONATO. Truth it is, good signior, 

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour. 

LEONA. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true, 

BENE. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
ACT V.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE IV.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me, from Claudio and the prince: But what say you there?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical;
But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin’d
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking,
Frier. And my help.
Here come the prince and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, and two or three others.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
to-day to marry with my brother’s daughter?
Claudio. I’ll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.
Leon. Call her forth, brother; here’s the friar ready.
[Exit Antonio.

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?
Claudio. I think he thinks upon the savage bull,
Tush, fear not, man: we’ll tip thy horns with gold
And all the world shall rejoice at thee,
As once upon so hot a Jove, when he would play
the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable bow;
And some such strange bull leap’d thy father’s cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat.
Much like to you, for you have just his bant.
Claudio. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claudio. Why, then she’s mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.
Claudio. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Bene. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[Unmasking.
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claudio. Another Hero!
Bene. Nothing certain:
One Hero died defied, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whilst her slander lived.
Frier. All this amusement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I’ll tell you largely of fair Hero’s death:
Meanwhile let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
Bene. [Unmasking] I answer to that name. What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?
Bene. Why, no: no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then your uncle and the prince and
Have been deceived: they swore you did. [Claudio
Bene. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no: no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then my cousin, Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceived: for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick forme.
Bene. They swore that you were well-nigh dead
for love of me?
Bene. ‘Tis no such matter. Then you do not love
Bene. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claudio. And I’ll be sworn upon’t that he loves
For here’s a paper written in his hand, [her
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion’d to Beatrice.

Hero. And here’s another
Writ in my cousin’s hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A blank! here’s our own hands against our hearts.
Come, I will have thee; but, by this light,
I take thee for pity.

Bene. 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, I shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

Claudio. 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 afterward.

Bene. First, of 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 taken 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.

[Dance.—Exit.}
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Ferdinand, King of Navarre.
Biron, Longaville, lords attending on the King.
Dumain, Boyet, lords attending on the Princess of France.
Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, a curate.
Holofernes, a schoolmaster.
Dull, a constable.
Costard, a clown.
Moth, page to Armado.
A Forester.
The Princess of France.
Rosaline, Maria, ladies attending on the Princess.
Jaquenetta, a country wench.
Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—Navarre.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page xlvii.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The king of Navarre's park.

Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, Live register'd upon our brazen tombs; And then grace us in the disgrace of death; When, spite of cornernot devouring Time, The endeavour of this present breath may buy That honour which shall hate his sceptre'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-schoolmen and to keep those statutes That are recited in this schedule here: [names, Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your That his own hand may strike his honour down That violates the smallest branch herein: If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do, Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved: 'tis but a three years' fast: The mind shall banquet, though the body pine: Fat jennies have lean pates, 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 lacer slaves: To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die! With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over; So much, dear liege, I have already sworn, That is, to live and study here three years. But there are other strict observances; As, not to see a woman in that term, Which I hope well is not enrolled there; And one day in a week to touch no food And but one meal on every day beside, The which I hope is not enrolled there; And then, to sleep but three hours in the night, And not be seen to wink of all the day— When I was wont to think no harm all night And make a dark night too of half the day— Which I hope well is not enrolled there; O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep, Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep! King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please: I only swore to study with your grace And stay here in your court for three years' space. King. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest. What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and bar'd, you mean, from common sense? King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so, To know the thing I am forbid to know: As thus,—to study where I well may dine, When I to feast expressly am forbid; Or study where to meet some mistress fine, When mistresses from common sense are hid; Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath, Study to break it and not break my troth. If study's gain be thus and this be so, Study knows that which yet it doth not know: Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain, Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain: As, painfully to pore upon a book To seek the light of truth; while truth the while Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look: Light seeking light doth light of light beguile: So, ere you find where light in darkness lies, Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes. Study me how to please the eye indeed By fixing it upon a fairer eye, Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed And give him light that it was blinded by. Study is like the heaven's glorious sun That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks.

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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 lights
Than men that walk not where they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name. [reading!]
**King.** How well he's read, to reason against
**Dumai.** Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
**Long.** He weeds the corn and still lets grow the
Weeding that walketh not where it are.
**Biron.** The spring is near when green geese are
**Dumai.** How follows that?
**Biron.** Fit in his place and time.
**Dumai.** In reason nothing.
**Biron.** Something then in rhyme.
**King.** Biron is like an envious snapping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
**Biron.** Well, say I am; why should proud sum-
mer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in my abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
**King.** Well, you out; go home, Biron; adieu.
**Biron.** No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay
with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore
And bide the pittance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.
**King.** How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
**Biron [reads].** 'Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.' Hath this been pro-
Long. Four days ago. [claimed]
**Biron.** Let 's see the penalty. [Reads] 'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?
**Long.** Marry, that did I.
**Biron.** Sweet lord, and why? [penalty.]
**Long.** To fright then hence with this dread
**Biron.** What's the reason 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—
A maid of grace and complete majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrpet, sick and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vanity comes the same princess hither,
**King.** What say you, lords? why, this was quite
**Biron.** So study evermore is overshot: [forgot.
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
**King.** We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.
**Biron.** Necessity will make us all forsown
Three thousand times within this three years!
For every man with his affects is born, [space;
Not that he hath grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsown on mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainer of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to other as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
**King.** Ay, what there is. Our court, you know, is
haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
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 vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy that Armado hight
For interim to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From savvy Spain lest in the world's debate,
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
**Biron.** Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
Therefore Costard and the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

**Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.**
**Dull.** Which is the Duke's own person?
**Biron.** This fellow: what wouldst?
**Dull.** I must self reproof of his own person, for I am his grace's tharborhough; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
**Biron.** This is he.
**Dull.** Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.
**Cost.** Sir, the contemptus thereof are as touching me.
**King.** A letter from the magnificent Armado.
**Biron.** How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
**Long.** A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
**Biron.** To hear? or forbear laughing?
**Long.** To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh modestly: or to forbear both.
**Biron.** Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to clink in the merriness.
**Cost.** The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it, I am taken with the matter.
**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 my right!
**King.** Will you hear this letter with attention? **Biron.** As we would hear an oracle.
**Cost.** Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.
**King [reads].** 'Great deputy, the welkin's vice-
general and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'
**Cost.** Not a word of Costard yet.
**King [reads].** 'So it is.'
**Cost.** It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in
telling true, but so.
**King.** Pet him, sir.
**Cost.** Be to me and every man that dares not fight.
**King.** No words!
**Cost.** Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.
**King [reads].** 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured
ACT I.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I.

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 imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenile?

Moth. It is a minor demonstration of the working of my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenile, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which was a numbe to tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertain title to thy old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy commend praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. But, that an eel be ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [Aside] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it titteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of these amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?

Arm. Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrive wolk: 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.

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 reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a footed horse to carry. If I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more: and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, beook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; I would most graze birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon; it is yeilded thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscure and most proverbous event, that dreary from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewes, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where, it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base mimow of thy mirth;—

Cost. Me?

King [reads]. *that unlettered small-knowing

Cost. Me?

King [soul]. 

King. *that shallow vassal, —

Cost. Still me?

King. *which, as I remember, bight Cost.

Cost. O, me! 

King. [sortd.]

King [reads]. *sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,— O with — but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

Cost. With a warm

King [reads]. *with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the need of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation. [Dull. 

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony

King [reads]. *For Jaquenetta, — so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the afore-said swain. — I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:

And to the lords to part in praise of that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Domatia.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of perity! Affliction may one day smile again, till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [Exe.
ACT II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I. — The same.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate. Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders. Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say,

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Cost. 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 forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valor! rest, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[Exit.
To let you enter his uncoupled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumnain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prior. *Fair* I give you back again; and *we* come.*I have not yet,* the roof of this court is so high to be yours: and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prior. I will be welcome, then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prior. O lady help my lord! He'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prior. Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prior. 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 deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-hold:

To teach a teacher ill beseech me.

Vouchsafe to read the promise of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prior. You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you'll prove perjured 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.

Prior. How needless was it then to ask the question?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. *Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

*Biron. You wit's too hot, it_speeds too fast.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. *Now fair befall your mask!*

Ros. *Fair fall the face it covers!*

Biron. *And send you many covers!*

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one-half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he or we, as neither have,

Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more: in surity of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one-half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns: and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine;

Which we much rather had depart withal

And have the money by our father lent

Than Aquitaine so galled as it is.

Dear prince and peer, we grant his requests so far

From reason's yielding, your fair self should make

A yielding against some reason in my breast

And go well satisfied to France again.

Prior. You do the king my father too much wrong

And wrangle the reputation of your name,

So most unwilling to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
ACT III.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I.

King. I do protest I never heard of it; And if you prove it, I'll repay it back Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word. Boyet, you can produce acquaintances 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. You shall suffer me: at which interview All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime 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 received As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart, Though so denied fair harbour in my house. Your own good thoughts excurse me, and farewell: To-morrow shall we visit you again. [Grace.

Biron. Thy own wish I thee I thee in every place! [Exit.

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [Exit Biron.

Mar. That 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. [Board.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Biron. And wherefore not ships? No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [The jest? Mar. 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 jangling; but, gentles, agree: This civil war of wits were much better used On Navarre and his book-men: for here it is abused. Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies, By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes, Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire: His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd, Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd: His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see, Be mad with taste in his eyesight to be: All senses to that sense did make their repair, To feel only looking on tais of fairest: Mething all his senses were lock'd in his eye, As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy: Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd, Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd: His face's own margent did quote such amazes That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes. I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his, An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed, I only have made a mouth of his eye, By adding a tongue which I know will not lie. Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skillfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my maid wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warbles, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Conceived. [Singing.

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years: take this key, give enhancement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love. [Brawl.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT III.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the Zvenov.

Moth. I will add the Zvenov. Say the moral as

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
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 fo
with my Zvenov.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door.

Cost. Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good Zvenov, ending in the goose: would
you desire more?

Cost. The box hath sold him a bargain, a goose,
That's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, and your goose he fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose;
Let me see: a fat Zvenov: ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By and by, a costard was broken in a

Then call'd you for the Zvenov.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your
argument in;

and then the boy's fat Zvenov, the goose that you
And he ended the market.

Arm. By the sweet soul, I mean setting thee at
liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wast im-
ured, 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 durance:
and, in heat thereof, impose on thee nothing but
this: hear this significant [giving a letter] to the
country maid Jaquenetta: there is renumeration;
for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my
dependents. Moth. follow.

[Exit.]

Moth. Like the sequel. 1. Signior Costard, aloof.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my hony
ejew.

[Exit Moth.]

Now will I look to his renumeration. Renumeration!
O, that's the Latin word for three farthings:
three farthings—renumeration.—What's the price of
this inkle?—One penny. —No, I 'll give you
a renunciation: 'why, it carries it. Renumera-
tion! why, it is a fairer name than French crown.
I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly
well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon
may a man buy for a renumeration?

Biron. What is a renumeration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. 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. This afternoon.
ACT IV.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I. — The same.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.
Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.
Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.
Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

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 is a gentle lady: [name,
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do command
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go,
[Giving him a shilling.

Cost. Cardon, O sweet garden! better than remuneration, a
'then-pence farthing better: most sweet garden! I will do it, sir, in print.
Cardon! Remuneration! [Exit.

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have
been love's whip;
A very handle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This youth's, whoe'er it is, so blameless
for Ilereliy,
Whoe'er it is, I will not praise:
But, should I mean to praise,
Would I not mean to praise? but praise
Her beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prim. What, what? first praise me and again say
O short-lived pride! not fair? shackle for woe! [nay?
For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prim. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prim. See, see, my beauty will be saved 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 it;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes.
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part.
We bend to that the working of the heart;
And I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst withheld that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prim. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any haly that subsides a lord.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all the passion that can breathe.
Dread prince of plaquetts, king of coquetry,
Soe imperator and great general
Of trotting puritans: — O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? If I love? I sue! I seek a wife! —
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A wildly 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 ennuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! To go: it is a plague
That Cupid will impose on a defect.
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and grom:
Some men must love my lady and some Joan. [Exit.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter Costard.

Cost. God dig-yaun-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prim. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
That have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prim. The thickest and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit.
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
[here.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest?
Cost. What's your will? say what's your will?
Prim. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one
Lady Rosaline. [of mine
Prim. 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 Jaquinetta.

Prim. We will read it, I swear.
Boyet. [reads. 'By heaven, that thou art fair, is
most infaillible: true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,
beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself,
have commiseration on thy heriocall vassal! The
magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua
set eye upon the pernicious and inhabitable beggar
Zenephon; and he it was that might rightly say,
Venit, vidi, vici; which to immortalize in the vulgar.—O base and obscure vulgar!—vide dexter.
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 enriched: on whose side? the beggar's.
The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both.
I am the king: for so stands the comparison: thou the
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beggar: for so witness thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shall thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles; titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the nearest design of industry.

**Don Adriano de Armado.**

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, poorest and poorest art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

**Pria.** What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter? [better?]

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear

**Boyet.** I am much deceived but I remember the style. [crewhile.

**Pria.** Else your memory is bad, going o'er it

**Boyet.** This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarch, and one that makes sport

To the prince and his bookmates.

**Pria.** Thou fellow, a word?

**Cost.** I told you; my lord.

**Pria.** To whom shouldst thou give it?

**Cost.** From my lord to my lady.

**Pria.** 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.

**Pria.** Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

[To Ros.] 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!

**Boyet.** My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on! Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

**Boyet.** And who is your deer?

**Ros.** If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

**Mor.** 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 thou in King Perkin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

**Boyet.** So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

**Ros.** Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

**Pria.** Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

**Boyet.** An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt Ros. and Kath.

**Cost.** By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

**Mor.** A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

**Boyet.** A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady! [Be.

Let the mark have a prick in 't, to meet at, if it may

**Mor.** Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

**Cost.** Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

**Boyet.** An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

**Cost.** Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin. [grow foul.

**Mor.** Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips

**Cost.** She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

**Boyet.** Fear too much rubbing. Good-night, my good owl. [Exit Boyet and Maria. 

**Cost.** By my soul, a swain! a most simple swain! Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down! O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incoy vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly at

will swear.

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical hit!

Sola, sola! [Shout within.—Exit Costard, running.

**Scene II.**—The same.

**Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.**

**Nath.** Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

**Hol.** The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of cado, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and moon falcheth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

**Nath.** Truly, Master Holofernes, the epitaphs are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a lack of the first head.

**Hol.** Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.

**Dull.** 'T was not a hand credo; 't was a pricket.

**Hol.** Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, ostentation; to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or rathereft, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my hand credo for a deer.

**Dull.** I said the deer was not a hand credo; 't was a pricket.

**Hol.** Twice-sold simplicity, blest coxcomb! [look!

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou

**Nath.** Sir, thou hast never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;

he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the dullest parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful could be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him

in a school:

But omnne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

**Dull.** You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not

five weeks old as yet? [man Dull. 

**Hol.** Dietynna, goodman Dull; Dietynna, good-

**Dull.** What is Dietynna?

**Nath.** A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

**Hol.** The moon was a month old when Adam was

no more.

**Cost.** And raught not to five weeks when he came to five.

The allusion holds in the exchange. [exchange.

**Dull.** 'T is true, indeed; the collusion holds in the
Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange: for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside that, twas a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nath. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate strummery.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The greyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket.

Some thought a squirrel, but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put l. to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket; shooting.

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people full a-

It sore be, then l. to sore makes fifty sores one some.

Of one sore I am hundred make by adding but one

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [Aside] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple: a foolish very venement spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricles of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable. I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui paucu loquitur; a soul feminine salmieth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morning, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, pray me a person. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth: fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 1 pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelida quando pucus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice!

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non t'ide vede non t'etia.
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. [domine.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanzia, a verse; lege, Nath. [reads]

If love make me foresworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty voud'! Though to himself foresworn, to thee I' ll faithful prove;
[bow'd.]
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers
Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all these pleasures live that art would comprehend:

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suf-
fice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commended order;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without with-

Which is to some praise that I thy parts admire: Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire. Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong.

That sings heaven's praise with such an earthy tongue.

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified: but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poetry, care.

Vividino so was also your sister's device; and why, indeed, Nausicaa, for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imbrati is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tied horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosas-
line.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the per-
son named: '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 compliment: I forgive thy duty: adieu. [your life!]

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

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 col-
ourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?—

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ten venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech you the liberty.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infaillibly con-
cludes it. [To Dull] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: paca veria. Away! the gentiles are at their game, and we will to our recre-

ation.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself; they have pitched a foil; I am toiling in a pitch.—pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I, a sheep; well proved again o' my side! I will not love you: if I do, let me not love thee; it I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and he in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and
Enter King, with a paper.

KING. Ay me!

BIRON. [Aside] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thrust him up with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

KING [reads].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a costly diamond in a facet,
So ridest thou triumphing in my eye.
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 kings! how fair doth then 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.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

BIRON. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

LONG. Ay me, I am forsworn!

BIRON. Why he comes in like a perjurer, wearing papers.

KING. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

BIRON. One drunkard loves another of the name.

LONG. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

BIRON. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:

[eyes.

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of societie,
The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up in similitude.

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. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's
Disguise not his skap.

[Reads.

LONG. This same shall go.

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 forswore: but I will prove,
Thou being a godless, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhale this vapour now: in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

[Deity.

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh
A green goose a godless: pure, pure idolatry.
[Way.

God, and mark us, God amen! We are much out o' the
LONG. By whom shall I send this?—Company!

[Stay.

Biron. All hid, all hid: an old infant play.

Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sakes to the mill? O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter Dumas, with a paper.

DUMAIN. Transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Biron. Most munificently comb'd.

DUMAIN. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

BIRON. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

DUMAIN. Her amber hair for fuel hath amber quoted.

BIRON. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

DUMAIN. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

DUMAIN. As fair as day. [Shine.

BIRON. Ay, as some days: but then no sun must
DUMAIN. O that I had my wish!

LONG. And I had mine!

KING. And I mine, too, good Lord! [Word.

BIRON. Amen, so I had mine; is not that a good
DUMAIN. 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 inclusion
Would let her out in sauces: sweet misprision!

DUMAIN. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

BIRON. Once more I'll mark how love can vary

[Reads.

On a day—a slack the day—

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spies a blooming rose in fair:

Playing in the wants air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, can passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish himself the heaven's death,

Air, quoth he, thy checks may blow;

Alas! would I might triumph so!

But, slack, my hand is sworn

No'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

Yow, slack, for youth unmeet;

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiope were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain,

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjurd note:

For none offend where all alike do dote.

LONG. [advancing] Dumaun, thy love is far from
That in love's grief desir'est society:

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'erheard and taking napping so.

[Advancing] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;

You shall, if 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 did blush:

I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ay me! says one: O Jove! the other cries:

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

[To Long.] You would for paradise break faith and

[To Dumaun.] And Jove, for your love, would infringe

What will Biron say when that he shall hear

Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scenic! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!

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For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step forth to whips hypocrisy.

[Advancing,]

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to repuru
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 perplexed, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnet:
But are you not ashamed? say, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershoot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transform'd to a gaunt!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Thimon laugh at idle toys!
Where are thy grief, O, tell me now, Dommain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A cauldron, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. I betray'd you, my liege, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme,
Or grate for love? or spend a minute's time
In prunin' 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 galloys 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 paper,
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adriamadio, Dun Adriamadio.

Biron. This is the letter.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou
Tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. [To Costard] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead!
you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and, you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?

King. [Hence, sirs; away!]

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
stay.

[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea the ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree;
We cannot choose the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forgiven.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love
of thine?

[by Rosaline.

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heaven-
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal heart, and stricken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

[Now?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee
My love, her mistress, is great as the moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron;
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all comprehensions the cul'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies in her eyes make one:
Nothing which wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.
A wight'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye;
Beauty doth parch age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony,
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O beauty, is it the judge of hell,
The line of dungs and the suit of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
O, it in black my lady's brows be deck'd, [light.
It morns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doyers 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 avoid dispair,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are coffers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion
Dun. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is
light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'T 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 doomsday
here.

[She.

King. Of devil will fright thee then so much as
Dun. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her
face see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
ACT V.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without surcility, witty without affectation, audacious without impiety, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the King's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tamquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue fiery, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronomiacal. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinary, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epitaph.

Hol. He drawer out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I laboured such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-devise conceptions: such makers of orthography, as to speak daintily, fine, when he should say blunt; det, when he should pronoune debt, — d, e, b, t, not d, e, t; he clefteth a calf, cleft: half, half; neighbour vacutur nebar: neighbour abbreviated. This is abominalable, — which he would call abominable: it
insinuate: me of insanie: anne intelligis, domine? to make frantie, lunatic.
Nath. Latu Deo, bene intelligo.
Hol. Bon. bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scrap, quick will serve.
Nath. Videan quis venit?
Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Arm. Chirrah!

Hol. Quare chirrah, non sirrah?
Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.
Hol. Most military sir, salutation.
Moth. [Aside to Costard] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.
Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten tice for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus; thou art easier swallowed than a flay-drake.

Hol. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [To Hol.] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant? — nine of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.
Hol. I will repeat them,— a, e, i, — [o, u]
Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it.—
Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoceth my intellect: true wit! [wit-old.
Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?
Moth. Horns. [sig.
Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circums circums,—a gig of a cuckold’s horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread; hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-pence, which I sold for a pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to: thou hast it ad dundhill, at the fingers’ ends, as they say.
Hol. O. I smell false Latin; dunghill for ungenam.
Arm. Artes, we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?
Hol. Or moons, the hill.
Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.
Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king’s sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her jubi-lion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.
Hol. The posterity of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon; the word is well called, close, 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 ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy: I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, I think now, and I do, indeed, too, but let that pass; for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger; thus, daily with my excrement, with my mustard; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no

fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all, I say, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, 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 withall, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at 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. Josipha, yourself: and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabaeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy’s thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.
Hol. Shall I assent to this? he will present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake: and I will have an apology for that purpose.
Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: Well done, Hercules! now thou hast the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies? —
Hol. I will play three myself.
Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!
Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?
Hol. We attend.
Arm. We will have, if this fudge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.
Hol. Via, Goodman Dull: thou hast spoken no word all this while.
Dull. Nor play I good none neither, sir.
Hol. Allons! we will employ thee. [play
Dull. I’ll make one on a dance, or so; or I will on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.
Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!

[Exit.

SCENE II. — The same.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in: A lady well’d about with diamond! Look you what I have from the loving king.
Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with that?
Pria. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cram’d up in a sheet of paper, With both sides the leaf, margnet and all, That he was fain to seal on Cupid’s name.
Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax, For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You’ll never be friends with him; a’ kill’d

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she did: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might ha’ 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.
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument; none minds you.
Kath. Do so not, for you are a light wench.
Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason: for 'past care is past care.'

Prince. Well handled both: a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Ros. 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 numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Prince. Any thing like?
Ros. Fair is better in their letters: nothing in the praise.
Prince. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.
Ros. Were pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not as full of O's!
Kath. A box of that jest! and I bestrew all
shaws.
Prince. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from
dear Dumnia?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prince. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover.
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity. [ville:
Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longa-]
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prince. I think no less. Best thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and 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'th torture ere I go,
O the fresh breath in by the week!
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
And wait the season and observe the times
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
And shape his service wholly to my hests
And make him proud to make me proud that jests?
So pertinaciously would I oversway his state
That he should be my fool and I his fate.
Prince. None are so surely caught, when they are
caught'd.
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such ex-
As gravity's revolt to wantonness. [cess
Mor. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
Prince. Here comes Biron, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Biron.
Biron. O, I am stub'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
Prince. Thy news, Biron?
Biron. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wench's, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguements; you'll be surprised;

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prince. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they?
That charge their breath against us? say, scot, say.
Biron. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to make them more sensible than they.
When, lo! to interrupt my purpose rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, in mockery, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath commit't his embassage
Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Th roughly, view the king, 'an angel shall thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy reply'd, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'
With that, all laugh'd and chapp'd him on the shoulder.
Making the bold way by their praises holer:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and 'er'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Vic! we will do, come what will come:'
The thing's done, and they all goes well;
'The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spicen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Prince. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Biron. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Masovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance;
And every one his love-teat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.
Prince. And will they so? The gallants shall be
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd; [tisk'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, thy face, and give me thine, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes. [sight.
Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prince. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs;
They do it but in mocking tormentin;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unsobos shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet
With quick revenge displayed, to talk a street.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
Prince, No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.
Biron, Why, that contempt, will kill the speaker's
heart, and quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prince. 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 mock by our own, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[Trumpets sound within.
Biron. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come.
[The Ladies mask.
ACT V.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Enter Blackamoors with music; Moth; the King, Biron, Longueville, and Dumain, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—

Biron. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames.

[The Ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!

Biron. [Aside to Moth] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

[views!—]

Moth. That ever turned their eyes to mortal

Out—

Biron. True; out indeed. [safe

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouch-Not to be hold—

Biron. [Aside to Moth] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,—

with your sun-beamed eyes—

Biron. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfection? be gone, you rogue!

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Biron?

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Biron. What would you with the princess?

Ros. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Biron. What would they, say they?

Ros. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Biron. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles

To treat a measure with her on this grass. [a mile

Biron. They say, that they have measured many

To treat a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile: if they have measured many,

The measure then of one is easily told. [miles.

Biron. If to come hither you have measured

And many miles, the princess bids you tell

How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Biron. 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? [you:

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accout;

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

[shine, Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to

Those clouds removed, upon our watery eye.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it

soon. [Music plays.

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

King. And you not dance? How come you thus erstunged? [changed.

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it. Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by

chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands. We will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends;

Curly, 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. Your absence only.

[Pay?—

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 pleased with that.

[They converse apart.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word

with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so

nice.

Metheglin, wort, and maltmuse: well run, dice!

There's half-a-dozen sweets.

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 grieve'st my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.

Dian. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a

Mere. Name it.

[word?

Dian. Fair lady.—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord.—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dian. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.

King. What was your wizard 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 wizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal?

Long. A calf, fair lady! [a calf?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. [projects.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Beat softly then; the butcher bears you

cry.

[They converse apart.

Biron. The tongues of mocking wenches are as

As is the razor's edge invisible.

[keen

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 maidens; break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scott!—

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple

Prin. Twenty adieux, my frozen Muscovits. [winks.

Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Biron. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths

puff'd out.

[fat.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat,

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor thou!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

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Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?  
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.  
Rosi. 6, they were all in lamenable cases!  
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.  
Let Biron bid women of all suit.  
Merr. Dunnain was at my service, and his sword  
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.  
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;  
And trow you what he called me?  
Kath. Qualm, perhaps.  
Kath. Yes, in good faith.  
Prià. Go, sickness as thou art!  
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.  
Prià. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.  
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.  
Merr. Dunnain is nine, as sure as bark on tree.  
Boyét. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:  
Immediately they will again be here  
in their own shapes; for it can never be  
They will digest this harsh indignity.  
Prià. When they return.  
Boyét. They will, they will, God knows,  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:  
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.  
[stool.  
Prià. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood  
Longaville, and plighted for mine service.  
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.  
Prià. Avant, perplexity! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?  
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,  
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;  
And wonder what they were and to what end  
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penned  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our feast to us.  
Boyét. Ladies withdraw: the gallants are at hand.  
Prià. Whip to our tents, as roses run o'er land.  
[Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.  
Re-enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and  
Dunnain, in their proper habits.  
King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?  
Boyét. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty  
Command me any service to her thither?  
[Exit.
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one  
moment.  
Boyét. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.  
[Exit.  
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,  
And utters it again when God doth please:  
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares  
At wakes and wasstails, meetings, markets, fairs;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wench's on his sleeve;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;  
At can carve too, and lisp; why, this is he  
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;  
This is the nose 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 in ushering  
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:  
This is the faculty that smiles on every one,  
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;  
And conscience, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.  
King. A bluster on his sweet tongue, with my heart.  
That put Armado's page out of his part!  
[thuj Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what worth  
Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou  
now?
Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline,  
Maria, and Katharine.  
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!  
Prià. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is toul, as I conceive.  
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.  
Prià. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.  
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now  
To lead you to our court; vouchesafe it then.  
Prià. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:  
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.  
King. I revoke me not for that which you provoke:  
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.  
Prià. You nickname 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 unsmir'd lily, I protest,  
A world of torrents though I should endure,  
I would not yield to be your house guest;  
So much as my breaking cause to be.  
Of heavenly oaths, wov'd with integrity.  
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,  
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.  
Prià. 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 late.  
King. How, madam! Russians!  
Prià. 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 were with four  
In Russian habit: here they stayed an hour,  
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,  
They did not bless us with one happy word.  
I dare not call them fools: but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.  
Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,  
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,  
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose sight; your capacity  
Is of that nature that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.  
Ros. This proveth you wise and rich, for in my eye,—  
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.  
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.  
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!  
Ros. All the fool mine?  
Biron.  
I cannot give you less.  
Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?  
Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?  
[case.  
Ros. There, then, that vizard: that superfluous  
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.  
King. We are descried; they'll mock us now  
downright.  
Dom. Let us confess and turn it to a jest.  
[Exit.  
Prià. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness  
Ros. Help, hold his brows; he'll swoon! Why  
look you pale?  
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.  
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.  
Can any face of brass bold longer out?  
Here stand 1: lady, dart thy skil at me:  
Biron. Such stones are some confused with a flat;  
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 schoolboy's tongue,
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

ACT V.

Scene II.

Do not yet know my lady's foot by the squier;
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trecher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
For when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You lerne now: and do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leavened sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is very fine
For every one pursents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
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 whereunto it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereunto it doth amount:
for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one pool man. Pompiion the Great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompiion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

[Exit.]

King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
[many.
To have one or two of them worse than the king's and his com-
King. I say they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.
[Converses apart 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 is all one, my fair, sweet, honest moon-
arch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!

[Exit.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Wor-
thes. He presents Hector of Troy: the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander: Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Mac-
cabeus.
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other

Biron. There is love in the first show. [live.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedgehog
Have found the hoy—

Abate thou at nowm, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—You lie, you are not he.

Biron. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be
friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompeyam, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum, The Great.

Cost. It is, 'Great, sir:—

Pompey surnamed the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make
My foe to sweat, [by chance; and
And travelling along this coast, I here am come
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass
Of France. [had done.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect:
I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the
best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the
world's commander;
By cast, west, north, and south, I spread my con-
quering might:

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Aliscander,—

Bog. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it
stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells 'no' in this, most ten-
der-smelling knight. [Alexander.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good
Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the
world's commander. [sander.

Bog. My heart is sight; you were so, Al-

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard. [sander.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Ali-
Cost. [To Sir Nath.] O, sir, you have overthrown
Aliscander the conqueror! You will be scraped out
of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds
his pell axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to
Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror,
and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Aliscan-
der, [Nath. retires] There, 'tis shall please you: a
foolish mad man: an honest man, look you, and
soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour,
faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Aliscander—
 alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'pertured. But
there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind
in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for

Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimps, [vulgar;
Then did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quantum he seemed in his minority.
Ergo I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Judas I am,—

[Recites.]

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, eclips'd Maccabæus.

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved

Judas I am,—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Bog. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begu, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Bog. A citizen-head.

Biron. The head of a bolkin.

Biron. A Death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Bog. The pommel of Caesar's falshicon.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cup of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in counten-
ance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so:

Bog. Nor could we go before, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—

Judas, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Bog. Politic for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark,
he may stumble.

[Hol. retires

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited?

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes He-
ctor in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I
will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Bog. But is this Hector?

King. Nay, and his Hector was not so well tim-
bered.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. Most of it.

Bog. No; he is best in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lanes the al-

cave Hector a gift, [Hector]

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lanes the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Arm. That mint.

Long. That clove.

Arm. That clove.

Hol. The armipotent Mars, of lanes the almighty.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet wasp-wan is dead and rotten; sweet

chucks, beat not the bones of the buried;

When he breathed, he was a man. But I will for-
ward with my device. [To the Princess] Sweet
royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. [Lighted.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much de-
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V.

Welcome, Mercadé. 

Mr. God save you, madam! 

Prin. Welcome, Mercadé; 

But that you interrupt our merriment. 

Merc. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. 

That king your father— 

Prin. Dead, for my life! 

Mr. Even so; my tale is told. 

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud. 

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. 

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. 

[Exeunt Worthies. 

King. How fares your majesty? 

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night. 

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay. 

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords, for all your fair endeavours; and entreat, out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe in your rich wisdom to excuse or hide the liberal opposition of our spirits. 

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves in the converse of breath: your gentleness Waxed great in my esteem; 

A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue: Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtained. 

King. The extreme parts of thine extremely forms All causes to the purpose of his speed, And often at his very loose decides That which long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love, The holy suit of love it would convince, Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow justly it From what it purposed; since, to wait 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 grief; 

And by these badges understand the king. 

For your fair sakes have we neglected time, 

Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, but fashioning our humours 

Even to the opposite end of our intents: 

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,— 

As love is full of unbecitting strains, 

All wanton as a child, skipping and vain, 

Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye, 

Full of strange shapes and various kinds of 

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll 

To every varied object in his glance: 

Which parti-coated presence of loose love 

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes, 

Have misconceived our oaths and gravities, 

Those heavenly thoughts, 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 received your letters full of love; 

Your favours, the ambassadors of love; 

And, in our maiden council, rated them 

At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy, 

As bon-bon and as shining to the line; 

But more devout than this in our respects 

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves 

In their own fashion, like a merriment. 

[Exeunt. 

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than 

Long. So did our looks, 

Etc. 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 perjured much, 

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this: 

If for my love, as there is no such cause, 

You will do aught, this shall you do for me: 

Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed 

To some forlorn and naked hermitage, 

Remote from all the pleasures of the world; 

There stay until the twelve celestial signs 

Have brought about the annual reckoning, 

If this mustere insoluble life 

Change not your offer made in heat of blood: 

If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds 

Nip not the garly blossoms of your love, 

But that it bear this trial and last love; 

Then, at the expiration of the year, 

Come challenge me, challenge me by 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 intited in the other's heart. 

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny, 

To farther up these powers of mine with rest,
Act V.  Love's Labour's Lost.  Scene II.

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 rack'd,
You are attain'd with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum.  But what to me, my love?  but what to me?

A wife?

Kath.  A beard, fair health, and honesty:
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum.  O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath.  Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced 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 ye be forsworn again.

Long.  What says Maria?

Mar.  At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long.  I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar.  The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron.  Studies my lady! mistrest, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What rascal 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 replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounded blots,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With growing wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pain'd impotent to smile.

Biron.  To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros.  Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
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 they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron.  A twelvemonth! well; befal all what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin.  [To the King] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

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.

Re-enter Armado.

Arm.  Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin.  Was not that Hector?

Dum.  The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm.  I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.
I am a votary; I have vowed to Juno
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.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard,
and others.

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring;
the one maintained by the owl, the other by the
cuckoo.  Ver, begin.

The Song.

Spring.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue:
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And unidens bleach their summer smoke,
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.

When iceicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit; Tu-whoo,
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drouns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit; Tu-whoo,
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm.  The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo.  You that way: we this way.

[Exeunt.}
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Egeus, father to Hermia.
Lysander, in love with Hermia.
Demetrius, in love with Hermia.
Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus.
Quince, a carpenter.
Snug, a joiner.
Bottom, a weaver.
Flute, a bellows-mender.
Snout, a tinker.
Starveling, a tailor.
Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.
Oberon, king of the fairies.
Titania, queen of the fairies.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.
Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendents on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE—Athens, and a wood near it.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page xlviii.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. 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, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she ligers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager.
Long withering out a young man's revenue. [night.
Hipp. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-heat in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Thee. 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 woold thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will weel 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. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news
with thee?

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 man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
And interchanged love-tokenes with my child:
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth;

With cunning hast thou filch'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 done for this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

Thee. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that composeth your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a born 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.

Thee. 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.

Thee. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me. [look.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

Thee. Either to die the death or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the lively of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon,
Thrice-bless'd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withereth on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up Unto 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 ever-lasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to yield
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For ayesternight's lost life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
They could hold no certain title.
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 derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved by virtuous Hermia.

Why should not I then possessate my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dots,
Devonly dotes, dotes in idolatrly.

Upon the spotted and inconsistent man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me.
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, I must whet your wit,
To fit your fancies to your father's will:
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our mutual and confederate with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

Lys. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Befieal for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.
Lys. Or else misgirted in respect of years—
Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—
Her. 0 hell! to choose love by another's eyes.
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the coiled night,
That shatters bones, throws heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say 'Beloved!'

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Their love must teach their trial in force,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me,
I have a widow aunt, a dowager—[Hermia.
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.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burns the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. [exit.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Hel-

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair! [fair
Your eyes are rose-stars; and your tongue's sweet
More tuneful than lark to shepherd's ear.
When wheel is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My car should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were you but as you were mindeng bated,
The rest I'd give to be you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles
Such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. [mine
Hel. None, but your beauty: would any fault were
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Scaped Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!
Lys. Helena, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal.
Through Athens' gates have we devise to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To see our friends, and all the strange companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
Lys. I will, my Hermia. [Exit Herm. Helena, aside:
As you on him. Demetrius dote on you! [Exit.
Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
ACT I.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SCENE I.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; he will not know what all but he do know: and as he errs, dotting on Hermia's eyes, so 1, 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 unhappily haste: and therefore is Love said to be a child, because in choice he is so oft beguiled. As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, so the boy Love is perjur'd every where: For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye, he hail'd down oaths that he was only mine; and when this hail some heat from Hermia felt, so he dissolved, 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 I do make you, my dear expense: but herein mean I to enrich my pain. To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the script.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the 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 gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms. I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercole rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. The raging rocks And shivering shocks Shall break the locks Of prison gates; And Philibius' car Shall shine from far And make and mar The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players.

This is Ercole's vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Flute. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Quin. Peter Quince, you must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let not me 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 monstrous little voice, 'Thine, Thisine; 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

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, that if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, 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 't were 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. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to com them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.

Fairy. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Puck. Over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier, over park, over pale, through fore, through fire, I do wander everywhere, swifter than the moon’s sphere; and I serve the fairy queen.

Fairy. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence: I have forsworn his bed and company.

Puck. Tarri, rash wanton; am I not thy lord?

Fairy. Then I must be thy lady; but I know when thou hast stolen away from fairy land, and in the shape of Corin sat all day, playing on pipes of corn and versing love.

O. Titania, have pity on my sorrow.

Fairy. Come from the farthest steppe of India; but that, forsooth, the bounding Amazon, your buskin’d mistress and your warrior love, to Theseus must be wedded, and you come to give their bed joy and prosperity.

O. How long, how long with this wood intend you stay?

Fairy. Perchance till after Theseus’ wedding-day.
ACT II.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. SCENE II.

If you will patiently dance in our round And see our moonlight 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. Thou art for thy father a pungent, merry, away! We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [Exit Titania with her train.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this Till I torment thee for this injury, [grove My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest Since once I sat upon a promontory, Fairies, away! We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. Since once I sat upon a promontory, And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath That the rude sea grew civil at her song And certain stars shot madly from their spheres, To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not, Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took At a fair vestal's throne by the west, And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow, As he best knew, whereon them tender hearts; But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon, And the imperial voetras passed on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Yet mark'd I where the boll of Cupid fell: It fell upon a little western flower, Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound, And maidens call it love-in-idleness. Fetch me that flower; the herb I 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 here again Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth In forty minutes. [Exit.

Obe. Having once this juice, I'll watch Titania when she is asleep, And drop the liquor of it in her eyes. The next thing then she waking looks upon, Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, On meddling monkey, or on busy ape, She shall pursue it with the soul of love, And she'll make this charm round of her sight, As I can take it with another herb, I'll make her reader up her page to me. But who comes here? I am invisible; And I will overhear 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 toldst me they were stolen unto this wood; And here am I, and woe within this wood, Because I cannot meet my Hermia. Hence to some other grove, and no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant; But yet you draw not iron, for my heart Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw, And I shall have no power to follow you. Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair? Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you? Hel. And even for that do I love you the more. I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, The more you beat me, I will fawn on you: Use me but as your spaniel, spur me, strike me, Neglect me, lose me: only give me leave, Unworthy as I am, to follow you. What worse service 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. Temp't 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 the rich worth of your virginity. Hel. Your virtue is not 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 changed: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase: The dove puts on her beauty's hue; the hawk Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed, When cowardice pursues and valour flies. Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go: Or, if thou follow me, do not believe But I shall do thee mischief in the wood. Hel. Ay. In the temple, in the town, the field, You do me mischief, Puck. Demetrius! Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex; We cannot fight for love, as men may do; We should be woo'd and were not made to woo. I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell, To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exit Dem.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph! ere he do leave this Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love. [grove, Rec-enter Puck.

Puck. Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer. Ay, there it is. Obe. I pray thee, give it me. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows; Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine, With sweet musk-rose and with eglantine; There sleeps Titania sometime of the night, Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight; And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin, Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in; And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes, And make her full of hateful fantasies. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove: A sweet Athenian lady is in love With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes; But do it when the next thing he espies May be the lady: thou shalt know the man By the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it when thou seest that he the more More fond 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. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tit. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song; Then, for the third part of a minute; hence, Some to kill rankers in the mask-rose buds, Some war with rees-mice for their heathen wings, To make my small eaves coats, and some keep back The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders At our quaint spirits. Sing me now aspleen; Then to your offices and let me rest.
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Come not near our fairy queen.
All the powerthis charm doth owe,
When thou wakest, let love forbide
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid;
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.
Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darling leave me? do not so,
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [Exit.
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
It so, my eyes are often wash'd than hers.
No, no, she seems rather as a bear.
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefor 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 sphere 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. [waking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helen! Nature 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 Helen I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you know not what you kill.
Things growing are not ripe mail their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Repose becomes the marshal to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I overlook
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, 's t not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Descry a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must dont my insufficiency?
Good truth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [Exit.

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The desiring nothing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen and to be her knight! [Exit.
Her. [Awaking] Help me, Lyndard, help me!
Do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lyndard, look how I do quake with fear:

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
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 wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, put; and here’s a marvellous convenient
place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall
be our stage, this hawthorn-branch our tire-house;
and we will do it in action as we will do it before the
Bot. Peter Quince.
Quin. What sayest 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’tר lakin, a pavilion fear.
Bot. 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
likely assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not
Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put
them out of fear.
Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and
it shall be written in eight and six.
Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in
eight and eight.
Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?
Sith. I fear it, I promise you.
Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your-
svlces; 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’t.
Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he
is not a lion.
Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his
face must be seen through the lion’s neck; and he
himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the
same effect,—‘Ladies,—or ‘Fair ladies,—I would
wish you,—or ‘I would request you,—or ‘I would
entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my
life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion,
it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I
am a man as other men are; and there indeed let
him name his name, and tell them plainly he is
Sany the joiner.
Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard
things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a cham-
er; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by
moonlight. [我们的 play? 
Bot. Doth the moon shine that night we play?
Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac;
find out moonshine, find out moonshine.
Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.
Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the
great chamber-window, where we play, open, and
the moon may shine in at the casement.
Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush
of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to dis-
figure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then,
there is another thing: we must have a wall in the
great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the
story, did talk through the chink of a wall.
Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say
you, Bottom?
Bot. Some man or other must present Wall: and
let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some
roughcast about him, to signify wall; and let him
hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall
Pyramus and Thisby whisper.
Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
down, even mother’s son, and release 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 heenam home-spuns have wassagger-
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? [Ing here,
What, a play towards! ’T'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if it I see cause.
Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,
Quin. Odious savours sweet.
Bot. — odours savours sweet:
So lath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile.
And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.
Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e’er played
here. [Exit.
Flu. Must I speak now?
Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must under-
stand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and
is to come again.
Flu. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly hucknial and eke most lovely Jew.
As true as trusty horse that yet would never tire,
I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny’s tomb.
Quin. ’Nnus’s tomb,’ man: why, you must not
speak that ye’t; 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.’
Flu. O,—As true as trusty horse, that yet
would never tire.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass’s head.

Bot. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.
Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!
[Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.
Puck. I’ll follow you, I’ll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier;
Sometime a horse I’ll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[Exit.
Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I
see on thee?
ACT III.  A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  SCENE II.

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?  

[Exit Swat.]

He enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.  

[Exit.]

Bot. 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.  

[Songs.

The osel cock so blacke of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true, —

Tit. [Awaking] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?  

Bot. [Songs]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,  
The plain-song eucanoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer now: —

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry 'eucanoo' never so?  

Tit. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  
Mine ear is much enamour’d of thy note;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue’s force perforce doth move me  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.  

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.  

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.  

Bot. Be it so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.  

Tit. Out of this wood do not desire to go:  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state;  
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;  
I’lI give thee fairies to attend on thee,  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!  

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

Pens. Ready.  
Cob. And I.  
Moth. And I.  
Musr. And I.  
All. Where shall we go?  
Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
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 that tender passion from his sleeping eyes:  
Not to him, elves, and do him courtesies.  

Pens. Hail, mortal!  
Cob. Hail!  
Moth. Hail!  
Musr. 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 gentle-  

Pens. Peaseblossom.  

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother; and to Master Peascod, your father.  

Good Master Peaseblossom, I desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?  

Musr. Mustardseed.  

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like oxed hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kind heart hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.  
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.  
Tie up my love’s tongue, bring him silently.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awakened;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.  
How now, mad spirit!  

What night-rule now about this haunted grove?  

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dall and sleeping hour,  
A crew of other rude unpolish’d sprites,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus’ nuptial-day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene and enter’d in a brake:  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass’s note I fixed on his head:  
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye,  
For rais’d their immiuns, to their own thoughts,  
Rising and caving at the gun’s report,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
And, at our stamp, here o’er and o’er one falls;  
His murdercries and help from Athens call’d; [strong]  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;  
For briars 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 waked and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.  
But last thou yet lifeth the Athenian’s eye  
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 waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Hermia and Demetrius.

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?  

Lax breath so bitter on your latter foe.  
Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me; would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bore and that the moon
May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so done, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past
the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have looked upon him thus long 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 doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood: I
am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence I do
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[Dies down and sleeps.
Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistak'en
quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some tree of error and not false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer;
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.
Obe. Fluer of this purple dye,
Hilt with Cupid's archerie,
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 youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's ease;
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 befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in
Scorn and derision never come in tears: [scorn?
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in Demetrius born to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and to me in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as talcs.

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. [Awakening] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,

to what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crystal is dimmy. O, how rife in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crown
When thou hast dry'd thy true-love's kiss
This priceless of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spate! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your errand:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are making these so 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 Helena to be repaid,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

Hel. Never more to take the breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is 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 dear.

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Herm. Dark night, that from the eye his function

takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it both impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me thy sound.
But why unkindly 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,
ACT III.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SCENE II.

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night Than all you fery oes and eyes of light, Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 

Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be. 

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three To fashion this false sport, in spite of me. Injuries Hermia! most ungrateful said! Have you conspired, have you with these contriv'd To bait me with this foul derision? 

Is all the counsel that we two have shared, The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent, When we have chill'd the hasty-footed time For parting us,--Or is it all forgot? All look each other; how this sweet innocence? We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, Have with our needles created both one flower, Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, Both warbling of one song, both in one key, As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds, Had been incorporate. So we grew together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet an union in partition; 

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem; So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; 

Two of the first, like costs in heraldry, Due to a woman, and the other to a youth, And will you rent our ancient love asunder. To join with men in scorning your poor friend? 

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly. Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, Though I alone do feel the injury. 

Hel. Ay, by my life; And never did desire to see thee more, Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt; 

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest That I do hate thee and love Helena. 

Her. O me! you juggling! you canker-blossom! You yield of love what you have not by night And stolen my love's heart from him? 

Hel. Fine, i' faith! Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear Impatient answers from my gentle tongue? 

Her. You amaze! counterfeit me! You. 

Her. Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game. Now I perceive that she hath made compare Between our statures; she hath urged her height; 

And with her personage, her tall personage, Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him. And are you grown so high in his esteem, Because I am so dwarfish and so low? 

How low am I, thou painted morpale? speak? How low am I? I am not yet so low But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes. 

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen, Let her not hurt me: I was never curst; 

But misery most, to love unloved! I am a right maid for my cowardice: 

Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think, Because she is something lower than myself, That I can match her. 

Her. Lower! hark, again. 

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me. I evermore did love you, Hermia, Did ever keep your consinels, 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 threatened 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. You? 

Her. Why, get you gone: who is 't that binds 

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind. 

Her. What, with Lysander? 

Hel. With Demetrius. 

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, 

Her. [sigh.] 

Dem. Not she, she shall not, though you take her. 

Hel. O, when she 'sangry, 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!'
ACT III.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SCENE II.

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Ly. Get you gone, you dwarf; you minimus, of hindering knot-grass made; you head, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious in her behalf that scour your services. Let her alone; speak not more, take not her part; for, if thou dost intend never so little show of love to her, thou shalt aby it.

Ly. Now she holds me not; now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right, or thine or mine, is most in Helen.

Dem. Follow! may. I'll go with thee; check by jole.

[Exit Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you. Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, nor longer stay in your crust company. Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray, my legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit. Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest, or else commis'st thy knavery without.

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 'pointed an Athenian's eyes; And so far am I glad it so did sort.

As this their jangling, the groves imprompt. Obe. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight: He therefore, Robin, overcast the night; The starry welkin cover thou anon With drooping fog as black as Acheron, And lead these testy rivals so astray As one come not within another's way, Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue, Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; And sometime rail thou like Demetrius; And from each other look thou lead them thus, Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep With leaden legs and 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 eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision Shall seem a dream and frivous willion. And back to Athens shall the lovers Wend, With league whose date till death shall never end. Whilest I in this affair do thee employ, I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy; And then I will her charmed eye release From monster's view, and her legs shall be peace.

Puck. My fair lord, this must be done with haste, For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast, And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; [there, At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and Troop home to churchyards: dunned spirits all, That in crossways and highways have burial, Already to their wormy beds are gone; For fear lest day should look their shame upon, They willfully themselves exile from light And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort: I wish the morning's love have off made sport, And, like a forester, the graces 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 expect this business yet ere day. [Exit. 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.

Re-enter Lysander.

Ly. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. He is, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Ly. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then. To plain'ner ground. [Exit Lysander, as following the voice.

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again:

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? Not in some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars, Telling the buses that thou lookest for wars, And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defiled [child];

That draws a sword on thee.


Re-enter Lysander.

Ly. 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. [Exit Down. Come, thou gentle day!

For if but once thou show me thy grey light, I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st: for well I wot Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place, And darst not stand, nor look me in the face. Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here, Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt not buy this dear.

If ever I thy face by daylight see:

Now, go thy way, Faintness constraineth me To measure out my length on this cold bed. By day's approach look to be visited. [Lies down and sleeps.

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Abate thy hours! Shines comfort from the east. That I may back to Athens by daylight.

From these that my poor company detest:

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye, Steal me awhile from mine own company. [Lies down and sleeps. Puck. Yet but three? Come one more; Two of both kinds makes up four. Here she comes, curt and sad: Cupid is a knavish lad, Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in we. Bedabbed 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! [Lies down and sleeps. Puck. On the ground, Sleep sound: 143
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia lying asleep.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do toy, And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head, And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bo. Where’s Peaseblossom?

Pea. Ready.

Bo. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where’s Monniseur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bo. Monniseur Cobweb, good monniseur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-humped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monniseur, bring me the honey-jug. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monniseur; and, good monniseur, have a care the honey-jug break not; I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-jug, signior. Where’s Monniseur Mustardseed?

Mos. Ready.

Bo. Give me your neaf, Monniseur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monniseur.

Mos. What’s your will?

Bo. Nothing, good monniseur, but to help Cavalry Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber’s, monniseur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bo. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let’s have the tongs and the bones. 

Tit. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bo. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow. 

Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel’s ha’rd, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bo. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[Exeunt fairies. So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwist; tie female ivy so Enrings the barks of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Ob. [Advancing] Welcome, good Robin. See’st thou this sweet sight? Her doteage now I do begin to pity: For, meeting her of late behind the wood, Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool, I did upbraided her and fall out with her;

Of thy former lady’s eye; And the country proverb known, That every man should take his own, In your waking shall be shown: Jack shall have Jill; Nought shall go ill; The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [Exit.

For she his hairy temple then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell like round and orient pears, Stood now within the pretty flowerets’ eyes Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail. When I had at my pleasure taunted her And she in mild terms begs’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 mybower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo This hateful imperfection of her eyes; And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp From off the head of this Athenian swain; That, he awakening when the other do, May all to Athens back again repair And think no more of this night’s accidents But as the fierce vexation of a dream. But first I will release the fairy queen. Be as thou wast wont to be; See as thou wast wont to see; Dian’s bud o’er Cupid’s flower Hath such force and blessed power. Now, my Titania: wake you, my sweet queen. Tit. My Oberon! who’s there? I have seen! Methought I was enamour’d of an ass. Ob. There lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass? O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now! Ob. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head. Titania, unmask caly; and strike more dead Than common sleep of all these five the sense. Tit. Music, ho! music, such as charment sleep! [Music, still.

Puck. Now, when thou wakst, with thine own fool’s eyes peep, [with me, Ob. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be. Now thou and I are new in amity And will to-morrow midnight solemnly Dance in Duke Theseus’ house triumphantly And bless it to all fair prosperity: There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity. Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark: I do hear the morning hark. Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad, Trip we after the night’s shade: We the globe can compass soon, Swifter than the wandering moon. Tit. Come, my lord, and in our flight Tell me how it came this night That I sleeping here was found With these mortals on the ground.

[Exeunt. [Horns winded within.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Theseus, and train. The. Go, one of you, find out the forester; For now our observation is perform’d; And since we have the favour of the day, My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go: Dispatch, I say, and find the forestier.

[Exit an Attendant.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top And mark the musical confusion Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Flute. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, When in a wood of Crete they lay'd the bear With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves, The skies, the fountains, every region near Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The hounds are bred of the Spartan kind So few'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung With ears that sweep away the morning dew Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls; Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells, Each under each. A cry more tunable Was never heard to, nor cheer'd with horn, In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: [these? Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep; And this, Lyssander; this Demetrius is;

This Helena, old Nebur's Helena: I wonder of their being here together. The. No doubt they rose up early to observe The rite of May, and, hearing our intent, Came here in grace of our solemnity. But speak, Egeus: is not this the day That Hermia should give answer of her choice? Ege. It is, my lord. The. Go, bid the huntsman wake them with their horns. [Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past; Begin these wood-birds but to couple now! Lys. Parlon, my lord. Thee. I pray you all, stand up. I know you two are rival enemies: How comes this gentle concord in the world, That hatred is so far from jealousy, To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? Ege. 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 betheke, so it is,— I came with Hermia hither: our intent Was to see how far we might, Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord: you have enough; I beg the law, the law, upon his head. [trius, They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius, 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 Helen in fancy following me, But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,— But by the power it is,— my love to Hermia, Melted as the snow, seems to me now As the remembrance of an idle gaud 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 Helen, who was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia: But, like in sickness, did I loathe this foul; But, as in health, come to my natural taste, Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, And will for evermore be true to it. The. They fortunately met: Of this discourse we more will hear anon. Egeus, I will overbear your will; For in the temple, by and by, with us These couples shall eternally be knit: And, for the morrow now is something worn, Our purposed hunting shall be set aside. Away with us to Athens; three and three, We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta. [Exeunt Thea., Flute., Ege., and train.

Dem. These things seem small and indistinguishable Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [able, Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye, When every thing seems double. Hel. So methinks: and I have found Demetrius like a jewel, Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure That we are awake? It seems to me That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think The duke was here, and bid us follow him? Her. Yea, and my father. And Hippolyta. Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple. Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him; And by the way let us recount our dreams. [Exeunt. But. [Speaking] When my eye comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, just the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom: and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet? [Transported.

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is Flute. 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. Flute. No, he hath simply the best wit of any hand-kerchief man in Athens. Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice. Flute. You must say 'paramour': 'a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet belfry Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Thuc. More strange than true: I never may believe These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to

And as imagination body forth [heaven; The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name.

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush supposed a bear! But all the story of the night told over,

More wits the wiser than fancy's images

And grows to something of great constancy;

But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

These. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait in your royal walks, your bower, your bed! The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have.

To wear away this long age of three hours

Between our after-supper and bed-time?

What recusals are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

Thuc. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we beguile The long half-hour, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe: Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper]

The. [Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung By an Athenian eunuch to the harp,'

We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of mykinsman Hercules.

[Reads] 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions or 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.]

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.' That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Thessaly came last a conqueror. [Reads] 'The thrice three Muses mourning for the Of Learning, late deceased in bevy,' [death That is some satire, keen and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

[Reads] 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.' Merry and tragical! tedious and brief! That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long, Which is as brief as I have known a play; But by ten words, my lord, it is too long, Which makes it tedious; for in all the play There is not one word apt, one player fitted:

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

[Reads] 'When I saw rehearsal, I must confess, Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here, Which never labour'd in their minds till now, And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. 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 confound'd with cruel pain, To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;

For never anything can be amiss, When simplicity and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate.]

[Reads] 'Love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged And all in his service perish'd.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Phil. 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 clinks have purposed To meet me with premeditated welcomes; Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, Make ABCs 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 saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity In least speak most, to my capacity.
Enter Pyramids and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show; But wonder on, till truth make all things plain. This man is Pyramus, if you would hear; This beauteous lady Thisby is certain. This man, with line and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers surrender; And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are To whisper. At the which let no man wonder. This man, with lanthorn, dag, and bush of thorn, Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know, By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn 'To meet at Ninnus' tomb, there, there to woo. This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name, The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, Did scare away, or rather did affright: And, as she fled, her mantle she did fell, Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain. Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain: Wherein this bloody blade, with bloody blankest blade, He bravely brooch'd his boiling bloody breast; And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade, His dagger drew, and did die. For all the rest, Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain At large discourse, while here they do remain.

Enter Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

Pro. I wonder if the lion be to speak. 

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when many assos do. 

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall That I, one Sount by name, present a wall; And such a wall, as I would have you think, That had in it a cranied hole or chink. Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby, Did whisper often very secretly. 

This loom, this rough-cast and this stone doth show That I am that same wall; the truth is so: And this the cranny is, right and sinister. Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper. 

Pro. Thee, would you desire line and hair to speak better? 

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter Pyramids.

Pro. O grim-book'd night! O night with hue so O night, which ever art when day is not! [black] O night, O night! slack, slack, slack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot! And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, [mine! That stand'st between her father's ground and Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall. 

Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eye! [Wall holds up his fingers. 

Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for But what see I? No Thisby do I see. [this! O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss! 

Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me! 

Wall. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Thisbe. This, O wall, full often hast thou heard my For parting my fair Pyramus and me! [moans, 

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones, Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee. 

Pro. I see a voice: now will I to the chink, To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. 

Thisby! 

This. My love thou art, my love I think. 

Pro. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's And, like Limander, am I trusty still. [grace; 

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates may kill. 

Pro. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true. 

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you. [wall! 

Pro. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile shrine. 

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all. 

Pro. Wilt thou at Niny's tomb meet me straightway? 

This. 'Tis life, 'tis death, I come without delay. 

Pro. At present Pyramids and Thisbe. 

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so; And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [Exit. 

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours. 

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so willful to hear without warning. 

Pro. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard. 

This. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. 

Pro. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs. 

This. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear 

[floor, 

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on May now perchance both quake and tremble here, When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar. 

Then know that I, one snug the warmer, am A lion-dell, nor else no lion I am; For, if I should as lion come in strife Into this place, 'tis pity on my life. [science. 

This. A very gentle beast, and of a good count. 

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that ever I saw.

Pro. This lion is a very fox for his valour. 

This. 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. 

This. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon. 

[sent:— 

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon presage. 

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.
The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference. [sent;]

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon prepare 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 lanthorn. How is it else the man in the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff. [change!]

Hipp. I am aware of this moon: would he would

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 lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [Roaring] Oh — [Thisbe runs off.]

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hipp. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

The. Well moused, Lion.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

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 gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby 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 thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

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 lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd
With cheer.

Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop; [Stabs himself.]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon, take thy flight: [Exit Moonshine.]

Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hipp. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hipp. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, the Thisbe, is better to, he for a man, God warrant us, for a woman, God bless us. [eyes.]

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet
Dem. And thus she means, videlicet: —

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak: Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moon:

His eyes were green as beaks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gorse:

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word:

Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast imbue: [Stabs herself.]

And farewell, friends;

Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies.]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. [Starting up] 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 pr'y for; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse: for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he this night it had played Pyramus and Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[A dance.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palatable gross play hath well beguiled

The heavy guilt of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightily revels and new jollity. [Exeunt.]

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snares,
All with weary task forlorn.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night

That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
ACT V.  
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  
SCENE I.

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.

Oberon. Through the house give gimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire:  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier;  
And this ditty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse your song by rote,  
To each word a warbling note:  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[Song and dance.

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray,  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be;  
And the issue there create  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be;  
And the blots of Nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, 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;  
And the owner of it bless.  
Ever shall in safety rest.  
Trip away; make no stay;  
Meet me all by break of day.

[Exit 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 silly 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.

Hermia.—Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds  
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?  
Henceforth be never numbered among men!  
O! once tell true, tell true, 'e'en for my sake;  
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!  
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?  
An elder did it; for with doubler tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Demetrius.—You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,  
Nor is he dead, for anguish that I can tell.—Act III., Scene ii.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Duke of Venice.
The Prince of Morocco, 
The Prince of Arragon,
Antonio, a merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.
Salanio, 
Salarino, 
Gratiano,
Salanio, 
Salerio, 
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a rich Jew.
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, the clown, servant to Shylock.

Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
Balthazar, 
Stephano,
Portia, a rich heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting maid.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

MAGNIFICENCES OF VENICE, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, 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 Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad: It wearies me; you say it wearies you; But how I caught it, I 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 signiours and rich burghers on the flood, Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea, Do overpeer the petty traffickers, That curtsy to them, do them reverence, As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salario. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth, The better part of my affections would Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still Pucking the grass, to know where sits the wind, Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads; And every object that might make me fear Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth, Would blow me to an ague, when I thought What harm a wind too great at sea might do. I should not see the sundry hour-glass run, But I should think of shallows and of flats, And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand, Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs To kiss her burial. Should I go to church And see the holy edifice of stone, And not rebuke me straight of dangerous rocks, Which touching but my gentle vessel's side, Would scatter all her spices on the stream, Enrobe the rearing waters with my silks, And, in a word, but even now worth this, And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought To think on this, and shall I lack the thought That such a thing bechance would make me sad? But tell not me: I know, Antonio Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
ACT I.  

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  

SCENE I.  

Gra.  

Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,  
And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with over-long alarms.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish?  I tell thee what, Antonio—  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—  
Therefore I put thee not to school in dreams.  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a swift 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 the most profound in the great dark!'  
O my Antonio, I do know of these  
That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing, when I am very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears  
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers  
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools,  
But if I stand with you yourself, still do,  
For this fool gageun, this opinion.  
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile;  
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.  

Lor.  
Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time;  
I must be one of these damn'd wise men,  
For I have never learned to furnish the world.  

Gra.  
Well, keep me company but two years more,  
Then shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.  

Ant.  
Well, tell me now what lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promised to tell me of?  

Bass.  
'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I was to be desir'd of  
By something showing a more swelling port  
Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make mean to be abridged  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
is to come fairly off from the great debts  
Wherein my time something too prodigal  
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money and in love,  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburden all my plots and purposes  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.  

Ant.  
I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;  
And as far as I am able, shall do  
Within the eye of honour, be assured,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lic all unknown to your occasions.  

Bass.  
In my school-days, when I had lost one  
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight,  
[shaft,  
The selfsame way with more advised watch.  
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both  
I ought found both: I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much, and, like a willful youth,  
That which I owe is lost: but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the aim, or to find both  
Or bring your latter hazard back again  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.  

Ant.  
You know me well, and herein spend but  
To wind about my love with circumstance;  
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong  
In making question of my utterance  
Than if you show it were all of me I have;  
Then do but say to me what I should do  
That in your knowledge may be me done,  
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.  

Bass.  
In Belmont is a lady richly left;  
And she is fair and, fairer than that word,  
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes  
I did receive fair speechless messages:  
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued  
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:  
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,  
For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Known and unknown, and her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece:  
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,  
And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thing,  
That I should strive to excel at once!  

Ant.  
Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;  
Neither have I money nor commodity  
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;  
Try what my credit can in Venice do:  
That shall be rank'd, even to the uttermost,  
To furnish thee to win Portia.  

Bass.  
Go, presently inquire, and so will I:  
Where money is, and I no question make  
To have it of my trust or for my sake.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE II. — Belmont.  

A room in Portia's house.  

Enter Portia and Nerissa.  

Por.  
By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is  
awary of this great world.  

Ner.  
You would be, sweet madam, if thy miseries  
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes  
are; and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that  
suffred with too much as they that starve with  
nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore,  
to be seated in the mean: superlivity comes sooner  
by white hairs, but competency lives longer.  

Por.  
Good sentences and well pronounced.  

Ner.  
They will be so, when they are followed.  

Por.  
If to do were as easy as to know what were  
good to do, chapels had been churches and poor  
men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine  
that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach  
twenty what were good to be done, than be one  
of the twenty to follow mine own counsel. The brain  
may devise laws for the blood, but the hot temper  
leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness  
the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel  
the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion  
to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!'  
I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse  
whom I dislike: so is the will of a living daughter  
curbed by the will of a dead father. Is 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, whereby who chooses  
his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be  
chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love.  
But what warmth is there in your affection towards  
any of these princely suitors that are already come?  

Por.  
I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou  
namest them, I will deject 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  
propriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe  

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him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ne] Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'If you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unnaturally sadness in his youth. I had rather he married to a moth-scat with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a cawing: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-story? 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 everywhere.

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 sworn he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his suery and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast; an the worst fall th'at ever fell. I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's adventure. 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'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. If he 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. 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.

Enter a Serving-man.

Now how! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forrecomer come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. [Exeunt.

While we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

SCENE III.—Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man. [tray?] Have you heard any imputation to the effect of this? Shy. Oh, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that may I be assured, I will betheke me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us. [tonio?] Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which you call the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio. [looks! Shy. [Aside] How like a fawning publican he I hate him for he is a Christian, but more for that in low simplicity he lends out money gratis and brings down the rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, even there where merchants most do congregate, on me, my bargains and my well-won thrift, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, if I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store, and, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross of full three thousand ducats. What of that?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
SCENE I.—Belmont. A room in Portia’s house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Dislike me not for my complexion, The shadow’d livery of the burnish’d sun,

What should I say to you? Should I not say ‘Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman’s key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness, Say this;
‘Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; You spurn’d me such a day; another time
You call’d me dog; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you this much moneys? ’

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for thus did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look yon, how you storm! I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shame that you have stain’d me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you’ll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This was kindess.

Shy. Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express’d in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, i’ 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, master; 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 Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teach them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the execution of the forfeit?
A pound of man’s flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of nations, beasts, or geats, I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, alack!
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Than meet me forthwith at the notary’s;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purrse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an authority knife, and presently
I will be with you.


The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain’s mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day.

[Exeunt.]
Hath fear’d the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it all, and I will not be false to this hue.
Except I stand your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden’s eyes; besides,
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedges me by his will, 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 looked on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this simulacrum
That slew the Sophia and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyma,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Meliboeus by his hazard.
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then!

To make me blest or cursed’st among men.

[Corants, and cavant.

SCENE II.—Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

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 ‘gobbo, or’ good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start away.’ My conscience says ‘No’; take head, honest Launcelot; take head, honest Gobbo, or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo: do not run; scorn running with thy heels.’ Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: ‘Yea!’ says the fiend; ‘away!’ says the fiend; ‘for the heavens, raise up a brave wind,’ says the fiend; ‘and run.’ Well, my conscience, hugging 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;’ ‘Friend,’ say I, ‘you counsel well:’ to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless him, is a kind of devil, and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saying 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 command; I will run. Enter old Gobbo, 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 confusions 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 soul, ’twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Lau. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [Aside] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man’s son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

Lau. Well, let his father be what a’ will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship’s friend and Launcelot, sir.

Lau. He’s your worship’s friend and, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, ain’t pleasure your mastership.

Lau. Ergo, Master Launcelot, Talk not of Master Launcelot, father, for the young gentleman, according to Pates and Destinies and such odd sayings, Master Launcelot, and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, Good forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Lau. Do I look like a cudgel or a horse-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?

Lau. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Lau. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long: a man’s son may, but at the length truth will come out, and it shall be cried, ‘Huzza!’

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Lau. Pray you, let’s have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Lau. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew’s man, and I am sure Marjory your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Marjory, indeed: I’ll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a bearded hast thou got! then hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbim my fill-horse has on his tail.

Lau. It should seem, then, that Dobbim’s tail grows backward! I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How ’gree you now?

Lau. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonard 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 delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.]

Lau. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou anger me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy.

Lau. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Bass. To hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve.

Lau. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-consumers—

Lau. The truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frustrate unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Lau. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Lau. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy Shylock thy master spoke with me this day. A suit: And had prefer'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Lau. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough. [son]

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy take leave of thy old master and inquire My lodging out. Give him a lively More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Lau. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have never a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small tribe of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maidis is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to scape among threes, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [Exit Launcelot and old Gobbo.]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonato, think on this: These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best-esteem'd acquaintance; bide thee, go. Lenin. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit.]

Gra. Signior Bassanio! Bass. Gratiano!
ACT II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE VI.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love, news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou, sir?

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 you for this masque to-night? I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [Exit Salan. and Salan.

SCENE V. — The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Wert thou thou sall see, thy eyes shall be thy judge.

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio: —

What, Jessica! — thou shalt not command me, As thou hast done with me: — What, Jessica! —

And sleep and snore, and read apparel out: —

Why, Jessica, I say! —

Why, Jessica!


Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you, what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica: There are my keys. But wherefore should I go? I am not bid for love; they flatter me: But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, Look to my house. I am right loth to go; There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest, For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. An they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o' clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Jes. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica?

Shy. Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces, But stop my house's ears. I mean my casements: Let not the sound of shallow toppery enter My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:

But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah; Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by, —

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha? —

Jes. His words were ' Farewell mistress,' ' nothing

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder; Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than he did in Venice. Have you not with me; Therefore I part with him, and part with him To one that I would have him help to waste His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in: Perhaps I will return immediately;

Do as I bid you; shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale inithy mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost, I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI. — The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel how it dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont To keep oblied faith unforfeited!

Shy. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth unread again His tedious measures with the melting 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 scarfed bark puts from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind! How like the prodigal doth she return, With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails, Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait: [abode; 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, Albeit 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 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 I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, [pains. For I am much ashamed of my exchange: But love is blind and lovers cannot see The pretty faces that they make their own; For if they could, Cupid himself would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shame? They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light. Lor. Why, it is an office of discovery, love; And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

But come at once;
ACT II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE VIII.

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[Exit above.]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentlele and no Jew.
Lor. Deshrew me but I love her heartily;
For if I love her, who amongst these
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved 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, gentlemen; away! Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[Exit with Jessica and Salario.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio!
Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Rassiano presently will go aboard;
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight.
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal. [see;]
Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket? [hath.]
'Who chooseth me shall give and hazard all he must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead? This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stomps not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves? Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand;
If thou best rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afraid of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I desire! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breathing;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray whose better judgment here?
Let's see now more this saying graved in gold;
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the distant wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now

For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitions head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
To think such a thought: she is not too gross
To rib her cencloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immersed,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! [there;]
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie
Then I am yours. [O hell! what have we here?]
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
[Reads] All that glister is not gold;
Often have you heard that told: My heart hath twenty out to seek for you.
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscriv'd:
Ere you well; your suit is cold.
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go,
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A street.

Enter Salario and Salarino.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salario. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salar. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous; [he unlocks the golden casket
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A scaled bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! and the girl;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats,
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salar. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
SCENE IX.—Delmont.  A room in Portia’s house.

Enter Nerissa with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta’en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets.  Enter the Prince of Arragon,
Portia, and their train.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince;
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin’d by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket ’twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly, If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I. Address me, fortune now
To my heart’s hope!  Gold; silver; and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath,
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard,
What says the golden chest?  ha! let me see;
Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire,
What many men desire!  that ‘many’ may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show;
Not learning more than the fool 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 custom,
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 hast bear’d;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit?  Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low prosperity would then be glean’d
From the true seed of honour!  and how much honour
Fick’d from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish’d!  Well, but to my choice:
‘Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.’
I will assume desert.  Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What’s here?  the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule!  I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
‘Who chooseth me shall have as much as he de-
serves.’

Did I desire no more than a fool’s head?
Is that my prize?  are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

[Reads] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow’s bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver’d o’er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool shall I appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool’s head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu.  I’ll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt Arragon and train.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing’d the moth.
O, these deliberate fools!  when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Ser. Madam, there is an ambassador 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 commend and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value.  Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurren comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I know to see
Quick Cupid’s post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Exeunt.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A street.

Enter Salanio and Salario.

SALANIO. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALARIO. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of men and beasts lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

SALANIO. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any ships of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

SALARIO. Come, the full stop.

SALANIO. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he has lost a ship.

SALARIO. It would it might prove the end of his losses.

SALANIO. Let me say 'tamen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

SHYLOCK. How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

SALANIO. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALARIO. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALANIO. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK. She is damned for it.

SALANIO. That's certain, if the devil may be her.'

SALARIO. My own flesh and blood to rebel! — [Judge.

SALANIO. Out upon it, old carnabal! rebel it at these years?

SHYLOCK. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALANIO. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between thy bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK. There I have another hand match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so snug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian creditor; let him look to his bond.

SALANIO. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

SHYLOCK. To bait dish withal: if it will feel nothing else, it will feel my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same bread, and clothed with the same cloths, fit in the same bed, walk in the same street; which account for itself no less than for any part of my stock? Is it not so with you? Then if I am so like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villain you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

SALANIO. Servant, Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

SALARIO. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

TUBAL. Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Servant. Salanio, Servant, and Servant.

SALANIO. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUBAL. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

SHYLOCK. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now: I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed 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 on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

TUBAL. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis?

SHYLOCK. I thank God. I thank God. Is't true? is't true?

TUBAL. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHYLOCK. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

TUBAL. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

SHYLOCK. Thou stickiest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

TUBAL. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHYLOCK. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him: I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

TUBAL. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHYLOCK. Out upon her! Thou torturest 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.

TUBAL. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer: bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit: for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[Exeunt.]
ACT III.  

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

SCENE II.

I would not lose you; and you know yourself, 
Hate counsels not in such a quality. 
But lest you should not mutiny, and stand 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 I am then forsown; 
So will I never be: so may you miss me; 
But if you cannot, we have none a sin, 
That I had been forsown. Beswred your eyes, 
They have o’erlook’d me and divided me; 
One half of me is yours, the other half yours, 
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, 
And so all yours. O, these naughty times 
Put to work to work with their own rights! 
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. 
I speak too long; but ‘tis to peize the time, 
To eke it and to draw it out in length, 
To stay you from election. 

**Bass.** Let me choose; 

**Por.** For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Bass. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess 
What treason there is mingled with your love.

**Bass.** None but that ugly treason of mistrust, 
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: 
There may as well be anxious and life

"Twixt snow and fire, as treason and my love. 

**Por.** Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack, 
Where men enforced do speak anything.

**Bass.** Promise me life, and I’ll confess the truth.

**Por.** Well then, confess and live.

**Bass.** Confess! and ‘love!’

Had been the very sum of my confession: 
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. 


*Erissa and the rest, stand all aloof.*

Let music sound while he doth make his choice; 
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, 
Failing in music: that the comparison 
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream 
And watery death-bed for him. He may win; 
And music is music then: that 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 bridewell’s ear 
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes, 
With no less pride but 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 aloft are the Dardanian wives, 
With beauteous 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 makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

**SONG.**

Tell me where is fancy bred, 
Or in the heart or in the head? 
How begot, how nourished? 
Reply, reply. 
It is engender’d in the eye,

With gazing fed and fancy dies 
In the cradle where it lies. 

Let us all ring fancy’s knell: 
I’ll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

**All.** Ding, dong, bell.

**Bass.** So may the outward show be last them— 
The world is still deceived with ornament, 
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt

But, being seasoned with a gracious voice, 
Obscures the show of evil? In religion, 
What dark and sordid, but a fair renown! 
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 its outward parts: 
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false 
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their cliff 
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars. 
Who, inward search’d, have livres white as milk; 
And these assume but valour’s excrement

To render them redoubled! Look on beauty, 
And you shall see ‘tis purchased by the weight; 
Which in the flesh doth work but to their rights! 
Making them lightest that wear most of it: 
So are those crisp’d snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind, 
Upon supposed fairness, often known 
To be the dowry of a second head, 
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre. 
Thus ornament is but the guarded shore 
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf 
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word, 
The seeming truth which cunning times put on 
To entrap the wise. Therefore, thou gaunt guilt, 
Hard food for Mihals, I will none of thee. 
Nor now a false idol, a common drudge 
’Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead, 
Which rather threateneth than dost promise aught, 
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence; 
And here choose I: joy be the consequence! 

**Por.** [Aside] How all the other passions fled to air, 
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair, 
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! 
O love, 
Be moderate; alay thy ecstasy; 
In measure rein thy joy: scent this excess. 
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less, 
For fear I surfeit.

**Bass.** What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia’s counterfeit! What demi-god 
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? 
Or whether, riding on the backs of mine 
Seem the thoughts motion? Yet are several lips, 
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a dart 
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 grats in cobwebs: but her eyes,— 
How e’er they were press’d and press’d, and press’d the more, 
Methinks it should have power to steal both his 
And leave itself unburnish’d. Yet look, how far 
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow 
In underprizing it, so far this shadow 
Doth limp behind the substance. Here’s the scroll, 
The continent and umbrage of my fortune. 

[Reads] You that choose not by the view, 
Chance as fair and choose as true! 
Since this fortune falls to you, 
Be content and seek no new. 
If you be well pleased with this 
And hold your fortune for your bliss, 
Turn you where your lady is 
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; 
I come by note, to give and to receive. 
Like one of two contending in a prize, 
That the choice hath done one’s eyes; 
Hearing applause and universal shout, 
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt 
Whether those peals of praise be his or no; 
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so; 
As doubtful whether what I see be true, 
Until confirm’d, sign’d, ratified by you.

**Por.** You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,

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ACT III.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE II.

Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More generous.

That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, living, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy then, she is now married.
But she may learn; 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 lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which, when you can, will give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
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 I am undone, as I am faithless fair.
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing; save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; I have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the ninestre, I beheld the maid:
You loved, I loved for intercession.

No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon theasket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here until I saw the rain.

And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Accomplish her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and what stake down?

Bass. 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, a Messenger
from Venice.

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. They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying now,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord; and I have reason for it. Signor long,
Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter, I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there

Your hand, Salerio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that he
Bath lost.

Por. Thar are some shrewd contents in you same
That steals the colour from Bassanio's check:
Some dear friend dead: else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half myself,
And must I freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Hatting myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing: for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged 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 graceful wound;
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolus, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marrying rocks?

Saler. No, 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 so acquisitive, had
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 perswaded with him;
But none can drive him from the ominous plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and my lord, 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,
ACT III.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE IV.

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 treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First to my room, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and I at that meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid 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.

Shy. Enter Salarino, 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 hast a cause;
But, since thou art my subject, let me tell thee,
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 sit made a soft and bl billionaire 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.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life: his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much bewitch the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go;
These griefs and losses have so hagetered me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and
Balthasar.

Por. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like unity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief!
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Who bear a character of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being such a basebom lover of his friend,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it. But to 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 breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here.

Por. Until his husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Por. 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.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Sir, my thoughts and happy hours attend you on
And Jessica. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[Exeunt Portia and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthasar.

As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavours of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments thou givest him
Bring them, I pray thee, with lordly speed,
Unto the troncet, to the common ferry.
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accosted like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a main stride, and speak of frayns
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thought and raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

[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 ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Lau. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter. But shall you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Lau. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis; your mother, well: you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Lau. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians e'en before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

[Enter Lorenzo.

Lau. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot; if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us. Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me that, 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.

Lau. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth that I can get the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Lau. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lau. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Lau. That is done, sir: they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Lau. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lau. Will you come then, sir?

Lau. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Lau. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[Exit.  
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 tools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickcy word  
Dey the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?  
And now, my sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?  
Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet  
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blemish in his lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;  
And if on earth he do not mean it, then  
In reason he should never come to heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Paw'd with the other, for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will mean: 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, howso'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.  
[Exeunt.  


[Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to an  
A stony adversary, an handful of rattrch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate

ACT IV.

And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and an 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.

Saler. He is 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 nature  
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou 'rt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Porgy, with forty thousand ducats,
Gaining an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Know to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commisservation of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flirt,
From which, if wind and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. [pose; 
*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I pur.
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of 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 thou wert to trouble a time's cat?
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the hangpipe sings to the nose,
Cannot contain their wine: 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 render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woolen bag-pipe, rather than force
Must be sold to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
*Boz.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty. [swers.
*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my an.
*Boz.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?
*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
*Boz.* Every offence is not a hate at first. [twice; 
*Shy.* 'Tis not, that thou hast not in thee to make
*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew;
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bathe his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe beat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that,—than which what's harder—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, make no further terms,
But with all brief and plain convenience
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.
*Boz.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them: I would have my bond.
*Boz.* How shall thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
[wrong]
*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You can not touch, wouldst thou be arsenal's
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burden? 'tis 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, lie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
*Boz.* Bring us the letters: call the messenger.
*Boz.* 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.
Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Mectest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.
*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
*Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario grecets your
grace,
*Boz.* Presenting a letter.
*Boz.* Why dost thou show what thy knife is earnestly
*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
there.
*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen; but no metal can
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keeness
Of thy sharp envy, which shows thee sharp as a knife;
Still I be sure that thou hast wit enough to make
*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost makest me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolivish, bloody, starv'd and reuinous.
So hast thou left the salt to seal off from my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To careless ruin. I stand here for law.
*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
*NER.* 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
Go give him courteous conduct to this place. [you
*Meanteine* the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
*But* you 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 Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio that omitted not to censure me: for; he is furnished with my opinion; which, lettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importance, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to his commendation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.
Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he
And here, I take it, is the doctor come. 

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Come 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 do, by the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow:

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

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 blest:

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

‘Tis mightier by far than the law of vengeance.

The latter moulteth faster than his crown;

His sceptor shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of men;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea:

Which it thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it presently 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 thee so dear as my 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

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 currish Jew.

Xer. ‘Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make else a maugret house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands.

I have a wife

Would any of the stock of Barabas

And had been her husband rather than a Christian!

Aside. We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most righteous judge! 

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. 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';
Take then thy bond, take 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 shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer, then: pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

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 cut'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 twenty parts
Of one poor scruple, say, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thon diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip: for feiture.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Por. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew; for learning that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall
Por. Thou hast nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which the both contrive
Shall seize the half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state:
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice,
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayest have leave to hang
Myself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
Pardon thee thy life before thou ask it: [spiritus,
For here thou art no Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take or haunt when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house, you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The bounty that I late pronounced here:
Shy. Art thou content, Jew? what dost thou
Por. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two god
fathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman.
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exit Duke and his train.

Por. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in heu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cropy our courteous patron,
[Exit Shylock.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therin do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercurial.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Duke. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further:
Take home remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a谢; grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for
Your sake,

[To Bass.] Give me your mantles; I'll take this ring
From you.

Por. Do not drive back your hand: I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Duke. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You say to me, sir, I am the first teacher
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
And when she put it on, she made me vow [wife;
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That's sense serves many men to save their

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know well I have deserved the ring,
ACT V.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE I.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o’terta’en: My Lord Bassanio upon more advice Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:

His ring I do accept most thankfully:

And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,

I pray you, show my youth old Shylock’s house.

Gra. That will I do.

SIR I, would speak with you.

[Aside to Por.] I see if I can get my husband’s ring, Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [Aside to Ner.] Thou madst, I warrant.

We shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men:

But we’ll outface them, and outwear them too.

[Howl] Away! make haste: thou know’st where I will tarry. [House.—Exeunt.

NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. Avenue to Portia’s house.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees

And they did make no noise, in such a night

Troits melodious muttered the Trojan walls

And sigh’d his soul toward the Grecian tents,

Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night

Did Thisea fearfully o’ertrip the dew

And saw the lion’s shadow ere himself

And ran dismay’d away.

Lor. In such a night

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand

Upon the wild sea banks and waltz her love

To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night

Medea gather’d the enchanted herbs

That did renew old Ezra.

Lor. In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew

And with an unthrifty love did run from Venice

As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night

Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith

And he’er a true one.

Lor. In such a night

Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,

Slender her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;

But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray

you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word

My mistress will before the break of day

Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about

By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays

For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return’d?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,

And ceremoniously let us prepare

Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! we ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there’s a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [Exit.

Lor. Sweet soul, let’s in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this tank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

Creepe in our ears: soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;

There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress’ ear

And draw her home with music. [Music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Petching mad bounds, bewailing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turn’d to a modest gaze

By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;

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Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shines, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!

Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Emeldamion
And would not be awaked. [Music ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia. [cuckoo.
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you,

Lor. Your husband is at hand; Theem's horn trumpet;
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the day-light 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 little while doth make a heavy husband;
And never be Bassanio so for me: [lord.
But God sort all! Your are welcome home, my

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 allow me much more bound to
As I hear, he was much bound for you. [him,
Ant. No more than I am well acquainted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I sent this breathing courtesy.

Grat. [To Ner.] Bawd, if you send your son in faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk; [me wrong;
Would he be gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a palty ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like curter'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 you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge.
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When ought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. You had knowed the virtue of 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 unreasoning,
If you had plead for you to be released at it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman wed, but I be 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 displeased away;
Eyen he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was once lost in my discourse of her name.
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
ACT V.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE I.

For, by these blessed candles of the night,
If you have been, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?" 
For, let not that doctor ever come near my house:
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
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 —
Portia. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me: Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Portia. 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!
Portia. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
Are you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
Portia. 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.
Portia. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ant. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica.
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Portia. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gratiano. 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 conversing with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exit Portia.

Bassanio. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! — O my ducats! — O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! — O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!"

ACT II, SCENE VIII.
Dramatis Personæ.

Duke, living in banishment.
Frederick, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
Amiens, lords attending on the banished duke.
Jaques, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
Charles, wrestler to Frederick.
Oliver, sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
Duke, Orlando, Adam, Dennis, Touchstone, a clown.
SIR OLIVER Martext, a vicar.

Corin, shepherds.
Silvius, shepherds.
William, a country fellow, in love with Audrey. A person representing Hymen.
Rosalind, daughter to the banished duke. Celia, daughter to Frederick.
Phebe, a shepherdess. Audrey, a country wench.

SCENE — Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page xlvii.]

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, 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 management, and to that end rider dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude; I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother. Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.


Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?
my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Enter Orlando and Adam.]

Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me?

I will physic your rankines, and yet give no thousand crowns leither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Dcn. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke’s wrestler, here to speak with me?

Dcn. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.] ‘T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Chn. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what’s the new news at the new court?

Chn. There’s no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke’s daughter, be banished with her father?

Chn. O, no; for the duke’s daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being banished from their cradles togeth-er, 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.

Chn. Where will the old duke here?

Chn. They say he is abroad 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.

What, what, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Chn. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguise against me to try a noble work for my credit; and I hope 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 fain to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intention or brook such disgrace as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had my selfe notice of my brother’s purpose herein and leave by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I’ll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man’s good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to’t: for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous devise and never leave thee till he hath ta’en thee by some direst 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 ana-
imize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Chn. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I’ll give him my payment; if ever he go alone again, I’ll never wrestle for prize more: and then I speak with your worship.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [Exit Charles.] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he’s gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enriching himself, and doth so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I’ll go about. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Lawn before the Duke’s palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier. Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had been but here, while the duke my father, so soon had he the will still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet 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 prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour take of again.

Ros. What shall our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misapplied, and the beautiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. ‘T is true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune’s office to Nature’s: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foot to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Na-
ture, when Fortune makes Nature’s natural the cutter-off of Nature’s wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune’s work neither: but our Natural wit and our natural wit too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the foot is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you? [father.

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your

Cel. Were you made the messenger?
ACT I.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE II.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dots upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place to think of for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

FLOURISH. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam. [fully.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks success-

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

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 chal-

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have been 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 misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But you, young man, that are my friend, and wish to go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world's fill how now, daughter and cousin! are you cren hitherto 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 man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade 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.

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?

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your young years. You have been 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.

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Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.
Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?
Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.
Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?
Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Scene III.—A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid has not been merry! not a word?
Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.
Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon ears; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.
Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up: when the one should be lame with reasons and the other mad without any.
Cel. But is all this for your father?
Rosalind. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday-yellow, if we walk not in the troubled paths, our very petals will catch them.
Rosalind. I should shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.
Cel. Hem them away.
Rosalind. [him.] Would I could try 'em and have
Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.
Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!
Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in spite 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 an strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?
Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.
Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.
Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?
Rosalind. 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 Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest And get you from our court. [haste
Rosalind. Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near an public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.
Rosalind. 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 do not work,
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.
Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as harmless as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.
Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me traitor: Tell me whereon the likelihood depends. [enough.
Duke F. Thon art thy father's daughter; there's
Rosalind. So was I when your highness look'd his duke So was I when your highness look'd him: [dom;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entract to have her stay,
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And whereas'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee: and her
Her very silence and her patience—smoothness,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more
victorious.

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
I cannot live out of her company.

[liege:]

Duke. You are a fool. You, niece, provide your-
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, self;
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; Prichhee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do protest to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind ofumber smirth my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curte-axe upon my thigh,
A bear-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashbuckling and a martial outside,
As many other manly cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
[page; But what will you be call'd?]

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Alcina.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clown's fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along over the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the lazy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing,
I would not change it.

And, that
Can translate the stubborness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled foals,
Being native burgurers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, sweares you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
You do, quoth he, take your chamber a testament,
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
alone,
To that which had too much: 't was then, being there
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
'Tis right: 'quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company,' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him

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ACT II.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE IV.

And never stays to greet him: ‘Ay, quoth Jaques, ‘Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; ‘Tis but the fashion: wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankramp there? ’

Thus most inventively he pierceth through The keenest eye, with hasty tongue. Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what’s worse, To fright the animals to and from them In their ass’n’d native dwellings-place. (t ammunition)

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?Scene I. We did, my lord, weeping and com-}

Upon the sobbing deer. (menting)

Duke S. Show me the place.

I love to cope him in these sullen fits, For then he’s full of matter.

First Lord. I’ll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them? It cannot be; some villains of his court Are of consent and suffering in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her. The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early They found the bed untreasured of their mistress. Scence I. When sent to call her, who? What clown, at whom so Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. [Is hisperia, the princess’ gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly o’erheard Your daughter and her cousin much command The parts and graces of the wrestler That did but lately fold the shifty Charles; And she believes, wherever they are gone, That youth is surely in their company. [hither

Duke F. Send to his brother; [them.]

If he be absent, bring his brother to me; I’ll make him find him: do this suddenly, And let not search and inquiry quail To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before Oliver’s house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who’s there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle O my sweet master! O you memory Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant? Why would you be so fond to over come The bonny priser of the humorous duke? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not, master, to some kind of men Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master, Are sanctified and holy traitors to you, O, what a world is this, when what is come Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what’s the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth! Come not within these doors; within this roof 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 Of him I was about to call his father— Hath heard your praises, and this night he means To burn the lodging where you use to lie And you within it; if he fall of that, He will by other means to cut you off. I overheard him and his practices. This is no place; this house is but a butcher’s: Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. [go?

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food? Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce A thievish living on the common road? This I might do, or know what I will do: Yet this I will not do, do how I can; I rather will subject me to the malice Of a diverted blood and bloody brother, [crowns, Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred The thrifty hire I saved under your father, Which I did store to be my festival. When service should in my old limbs lie tamed And unregard in age in corners thrown: Take that, and he that doth the ravens feed, Yea providently calers for the sparrow. Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold: All this I give you. Let me be your servant; Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty; For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious ligours in my blood, Nor did not with unashamed head woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you; I’ll do the service of a younger man In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears The constant service of the antique world, And how much with the age thou art agreeable When sent to call her, who? What clown, at whom so Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. [Is hisperia, the princess’ gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly o’erheard Your daughter and her cousin much command The parts and graces of the wrestler That did but lately fold the shifty Charles; And she believes, wherever they are gone, That youth is surely in their company. [hither

Duke F. Send to his brother; [them.]

If he be absent, bring his brother to me; I’ll make him find him: do this suddenly, And let not search and inquiry quail To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind, for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits! I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man’s apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must content the weaker vessel, as double and base, and must have the courage to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena! Celia, I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knowest how I love her!
Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.
Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like mine—
As sure I think did ever man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didst then 'ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Weary thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phèbe, Phèbe, Phèbe! [Exit.
Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in
love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him
take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I
remember the kissing of her batlet and the cows'
dugs that her pretty chop't hands had milk'd; and I
remember the wooting of a peasod instead of her,
from whom I took two cogs and, giving her them
again, said with weeping tears: 'Wear these for
my sake! We, that are true lovers run into strange
capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature
in love mortal in folly.
Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
Touch. Nay, I shall 'ne'er be ware of mine own
wit till I break my shins against it.
Ros. John! This love! This passionIs much upon my fashion.
Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale
with me.
Cor. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown! Who calls?
Cor. Your betters, sir.
Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed'd
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepe'stote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will find on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but
That little cares for buying anything.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cor. And we will mend thy wages. I like this
And willingly could waste my time in it. [place;
Ros. And the thing is to be said;
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly, [Exit.

SCENE V. — The forest.
Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can
mock melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks
eggs. More, I prithee, more.
Ami. My voice is rag'd: I know I cannot please you.
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire
you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call
you 'em stanzas?
Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing. Will you sing?
Ami. More at your request than to please myself.
Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you. But that they call compliment is like
the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man
thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a
penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come,
sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.
Ami. Well. I'll eat 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 shun [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made
yesterday in derision of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.
Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Taking his wealth and ease,
A stubborn ass, to please,
Dudcrame, dudcrame, dudcrame;
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'dudcrame'?Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a
circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.
And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [Exit seerally.

SCENE VI.—The forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncoth forest yield me anything save my food, I will feel for if or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Will said! thou lookest 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! [Exit.

SCENE VII.—The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone Here was he merry, hearing of a song. [hence:

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.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach. [is this,

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life That your poor friends must woo your company? What, you look merry?

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool in the forest, A motley fool: a miserable world! As I do live by food, I met a fool; Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And said I on Lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms and yet a motley fool. 'Good morn, my master,' quoth he; 'I have a hair,' 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, 'tis ten o'clock. Thus we may see, quoth he, 'how the world wags: This is but an hour ago since it was noon; And after one hour more 't will be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot; And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time, My limbs began to crow like chattering, 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? [Tier,

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier, And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain, Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd 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 Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please: for so fools have; And they that have not been called wise, 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, Not to seem senseless of the bold: if not, The wise man's folly is as the fool's wise 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. [no.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding For thou thyself hast been a libertine, [sin: As sensual as the brutish sting itself; And all the embossed sores and head-cuts, That thou with license of true fool fast caught, Wouldst throughst disgorge into the general world. What comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet. [Orl.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. A foul clow'd man, by thy or Else a rude despiser of good manners, [dread. In that civility thou seem'st so empty? [point

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show Of smooth civility: yet an I inland bred And know some nurture. But forbear, I say: He dies that touches any of this fruit Till I and my affaires are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason I must die,

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentle ness shall force

More than your force move us to gentleness. [Orl.

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 what's e'er you are That in this desert inaccessible, Under the shade of melancholy boughs, Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; If ever you 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 eyelids wiped a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.  

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church  
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes  
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness  
And take upon command what help we have  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.  

O'th. Then but forbear your food a little while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
Who after me hath manny a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,  
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.  

O'th. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!  

[Exit.]

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.  

Jaq. All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances:  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
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 now. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
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 thebeck and shampan Election,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles this sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable  
And let him feed. [Barth.]

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.

SONG.

Aun. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is declining, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forget:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were, [son  
And as mine eye doth his elligent witness  
Most truly limned and living in your face,  
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke  
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,  
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.  
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke F. Not see him 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, wheresoe'er he is;  
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quitt thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee.  
If this be so, know my heart in this!  
I never loved my brother in my life.  

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands:  
Do this expediently and turn him going. [Exeunt.  

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SCENE II.—The forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

O're. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
And them, thrice-crowned! queen of night, survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above.  
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth carry.  
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books  
And in theirarks my thoughts I'll character;  
That every eye which in this forest looks  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?  

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the
ACT III.  AS YOU LIKE IT.  SCENE II.

court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and dry to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Waste ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a jocular state, shepherd.

Cor. Besides, those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our eyes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say, come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss the cow's head? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and appropriate: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanness of a flux at a man; read the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.


Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my own. Not that the greatest of my pride is to see my eyes graze and my lamb's suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the eyes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be hawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-tailed, old, awkward ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind, No jewel is like Rosalind. Her worth, being mounted on the wind, Through all the world bears Rosalind. All the pictures fairest lined Are but black to Rosalind.

Cor. Let no fair be kept in mind But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:
If a hart do lack a hind,
Let the buck seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to court with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe. No, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, with a writing.

Ros. Peace! Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [Reads] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Rums his earring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sun of age;
Some, of violated vows
Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
O! on every sennet's head,
Will I Rosalind write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show;
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body she should fill:
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distill'd
Helena's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Athalanta's better part,
Sappho's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.
Ros. O most gentle pulpitcr! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people!' Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. So, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat: though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes. I heard them all, and more too: for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.
ACT III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE II.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Cel. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Cel. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came: for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so bemused since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tryon who hath done this?

Ros. Some vagrant, some man of violence.

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after this, or at all shipping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apiece. I would thou couldst remember, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard. [beard]

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is a wise old Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I, faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. A has the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shall thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atoms as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Cel. That's called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.
because he cannot study and the other lives merely by buttoning his coat to his chin, the one lacking the time of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop within?

Ros. With a thief to the galleries, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too Orl. To his legs, is it? I'll lend a guinea; I'll try them.

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the vale: I am a little wild with her.

Orl. Are you native of this place? [is kindled.

Ros. As the cow that you see dwell where she Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many girly offences as he hath generally taken a whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, 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 haw-thorns and elegies on brambles, all forsooth, defying the name of Rosalind. I would make my fancy revile him. I should give him some sound counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon your young plants, but I will teach you how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not pris-

Orl. What were his marks? [oner.

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not, a touch-ply, which you have not; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your nose should be unba-
tered, your bonnet unbraided, your sleeve untun-
toned, your shoe unmitied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation: but you and I are such men as are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seem-
ing the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her believe 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 which the women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. By me, by 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?

[unmch.

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as mad men do; and the reason why they are not so pun-

ish’d and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counselling.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longings and hikings, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, incessant, 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 cullable of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him: I would keep him, then spurn at him; that I draw 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 neok 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.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me what it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I’ll show you it; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch to your friend the same meat you had made me the other day: is the man yet? doth my simple feature content you? And. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capacious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Aud. [aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man’s verses cannot be understood, nor a man’s good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, though I would the gods had made me poetical; that I draw 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 neok 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.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me Touch. I do, truly: for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly: unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. [aside] A material fool!

Touch. Well, I am not hair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Aud. Then, to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Touch. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Aud. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! shittiness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vieur of the next

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village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

_Jaq._ [Aside.] I would往年 see this meeting.

_Aud._ Well, the gods give us joy.

_Brun._ 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 horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry 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 walled town is more worshipful than a city, 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 to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

_Enter Sir Oliver Martext._

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

_Sir Oli._ Is there none here to give the woman? _Jaq._ I will not take her on of any man. _Sir Oli._ Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful. _Jaq._ [Advancing] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her. _Touch._ Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met. _Jaq._ God bid you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a boy in hand here, sir; may pray be cov. _Jaq._ Will you be married, master? [cried. _Touch._ As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so weldock would be nibbling. _Jaq._ And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunken panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [Aside.] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

_Jaq._ What is the matter? [I will not, and let me counsel thee. _Touch._ Come, sweet Audrey: We must be married, or we must live in badwry. Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver, Leave me not behind thee: but,— Wind away, Begone, I say, I will not to wedding with thee. _Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.

_Sir Oli._ 'Tis no matter: nce'e a fantastical knife of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the forest.

_Enter Rosalind and Celia._

_Ros._ Never talk to me; I will weep.

_Cel._ Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

_Ros._ But have I not cause to weep? [weep.

_Cel._ As good cause as one would desire; therefore _Ros._ His very hair is of the dissembling colour. _Cel._ Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

_Ros._ If faith, his hair is of a good colour. _Cel._ An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour. _Ros._ He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a mun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them. _Cel._ But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? _Cel._ And certainly, there is no truth in him. _Ros._ Do you think so? _Cel._ Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as conceave as a covered goblet or a worm-caten. _Ros._ Not true in love? [bait. _Cel._ Yes, when he is; but I think he is not in. _Ros._ You have heard him swear downright he was. _Cel._ Was 'is not 'is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a taster: they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

_Ros._ He did not. I have said I, and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

_Cel._ O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swear brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, atavish the heart of his lover; as a pusly filter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that young mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

_Enter Corin._

_Cor._ Mistress and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

_Cel._ Well, and what of him? _Cor._ If you will see a pageant truly played, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

_Ros._ O, come, let us remove: The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another part of the forest.

_Enter Silvius and Phoebe._

_Sil._ Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Say that you love me not, but say not so [Phebe; In bitterness. The common executioner, Whose heart the accusator's sight of death makes Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck [hard, But first begs pardon: will you sterner be Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

_Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind._

_Phe._ I would not be thy executioner: I fly thee, for I would not injure thee. Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the fruit's and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atonies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do brown on thee with all my heart: And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee: Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down; Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The electric and capable impression.  
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.  
Sld. O dear Phebe,  
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—  
You meet in some fresh check the power of fancy,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time  
Can not thou meet me: and when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;  
As till that time I shall not pity thee. [mother,  
Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your  
That you insult, exult, and all at once, [beauty,—  
Over the wretched? What though you have no  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without cand'ly 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. 'Od's my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your hude eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like fogggy south pulling with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a proper man  
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you  
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,  
And thank heavy, fastening, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;  
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.  
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year  
together:  
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.  
Ros. He's fallen in love with your fullness and  
She'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as  
fast as she answers thee with browning looks, I'll  
sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon  
Phe. For no ill-will I bear you. [me?  
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.  
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.  
Come, sister. Shepherdesse, look on him better,  
And be not proud: though all the world could see,  
None could be so abused in sight as he.  
Come, to our flock.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaqu. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better ac-  
quainted with thee.  
Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.  
Jaqu. I say, 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 drunks.

Ros. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
'T was ever loved that loved not at first sight?  
Sld. Sweet Phebe,—  
Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?  
Sld. Sweet Phebe, pity me.  
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.  
Sld. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love your sorrow and my grief  
Were both exterminated.  
Phe. Thou hast my love: Is not that neighbourly?  
Sld. I would have you.  
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.  
Sld. So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plocents crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon, [while?  
Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere-  
Sld. Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
That the old carlot once was master of.  
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'T is but a peevish boy; yet he talks well:  
But what care I for words? yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty;  
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:  
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is not but his face, and that's his tongue.  
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:  
His leg is but so; and yet 't is well:  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red: [hereence  
Than that mix'd in his cheek: it was just the dif-  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
in parcels as I did; would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,  
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he do to chide you, I?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not again:  
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt hear it: wilt thou, Silvius?  
Sld. Phebe, with all my heart.  
Phe. I'll write it straight;  
The matter's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be better with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

Jaqu. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.  
Ros. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaqu. I have neither the scholar's melancholy,  
which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is  
fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud,  
or the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's,  
which is politic, nor the lady's, which is wise,  
or 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 sundry
contemplation of my travels, in which my often numina tion wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own hands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Joy. For I have gained my experience.

Ros. And yours, peradventure, 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!

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Joy. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.]

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you limp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swain in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him on the shoulder, but I'll warrant him.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. [Heart-whole.

Ros. Ay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wood of a small.

Orl. Of a small?

Ros. Ay, of a small; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him, one of the patterns of love.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is Ros.

And I am your Rosalind. [Virtuous.

Orl. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke. [Rosalind? Ros.

Ros. Ay, that were their best way 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

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then it is your business to entreat, 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 ranker than my


Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.

Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you. Orl. And you have not the meanest grudge in the world.

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, vili dicet, in a love-curse. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before his love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the current was drowned: and the foolish cornermen 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 mid, for I will protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this protestation, it will not kill me. By come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays

Orl. And will thou have me? [and all.

Ros. Ay, and twenty that.

Orl. What sayest 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.

Ros. I cannot say the words.

Orl. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Orl. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this

Rosalind? [Rosalind?

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. 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 I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

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 maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a jarred 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 lilyn, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. And will it be the case with the Rosalind?

Ros. 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 wise, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and it will out at the keyhole: stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out of the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wit?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse

Rosalind. 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 have her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

[hours.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock this 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.

Rosal. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God send 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 pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of your call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: I therefore beware your censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Rosal. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosal. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou dost know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; for my sensation hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosal. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascal 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 keep a watch.

[Exeunt Orlando and Rosalind.

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lords. A Lord, sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Lords. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer? His leather skin and horns to wear. Then sing him home: [Enter Jaques. The riot shall bear this burden. Take thou no scorn to wear the horn; It was a crest ere thou wast born: Thy father's father wore it, And thy father bore it: The horn, the horn, the lusty horn Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosal. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando?

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Silv. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: I know not the contents: but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenour: pardon me; I am but a a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all: She says I am not fair, that I lack manners; She calls me proud, and that she could not love me, Were I a man and she a phoenix. Odd's my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt: Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents: Phebe did write it. Come, come, you are a fool And turn'd into the extremity of love, I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands: She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter: I say she never did invent this letter: This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Rosal. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style, A style for challengers: why, she defies me. Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain Could not drop forth such grand-rude invention, Such 'Tis love that makes a lover's heart by his effect Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet; Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Rosal. She Phebe me: mark how the tyrant writes. [Reads. Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman call thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Rosal. [Reads] Why, thy godhead laid apart, Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Sil. While's the eye of man did woo me, That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast. If the scorn of your bright eye Have power to raise such love in mine, Alack, in me what strange effect Would they work in mild aspect! Whiles you chid me, I did love; How then might your prayers move! He that brings this love to thee Little knows this love in me: And by her seal up thy mind; Whether that youth and kind Will the faithful offer take Of me and all that I can make; Or else by him my love deny. And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Rosal. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strings upon thee? not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made you a tame snipe, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know, Where in the purlieus of this forest stands A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream Left on your right hand brings you to the place; But at this house the house doth keep itself; There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
ACT V.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE I.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in the world: here comes the man you mean.

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.

Ros. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame To tell you what I was, since my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us two Tears our reconciliations had most kindly bathed, As how I came into that desert place: —

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment, Conceiving me into my brother's love;

Who led me instantly unto his cave,

There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,

To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to give this napkin

Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[Rosalind enteres.

Ros. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Ros. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Touch. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Ros. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Ros. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Ros. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, 'faith, I should have been a woman by right.


Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, command my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?

[Execute.

ACT V.
ACT V.
AS YOU LIKE IT.
SCENE II.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The 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. Yes, sir. Touch. Then 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 lps is he: now, you are not lps; for I am he. Will. Whence, 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,—of this female,—which in the common woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou persists; or, to thy better understanding, dist; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will handy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, to thee, trouble. And. 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Forest.

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 you, should grant? and will you persuade to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the goddess of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my studious, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. Orl. And, my cousin. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the duke and all your contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

Rosl. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scar!]

Orl. It is my arm.

Rosl. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

Rosl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Orl. I, O, I know where you are: not 'Tis true: there was none anything so sudden but the flight of two rams and Caesar's thrausional brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame;' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they

sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will not incontinent, or else 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! but, O, the more I look, the more I shall perceive to be the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosl. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind.

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosl. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good counsel: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near as your gesture e'ers 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?

Rosl. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.
Pheb. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Rosl. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despicable and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithful shepherd: Look upon him, and he shall see you. [Love. Pheb. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe. Pheb. And I for Ganymede. Orl. And I for Rosalind. Ros. And I for Ganymede. Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phebe. Pheb. And I for Ganymede. Orl. And I for Rosalind. Ros. And I for no woman. Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion and all made of wishes, All adoration, duty, and observance, All humbleness, all patience and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance; And so am I for Phebe. Pheb. And so am I for Ganymede. Orl. And so am I for Rosalind. Ros. And so am I for no woman. Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? Pheb. Who 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. [To Sil. I will help you, if I can: [To Pheb.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To Pheb.] I will marry you, if ever I marry
woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [To Orl.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [To Sit.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orl.] As you love Rosalind, meet me: [To Sit.] as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sit. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audre; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonesty to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.


Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't rommily, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I faith, I faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,

In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower

In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime

In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very unmeaning.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. That would I, had I 1 kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring Duke S. But I would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Pho. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, you'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Pho. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep your word, O duke, to give your daughter; you yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or press refusing me, to rest this shepherd;

Keep your word, Silvia, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of your 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,

Duke S. I have heard of these. [Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Duke S. What was that you said?

Aud. I said you, sir; your grace of the like.

Touch. For your grace, sir, among the rest of the country couplinges, to swear and forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks; a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulce duties.

Ros. But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Duke S. 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 Cut. [To Sol.] And if I sent him word again, 'twas not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'twas not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'twas not well cut, he would answer. I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'twas not

Duke S. That would I, had I 1 kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring

Duke S. But I would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Pho. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, you'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Pho. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep your word, O duke, to give your daughter; you yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or press refusing me, to rest this shepherd;

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Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Music.

IIgm. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yet, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his.
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [To Duke] To you I give myself; for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adorest
I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

IIgm. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's the Hymen come, the hand to hand
To join in Hymen's bands.

If truth holds true contents,
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather,
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feel yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honour'd:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree. [m.e.]

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine: Thy fancy to thee doth comebine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, [two:
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, With his own counsel, purpos'd to the end. 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 bestowing to his banish'd brother, And all their lands to each again. That were with him exiled. This to be true, I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding; To one his lands withheld, and to the other A land itself at large, a potent dukedom,
First, in this forest let us do those ends That here were well begun and well begot; And after, every of this happy number That have endured shrewd days and nights with us Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the numbers of our states. Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridgrooms all, With measure head'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly, The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertes There is much matter to be heard and learnt.

To Duke You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

To Orl. You to a love that your true faith doth merit:

[alleys: To Oli. You to your land and love and great
To Sir.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[To Phe.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your pleasure I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime: what you would have I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[Exit.

Duke S. Proced, proced, we will begin these As we do trust they'll end, in true delight the pastime.

[x.dance:

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine makes no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, nay, and by your hate them—that between you and your women the copies may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, compliances that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewel.

[Lucullus,

189
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, a tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen.
Servants.
Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.
Gremio, Cicely, Lucio, Hortensio, suitors to Bianca.

Tranio, Blondello, serfs to Lucentio.
Grumio, serfs to Petruchio.
Curtis, A Pedant.
Katharina, the shrew, daughters to Baptista.
Bianca, Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE—Padua, and Petruchio's country house.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page xxv.]

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll pledge thee, in faith.

Hostess. A pair of stocks, you rogue! Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Sly's are no rogues: look in the chronicles: we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore pax vobiscum; let the world slide: seesa! [burst? Sly. You will not pay for the glasses you have.

Hostess. Go by, Jeronimo: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. Sly. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. [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. [falls asleep.

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. I charge thee, tender well my hounds: Brach Merriman, the poor cur 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. [lord. First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my He cried upon it at the merest loss And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well and look unto them all: To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe? Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warn'd with ale, This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly. [lies! Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image! Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he be convey'd to bed, Wapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers, A most delicious banquet by his bed,
 Enter Players. 

Now, fellows, you are welcome. 

Players. We thank your honour. 

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night? 

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty. 

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember. Since once he played a farmer's eldest son: 

'Twas where you wou'd the gentlewoman so well: 

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part 

Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd. [means. 

A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour 

Laid over-eyed of his old 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. [selves, 

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain our 

Weare to the veriest antic in the world. 

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, 

And give them friendly welcome every one: 

Let them want nothing that my house affords. 

[Exit one with the Players. 

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew new my page, 

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 observed in noble ladies 

Unto their lords, by them accomplished: 

Such duty to the drunkard let him do, 

With soft low tongue and lovely courtesy, 

And say 'What is 't your honour will command, 

Wherein your lady and your humble wife 

May show her duty and make known her love?' 

And then with kind embraces, tempting kisses, 

And with declining head into his bosom, 

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 

To see her noble lord restored to health, 

Who for this seven years hath esteemed him 

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar: 

And if the boy have not a woman's gift 

To ransom a commanded tear, 

An onion will do well for such a shift, 

Which in a napkin being close convey'd 

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. 

See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst: 

Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 

[Exit. 

I know the boy will well usurp the grace, 

Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman: 

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband, 

And how my men will stand themselves from laughter 

When they do homage to this simple peasant. 

I'll in a moment mend them: haply my presence 

May well abate the overweening spirit. 

Which otherwise would grow into extremes. 

[Exeunt. 

Third Serr. What raiment will your honour wear 
to-day? 

Sty. I am Christopher Sly; call not me 'honour' 
or 'lordship;' I ne'er drank sack in my life: and 

if you give me any conserves, give me conserves 
of beef; ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I 

have no more doublets than lucks, no more stock- 

lets than breeches, no more shoes than feet; nay, 

some time more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my 

toes look through the over-leather. 

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 involved with such absurdities! 

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I 

Christopher Sly, old Sty's son of Burton Heath, 

by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by trans- 

mutation a bear-herd, and now by present profes- 

sion a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ad- 

wife of Wincet, if she know me not: if she say I am 

not fourteen pence on the score for sheen ale, score 

me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. 

What! I am not bestranght; here's— 

Third Serr. O, this it is that makes your lady 

mourn! [groan! 

Sec. Serr. Of, this is it that makes your servants. 

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns 

your house, 

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. 

O noble lord, be thou of thy birth, 

Call home thy antique thoughts from banishment 

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. 

I look how thy servants do attend on thee, 

Each in his office ready at thy beck. 

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays [Music. 

And twenty caged nightingales do sing: 

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch 

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 

On purpose found up for thine ease. 

Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground: 

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapped, 

Their harness stuffed all with gold and pearl, 

Dost thou love hawkng? thou hast hawks will soar 

Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt? 

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them, 

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. 

First Serr. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds 

are as swift 

As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe. 

Sec. Serr. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch 

thee three of the fairest. 

Adonis painted by a running brook, 

And Cytherea all in sedges hid, 

Which seem to move and wander with her breath, 

Even as the waving sedges play with wind. 

Lord. We'll show thee lo as she was a maid, 

And how she was soifully and surpris'd, 

As lively painted as the deed was done. [wool. 

Third Serr. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny 

Scarc'hing her legs that one shall swear she bleeds, 

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep, 

So wormingly the blood and tears are drawn. 

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord; 

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 

Than any woman in this waning age. [for the 

First Serr. And till the tears that she hath shed 

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face, 

She was the fairest creature in the world; 

And yet she is inferior to none. 

Sty. 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 as Christopher Sly. 

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight: 

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale. 

SCENE II. — A bedchamber in the Lord's house. 

Enter aloft. Sty, with Attendants; some with apparel, 

others with baun and ever and other appurtenances; 

and Lords. 

Sty. For God's sake, a pot of small ale. 

First Serr. Will 't plese your lordship drink a 

cup of sack? 

Sec. Serr. 'Twill please your honour taste of these 

conserves?
ACT I.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Lucentio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And of my father's love and your am'rd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply 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,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli.
Vincentio's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
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 achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow vessel to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio. 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.

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Ay, madam, or Joan madam? [ladies.

Lord. 'Madam,' and nothing else: so lords call

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her

Madam, madress 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 charged,
In peril to incur your former madness.

That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again:
I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh
And the blood. Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your command,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy:
[ment, For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeald your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comody a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, no, my 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 ne'er be
Younger. Flourish.
ACT I.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. 

SCENE I.

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
Unto your suit; you have not my mould. [for you,
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. What? Wallack, withdraw! [ward:
Tre. Hush, master! here's some good pustine to-
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tre. A said, master! mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee never the less, my girl.
Kath. A pretty feat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bap. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself. [speak.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
Hush, Signior Baptista, will ye be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the pance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca: [Exit Bianca.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them either; for a cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay:
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
Wilt thou lead me in 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 good, here's none will hold you. Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and fasten at the web of friendship 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.
Tranio, the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked
parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,
that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress
and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour
and effect one thing specially.
Gre. What's that, I pray?
Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.
Gre. A husband! a devil.
Hor. I say, a husband.
Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio,
though her father be very rich, any man is so very
a fool to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience
and mine to endure their loud alarums, why, man,
there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and
money enow.
Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her
down in this condition, to be whipt at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
rotten apples. But I say, Sir; that fair law in law
makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter
to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband,
and then have to 't refresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy
man be his dote! He that runs fastest gets the ring.
How say you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. I am and will; and had I given him the best
horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would
thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and
ride
the house of her! Come on.

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while Ily I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl,
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tranio, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redme to captum quam quas minimo.'
Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
Luc. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid.
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had.
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
Luc. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her
Began to scold and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. [trance.
Luc. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid, [stands:
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
Her eldest sister is so curt and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she would not be angry'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Luc. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Luc. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Luc. You shall be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. Sir. It is; may it be done?
Luc. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet finished this. Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or another man of Pisa.
'Tis mark'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once.
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it; I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[He sings him by the ears.

***Enter Hortensio.***


Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? 'Con tutto il cuore, bene trovato,' may I say.

Hor. 'Ala nostra casa ben venuto, moltol'onorato signor mio Petruchio.'

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly: sir, well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a piping out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then would I swear, and Grumio come by the worst. 

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio, I bade the rasch knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me soundly.' And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate?'

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you. Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world To seek their fortunes farther than at home Where small experience grows. But in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceased; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to live and thrive as best I may: Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world. 

Hor. Petruchio, I know not how to thee And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel; And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich And very rich: but thou 'rt too much my friend, And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Enter Hortensio and his man Grumio.***

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua, but of all My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio: and I row this is his house. Here, sirrah Grumio: knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has refused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate. 

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first, And then I know after who comes by the worst. 

Pet. Will it not be?
And shrewd and froward, so by all because That, were my state far worse than it is, I would not sell her for a mite of gold. \[effect: 0x0] On this you may know, sir, not gold's Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough: For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack. Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courtious gentleman; Hath promised me to wed her, in my sight. Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue. Pet. I know her father, though I know not her; And he knew my deceased father well. I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; And therefore let me be thus bold with you To give you over at this first encounter. Unless you will accompany me thither. Gre. 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 Cruele, he'll rack in his tech-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see within than a cat. You know him not, sir. Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, For Baptista's sake: my treasure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, And her withholds from me and other more, Suitors to her and rivals in my love, Supposing it a thing impossible. For those defects I have here reforseed, That ever Katharina will be woold; Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, That none shall have access unto Bianca Till Katharine the curtse have a husband. Gre. Katharine the curtse! A title for a maid of all titles the worst. Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace, And offer me disguised in sober robes To old Baptista as a schoolmaster Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca; That so I may, by this device, at least Have some help and leisure to take love to her And unsuspected court her by herself. Gre. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised, Master, master, look about you; who goes there, ha? Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by a while. Gre. A proper striving and an amorous! Gre. O, very well, I have perused the note. I thank you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that I have 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 paper too, And let me have them very well perfumed: For she is sweeter than any perfume itself. To whom they go to. 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 assured, As firmly as yourself were still in place: Yea, and perhaps with more successful words Than you would, unless you were a scholar. Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is! Gre. O this woodcock, what an ass it is! Pet. Peace, sirrah! [Gremio. Hor. Grumio, man! God save you, Signior Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola, I promised to inquire carefully. About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca; And by good fortune I have lighted well. \[effect: 0x0] This young man for learning and behaviour Fit for her turn, well read in poetry And other books, good ones, I warrant ye. Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman Hath promised me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I whet his bounty. To fair Bianca, so beloved of me. [provere: Gre. Beloved of me: and that my deeds shall Greu. And that his bags shall prove. Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love: Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferently good or other. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his hikin, Will undertake to woo thus Katharine. Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. Gre. So said, so done, is well. Hortensio, have you told him all her faults? Pet. I know she is an icksone brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. [man? Gre. No, say'st me so, friend: What country- Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: My father dead, my fortune lives for me. And I do love good days and long to see, [strange! Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were But if you have a stomach, to 't God's name: You shall have me assisting you in all. But will you woo this wild-cat? Pet. Will I live? Greu. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent? Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have you not in my time heard lions roar? Have you not heard the sea puff'd up with winds Rage like an angry bear chafed with sweat? Have you not heard great ordinance in the field, And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? Have I not in a pitched battle heard Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang? And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to hear As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? Gre. For he fears none. Gre. Hortensio, hark: This gentleman is happily arrived, My mind presumes, for his own good and ours. Hor. I promised we would be contributors And hear such a strange discourse, whatsoever. Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her. Greu. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello. Tran. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold, Tell me, you which is the readiest way To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is't Tran. Even he, Biondello. [he you mean? Gre. Thank you, sir; you mean not her to— Tran. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do? Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray. Tran. I love no chiders, sir, Biondello, let's away. Luc. Well begun, Tranio. Hor. Sir, a word ere you go. Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no? Tran. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? Gre. No: if without more words you will get you hence. Tran. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free For me as for you? Gre. But so is not she. Tran. For what reason, I beseech you?
ACT II.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE I.–Padua. A room in Baptista’s house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me: [self,
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind 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 suitor, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is not Hortensio?

Bian. If so, I wish it had been my fortune to
be his benefactor, or have made him what

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I will perceive
You have but jested with me all this while;
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Enter Baptista. [Strikes her.

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 kindling of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that didst ne’er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I’ll be revenged.

[Flies after Bianca.


Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day
And for your love to her leading apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit Baptista.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearten
For her father keeps from all access of suitors.
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.

[Pet. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must steal us all and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the choler, set the younger free
For our access, whom shall we be to have her
Will not so graceless be to ingrate.

[Pet. Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

[Pet. Sir, I shall not be shker: in sign thereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress’ health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but cat and drink as friends.


Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God
save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
daughter?

Call’d Katharina, fair and virtuous?


Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a monk;
Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio,
with Biondello bearing a tape and books.

Grem. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God
save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
daughter?

Call’d Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

Grem. You are too blunt: go to it orderly, heavens.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me
news of her. I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
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 eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

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.[sake]

Bap. You’re welcome, sir; and I, for your good
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not: I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio’s son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.[sake]

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his
Grace. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain
be doing.[wooing.

Grem. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful. I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, truly given unto you this young scholar (presenting Lucentio), that hath been long studying at Rhodes; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics; his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gentiano, Welcome, good Cambio. [To Cambio] But, gentle sir, nathinks you walk like a stranger; may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tea. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request.
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome amongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest;
And, 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?
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well; you are very welcome, sir:
Take you the lute, and you the book of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.
Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.
[Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Biondo, following.

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 in his will to all and good lands and goods,
Which I have better’d rather than decreased;
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 mother’s wealth, and beauty, and fortune,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special things is well obtain’d,
There 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 wool not like a babe. [speed!
Bap. Well mayst thou wool, and happy be thy
But be thou arm’d for some unhappy words. [winds.
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she’ll sooner prove a soldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. [lute?
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the
Hor. Why no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frest,
And bow’d her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
‘Frets, call you these?’ quoth she; ‘I’ll tune with
them,
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while.
As on a pillow, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rustic haller
And twanging a neck, with twenty mouch vile terms,
As had she staid and sat in some name.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e’er I did;
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me and be not so disconsolate;
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. [Exit all but Petruchio.
I will attend her here.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she ral: 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 haute and will not speak a word;
Then I’ll commend her volatility.
And say she oftenth with piercing eloquence;
If she do bid me pack, I’ll give her thanks,
As though I bid her stay but a week:
If she deny to wed, I’ll crave the day
When I shall ask the leenu and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that’s your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me,
Pet. You know not faith; for you are call’d plain Kate,
And bonny Kate and something Kate the curt;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hurl, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kames, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolacion;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and the beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs.
Myself am mov’d to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that moved
you hither
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what’s a moveable?
Kath. A joint’stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Kath. No such jade as you, if you mean me.
Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be! should—luzz! 
Kath. To tell’t and like a buzzard.
Pet. O slow-wing’d turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; if faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be wapish, best beware my sting.
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Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, Good Kate; I am a gentleman. [Come again, Kath. That I'll try. [She strikes him.
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Now, how now, you bawd? I am for you.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pett. A herald, Kate? o, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pett. A coombless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; thou crow too like a craven.
Pett. Nay, come, Kate, come: you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pett. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pett. The show me it.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pett. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pett. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for your.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pett. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pett. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not
Kath. I e hate you, if I tarry: let me go. [So.
Pett. 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 wrong report:
'Gainst thon art pleasant, gameassome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous 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 hait.
Kath. How should I then, when thou keep'st command.
Pett. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chast and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pett. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Pett. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pett. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes: keep you warm.
Pett. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, [bed:
Thou hast hit my heart: thy father hath counselleth
That thou shall be my wife: thy dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, till you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou shouldst be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with your daughter?
ACT III.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE I.

Enter Lucceilio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you go too forward, sir: Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal? Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is The patroness of heavenly harmony: Then give me leave to have prerogative; And when in music we have spent an hour, Your lecture shall have leisure for as much. Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far To know the cause why music was ordain'd! Was it not to refresh the mind of man After his studies or his usual pain? Then give me leave to read philosophy, And while I pause, serve in your harmony. Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these brave's thine. Biau. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, To strive for that which resteth in my choice: I am no breaching scholar in the schools; I'll not be tied to hours nor pointed times, But learn my lessons as I please myself, And, to cut off all strife, here sit down: Take you your instrument, play you the whiles; His lecture will be done ere you have tuned. Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? Luc. That will be never; tune your instrument. Biaau. Where left we last? Luc. Here, madam: 'Tis he that Simois; he is Sigelia tellus; He srotecet Priami regia celsa senis.' Biaau. Construe them. Luc. 'Tis he that, as I told you before, 'Simois, I am Lucentio; 'tis est, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, 'Sigea tellus,' disguised thus to get your love; 'Tis, srotecet, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, 'Primia,' is my man Tranio, 'regia,' bearing my port, 'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Biau. Why, then the maid is mine from all the word, By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied, Biaau. I must confess your offer is the best; And, let your father make her the assurance, She is your own; else, you must pardon me, If you should die before him, where's her dowry? Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young. Grem. And may not young men die, as well as old? Biaau. Well, gentlemen. I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know My daughter Katharine is to be married; Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca Be bride to you, if you make this assurance; If not, to Signior Gremio: And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. Grem. Alen, good neighbour. [Exit Baptista. Now I fear thee not: Sirrah young gentleman, your father were a fool To give thee all, and in his waning age Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy! An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit. Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hole! Yet I have made it with a card of ten. 'Tis in my hand to do my master good: I see no reason but supposed Lucentio Must get a father, call'd supposed Vincentio; And that's a wonder: fathers commonly Do get their children: but in this case of wooing, A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [Exit.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.  SCENE II.

ACT III.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your And help to dress your sister's chamber up: [books]

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[Exeunt Bianca and Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay, and a welcome for you too. [Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;

Methinks he looks as though he were in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stile,

Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.


Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, and others, Attendants.

Bap. [To Tranio] Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet, we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? what mockery will it be,

To want the bridgroom when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forced

To give my hand opposed against my heart

Unto a mad-brain rudely full of spleen;

Who wo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blurt behaviour;

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,

Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banes;

Yet never means to wed where he hath wo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife;

If it would please him come and marry her!'

Tra. Patience, lady Katharine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Baptista means well but,

Whatever fortune stays him from his wish:

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him thence!

[Exeunt weeping, followed by Bianca and others.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a very saint,

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Bianello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's

Bap. Is he come? [coming?

Bion. Why, no, sir. 

Bap. But then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you

Tra. But say, what to thine old news? [there.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches three turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipped with an old motly saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the gauders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lapp, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, ped with sprains, rayed with yellow, past cure of the five, stark spoiled with these beggars, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-pegged before and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, rayed with a crupper of vulnure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with patchthread.

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 bodlase on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and 'the humour of forty fancies' prick'd in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some old humour pricks this to fetch you.

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparrell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man, Is more than one,

And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Petr. Come, where be these gallants? who's at work?

Bap. You are welcome, sir. [home.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet youhalt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd

As I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How now, my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet or unusual prodigy? [day:

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of impert

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Petr. Tedium it was to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

Where is Kate? I stay to long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreveller robes:

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Petr. Not 1, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Petr. Good morrow, so even thus; therefore 'tis done

with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

Tea. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible.
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll alter him, and see the event of this.

Exeunt Baptistus, Gremio, and attendants.

Tea. But perchance to love again?
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—what'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Padua;
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sum than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage:
Which if once performed, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tea. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, can you from the church?

Grem. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tea. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Grem. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a grooms indeed,
A grumbling grooms, and that the girl shall find.


Grem. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very head:

Tea. 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,
'Any by goss-wounds,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all mannaed, the priest let tall the book;
And, as let to tell me, is my good Katharine.
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.'

Tea. What said the wench when he rose again?

Grem. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamped'd
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if
He had been abroad, carousing to his mates.
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadell
And then they both sat all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason.
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seem'd 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.]

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Gremio, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know you think great store of me today,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before I might come
Make it no matter; 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.

Tea. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Grem. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. I am content.

Pet. Is there content to stay?

Kath. I am content you shall entreat me hence;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.


Grem. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten
The horses.

Kath. Nay then.

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself;
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly,

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Grem. Ay, marry, sir, is not to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a tool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

[mand.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command;
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and delecture.
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:

Pet. Ay, marry, sir, let's to work.

Kath. Nay: I will not have thee, Kate, to work.

Pet. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom want,
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Kath. Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Baptista take his sister's room.

Pet. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.  

Gr. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all fool ways! Was ever man so hunted? was ever man so raved? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my eyes to the root of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Hola, ho! Curtis.

Enter Curtis.  

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?  

Gr. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.  

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?  

Gr. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire, cast cold water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?  

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast: for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.  

Gr. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?  

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gr. Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as will thow.

Curt. Come, you are so full of ready-catching!  

Gr. Why, therefore fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, coalwells swept; the serving-men in their new livery, 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, Grumio.  

Gr. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?  

Gr. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha'n't, good Grumio.

Gr. Lead thine car.

Curt. Here.

Gr. There.  

[Strikes him.  

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gr. And therefore let's called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?  

Gr. What's that to thee?  

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how myri a place, how she was bemouled, how he left her with the horse upon her, the world upon her because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how I swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bride was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than Grumio.  

Gr. 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, sugArcop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsey with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horses tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gr. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho! you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gr. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?  

Gr. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gr. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servingmen.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!  


Nath. How now, old lad?  

Grumio. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?  

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Grumio. Even at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse! [door Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here! sir! here! sir! here, sir! You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?  

Grumio. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasanat swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?  

Grumio. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unshin'd they are. There was no link to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing; There were none line but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you. Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Singing Where is the life that late I led— Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—Soul, soul, soul, soul!
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign, And 'tis my hope to end successfully. My falcon now is sharp and passing empty: And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd, For then she never looks upon her lure. Another way I have to man my haggard, To make her come and know her keeper's call, That is, to watch her, as we watch 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 she shall not; As with the meat, some undeserved fault I'll find about the making of the bed; And here I'll stuff the pillow, there the bolster, This way the coverlet, another way the sheets: Ay, and amid this hurly I intend That all is done in reverend care of her; And in conclusion she shall watch all night: And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl And with the clamour keep her still awake. This is a way to kill a wife with kindness; And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour, He that knows better how to tame a shrew, Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [Exit.


Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tran. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? [Bianca Telle you, sir; she bears me fair in hand. Hort. Sir, to satisfy you to what I have said, Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read? Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me if 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! Hort. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio. Tra. O despitish love! unconstant womankind! I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful. Hort. Mistake no more: I am not Licio, Nor a musician, as I seem to be: But one that seem to live in this disguise, For such a one as leaves a gentleman, And makes a god of such a calling: 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. Hort. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio, Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow Never to woo her more, but do forswear her, As one unworthy all the former favours That I have fondly flatter'd her with. Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath, Never to marry with her though she entreat: Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him! Hort. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn! For me, that I may surely keep mine oath, I will be married to a wealthy widow, Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard, And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, Shall win my love: and so I take my leave, In resolution as I swore before. [Exit. Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case! Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love, And have forsworn you with Hortensio. Bian. Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me? Tran. Mistress, we have. Luc. Then we are rid of Licio. Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now, That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day. Bian. God give him joy! Tran. Ay, and he'll 'tame her. Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Act IV. 

The Taming of the Shrew. 

Scene III.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Kath. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life. 

Grum. This is more my way, the more his nip up.

What, did he marry me to finish me?

I warrant, Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat.

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

With oaths kept waking and with brawling led;

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love.

As who should say, if I should sleep or eat, 

'Tis wreaked on me; sundry else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

What say you to a neat foot's? I prithee let me have it.

Grum. I fear it is too choleric a meet.

Have you to a fat tripe finely broiled?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grumio. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

If you will have it, I will not; you shall have the mustard, or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Grumio. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false dealing slave,

[Beats him.

That fedst me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Petr. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all

Horten. Mistress, what cheer? 

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Petr. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee;

I am some doubt, how Kate, this meat merits thanks,

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest not it;

And all my pains is sorted to no profit.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Petr. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hort. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company. [me.

Petr. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, it thou love

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace; and now, my home love,

Will we return unto thy father's house

And revel it as bravely as the best;

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and farlingues and things;

With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

[me. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Petr. Why, this was moulded on a perorring;
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE IV.

A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. Why are you gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your better's have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, bid you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coleon, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.
Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I have, or I will have none.

[Exit Hubertusher.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's that to thee? 
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's a snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what, 'tis devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
Hor. [Aside] I see she's like to have neither cap
nor gown.

Pet. Thou bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kernel home,
"Come, gracious sir, I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me. [Aside.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tet. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble!
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
The thread of my eye! This is it like a demi-cannon.
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant:
Or I shall so be near thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Pet. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as your master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Pet. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Pet. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tet. I have.

Gru. Face not me; thou hast表现 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 fool.

Tet. Why, here is the note of the fashion to test.

Pet. Read it.

[Aside. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Gru. [Reads] *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Pet. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,
Sew me shall hop skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

ACT IV.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SCENE V.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
Luc. And what of him?
Bion. This daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
Luc. And then?
Bion. The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this? We cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cun privilegio ad imprimentum solutum' 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 do. Go, bid them farewell for ever and a day. [say, Luc. Hearst thou, Bionello?
Bion. I cannot tardy: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come again. Therefore, I cannot lie with you longer.
Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherewith should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, 'twill roundly go about her:
It shall go hard if Camillo go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Hortensio, and Servants.

Petr. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward fair Katherina.

Kath. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Petr. The moon? the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Petr. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Petr. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, it shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.

Kath. Every more cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, forward, forward! thus the bowl should
And not unluckily against the bias.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Petr. Well forward, forward! thus the bowl should
And not unluckily against the bias.

Hor. Petruchio, thy servant is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[To Vincentio] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, [away? Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? Such war of white and red within her cheeks! What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, As those two eyes become that heavenly face? Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee. Sweet Kate, thou must embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Kath. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and Whiter away, or where is thy abode? [sweet, Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemseth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make
known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this bath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may be seem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son.
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first errand hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt all but Hortensio.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow? if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[Exit.

ACT V.


Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftily, 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's as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Camillo comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Gru- mio, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house; My father's hears 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.

Pedant looks out of the 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?

Pet. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Vin. Nay, I told you so; my son was well 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.

Pet. Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Pet. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name and business.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.
Enter one with an officer.

Carry this man known to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Grc. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bay. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Grc. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cop'd in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Pet. Swear, if thouarest.

Grc. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Vin. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Grc. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio,

Bay. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O! we are spoiled and — yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.

Bion. Pardon, dear father.

Bay. How fast thou offended?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposed be'd thinke cyne.

Grc. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bay. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bion. Cambio is changed into Lucentio,

Luc. Love wronged these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenence in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bay. But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will; to be revenged for this villain.

Bay. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

Grc. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest.

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit. Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will. [ado.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's 'ome again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee,

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate,

Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.
ACT V.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE II.

Petr. 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 the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Petr. Twenty crowns! I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match! 'tis done.

Luc. Who shall begin?

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[Exit Biondello.

Bap. Soi, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.

Petr. How! she is busy and she cannot come!
Is this an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Petr. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

[Exit Bion.

She, o! o! entreat her!

Nav, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse; she will not come! O d'ye,
Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her to come.

[Exit Grumio.

Hor. I know her answer.

What?

Petr. She will not.

Hor. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

[Exit now, by my bold dame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Petr. Go, fetch them hither: if they dare to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharina.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Petr. Murry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy:
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show in her sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

Wide, Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Luc. Fie! 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 a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Luc. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Petr. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have,
No telling.

Luc. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Petr. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknight that threatening unkind brow.

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thouliest 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 is froward, peevish, sailen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound so 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 handy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our fancies are but straw,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no bed,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready: may it do him ease.

Petr. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss
me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt not.

Petr. 'Tis a good hearing when children are to ward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when woman are fro.

Petr. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

[To Luc.] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exit Petruchio and Katharina.

Luc. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tasted a curt shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be turned so.

[Exit.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafeu, an old lord.
Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
Steward, 

Servants to the Countess of

Clown,

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, 

neighbours and friends to the

Mariana, 

Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE — Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page 4.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going; madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he tbat so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amend?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persevered time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father.—O, that 'twas! 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 payl 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. [madam?]

Laf. How called you the man you speak of?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes?

Laf. A distemper, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplicity; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that? [father

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thyself in manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key; be churlish for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more

will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit."

Ber. [To Helena] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable 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 Lafon.

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'T 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 hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour:
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curle,
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 reliques. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

[Aside] 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 grow on him by our credit
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!
Hel. And you, monarch!
Par. No.
Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you;
Let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity:
How may we barriorc it against him?

Par. Keep her with me.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant,
In the defence yet is weak: unfold to us
Some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you,
Will undermine you and blow you up.

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will
Quicklier be bloomed: marry, in blowing him down again,
With the breach yourselves made, you
Will lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth
Of nature to reserve virginity. Loss of virginity
Is rational increase and there was never virgin
till virginity was first lost.

Par. That you were made of is metal to make virgins.
Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever lost
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 rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity
Kicks to a fellow that has it; which is most
Infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin;
Virginity murders itself; and should be buried in
Highways out of all sanctified limit, as a
desperate offencess against nature. Virginity
Breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes
To the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.
Besides, virginity is pesky, proud, idle,
Made of self-love, which is the most inhabited sin in the
Canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but
lose by 't; out with 't; within ten year it will make itself ten,
Which is a goodly increase; and the principal
Itself not much the worse; away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss
With lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off
With 't while 't's vendible; answer the time of requital.
Commodity, like an old curdier, bears
Her cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable:
Just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear
Not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge
Than in your cheek; and your virginity,
Your old virginity, is like one of our French withered
Pears, it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a

withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet
't is a withered pear; will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

Par. There shall your master have a thousand loves.
A mother and a mistress, and a friend,
A phrenix, 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,
His faith, his sweet disorder: with a word
Of pretty, fond, adoptious chasteileons.
That blinking Cupid glossys. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court's a learning place, and he is one—
Par. What's mine faith?

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 lacer starers do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

Par. Little Monsieur Parolles, if I can remember
Thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a
Charitable star.

Par. Under Mars.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under that you
Must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety:
But the composition that your valour and fear
Makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I
Like the wear well.

Par. I am full of businesses. I cannot
Answer thee accurately. 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 may cost thee a fine. When thou
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.

Hel. Our remedies off in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our show designs 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 mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible he strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.

Exit.

SCENE II. — Pavia. The king's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoes are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A brave war.
ACT I.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  SCENE III.

First Lord.  So't is reported, sir.
King.  Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, very near from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentines may move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business and would seem
To have us make denial.

First Lord.  His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For ampest credential.

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.

Sec. Lord.  It well may serve
A nurture to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King.  What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

First Lord.  It is the Count Rousillon, my good
Young Bertram.

[ldour.

King.  Youth, thou be'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee.  Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too.  Welcome to Paris.

Ber.  My thank's and duty are your majesty's.

King.  I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiery!  He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest; he lasted long;
But on his dill haggis age steald on
And wore us out of act.  It much repairs me
To talk of your good father.  In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour;
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked 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 used as creatures of another world
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 now'd so well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber.  His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approv'd lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King.  Would I were with him!  He would always
Thinks I hear him now; his plattive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear.  —Let me not live,—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out.  —Let me not live,—quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the stub
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.  This he wish'd;
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

Sec. Lord.  You are loved, sir;
Therefore that lend it you shall lack you first.

King.  I fill a place, I know 't.  How long is 't,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much famed.

Ber.  Some six months since, my lord.

King.  If he were living, I would try him yet.
Let me an arm; the rest have worn me out.

Ber.  With such requisitions; nature and sickness
Debate at their leisure.  Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Thank your majesty.  [Exeunt.  Flourish.

SCENE III.—Rousillon.  The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count.  I will now hear; what say you of this gentiewoman?

Stew.  Madam, the care I have had to even your count, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wounded our modesty and made foul the clearness of our deserving, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count.  What does this knife here?  Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all return: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not the ability to commit them, and have enough ability make such knowledge yours.

Clo.  'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor

Count.  Well, sir.

Clo.  No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your hospitality's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count.  Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo.  I do beg your good will in this case.

Count.  In what case?

Clo.  In 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 o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.

Count.  Tell me thy reason why thou witt marry.

Clo.  My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count.  Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo.  Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they.

Count.  May the world know them?

Clo.  I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count.  Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo.  I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count.  Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo.  You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aware of.  He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop: if I be his cokold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend.  If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the purified and old Pousam the papist, howseome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may jowl horns together, like any deer I the herd.

Count.  Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumniou's knave?

Clo.  A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat;
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny;
Your cuckoo sings by kind
ACT I.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE III.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her: Helen, I am gone.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, Why the Grecians sacked Troy? Fond done, done fond

With this King Priam's joy? With that she sighed as she stood, When he had passed as signed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then; Among nine bad if one be good, Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song; would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a? An we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt: a man may drowm his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honestly be no purit

But it will do no hurt; it will wear the surd of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit.

Count. Well, well.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owning her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than

I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son; Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that he

And hellish obstinate tie thy tongue;

That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;

If it be not, forswear 't; how'er, I charge thee, As heaven shall work in me for thine avail;

To tell me truly.

Hec. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hec. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hec. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond.

Whereof the world takes note: come, come, discourse

The state of your affection; for your passions Have to the full appearance.

Hec. 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 loved of me: I follow him not

By any token of presumptions suit,

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;

Yet forever know how that done should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet in these captious and intemible sieves

I still pour in the waters of my love.

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,

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Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshiper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a frame of heart,
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 plucks the life sweeter where she dies!
Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak
To go to Paris? [truly.
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In head full of reservation to bestow the
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is reader'd lost.
Count. For Paris, was it? speak.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. The King's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King, attended with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, and Parolles.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
[exult.
Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, fare
Shake the advice between you: if both gain all;
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.
First Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir, after we enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be: and yet my heart
Will bear the conscience of the making
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords; Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,— Those lab'd that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,— see that you come
Not in too honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.
Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell. Come hither to me.
First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.
Sec. 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 'is too early,'
Act II. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Scene I.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought this pardon.
I would you had kneel'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 all this day to gall the sieve.

Laf. Good faith, across; but, my good lord, 'tis
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

**King.** No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if [medicines]
My royal fox could reach the pipe; I have seen a
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to arise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.

**King.** What here? this is?

Laf. Why, Doctor She; my lord, there's one arrived,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
It seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light delivering, I have spoke
With that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed 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 Lafeu, bring in the admittance: that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit.]

**King.** Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, with Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

**King.** This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty: say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am 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 Narbon was my father;
In whom he did profess, well found.

**King.** I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
Knowing him is nought. On 's bed of death 
[him] Many receipts he gave me: chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He lade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so;
And, hearing his high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance
With all bound 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 insidie estate: I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks, or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A second fox, and on our credit the sense we deem.

**Hel.** My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humility entertaining from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear 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 one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knew thee an excellent perill, thou hast

Hel. What I can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
I'he that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises, and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits. [maid;
**King.** I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind
Thy pains not used must not my self be paid;
Prophers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is bann'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 could not get of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me. make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think and think I know most sure
My worth not power, nor you past cure.

**King.** Art thou so confident? within what space
Honest thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in mark and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is inhurn from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

**King.** Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Scarc'd otherwise: nay, worse—if worse—extended
With vilest lies, let my life be ended [speak
When King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth
Its powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, these to thee, 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,
That ministers thine own death to thee.

Hel. If it be in my power, or in my reach

**King.** Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

**King.** Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kindly hand
What husband in thy power I will command;
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With my branch or lineage thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask thee, to bestow,

**King.** Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served;
If, but Peruse, I is you, you sake. All's there. As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed. [Flourish. Exeunt."

SCENE II. — Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lovingly taught; but knowing no business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court; he that cannot make his leg, but only of his cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

[All questions.

Count. Marry, that's a beautiful answer that fits well into a bachelor's chair that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quack-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten greats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taifete pank, as Clo. I wish for Tom's frying-ni, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morsel for Shave-day, as the nail to his hole, the euckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knife, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, as, the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that behoves to think on I am a courtier: it shall do no you harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off.

More, more, a hundred of them.

You.

Clo. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thicke, thick, spare not me.

Clo. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

You.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant.

Clo. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give Ellen And urge her to a present answer back: [this, Compend me to my kinsmen and my son: This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

SCENE III. — Paris. The King's palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafau, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, the old supernatural and causeless. Here is it that we make trifles of dangers, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Por. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Por. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Por. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Por. Not to be helped,—

Por. Right: as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Por. Just, you say well; so would I have said, and I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Por. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in — what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Por. That's it: I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect —

Por. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facetious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be Laf. Very band of heaven.

[The —

Por. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—[pausing] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be —

[pausing] generally thankful.

Por. Authorities have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Lafau and Parolles retire.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Por. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side:

And with this helpful hand, whose misch'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive

The confirmation of my promised gift,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eyes: this youthful

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, [parcel O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice I have to use: thy frank election make;[ sake. Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for.]

Mer. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress Fall, when Love please! marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'll give bay Curtal and his furniture,

My month no more were broken than these boys',

And writ as little heard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those but had a noble father.
ACT II.

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Scene III.

Hel. Gentlemen.

 Heaven hath through me restored the king to health. 

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest.

That I profess I simply am a maid.

Pleas’d, Than our fortune, I have done already;

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me. [fused,

‘We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be re-

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;

We’ll never come there again.’

King.

Make choice; and, see,

Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sigis stream. Sir, will you hear my suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel.

Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw

ames-see for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your faireyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

That so wishes and her humble love!

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons

of mine, I’d have them whipped; or I would send

them to the Turk, to make munchees.

Hel. Be not afraid that your hand should take;

I’ll never do wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they’ll none have.

her; sure, they are bastards to the English; the

French ne’er got’em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There’s one grape yet; I am sure thy father

drank wine: but if thou be’st not an ass, I am a

youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [To Bertram] I dare not say I take you; but

Me and my service, ever whilst I live,

I give into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she’s

thy wife.

[highness,

Ber. Yes, my good lord;

But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know’st she has raised me from my

sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down

Must answer for your raising? I know her well;

She had her breeding at my father’s charge.

A poor daughter my wife! Disdain

Rather corrupt me ever!

[which

King. T’is only title thou disdain’st in her, the

I can build up. Strange it is that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour’d all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest.

A poor physician’s daughter, than disliked

Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer’s deed;

When thou art well’s, and virtue none,

It is a dropped honour. Good alone

Is good without a name. Vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she’s immediate heir,

And these breed honour: that is honour’s scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour’s born

And is not like the sire: honours thrive,

When rather from our acts we then derive

That our breed is that we have disgrac’d.

Debosh’d on every tomb, on every grave

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb

Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb

Of honour’d bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou couldst like this creature as a maid,

I can create the rest: virtue and she

Is her own dower; honour and wealth for me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do’t.

King. Thou wrong’st thyself, if thou shouldst strive
to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I’m glad:

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 cannot be dream’d.

We poising in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know;

It is in us to plant thine honour where

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:

Obey our will, which travels in thy good:

Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that else might:

Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever

Into the staggers and the careless hapse

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,

Without all terms of pity. Speak thou answer.

Ber. Tardly, my gracious lord; for I submit

My fancy to your eyes: when I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late

Was in my noilder thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,

Is as ’t were born so.

King. Take her by the hand,

And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

A counterpoise, if not to thy estate

A balance more replete.

Par. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony

 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform’d to-night: the solemn feast

Shall more attend upon the coming space.

Expecting absent friends. As thou lov’est her,

Thy love ’s to me religious: else, do err.

[Exeunt all but Lafaw and Paroles.

Laf. [Advancing] Do you hear, monsieur? a word

Par. Your pleasure, sir? [with you.

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, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count’s man; count’s master is

of another style.

[too old

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are

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 not think thee, for I thought thee

to be a pretty wise fellow; thou dost make tolerable vent

of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarts and

tamerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me

from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen.

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I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt scarce worth. [thee.—

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou repent it: when I say lord have her heart on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand. [exit.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indul-

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it. [let 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 scarlet 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-

edge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know. [ vexation.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me: scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! Well, I must be patient: there is no fending of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an be were double and a double 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 Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garner up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wast best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offender, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir: you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word else, I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart? [sworn.

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. 0 my Paroles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The blow that's in foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hags his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spendeth his manly narrow in her arms,
Whose should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
France is a stale: where that dwell in 't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. 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 to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. I'll send her straight away; to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.
'Tis hard:
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go;
The king has done you wrong: but, hush, 'tis so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Paris. The king's palace.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Cl. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she all, that she's not very well?

Cl. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Cl. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Paroles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my master smile?

Cl. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Cl. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing; to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Cl. You should have said, sir, before a knave don't a knave; that's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir, and [thee.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found

Cl. 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 knave, 0, faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love, [jedg which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowl-

But puts it off to a counsel'd restraint; [swects, whose wants and whose delay, is strew'd with

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

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ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SENE 1.

Par. That you will take your instant leave o’ the king.
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strenthens’d with what apology you think
May make it probable need.
Hel. What more commands he?
Par. That, having this obtain’d, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.
Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.
Hel. I pray you. [Exit Parolles.]
Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Paris. The king’s palace.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.
Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approbation.
Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimony.
Laf. Then my dial does not true: I took this lurk
For a hunting.
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. [To Bertram] These things shall be done, sir.
Laf. Pray you, sir, who’s his tailor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, ‘s a good workman, a very good tailor.
Ber. [Aside to Par.] Is she gone to the king?
Laf. She is.
Ber. Will she away to-night?
Par. As you ‘ll have her.
Ber. I have with my letters, casked my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three and three
Uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothing,
With, should be once heard and thrice believed.
God save you, captain.
Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?
Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into
My lord’s displeasure.
Laf. You have made shift to run into ’t, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;
And out of you it you’ll run again, rather than
Suffer question for your residence.
Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.
Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at
’s 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 time, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur; I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must
do good against evil.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.
Ber. I think so.
Par. Why, do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my cog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared 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 shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[Going a bitter.
’T will be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Par. 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 faile’d
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; be home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say ’tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much: nothing, indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord;
Faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? Farewell.
[Exit Helena.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coraggio! [Exeunt.

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended;
the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you
The fundamental reasons of this war.
[Music. Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.
ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Scene II.

But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable notion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my heart gone grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our na-
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day [ture,
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 avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exit Count.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The Count’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 book and sing;
Mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing;
Pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had
this trick of melancholy sold his goodly manor for a
song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he
meets to come. [Opening a letter.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court:
our old king and our Isbel of the country are nothing
like your old king and your Isbel of the court:
the brains of my Cupid’s knocked out, and I begin
to hate, as an old man loves money, with no stam.

Count. What have we here? [Reads.

Clo. E’en that you have there. [Exit. Count. [Reads] I have sent you a daughter-in-law:
she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I
have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to
make the not eternal. You shall hear I am run
away: know it before the report come. If there be
breath enough in the world, I will hold a long dis-
tance. 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 pull 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 be-
tween 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
he thought he was: the danger is in standing to ‘twas
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. Count.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so, madam. [men,

Enter Helena with patience. Pray you, gentle,
I have felt so many quarks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start, [you
Can woman me unto ‘t; where is my son, I pray
Sec. Gent. Madam, he’s gone to serve the duke
of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. [port.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here’s my pass.
[Reads.

When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger which never shall come off, and show me a
child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then
call me husband; but in such a ‘then’ I write a
This is a dreadful sentence. [never.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam; and for the contents sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
Thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robbst me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood.

And this is all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe’d,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

[In France. Hel. [Reads] Till I have no wife, I have nothing
’Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

First Gent. Ay, madam.

First Gent. ’Tis but the boldness of his hand,
Haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There’s nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might be upon
And call her houly mistress. Who was with him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Paroles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he. [ness.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You’re 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.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam, in
That and all your wealthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw near?

[Exit Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. ‘Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France,’
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hang all the world; and let my lord!
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
Come thou the blit that do hold him to ‘t;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause his death was so effect;
Better ‘twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar’d
With sharp constraint of hunger; better ‘twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE I.

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousill. Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, [ion, As oft it loses all: I will be gone; My being here it is that holds thee hence; Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although The gates of heaven: and angels offered: I will be gone. That pitiful rumour may report my flight. To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Paroles, Soldiers, Drum and Trumpets.

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 auspicious mistress.

Ber. This very day, Great Mars, I put myself into thy file: Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. The Count'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. [Reads] I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone; Ambitious love hath so in me offended, That rarefoot plod I the cold ground upon. With painted vow my faults to have amended. Write, write, that from the bloody course of war My dearest master, your dear son, may he; Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far His name with zealous fervour sanctify: His labour's burdens bid him forgive; I, his despitful Juna, sent him forth From courtly friends, with camping fees to live, Where death and danger do thee worth of: He is too good and fair for death and me; Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words! Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much, As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, I could have well diverted her intents, Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam: If I had given you this at over-night, She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes, Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive, Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo, To this unmerry husband of his wife; Let every word weigh heavy of her worth That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief, Though little he doe feel it, set down sharply.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger: When haply he shall hear that she is gone, He will return; and hope I may that she Haring 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.

SCENE V.—Florence. Without the walls. A tucket after off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana,Virola, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Paro. They say to the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [Tucket] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl; the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave: hang him! one Paroles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them: and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dismade succession, but that they are timed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are: though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Din. You shall not need to hear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter Helena, disguised like a Pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmer's lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't. [A march after.] Hark you! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, But till the troops come by, I will conduct you where you shall be lodged; The rather, for I think I know your hostess As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Din. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that bears most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Din. Whatsoever he is, He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 't is reported, for the king had married him Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Din. There is a gentleman that serves the count Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Din. Monsieur Paroles.
ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  SCENE VI.

Hd.  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.  Ddu.  Alas, poor lady!  'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  Of a detesting lord.  Wid.  I warrant, good creature, wheresoe’er she is,  Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do  A shrewd turn, if she pleased.  H.  How do you mean?  May be the amorous count solicits her  In the unlawful purpose.  Wid.  He does indeed;  And breaks with all that can in such a suit  Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:  But she is arm’d for him and keeps her guard  In honestest defence.  Mar.  The gods forbid else!  Wid. So, now they come:

**Drum and Colour.**

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.  That is Antonio, the duke’s eldest son;  That, Escalus.  H.  Which is the Frenchman?  Ddu.  He;  That with the plume: ’tis a most gallant fellow.  I would he loved his wife: if he were honest  He were much goodlier: is ’t not a handsome gentle- H. I like him well.  Ddu.  ’Tis pity he is not honest: yon’s that same knave  That leads him to these places: were it his lady,  I would poison that vile mascal.  H.  Which is he?  Ddu.  That jack-an-papes with scarfs: why is he  melancholy?  H. Percibane he’s hurt ’t the battle.  Par.  Lose our drum! well.  Mar.  He’s shrewdly vexed at something: look,  he has spied us.  Wid.  Marry, hang you!  Mar.  And your drum, for a ring-carrier!  [Escuat Bertram, Parolles, and army.  Wid.  The troop is past. Come, pilgrims, I will  bring you  Where you shall host: of enjoo’d penitents  There’s four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,  Already at my house.  H.  I humbly thank you:  Please it this matron and this gentle maid  To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,  I will bestow some precepts of this virgin  Worthy the note.  [Escuit.

**SCENE VI.**—Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.  Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to’t; let  him have his way.  First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hild-  ing, hold me no more in your respect.  Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.  Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?  H.  Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct  knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him  as my kinsman, he’s a most notable coward, an  infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker,  the owner of no one good quality worthy your lord-  ship’s entertainment.

**First Lord.** It was fit you knew him; lest, re-  posing 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.  First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off  his drum, which you hear him so confidently under-  take to do.  Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will  suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I  know not: but if the enemy: we will  bend and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose  no other but that he is carried into the length of  the adversaries, when we bring him to our own  tents. Be but your lordship present at his exami-  nation: if he do not, for the promise of his life and  in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to  betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his  power against you, and that with the divine forfeit  of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in  any thing.  First Lord. O, 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.

Sec. Lord. [Aside to Ber.], O, for the love of laugh-  ter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him  fetch off his drum in any hand.  Ber. Now how, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely  in your disposition.  First Lord. A pox on ’t, let it go; ’tis but a drum.  Par. But a drum! ’s it ’s but a drum? A drum  so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge  in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend  our own soldiers!  First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the  command of the service; it was a disaster of war  that Cesar himself could not have prevented, if he  had been there to command.  Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our suc-  cess: some dishonour we had in the loss of that  drum; but it is not to be recovered.  Par. It might have been recovered.  Ber. It might: but it is not now.  Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit  of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact  performer, I would have that drum or another,  or ’s it a jot.  Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to ’s, 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 syllable of your  worthiness.  Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.  Ber. But you must not now shumber in it.  Par. I’ll about it this evening: and I will pres-  ently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself  in my certainty, put myself into my mortal prepara-  tion; 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, nor what the effect: I would that  Ber. I know thou’rt valiant: and, to the possi-  bility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.  Farewell.  Par. I love not many words.  [Exit.

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is
ACT IV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE I.

not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do't.

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

See. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

First Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafau: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a strat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

See. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

See. Lord. As 'tis please your lordship: I'll leave you. [Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you the lass I spoke of.

First 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 i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re send:
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misjudge me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be 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 show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again [laugh]
When I have found it. The count he wores your
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet in his idle life,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Hove'er repeated after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most 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 persevere,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musick of all sorts and songs composed
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us
To chide him from our ears; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other
Soldiers in ambush.

See. Lord. He can come no other way but by this
heage-corner. When you sally upon him, speak
what terrible language you will; though you un-
derstand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must
not seem to understand him, unless some one among
us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

See. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows
he not thy voice?

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

See. Lord. But what linen-weasely hast thou to
speak to us again?

First Sold. 'E'en such as you speak to me.

See. Lord. He must think I some kind of strangers
't the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath
a smack of all neighbouring languages: therefore we
must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to
know what we speak one to another: so we seem to
know, is to know straight our purpose; choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough.
As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.
But couch, he! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a
sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolies.

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 dis-
graces have of late knocked too often at my door.
I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart
hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures,
not daring the reports of my tongue.

See. Lord. This is the first truth that 'er e' thine
own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake
the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant
of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say

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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 better woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Belqazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the barng of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel.

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scare me make that be believed.

Par. I would had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's.

Sec. Lord. Throa movusous, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villandia par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize and blindfold him."

First Sold. Boskos through to boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment:

And I shall lose my life for want of language:

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll discover that which shall unde the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado; I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poulards are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania duche.

Sec. Lord. Oscobidulchos volvicolse.

[Yet.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee

And, hooldwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on.

To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show

Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But will thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acerola linta.

Come on; thou art granted space.

[Exit, with Paroles guarded. A short coronation.

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught:

Till we do hear

Sec. Sold. I, Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. All unto ourselves:

Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will.

Sec. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibel.

Dian. No, my good lord; Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess; And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, in your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a great 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 When your sweet self was got.

Dian. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

No; My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that;

I prithee, do not strive against my vows;

I was compel'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dian. Ay, so you serve us till you serve us; but when you have our reses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves And mock us with our bareness.

How have I sworn!

Dian. 'T is not many oaths that makes the truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the High' st to witness: then, pray you, tell If I should swear by God's great attributes.

I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? This has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him: therefore your oaths Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,

At least in my opinion.

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.

Dian. I see that men make roges in such a scarce

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.

Dian. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,

Bequested down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy 't the world

In me to lose.

Dian. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity's the jewel of our house;

Bequested down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy 't the world

In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom

Brings in the champion Honour on my part,

Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring;

My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,

And I'll be bid by thee.

Dian. When midnight comes, knock at my cham-

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquered me, and made me a dozen bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: tell them

My reasons are most strong; and you shall know

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:

And on your finger in the night I'll put

Another ring, that what in time proceeds

May token to the future our present hours.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won

A wife of me, though there my hope he done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

[Exit.

Dian. For which live long to thank both heaven

You may so in the end.

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  SCENE III.

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men  
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me  
When his wife's dead; therefore I 'll lie with him  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,  
Married or not will, I live and die amid:  
Only in this disguise I think 't no sin  
To cozen him that would unjustly win.  [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Florentine camp.

Enter the two French Lords and some two or three Soldiers.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there  
is something in 't that stings his nature; for on the reading  
I changed almost into another man.  
First Lord. He has much worthy blain laid upon  
him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the ever-lasting  
dispersing displeasure of the king, who had even tuned  
his bounty to sing happiness him. I will tell you  
a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.  
First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead,  
and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentle-woman  
here in Florence, of a most chaste renown;  
and this night he flies his will in the spoil of her honour,  
in her last breath, and now he is monumental ring,  
and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we  
are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in  
the common course of all things, we still see them  
reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends,  
so he that in this action contrives against his  
own nobility, in his proper stream overflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be  
trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then  
have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dexter  
to his hour.

First Lord. That approachespace; I would gladly  
have him see his company anatomized, that  
he might take a measure of his own judgments,  
where so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he  
come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the meantime, what hear you of  
these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then?  
will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are  
not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a  
great dupe of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since  
 fled from his house: her pretense is a pilgrim scarce  
to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking  
with most austere sanctity she accomplished;  
and, there resting, the tenderness of her nature  
became as a prey to her grief: in fine, made a groan  
of absent beaute, and, now she is, and was in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First 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 at the office to say is come, was faithfully  
confirmed by the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations,  
point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad  
of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us  
comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times  
we drown a host in tears! The great dignity  
that his valour hath here acquired for him shall  
haunt me: the web of our life is of a mingled  
yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be  
proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our  
crimes would despair, if they were not cherished  
by our virtues.  Enter a Messenger.

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.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful  
there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the  
king's tartsness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! Is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen business,  
a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of  
success: I have confided with the duke, done my  
adeu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for  
her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; enter-  
tained my convoy: and between these main parcels  
of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last  
was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. 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 not ended, as fearing  
to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue  
between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceived  
me, like a double-meaning prophetess.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks  
all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in  
usurping his spur so long. How does he carry  
himself?

Sec. 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 shed  
his milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan,  
whom he supposed to be a friar, from the time of  
his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his  
setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath  
confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a?  

Sec. 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.

Enter Parolles guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say  
nothing of me: hush...!  

First Soldier. He calls | cases: what will  
you say without 'em?  
Par. I will confess, if it be without constrainment:  
I can say no  
First Soldier. Bosko chinn. | more.  
First Lord. Boblibindo ch.  
First Soldier. You are a mere general. Our  
general bids you answer to w.  
ask you out of a solio.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live,  
First Soldier. [Reads] 'First demand of him how  
many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to  
that?
Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commandery very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, I dare to venture it.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I will take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

Par. You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Paroles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole rhetoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the shape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his word clean, nor believe he can ever any thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Humibly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues and poor Parisians.

First Sold. [Reads] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jacques, so many; Guillian, Cosmo, Lodwick, and Gratia, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chittorip, Vannond, Bentlii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the master-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand pole: half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. So well, that's set down. [Reads] 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Duman be in the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars: or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? which if you will, your business is done.

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Duman?

Par. I know him: a was a bovester's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrive's foot with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands: though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls,

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. Was it his reputation with the duke? They like know him for no other but a poor officer, that hath a letter to me this other day to turn him out o' the land: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First 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.

First Sold. Here't is; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

First Lord. Excellent.

First Sold. [Reads] 'Dian, the count's a fool,' and full of gold,—'

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Dian, the daughter of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest, in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a duengerous and base boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it.

Ber. Dammable both-sides rogue! [hisses]

First Sold. [Reads] 'When he sweats oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it; after he scores, he never pays the score; half won be match well made; match, and well won it; he never 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 owes it. Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, PAROLES.'

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manofolk linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Par. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First 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, 't the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Duman: 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 parleys Nesseus; he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool drunkard do his best virtue, for he will be swine drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm. rave 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 have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English dragoons: to belie 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 called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubting of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but not of this I am certain: we'll cut our cat.

First Lord. He has not a villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'en he will sell the very simplicity of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and
cut the entail from all remaniders, and a perpetual succession for it eternally. [Dumain?]  
First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?  
First Sold. What's his?  
Par. Even a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a very great deal in some superfluities. Dunoa, for a reward; yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.  
First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentines? [Ronsillon.  
Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse. Count First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.  
Par. [Aside] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?  
First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.  
Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!  
First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unbinding him.  
So, look about you: know you any here? Per. Good morrow, noble captain.  
Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.  
First Lord. God save you, noble captain.  
Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafaé? I am for France.  
First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the same? I must go to-day to the great court of the Count Ronsillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compell it of you: but fare you well.  
[Exit Bertram and Lords.  
First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scurf; that has a knot on't yet.  
Per. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?  
First 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 ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there.  
[Exit, with Soldiers.  
Par. Yet am I thankful: if I had not been great, 'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as sweet As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes and. Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foollery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them. [Exit.  

SCENE IV.—Florence. The Widow's house.  
Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.  
Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall give my life: 'twas a princely deed, Ere I can perform mine intents, to kneel: Time was, I did him a desired service. Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks: I duly an Inforam'd his grace is at Marseilles; to which place We have convenient convey: You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband lies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.  
Wel. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.  
Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend whose thoughts were more truly labour To recompose your love; doubt not but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucey trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Dedies the tetchy night; so lust doth play With what it loathes for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.  
Dian. 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 briers shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our wages is prepared, and time revives us: ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's the crown; Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE V.—Ronsillon. The Count's palace.  
Enter Countess, Lafaé, and Clown.  
Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snip-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would 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-bee I speak of.  
Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever more 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 saluds ere we light on such another:  
Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marrow of the salud, or rather, the herb of grace.  
Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.  
Clo. I am not great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.  
Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?  
Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.  
Laf. Your distinction?  
Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.  
Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.  
Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.  
Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.  
Clo. At your service.  
Laf. No, no, no.  
Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.  
Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?  
Clo. Faith, sir, a has an English name: but his origin is more hotter in France than there.  
Laf. What prince is that?  
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ACT V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE I.–Marseilles. A street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it: But since you have made the days and nights as one, To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold you do so grow in my requital As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king, And aid me with that store of power you have To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed.

Hel. He hence removed last night and with more haste Than his use. *Lord, how we lose our pains! Hel. All's well that ends well yet, Though time seem so adverse and means unimit, I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

ACT V.

SCENE II.—Ronsillon. Before the Count's palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, madrilled in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pri thee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spoke but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pri thee, allow the wind.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! Pri thee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman: Look, here he comes himself.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—Act V., Scene iii.
Enter Lafene.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the uncLean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled within: pray you, sir, use the earp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingeneous, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort and leave him to your lordship.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'eau for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business. [Exit.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall have 't; save your word.

Par. Mr. name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me! [thee.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming: I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me: I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Roussillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafene, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem

Was made much poorer by it: but your son,

As mad in folly, hack'd the sense to know

Her acquaintance born.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;

And I beseech your majesty to make it

Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;

When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,

O'erhears it and burns on.

Par. My honour'd lady,

I have forgot 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 catch,

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve

Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost

Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;

We are reconciled, 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 olden brows we bury

The incensing relics of it: let him approach,

A stranger, no offender; and inform him

So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me

That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,

For thou mayst see a sunshine; but a hail

In me at once: but to the brightest beams

Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;

The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented, dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

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 struck my choice upon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue

Where the impression of mine eye inciting,

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

That which warp'd the line of every garter favour;

Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;

Extended or contracted all proportions

To a most hideous object: thence it came

That she whom all men praised and whom myself,

Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye

The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away

From the great comt: 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 shame full late sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen's will, and now forget her;

Send forth your amorous token for fair Mauldin:

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!

Lei. 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. [Exit.

Laf. By my old beard,

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,

The last 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 fasten'd to't.

This ring was mine: and, when I gave it Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood

Necessity to help, that by this token [her

I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to crave

Of what should steady her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign, How'er it pleases you to take it so,

The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,

I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it

At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me, Writ in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought I should engage; but when I had subscibed, And to mine own fortune and inform'd her fully I could not answer in that course of honor As she had made the overt ure, she ceased In heavy satisfaction and would never Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself, That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine, Hath not in nature's mystery more science Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's, Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess'th yon herra, 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.

Bor. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour; And makest conjectural fears to come into me, Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove That thou avnest so inhuman.— 't will not prove so;— And yet I know not who and what 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 tears of little vanity: Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him! We'll sift this matter further.

Bor. If you shall prove This ring was ever hers, you shall as easily Prove that I husband'd her bed in Florence, Where yet she never was. [Exit, guarded.]

King. I am wrap't in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Graceful sovereign, Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not: Here's a petition from a Florentine, Who hath for four or five removes come short To tender it herself. I undertook it, Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know Is here attending: her business looks in her With an importning visage; and she told me, In a sweet verbal brie f, it did concern Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows were forfend to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stode 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 seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet. But I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.

[Exit, guarded.]

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors: Go speedily and bring again the count. I am afraid the life of Helen, lady, Was tenderly snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to commerce, And that you dy them as you swear them lordship, Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman's that?

Bor. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capulet: My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know now far I may be pitied. [As Ber.] I am her mother, sir, whose age and honor Both suffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Bor. My lord, I neither can nor will deny [ther? But that I know them: do they charge me fur.

Bor. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Bor. She's none of mine, my lord.

Bor. If you shall marry, You give away this band, 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 emboldened yours, That she which marries you must marry me, Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation, comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Bor. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend Till you're dec'ed gain them: fairest prove your honour Than in my thought it lies.

Bor. Good my lord, Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Bor. She's impudent, my lord, And was a common gamester to the camp.

Bor. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him. O, behold this ring, Whose high respect and rich validity Did lack a parallel; yet for all that He gave it to a commoner o' the camp, It I' the one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem, Conferred by testament to the sequent issue, Hath it been owned 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. Bor. I did, my lord, but beth am to produce So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man be he,

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[Exit an Attendant.

Bor. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave, With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'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.

Bor. I think she has: certain it is I liked her, And board'd her i' the wanton way of youth: She knew her distance and did angle for me, Maddening my eagerness with her restraint, As all impediments in fancy's course Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine, Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace, Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring; And I had that which any inferior might An market-price have bought.

Bor. I must be patient:
ACT V. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. SCENE III.

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife, May justly diet me. I pray you yet: Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband; Send for your ring, I will return it home, And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like The same upon your finger. [late.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts 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 had had in him, which gentleman have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you? [woman.

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this! [man.

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drunk, my lord, but a mighty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go be-tween 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 which would derive me till I will 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 evidences: therefore stand aside. This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

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 goose, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it her first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away: I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hast this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some poor good customer.

Dia. By Jove, 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.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir: [Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surely me. But for this lord, Who hath abused me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: He knows himself my bed he hath defiled; And at that time he got his wife with child; Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick; So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick: And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is it real that I see? [Hel. No, my good lord; 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both, O, pardon! Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you wondrous kind, There is your ring; And, look you, here's your letter: this it says: 'When from my finger you can get this ring And are by me with child, &c. This is done: Will you be mine, now you are doubly won? Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. [clearly, Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue, Deadly divorce step between me and you! O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon: [To Parolles] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handker-cher; so. I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurrilous ones. [To Helena] Let us from point to point this story know, To make the even truth in pleasure flow. [To Drum] If thou hast yet a fresh uncropped flower, Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower; For I can guess that by thy honest aid Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. Of that and all the progress, more or less, Resolvedly more leisure shall express: All yet seems well; and if it end so meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [Flourish.

EPILOGUE.

King. The king's a beggar, now the play is done: All is well ended, if this suit be won. With thou express content; which we will pay, With strife to please you, day exceeding day: Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts; Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [Exeunt.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, brother to Viola.
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, gentlemen attending on the Duke.
Curio,
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.
Malvolio, steward to Olivia.

Fabian,
Feste, a Clown, servants to Olivia.

Olivia.
Viola.
Maria, Olivia’s woman.
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE — A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page 145.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Duke’s palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, and other 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 sound
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
Receivest as the sea, slioth’rt 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.
Cor. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cor. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn’d into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E’er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?
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 simple view;
But, like a cloister, she will revell 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 have fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill’d the flock of all affections else
That live in her: when love, live, 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:

ACT II.—The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
Cap. My brother he is in Elysium.

Vio. Perchance he is not drown’d: what think you, sail’d?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with assurance you, after our ship did split,
When you and those 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 Arian 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;
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereeto 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 as in 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 munition;—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What’s she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother.
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They said, she had adjured 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, 
Nor none of her 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 prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Consider what I am, and be my aid.
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. 
I'll serve this duke: 
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him: 
It may be worth thy pains: for I can sing, 
And speak to him in many sorts of music. 
That will allow me very worth his service. 
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be: 
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee: lead me on. [Exeunt.*

**SCENE III. — Olivia's house.**

**Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.**

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's
and age have

*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 Aguecheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria?

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the violo-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking 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 coystrell that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castilliano vulgar! for here comes Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

**Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.**

*Sir Adu.* Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

*Belch.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Sir To.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir Adu.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.

*Sir Adu.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir Adu.* Good Mistress Mary Accost. —

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight; 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir To.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

*Sir Adu.* 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 Adu.* Mary, 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 Adu.* Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your

*Mar.* It's dry, sir. [metaphor?]

*Sir Adu.* 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 Adu.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.*

*Sir To.* O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

*Sir Adu.* 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 Adu.* An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* Pourquoi, my dear knight?

*Sir Adu.* What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? 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 Adu.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

*Sir Adu.* But it becomes me well enough, doesn't it?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flux on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

*Sir Adu.* Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen: or if she be, it's four to one she 'll none of me; the count himself here hard by would vide 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 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

*Sir Adu.* I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

*Sir Adu.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my better; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

*Sir Adu.* Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the nutton to t.'
Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? whereas these give these gifts a colour, even? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some music?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurnus?

Sir And. Taurnus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love; is he constant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof, Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, if she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds Rather than make unprompted 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 musician's more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and ruddy: thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellations is right apt For this effect. 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: [Aside] yet, a barb'd sirfle! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world may with his blood afraid to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenient answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars: and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then? [points.

Clo. No, not so; neither: but I am resolved on two Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wilt as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more of that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were bidden. [Exeunt.

Clo. Wit, ain't he thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the fool.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the better mend him. Anything that is not dishonest and but true, that virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. It that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady lade take away the fool; therefore, I am sorry for his change.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, ecuillus non factit monachum; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteroeriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your word needs you: I will shew you what you are.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourning thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother, that excelling 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: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth even make the greater fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the
better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. What kind o’ man is he?

Oli. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he’ll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before ’t is a pease-

Oli. What is this squab that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury enucle thee with leasing, for thou speakest wild of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gent-

Mar. I know not, madam: ’tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: lie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a snitch from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madam, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove crams with brains! for,—here he comes,—of one thy kin has a most weak sta ph matauer.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Clo. I see a gentleman here—a plague o’ these mad herring! How now, set! [Exit Toby.]

Mal. Good Sir Toby! Clo.

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this heltharg?

Sir To. Lecchery! I defy lechery. There’s one at the gate.

Mar. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it’s all one. [Exit.]

Oli. What’s a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a crowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the sec-

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Oli. No, good swabber; I am to haul here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.

Clo. Sure, you have some hideous matter to de-

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he’s fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he’ll stand at your door like a sheriff’s post, and be the sup-

Oli. What kind o’ man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he’ll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before ’t is a pease-

Oli. What is this squab that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury enucle thee with leasing, for thou speakest wild of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o’er my face. We’ll once more hear Orsino’s embassy.

Enter Viola, and Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she? [will?]

Oli. Speak to me: I shall answer for her. Your 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 beholding that it is excell-

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question’s out of my part. Good gentle-

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself: for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in ’t: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and ’t is.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: ’t is 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. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to de-

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no over-

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit Maria and Attendants.] Now, sir, what is your text?
ACT II.  
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  
SCENE I.

Vio. Most sweet lady,—
Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.  Where lies your text?
Vio. In Orsino's bosom.
Oli. In his bosom?  What chapter of his bosom?
Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.
Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy.  Have you no more to say?
Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.
Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face?  You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.  Look you, sir, such a one I was present: 'tis not well done.  [Unveiling.
Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.
Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.
Vio. 'Tis beauty truly bent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.
Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indissoluble red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.  Were you sent hither to praise me?
Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud:
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!
Oli. How does he love me?
Vio. With adorations, fervent tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot
love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learned, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my master's name,
With such a suffering: a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of condemned love
And sing the dirge even in the dead of night;
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!'  O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it.  Fare you well;
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady: keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Pied in contempt!  Farewell, fair cruelty.
[Exit.
Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'  I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast; soft, 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 in at mine eyes.  Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mol. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of him.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way tomorrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hee thee, Malvolio.
Mol. Madam, I will.
[Exit.
Oli. I do know not what, and fear to find
Mine eyes deceived, but a thought in my mind:
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.
[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no.  My stars shine darkly over me: the malignity of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whether 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 my bosom: will you to keep it? therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.  You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo.  My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of.  He left behind him myself and a sis-

ter, 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 estimative wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.  She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not.  Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my,

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mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.  

Act II.  

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.  

Mai. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?  

Tio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.  

Mai. 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 reject your lord from his presence. Receive it so.  

Tio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.  

Mai. Come, sir, you peevishly throw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned; if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye: if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.  

Tio. Sir Toby, I'm boring 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 loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this鹧鸪, hen 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 waxen hearts to set their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! For such as we are made of, such we be. How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, stir'st to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master's love; As I am woman—now alas the day!— What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! O time! thou must untangle this, not I: It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [Exit.  

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.  

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew; not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou knowest.  

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.  

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?  

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.  

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!  

Enter Clown.  

Sir And. Here comes the fool, I'faith.  

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of 'we three'?  

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.  

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spakest of Platonic lusts, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebuen; 'twas very good, I'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; hadst it?  

Clo. I did inpeticos thy gratification; for Malvolio's nose is no whistlock; my lady has a white hand, and the Myronics are no better messengers.  

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.  

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.  

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give 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.  

Clo. [Sings]  

O mistrew mine, where are you roaming?  

Sir And. Excellent good, I'faith.  

Sir To. Good, good.  

Clo. [Sings]  

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  

Present mirth hath present laughter;  

What's to come is still unsure:  

In delay there lies no plenty;  

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  

Youth's a stuff will not endure.  

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.  

Sir To. A contagious breath.  

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, I'faith.  

Sir To. To hear by the nose. It is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?  

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.  

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.  

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou know.'  

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou know,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.  

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'  

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.  

Sir And. Good, i'faith. Come, begin.  

Enter Maria.  

[Catch sung.  

Mar. What a caterwauling 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 Catalan, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, Lady! [Sings] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!' [ing.  

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fool.  

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 know nature.  

Sir To. [Sings] 'O the twelfth day of December,—  

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!  

Enter Malvolio.  

Mai. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabb-
ble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persuadeless of company?"  

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneak up!  

Mad. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady made me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsmen, she's nothing allied to your disorder. If you can separate yourself and your misplayed demeanours, 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.  

Cfo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'  

Mad. Is't even so?  

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'  

Cfo. Sir Toby, there you lie.  

Mad. This is much credit to you.  

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'  

Cfo. 'What an if you do?'  

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'  

Cfo. 'O no, no, no, you dare not.'  

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye he. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art a steward, there shall be no more cakes and ale?  

Cfo. Yes, by Saint Aine, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too.  

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumps. A stoup of wine, Maria!  

Mad. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.  

[Exit.  

Mar. Go shake your ears.  

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.  

Sir To. 'Do'nt, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.  

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the country was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not pull him into a mayword, 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-pieceman; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utter it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause  

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 expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.
ACT II. TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. SCENE V.

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 night. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain: The spinsters and the knitters in the sun And the 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?

SONG.
Clo. Come away, come away, death; And in sad cypress let me be laid; Fly away, fly away, death: I am slain by a fair cruel maid. My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O, prepare it! My part of death, no one so true Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet, On my black coffin let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand and thousand sighs to save, Lay me, O, where SAD TRUE LOVER NEVER FIND MY 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. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee: and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable stuff. For thy mind is a very o'zid. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. [Curio and Attendants retire. Once more, Cesario.

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty: Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands: The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her, I hold as giglidy 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 hide the beating of so strong a passion As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention. Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, No motion of the liver, but the palate, That suffer surfeit, Clewment and revolt: But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much: make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know —
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe: In fact, they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter loved a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.
Duke. And what's her history?
Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud. Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought, And with a green and yellow melancholy. She sat like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. When this love indeed? We men may say more, swear more: but indeed Our shows are more than will: for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house. And all the brothers too; and yet I know not. Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme. To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, My love can give no place, hide no denay. [Exit.

SCENE V. — Olivia's garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.
Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.
Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-liter come by some notable shame?
Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again: and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India! Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this halfe hour: obverse him, for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative bluff of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [throws down a letter]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune: all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't? Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!
Fab. O, peace! Contemplation, makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced phemes!
Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio! Let it; no woman's coat.
Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Shyly married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Blew on him, Jetebel! 239
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Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting and doing nothing.

Sir To. O, for a stonebow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Mal. O, peace, peace! And then to have the honour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby.

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Mal. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and per-chance wind up my watch, or play with—my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lip?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of Sir To. What, what?

[plot.]

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of ourMal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

[fool.]

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me Mal. What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very Cs, her Us and her Ts; and thus makes she Great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her Cs, her Us and her Ts: why that?

Mal. [Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes;'—her very phrases! By your leave, X. S. I am the impression she Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads] Jove knows I love:

Fab. But who?

Jips, do not move;

No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know.' If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [Reads] I may command where I advertise:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M. O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A certain ridet!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him?

Sir To. And with what the stain chokes at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I advertise.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is a distinct excellence in this discourse, and that alphabetical position portent? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M. O, A, I.

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Soter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M. — Malvolio: M. — why, that begins my Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the ear is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation. A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll engulph him, and make him Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detection at your heels than fortunes before your face.

Mal. M. O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft!' here follows prose.

[Reads] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my star I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a knavish, surly with servants; let thy tongue hang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commend thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.' Daylight and champagne discovers not more; this is old. I will be proud, I will be grand and polished. I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-deviser the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jape me; for every reason exciteth to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she denounced me being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads] Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee. Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Soply.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another ridet!

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilth thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.—Act III., Scene i.
ACT III.  TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  SCENE I.

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?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or, the church stands by the tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheverel glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they that daily nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word: and to daily with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced

Vio. Thy reason, man?

[Clo. yields to his master.]

Vio. Truth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with your mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one. [Aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, butting but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who are and what you would be out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the tool: And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons and the time. And, like the beggar, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wise man's art: For folly that he wisely shows is fit; But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Sir And. And you, sir.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Sir To. E't vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Sir And. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyay.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Sir And. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter. [My legs.]

Sir And. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Eater Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you! Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours,' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchers set car.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'voucher.'

I'II get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exit 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! 'T was never merry world Since lowly feigning was called compliment:

You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth, [youers]

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be 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 fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts On his behalf.


Vio. But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that

Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
Sir To. And they have been grand-jury men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight; and, if you would expose him to you, to awake your dormant valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, true-new from the mint, you should have binged the youth into dumness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baled; the double opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. Ain't he by any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I laid as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my piece shall take noted it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to Sir Toby?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be elegant and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou shalt' unmind some thirte, 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 goosepen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo; go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of alea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Sir To. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine cows.

Mur. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mur. Most villainously: like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.
ACT III.  TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  SCENE IV.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; but, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befal your travel.
Being skilless in these parts: which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriend'd, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear, set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks; and ever . . . oft 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?
Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to-night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'juld pardon me,
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service: of such note indeed,
That were I 't'en here it would scarce be answer'd.
Seb. Behold you know 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 traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
While you may till the time for your knowledge.
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle market, sir.
Surely, your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Seb. To the Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Olivia's garden.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come:
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than beass'd or bor-
speak too loud. [row'd.
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 very strange
manner. He is, sure, possesed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. Madam, he does nothing but smile:
your ladyship were best to have some guard about
you, if he come; for, sure, the man is taint'd in 's
wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.] I am as
mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Malvolio.

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smihest thou?

Mal. I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Oli. Mad, 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 true very 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? [Thee.

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to
Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so
and kiss thy hand so oft?


Oli. At your request! yes; nightingales answer
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous bold-
ness before my lady?

Mal. 'B not afraid of greatness?' 't was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'S are born great,—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness.'

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven re-tore thee! [stockings.

Mal. 'Remember who recommended thy yellow
Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered! [Is so:

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to
Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count
Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him
back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I shall see him. [Exit Servant.] Good
Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my
cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special
Care of him: I would not have him miscarry for
the half of my dowry. [Exit Olivia and Maria.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse
may the ex-Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs
directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose,
that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites
me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slouch,'
says she: 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly
th water with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments
_of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity:
_and consequently sets down the manner how: as,
a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue,
in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have
lirmed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make
me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let
this fellow be looked to,' 'fellow' not Malvolio, nor
after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing ad-
hes together, that no dram of a scruple, no scripule
_of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe
stance—What can be said? Nothing that
can be can come between me and the full prospect
_of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this,
and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity?
If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Le-
gion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.
ACT III. TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. SCENE IV.

_Fab._ Here he is, here is he. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

_Sir._ O, I discard you; let me enjoy my private go.

_Mar._ Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? _Sir Toby_, thy lady prays you to have a care of him.

_Mal._ Ah, ha! does she so? _Sir Toby_, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, _Malvolio_? how 's 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

_Mal._ Do you know what you say?

_Mar._ La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how looks he blam'd? Pray God, he be not bewitched!

_Fab._ Carry his water to the wise woman.

_Mar._ Marr'y, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if 't live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

_Mal._ How now, mistress! _Lord!_ 

_Sir To._ Prithieve, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

_Fab._ No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

_Sir._ Why, how now, my laycock! how dost thou, clack?

_Mal._ Sir!

_Sir To._ Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan; hang him, foul collier!

_Mar._ Get him to say his prayers, good _Sir Toby_, get him to pray.

_Mal._ My prayers, minx! [Exit.]

_Mar._ No, I warrant you, he will not hear of god;

_Mal._ Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

[Exit.]

_Sir To._ Is't possible?

_Fab._ If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

_Sir To._ His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

_Mar._ Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and rust.

_Fab._ Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

_Mar._ The house will be the quieter.

_Sir To._ Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his. Amen! 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 funder of madmen. But see, but see.

_Enter Sir Andrew._

_Fab._ More matter for a May morning.

_Sir And._ Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it.

_Fab._ Is 't so saucy?

_Sir And._ Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read. _Sir To._ Give me. [Reads] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a surly fellow.'

_Fab._ Good, and valiant.

_Sir To._ [Reads] '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 next page.

_Sir To._ [Reads] 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.' [Less.]

_Fab._ Very brief, and to exceeding good sense.

_Sir To._ [Reads] 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

_Fab._ Good.

_Sir To._ [Reads] 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.' [good]

_Fab._ Still you keep off! the windy side of the law:

_Sir To._ [Reads] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy _Andrew Aguecheek._' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

_Mar._ You may have very fit occasion for 't: I 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 ham-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass off that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives mankind more approbation than even proof itself would have earned him. Away!

_Sir And._ Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

_Sir To._ Now will I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, _Sir_, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon _Aguecheek_ a notable report of valour: and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuousness. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cocktrixes.

_Re-enter Olivia, with 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 horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt _Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria._]

_Oli._ I have said too much into a heart of stone

And laid mine honour too uncharily out:

There's something in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but ragely repents;

_Bears Viola._

With the same 'tention that your passion

Goes on my master's grief.

_Oli._ Here, wear this jewel forme, 't is my picture;

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

And I beseech you come again to-morrow.

What shall I say but that I'll deny

That honour saved may upon asking give?

_Vio._ Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

_Oli._ How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

_Vio._ 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 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 intercepster, full of despite,

Bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end;

Disown thy tongue be yare in thy preparation,

Thy words shall not convene with thy meaning, wild and deadly.

_Vio._ You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

_Sir To._ You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him.
what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dabbled with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced thence; and his incumbrance at this moment is so implaceable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulture. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour; belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, let this be a private office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter? Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal altercation; 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 value. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody and fatal oppositer 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 had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[Enter Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a frago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scalawag and all, and he gives me the stroke in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Fox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Cane.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the preclusion of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[Exit Fabian and Viola.

To Fab.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [To Vio.] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake; marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [Aside] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will.

[They draw.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me: [man If you offend him, I will for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you? 

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[They draw.

Enter Officers.

Off. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers. Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I will be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man: do thy office.

Sec. Of Sir Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. What motive, officer? [To Vio.] This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it,

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you Than what befals myself. You stand amazed;

But be of comfort;

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being promised, your present trouble, But of my private ability

I'll lend you something: my having is not much;

I'll make division of my present with you:

Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now? Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with these kindnesses

That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature;

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, to. [see here Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you snatched'd one half out of the jaws of death,

Relieved him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which me thought did promise Most venerable worth, did I devote.

Away! First Off. What's that to us? The time goes by:

Ant. But, I'll have my vengeful soul pay this god! Thou hast, Sebastian, done good service shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind;
ACT IV.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. SCENE I.

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil Are empty trunks o'erfurnish'd by the devil. First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir. And. Lead me on. [Exit with Officers. Enter Sebastian and Clown. Let him in whose words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself: so do not I. Prove true, imagination, O, prove true, That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage says. Fio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know Yet living in my glass; even such and so In favour was my brother, and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate: O, if it prove, Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit. Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend in the necessity of deying him: and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religions in it. Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him. Sir To. Do; cut him soundly, but never draw thy sword. Sir And. An I do not.— [Exit. Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Olivia's house.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Sir. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well hearken'd; wilt thou? No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither, Nothing that is so is so.

Sir. I, prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, unbird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Sir. I, prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Nay, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Sir. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

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 costs for two pence. [Exit. Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone! I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; though I struck him first, yet it is no matter for that.

Sir. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Clo. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou darest 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.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold! Sir To. Madam!
ACT IV.  
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  SCENE III.

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 had me here in hideous darkness.
Clo. Sir, thou hast honest Sir To! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?
Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.
Clo. Why, it hath hay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstorey toward the south, north are asinstructions as ebony; and yet complainst thou of obstruction?
Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell: and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.
Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.
Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!
Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.
Mer. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.
Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou bested him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.
Clo. [Singing] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does,
Mal. Fool!
Clo. 'My lady is unkind, perdy,'
Mal. Fool!
Clo. 'Ahas, why is she so?'
Mal. Fool, I say!
Clo. 'I love another'—Who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou witt 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 it.
Clo. Master Malvolio?
Mal. Ay, good fool.
Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
Mal. They have here propounded me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, assas, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.
Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bubble bubble.
Mal. Sir Topas!
Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!
Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.
Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.
Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light: and convey what I will set down to my lady: she shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letters 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 fill not believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.
Mal. Fool, I will requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.
Clo. [Singing] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a tree,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ah! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pore thy nails, dad;
Adien, good man devil. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Olivia’s garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; that pearl she gave me, I do feel’t and see’t; and thought I was wonder that enwraps 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 disputeth 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 dispute these 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, flowers she could not sway her house, command her fol-Take and give back affairs and their dispatch With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing As I perceive she does: there’s something in ’t That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, Now go with me and with this holy man Into the chantry by: there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Pray me the full assurance of your faith: That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace. He shall conceal it. Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I will follow this good man, and go with you: And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.
ACT V.

SCENE I.— Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou loveth me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another read.

Fab. Any thing. [quest.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog; and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir: we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse. [friends.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: thou's a gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play: and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind: one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap: I will awake it anon. [Exit.

Viol. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

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 impracticable; With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy and the tongue of loss [for? Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter? First 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 he is, in the roads, and the better of shame and state, In private babble did we apprehend him.

Viol. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies? Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me: Antonio never yet was thief or pirate.

Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft did me hither: That most ingratitude boy there by your side, From the rude sea's enraged and Tommy 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 to twenty years remorseful hugging, While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

Viol. How can this be? Duke. When came he to this town? [for, Ant. To-day, my lord, and for three months before, No intermission; not a minute's vacancy, Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth. [mess. But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are mad.

Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon. Take him aside. [have, Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.


Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and false as mine ear

As bowling after music.


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 something doth my heart trouble. 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 crown'd in his master's spite. Come, boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mis- I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, [chief: To spite a raven's heart within a dove. Viol. And, if I must, I most joyous, apt and willingly, To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Viol. After him I love More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all morses, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do leign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away!
Duke. Husband!
Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Oli. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strange thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario: take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.
O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Thath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengeth'd by interchanging of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Scarc'd in my function, by my testimony: [grave
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
I have travel'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what will thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That other tribes shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest—
Oli. Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon
Send one presently to Sir Toby.
Oli. What's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across and has great pain in his head: I am 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 incarnate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario! [Dnaste.
Sir And. 'O! 's life, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more:
but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you o'th' other side e'er this youth and me.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how's it with you?
Sir To. That's 'all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?
Clown. O, he's drunk. Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight t' the morning.
Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures paunch: 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 knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!
Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam. I have hurt your kinsman:
But, had it been the brother of my blood, [man;
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw strange regard upon that youth, 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. [persons,
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
A natural perspective, that is and is not!
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself? An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two sweet embraces. Which is Sebastian?
Seb. 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?
What countryman am? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'tis fair-welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a male upon his brow,
Seb. And so had mine. [birth
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his existence.
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to no man betrays
Whom I bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To Olivia] So comes it, lady, you have been misused:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amazed: right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the time seems true;
I shall have share in this most happy wreck. [times
[To Viola] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I ever-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbent continent the fire
That severs day from night.

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Duke. Give me thy hand; and let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore hath my maid's garments: he upon some action is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit, a gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
Ol. He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio hither: and were he here, I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Re-enter Stage-Right]

ACT V. TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. SCENE I.

Duke. Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, and made the most notorious gossec and gull that e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
Ol. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, though I confess, much like the character: But out of question 't is Maria's hand. And now I do believe me, it was she; [ing, First told me thou wast mad: then came's in snlil; And in such forms which here were presupposed upon thee in the letter. Prithée, be content: This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; But when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt embrace both the plaintiff and the judge of thine own cause.
Fab. Good madam, hear me speak, and let no quarrel nor brawil to come Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess, myself and Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and uncomertous parts We had conceived against him: Maria writ to the letter at Sir Toby's great importance; In recompense whereof he hath married her. How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, May rather pluck on laughter than revenge; If that the injuries be justly weigh'd That have on both sides pass'd.
Ol. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffe'd thee! Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir: but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagged;' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace: He hath not told us of the captain yet: When that is known and golden time converts, A solemn conjunction shall be made Of our dear souls. Meantime, 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.

Clo. [Sings]

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, &c.
Gainst knives and thieves men shut their
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wife,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleonenes, { Four Lords of Sicilia.
Dion.
Polxenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
Autolycus, a rogue.
A Mariner.

A Gaucho.
Hermione, queen to Leontes.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a lady attending on Hermione.
Mopsa, } Shepherdesses.
Dorcas, } Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE.—Sicilia, and Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Antechamber in Leontes’ palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Camillo. 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 —

Camillo. Beseech you.

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleep-y drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Camillo. You pay a great deal too dear for what’s given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies: that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, a s it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Camillo. 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?

Camillo. No; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king died, no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room of state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polxenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd’s note since we have left our throne
Without a barthen: time as long again
Would be till’d up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one ‘We thank you’ many thousands more
That go before it.

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 sneaping 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, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i’ the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now.
Were there necessity in your request, although
’T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do 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.

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ACT I.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE II.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you, sir?
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The bygone day proclaimed: say this to him,
He beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione. To tell, he longs to see his son, strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distress.
Yet of your royal presence 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
Prefixed for 'parting; yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jot o' the clock behind
What lady-she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will? I may not, verily.

Pol. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I, [oaths,
Though you would seek to unsperse the stars with
Shod yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily, you
Shall not go: a lady's 'Verily's As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner.
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees [you?
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dree ['Verily,' One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your 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 lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two hats 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? [the sun
Pol. We were as twin'd lambs that did frisk i
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was for convenience; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ever been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, weshould have answer'd heaven
Boldly; not guilty; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady! Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unbridled 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 be satisfied with us and that with us
You did continue faithful 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.
Hermanio, my dearest, thou never spakest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before?
I prithee tell me; eram's with praise and make's
As fat as tame things; one good deed dying tongue-
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. [less
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand fervours are
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have it; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabb'd months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clas thine own love: then didst thou utter
"I am yours forever."

Her. 'Tis grace indeed.
Why, lo 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.

Leon. [aside] Too hot, too hot! To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have temper cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy: not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; I may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making prattled smiles,
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 thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I fecks.
Why, that's my lawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat. — Still virginals
Upon his palm! — How now, you wanton calf! Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, ir you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough push and the shoots
That I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,
That will say anything: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your wekelin eye: sweet villain!
Most dearest! my collap! Can thy dam?—may't
Affection? thy intention stabs the centre: [be—
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what's unreal thou causative art,
And fellow's nothing: then 'tis very credent,
Thou mayst co-work with something: and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!

Her. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

Leon. 1 You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest,
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
ACT I.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE II.

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recall
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unshod;
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? —

Mon. No, my lord, I'll fight.

[Aside] They're here with me already, whispering. —
'Sicilia is so-forth: 'tis far gone, [rounding
When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be 't; 'twould have been bad sport,
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken [tinct:
By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, 'tis,
But of the finer natures? by some several
Of head-piece out of ordinary flower messes
Perchance are to this business publish'd? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy,
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom. I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which boxes honestly behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant gain'd in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takes it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, tear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Some time puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence.

Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did prevent.

Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn.— or heard, —
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute, —or thought, —or cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negligent.

To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any fox-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this: which, to blindest, was 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 laughing with a sigh? —a note infallible

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The Winter's Tale

Scene II.

Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the ph and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why then the world and all that's in't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing: Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothing—
It this be nothing. [Exeunt.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured

Of this disused opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you be, you lie: I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.

Proclaim thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a lowering temper to be that
Curs'd 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,
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Hid servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thiefs, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer—though at present I from mere form
Have breach'd, and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Fainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am called—might'st bespice 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 petition,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

I have loved thee.

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!

Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sily
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine.
Without rope moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blemish?

Cam. I must believe you, sir; I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake: and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me

Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

This is all:

Don't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Don't thou, thou split'st thin mine.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me.

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't

Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
Who from the world and all that's in't is nothing;
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself foreswear 't. I must
Forsake the court; to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-heap. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news? the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself; even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he, Wishing his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speed'st from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and

Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts:
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this after-days pending
Myself thus altered with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?

Cam. Make me not sighted like the basilisk:[te]
I have looked on thousands, who have sped the bet
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman thereto,
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our greyt than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know ought which does behave my know
Thereof to be inform'd, imprisonment 't
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I will!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me: how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Sir, I will tell you;

Since I am charged in honour and by him [sel]
That I think honorable: therefore mark my coun-
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. The king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
As he had seen 't or been an instrument [swears]
To vice you to 't, that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.
ACT II.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be voked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pluck'd up by his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
It therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impass'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by two and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parent, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by: nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth.
His execution sworn. [thereon
Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as his conscience
Is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenues must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill'ten suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past endur'd.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Man. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Man. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Man. Not for beauty;
Your brows are blacker: yet black brows; they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?

Man. I heard it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Man. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apiece: we shall
Present our services to a faire new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a godly bulk; good time encounter her!
Her. What wislom stirs amongst you? Come,
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, [sir, now
And tell's a tale.

Man. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.

Man. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of spirits and goldilocks,
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Com'on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful

Man. There was a man —
[set it.
Her. Nay, come, sit down: then on.

Man. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
With him? Never
First Lord. Behind the turf of pines I met them;
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! 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 abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent belts. I have drunk, and seen the
Camillo was his help in this, his pander: [spider.
There's a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing: yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevailed than so
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come
About her;
With that she's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Leon. But I'll say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying;
How e'er you lean to the myriad.

You, my lords,
Look on her, warK her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
"Tis pity she's not honest, honourable;"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and
straight
The name of a colour, or ho ha, these petty brands
That catameny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for catameny will wear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's.
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she's honest': but be't known,
From hence forth the least most to give it should be,
She's an adulteress.

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 heretmisism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees
And mannerly distinction leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
A federaly with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself.
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vaulers give bold st titles, ay, and privy
To this their fate escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake!

Leon. No: if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are: the tear of which vain dew
Perchance 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
That suffering's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mis-
trises
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I mean wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come: you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!
[Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.]

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Provoke Praise: in which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [Exit Gent.

Paulina. Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not?

Paul. For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Paul. 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't lawful, pray you, To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Paul. So please you, madam.

To part these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Gentlemen and Attendants.

Paul. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler.

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her griefs and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says 't My poor prisoner, I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn: 'tis a noble:
The dangerous unsafe times I the king, beseech He must be told on 't, and be shall: the office
Becomes a woman best: I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia, Command my best obedience to the queen;
If she fears trust me with her little babe, I'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the lord'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your 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 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
'I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Paul. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the
I know not what I shall incur to pass it, [babe,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence Freed and enfranchised, not a party to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Paul. Do you not fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day nor rest; it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus: more weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she,
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

First Ser. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Ser. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [Exit Ser. Eie, he! no thought of
The very thought of my revenges that way [him:
Recoil upon me: in himself too nightly,
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.

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords; be second To bear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, [mine:
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

That's enough.

Sce. Ser. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
None should come at him. [commanded

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you.
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How! Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
ACT II.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III.

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. La 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, Your last 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! Paul. Good queen, my lord,

Good queen: I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I A man, the worst about you. Leon. Force her hence. Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off; But first I'll do my errand. The good queen, For she is good, hath brought forth a daughter: Here 'tis, commends it to your blessings. [Laying down the child.

Leon. Out! A manlike witch! Hence with her, out o' door. A most intelligencing band!

Paul. Not so: I am as ignorant in that as you In so entitling me, and no less honest Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant, As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Why will you not push her out? Give her the bastard. Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard; Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crane.

Paul. For ever Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou Takest up the princess by that forced baseness Which he has put upon 't! He dreads his wife. Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all You 'ld 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, Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and Will for, as the case now stands, it is a curse [not — He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove The root of his opinion, which is rotten As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband And me enmities! This hat is none 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 we may lay the old proverb to your charge, So like you, 't is the worse. Behold, my lords, Although the print be little, the whole matter And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip, The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley, The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, His smiles. That very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it So like to him that got it, if thou hast The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does, Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag! And, loz ey, thou art worthy to be hang'd, That will not stay her tongue. Hang all the husbands That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself Hardly one subject.

Paul. Once more, take her hence. A most unworthy and unnatural lord Can do no more.

Leon. I' ll ha' thee burnt. Paul. I care not: It is an heretic that makes the fire, Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant; But this most cruel usage of your queen, Not able to produce more accusation [yours Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something sa— Of tyranny and will ignoble make you, Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance, Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant, Where were her life? she durst not call me so, If she did know me one. Away with her! Paul. No, do tenderly offend me: I' ll be gone. Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her A better guiding spirit! What needs 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. Thon, traitor, last act 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 't is done. And by good testimony, or I' ll seize thy life, With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so; The bastard bruis'd with these my proper hands Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir; These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can: my royal liege, He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. On ye're i' grace. [credit: First Lord. Beezech your highness, give us better We have always truly served you, and beezech you So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg, As recompense of our dear services Fast 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 curse it then. But be it; let it live, It shall not neither. You, sir, come you lither; You that have been so tender and so officious With Lady Marzery, your midwife there, To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard, So sure as this heart's grey,—what will you adven—To save this brat's life? [lure

Ant. Any thing, my lord, That my ability may undergo And nobleness impose: at least thus much: I'll pawn the little blood which I have left To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Sware by this sword Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it, see'st thou: for the Of any point in 't shall not only be [fail Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
ACT III.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

Scene II.

Leont. No, I’ll not rear
Another’s issue. Enter a Servant.
Serr. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphi, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leont. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: ’tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly shall have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arrive
Our most displeased lady, for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a bar in all but me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [Exit.]
ACT III.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

SCENE II.

With whom I am accused, I do confess,
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude; [spoke]
To your address of your old friend, whose love had
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 chance of it,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta’en to do in’s absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I’ll lay down.
Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream’d it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so — so past all truth;
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like itself;
No father owning it,— which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats:
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 the fruits of my life are his presence,
I am barr’d, like one infections. My third comfort,
Starr’d most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent month,
Ialed out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which longing
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, if 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 why this life? no life, I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn’d
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
This is rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!
First Lord. 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.
Off. 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 more than dare to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in’t.
Cleo. I. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [Reads] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.
Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praise!—Leon. Hast thou read truth?—Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.
Leon. There is no truth at all in the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.
Serv. My lord the king, the king!—Leon. What is the business?—Serv. O sir, I shall be haled to report it!—The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen’s speed, is gone.
Leon. How! gone!—Serv. Is dead.—Leon. Apollo’s angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione swoons.] How
Now there!—Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look
And see what death is doing.—Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o’ercharged: she will recover: I have too much believed mine own suspicion:—Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.]

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness gainst thine oracle! I’ll reconcile me to Polixenes,
Now woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;—For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tamed
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing ‘t and being done: he, most humane
And full’d with honour, to my kindly guest
Uncas’d my practice, quit his fortines here,
Which you knew great, and to the 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.
Pau. Woe the while!—Off. cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!—First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word desires
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 my spies of it.
That thou betray’st Polixenes, ’twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingratitude; nor was ’t much,
Thou wouldst have poison’d good Camillo’s honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More meritorious than his honour: how I reckon
The casting forth to crow thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done ’t:
ACT III.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch’d
The deserts of Bohemia? [upon Mar.

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 will that we have in hand are angry
And soon upon’s.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get abroad;
Look to thy bark: I’ll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Hut. Make your best haste, and go not
To this die-hand: ’Tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon’t.

Ant. Go thou away:
I’ll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o’ the business. [Exit.

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o’ the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appeard to me last night, for ne’er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So ill’d and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin with that sadness and solemn air;
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Become two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: ‘Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call ’t. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou never shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.’ And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Alas, how much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer’d death, and that
Apollo would, this being the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these:
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
Be pretty,

And still rest-thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother’s fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoind to this. Farewell! I have
The day dawns more and more: thou’rt like to
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clannour!
Well may I get abroad! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenchers with child, wrangling the ancien ty, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these bored brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, ’tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy.

Good luck, an’t be thy will? what have we here?
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-gentlewoman in the scape.

This has been some turkey-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this thim the poor thing is here. I’ll take it up for pity; yet I’ll tarry till my son come; be hail ed but even now. When, ho, ho!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hillo, lo! [Exit.

Shep. What, art so near? If thou’st see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ales thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bolkin’s point.
ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please Time, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impose it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untired
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
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 burn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between; I leaves 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 o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's daughter
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 II.—Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee thine own goodness bath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee an other secretary much hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punisht me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missing noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removal; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most holy shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but,
ACT IV.  

THE WINTER'S TALE.  

SCENE IV.  

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 uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithie, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.  

Cam. I willingly obey your command.  

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE III. — A road near the Shepherd's cottage.  

Enter Autolycus, singing.  

When daffodills begin to peer,  
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.  

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,  
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
Doth set my pugling tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.  

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,  
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,  
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
While we lie tumbling in the hay.  

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore  
three-pile; but now I am out of service:  

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?  
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 sheets; when the kite builds, look to  
lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who  
being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise  
as a snapper-up of considered tribes. With die and  
and I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is  
the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful  
on the highway; beating and starving are terrors to  
me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.  

A prize! a prize!  

[Exeunt.  

C1o. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every  
toad yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred  
shorn, what comes the wool to?  

Aut. [Aside] If the springeth hold, the cock's mine.  

C1o. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see;  
what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?  
Three pound 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  
nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all,  
and very good ones; but they are most of them  
means and bastes; but one puritan amongst them,  
and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have  
saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates; —  
one, that's out of my note; manners, seven; a  
race or two of ginger, but that I may bag: four  
pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.  

Aut. O that ever I was born!  

C1o. 'Tis the name of me.  

Grovelling on the ground.  

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these  
rags; and then, death, death!  

C1o. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more  
rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.  

Aut. O sir, the loathsome ness of them offends me  
more than the stripes I have received, which are  
mighty ones and millions.  

C1o. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may  
come to a great matter.  

Aut. I am, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en  
from me, and these detestable things put upon me.  

C1o. What, by a horseman, or a footman?  

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.  

C1o. Indeed, he should be a footman by the gar-  
ments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-  
man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy  
hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.  

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!  

C1o. Alas, poor soul!  

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my  
shoulder-blade is out.  

C1o. How now! canst stand?  

Aut. [Picking his pocket] Softly, dear sir; good  
sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.  

C1o. Dost lack any money? I have a little money  
for thee.  

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no. I beseech you, sir:  
I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile  
hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have  
no money, or any thing I want: offer me no money,  
pray you; that kills my heart.  

C1o. What manner of fellow was he that robbed  
me?  

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about  
with troll-my-dames; I knew him once a servant  
of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of  
his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped  
out of the court.  

C1o. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue  
whipped out of the court; they cherish it to make  
it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.  

C1o. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man  
well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a  
process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a  
motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's  
wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and,  
—  

A1. More cowardly rogue in all Bohemia:  
if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd  
have run.  

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter:  
I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I  

C1o. How do you now?  

[Instead]  

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can  
stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you,  
and pace softly towards my kinsman's.  

C1o. Shall I bring thee on the way?  

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.  

C1o. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spicaes  
for our sheep-shearing.  

Aut. Prosper yet, sweet sir! [Exit Clow.] 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 shearers  
that prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put  
in the book of virtue!  

[Exit]  

C1o.  

Scene IV. — The Shepherd's cottage.  

Enter Florizel and Perdita.  

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora  

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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 you extremes it not becomes me: O pardon, that I name them! You high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up; but that our feasts In every mess have folly and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired, sworn, I, think, To show myself a glass.  

Flo. I bless the time When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.  

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me the difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been used to fear. Even now I trouble To think of your father, by some accident, Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates! How would he look, to see his work so noble Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrowed haunts, behold The sternness of his presence?  

Flo. Nothing but jollity, The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-bred 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 hotter than my faith. O, but, sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king: One of these two must be necessities, [purpose, Which then will speak, that you must change this Or my life.  

Flo. Thon nearest Perdita, With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair, Or not my father's. For I cannot be Mine own, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most constant, Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle; Strangie 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. O lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious!  

Flo. See, your guests approach: Address yourself to entertain them sprightlie, And let's be red with mirth.  

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Moonshine, Dorcas, and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.  

Scho. Fie, daughter! when my wife lived, upon This day she was both painter, butcher, cook, Both dairie and servant: welcomed all, served all; Would sing her song and dance her turn: now here, At upper end o' the table, now it the middle; On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire With labour and the thing she took to quench it, She would to each one sip. You are retired, As if you were a feasted one and not The master of the meeting: may you, bid These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it Is a way to make us better friends, more known. Come, quench your blushes and present yourself That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on, And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing, As your good flock shall prosper.  

Per. [To Pol.] Sir, welcome; It is my father's will I should take on me The hostess-ship o' the day. [To Cam.] You're welcome, sir. Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs, For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeing and savour all the winter long: Grace and remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our shearing!  

Pol. Shepherdess,— A fair one are you — well you fit our ages With flowers of winter.  

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the sea Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors, [son Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not To get slips of them.  

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden, Do you neglect them?  

Per. For I have heard it said There is an art which in their putred shares With great creating nature.  

Pol. Say there be; Yet nature is made better by no mean But nature makes that mean: so, over that art Which you say adds to nature, is an art That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry A gentle secon to the wildest stock, And make conceive a bank of baser kind By bud of nobler race: this is an art Which does mend nature, change it rather, but The art itself is nature.  

Per. So it is.  

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors, And do not call them bastards.  

Per. I'll not put The dible in earth to set one slip of them; No more than were I painted I would wish [fore This youth should say 'twere well and only there Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you; Hot lavender, mints, savoy, marjoram; The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun And with him rises weeping; these are flowers Of middle summer, and I think they are given To men of middle age. You're very welcome. Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock, And only live by gazing.  

Per. Out, alas! You'd be so lean, that blasts of January Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend, I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might Become your time of day: and yours, and yours, That wear upon your virgin branches yet Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina, For the flowers now, that frightened thou let's fall From Dis's wagon! daffodils That come before the swallow dares, and take The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, That die unmarrried, ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength — a mabie Most incident to maidens: bold oxlips And the crown imperial; illies of all kinds, The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack, To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend, To strew him o'er and o'er!  

Flo. What, like a cors?  

Per. No, like a rank for love to live and play on; Not like a cors; or if, not to be buried, [flowers: But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your Methinks I play as I have seen them do
ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE IV.

In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still better's what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, give aims,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do, sir, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Ver. O Doricles.

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstein'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come: our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Peribita: so turtle pair,
That never mean to part.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But snatches of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Mops. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our man,
Come, strike up! [Music. Here a dance of Shepherd's and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy thinking: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain, I
Think she is not her a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances feely.

Shep. So she does anything; 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 Servant.

Sere. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar
at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he
sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money;
he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's
cars 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 dole-
ful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed and sung benevolently.

Sere. 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 ballads he, by his melodies, to jumph her
and thump her: and when some stretch-mouthed
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break
a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to
answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man: ' puts
him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm,
good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
conceived fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Sere. He hath ribbons of all the colours: the
rainbow and all. More than all the lawyers in Bed-
minister can learnedly handle, though they come to
him by the gross: inkles, collars, cambrics, lawns:
why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or god-
desses: you would think a smack were a she-angel,
he solicits to the sleeve-hand and the work about
the square.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach
singing.

Pol. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous
words in 's tunes. [Exit Servant.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more
in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as Eve's rose;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bangle bracelet, necklace amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quills and stomachers;
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel;
What maid's harm from head to heel;
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lad's, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled
as I am, it is also to be the bondage of certain rib-
bons and gloves.

Mops. I was promised them against the feast; but
they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or
there be liars.

Mops. He hath paid you all he promised you: may
be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to
give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maid's? will
they wear their plackets where they should bear
their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you
are going to bed, or in the morning, to whistle off
these secrets, but you must be little-tattling before all our
guests? 'tis well they are whispering: charmer yours-
tongues, and not a word more.

Mops. I have done. Come, you promised me a
tawdrey-face and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by
the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore it behoves men to be wary. [Here.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of charmed as damask adventures.

Clo. What last here? ballads?

Mops. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in
print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-
bags at a banquet, and how she longed to eat ad-
ders' heads and loads 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 't, one Mis-
tries Tappiter: and five or six honest wives that
were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mops. Pray you now, buy it.

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ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE IV.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maidens: it was thought then whither it went, but turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as fine as

Dor. Is it true too, think you? [true.

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by for another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

May. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maidens wooing a man,' there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

May. 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 't is 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.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill.

M. Thou hast sworn thy love to be;

D. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
M. That it may do the better serve,

A. Whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. 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. Wenchens, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [Exeunt Dorothea and Mopa.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Follows singing.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar,
Money's a medlar,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [Exit.

Re-enter 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 Soldiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't, but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Serv. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these three threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Serv. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[To Cam.] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [To Flor.] 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 [sack'd
To load my she with knacks: I would have run the pedlar's skilful freemasonry and have paid'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing married with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such tribles 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 loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it. [bolted
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow's that's
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young servant seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. Thrice, and he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all;
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Therof, most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own petition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Serv. Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Serv. Take hands, a bargain!

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't: I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us: I'll bear these witnesses.

Serv. Come, your hand;

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;

Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? 'Is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
ACT IV.

"THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE IV.

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard, You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfulfil: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this; But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself]
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptor'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 copest with,
Shep. O, my heart! I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with thorns,
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thy name, but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, nor our kin,
Far than Decalson off: mark thou my words,
Follow us to the court. Thou shalt, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural hitches 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.

Per. Even here undone!
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage
Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, 'll queen it no inuch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father! Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died.
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovel's in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst advent
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord, You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith: and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfill my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or
The close earth worms or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathom, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved; therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver. I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord! I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.
Flo. Mark, Perdita [Drawing her aside]
I'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He's irremovable, Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thurst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recomposed 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 whom I see
There's no disposition to be made, but by—
As heaven forefend!—your ruin: marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereunto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But if the unhought-on accident be guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess;
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and dies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this plight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks for the son forgiveness,
As 't were the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.
Flo. There is some sap in this.
Cam. A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
Flo. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the check,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is 't the rear our birth.
Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I' ll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettist Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me.
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[They talk aside.

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool I am! and Trust's
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I
have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone,
not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,
belladonna, taper, glove, shoe-buckle, horn,
ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng
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 remem-
ber'd. 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 time 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;
I was nothing to geld a copulice of a purse: I could
have filed keys off that hung in chains; no bearing,
no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring
the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I
picked and cut most of their festival purses; and
had not the old man come in with a whoo-baw
against his daughter and the king's son and scared
my changlings from the cliff, I had not left a purse
alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.
Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.
Flo. And these that you'll procure from King
Leontes—
Cam. Shall satisfy your father.
Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.
Cam. Who have we here?
[Seeing Autolycus.
We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing may give us aid.
[ing.
Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hang
Cam. How now, good fellow! why shaketh thou
so? Fear not, man: here's no harm intended to
Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.
Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty
we must make an exchange; therefore dissemble
thee instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity
in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman:
though the pennworth on his side be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some boot.
Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside] I know ye
well enough.
Cam. Nay, pritchee, dispatch: the gentleman
is half layed already.
Flo. Dispatch, I pritchee.
Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
with conscience take it.
Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
[Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muzzle your face,
Dismanle you, and, as you can, dislik'en
The truth of your own seeing; that you may—

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THE SCENE

For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescribed.

 Pete. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

No remedy.

Have you done there?

Flora. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.

[Comingxit to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Alien, sir.

Flora. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word.

Cam. [Aside] What I do next shall be to tell the

Of this escape and whither they are bound;

Where my home 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.

Flora. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the bolder.

[Except Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to

have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neces-
sary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also,

to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is
the time that the mighty may do wrong. What

an exchange had this been without boot! What

a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do
this year connive at us, and we may do anything

extemporary. The prince himself is about a piece of
iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog
at his heels: if I thought it were not beyond

of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I

hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein

am I constant to my profession.

Reenter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside: here is more matter for a hot brain:
every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging,
yields a careful man work.

Claro. See, see; what a man you are now! There

is no other way but to tell the king she's a change-
ning and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Claro. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Claro. She being none of your flesh and blood, your

flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so

your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him.

Show those things you found about her, those secret

things, all but what she lis with here: this being

done, let the law go whist: 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.

Claro. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off
you could have been to him and then your blood
had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [Aside] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king; there is that in

this fardeI will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [Aside] I know not what impediment this

complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Claro. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [Aside] Though I am not naturally honest,

I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up

my pudder's excrement. [Takes off his false beard.] How

now, rusties! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the

condition of that fardeI, the place of your dwelling,
your names, your ages, of what having, breeding,
and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me

have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and

they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them

for it with our swords. I am no thinking coin: there-

fore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one,
you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtei, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtei.

Searst us not the air of the court in these churl-

ings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the

court? receives not thy nose court-colour from me?

reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest

thou, for that I insinuate, or foaze from thee thy

business, I am therefore no courtei? I have

by and by vengeance bitter me that will either push

or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I

command thee to open thy affairs.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Aut. What is the court-word for a pheasant:

say you have none. Then.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock nor

hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,

Therefore I will not disdain.

Cla. The king cannot be here a great courtei.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them

not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being

fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the

picking on's teeth.

Aut. 'Tis well, which there? what 's t' fardeI? Wherefore

that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardeI and

box, which none must know but the king; and

which he shall know within this hour, if I may

come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone

abroad a new ship to purge melancholy and air

himself: for, if thou best capable of things serious, thou

must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said; sir: about his son, that should

have married the shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him

fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall

feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make

heavy and hard: he that speaks to those that are

gnorne to him, though removed fifty times, shall all

come under the hangman: which though it be great

pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling

rogue, a ram-fender, to offer to have his daughter

come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned: but

that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne

into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest

too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear,

an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive: then

rubbed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's

dead; then stand till he be three-quarters and a

bran dead: then recovered again with aquavitae or some

other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the

hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall be set

against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a

searching eye on him, where he is to behold him

with flies blown to death. But what talk we of

these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be

smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me,

for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have

to the king: being something gently considered, I'll
ACT V.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

SCENE I. — A room in Leontes’ palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed.

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make.

While you have not redeemed; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blinshies in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heiferless hath made my kingdom and
Destroy’d the sweet’st companion that e’er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, true too, my lord: I, 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 striketh me
So sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness’ fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Uncertain 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

bring you where he is abroad, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Cleo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn heard, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold:
show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ‘stoned,’ and ‘flayed alive.’

Shay. An’t please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I’ll make it as much love, and leave this young man in pawn till
I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shay. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party
in this business?

Cleo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a
pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that’s the case of the shepherd’s son:
hang him, he’ll be made an example.

Cleo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the
king and show our strange sights: he must know
’tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are
gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and
remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. I walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

[Exit Cleo.]

Cleo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even
Shay. Let’s before as he bids us: he was provided
to do us good.

[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.

Aut. 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 advance-
ment? I will bring these two moles, these blind
ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them
again and that the complaint they have to the king
concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for
being so far oblivious; for I am proof against that
title and what shame else belongs to’t. To him will
I present them: there may be matter in it.

[Exit.

Will have fulfilled 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 monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. ’Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [To Leontes.] Care not
for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look’d upon my queen’s full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips — 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 used, would make her sacred spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we’re offenders now, appear soul-yex’d,
And begin, ‘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 choose her; then I’d shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow’d
Should be, ‘Remember mine.’

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I’ll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Afront his eye.
Cleom. Good madam,— 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 all your former's were: her first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.
Pau. That
Shall then be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
Out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. And those but mean.
Leon. His princes, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shine bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boost itself
Above a better gone, so must 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 theme, 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd:'— thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam: the one I have almost forgot,— your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of 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 embracement. Still, 'tis strange
[Exit Cleomenes and others.]
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well both this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithie, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off.
Concerning you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—godness!— O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begotting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly,—the society,
Amity too of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at 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
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves—
He made me say so—more than all the spects
And those that bear them living.
Leon. O my brother,
Good gentle! the wrongs I have done thee stir
A fresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this purgation 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. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
Whose daughter
Her 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 graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For when the heavens, the best, have an angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's best,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

"Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Lord. Here in your city: I now came from him:
I speak amazed: and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To the court
While he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple. meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Leon. Lay 't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Cam. Who? Camillo?
Cam. I spake with him: who now

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HAS THESE POOR MEN IN QUESTION. NEVER SAW I
WITCHES SO WAKEN: THEY KET, THEY KISS THE EARTH;
FORSWEAR THEMSELVES AS OFTEN AS THEY SLEEP;
BOHEMIA STOPS HIS EARS, AND THREATENS THEM
WITH DIVERS DEATHS IN DEATH.

PER. O MY POOR FATHER!
THE HEAVEN SETS SPIES UPON US, WILL NOT HAVE
OUR CONTRACT CERTIFIED.
LEN. YOU ARE MARRIED?
FLO. WE ARE NOT, SIR, NOR ARE WE LIKE TO;
THE STARS, I SEE, WILL KISS THE VALLEYS FIRST:
THE ODDS FOR HIGH AND LOW’S A-LIKE.
LEN. IS THIS THE DAUGHTER OF A KING?
FLO. SHE IS.
WHEN ONCE SHE IS MY WIFE. [SPEED
LEN. THAT ‘TIS, I SEE BY YOUR GOOD FATHER’S
WILL COME ON VERY SLOWLY. I AM SORRY.
MOST SORRY, YOU HAVE BROKEN FROM HIS LIVING
WHERE YOU WERE TIED IN DUTY, AND AS SORRY
YOUR CHOICE IS NOT SO RICH IN WORTH AS BEAUTY,
THAT YOU MIGHT WELL ENJOY HER.
FLO. DEAR, LOOK UP:
THOUGH FORTUNE, VISIBLE AN ENEMY,
SHOULD CHASE US WITH MY FATHER, POWER NO JOT
HATH SHE TO CHANGE OUR LOVES. BESEECH YOU, SIR,
REMEMBER SINCE YOU OWE NO MORE TO TIME
THAN I DO NOW: WITH THOUGHT OF SUCH AFFECTIONS,
STEP FORTH MY ADVOCATE; AT YOUR REQUEST
MY FATHER WILL GRANT PRECIOUS THINGS AS TRIBLES.
LEN. WOULD HE BE SO, I’D BEG YOUR PRECIOS
WHICH HE COUNTS BUT A TRIBLE.

FLO. [MISTRESS, PAUL.
SIR, MY HEIRE.
YOUR EYES HATH TOO MUCH YOUTH IN’T: NOT A MONTH
FORE YOUR QUEEN DIED, SHE WAS MORE WORTH
THAN WHAT YOU LOOK ON NOW.

LEN. I THOUGHT OF HER,
EVEN IN THESE LOOKS I MADE. [TO FLORIZEL. BUT
YOUR PETITION
IS YET UNANSWER’d. I WILL TO YOUR FATHER:
YOUR HONOUR NOT O’ER-THEMED BY YOUR DESIRES,
I AM FRIEND TO THEM AND YOU: UPON WHICH ERRAND
I NOW GO TOWARD HIM; THEREFORE FOLLOW ME
AND MARK WHAT WAY I MAKE: COME, GOOD MY LORD.

[EXIT.

SCENE II.—BEFORE LEONTES’ PALACE.

ACT V.
The Winter’s Tale.

Scene II.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

AUTO. BESIECH YOU, SIR, WERE YOU PRESENT AT THIS
RELATION?

First Gent. I WAS BY AT THE OPENING OF THE FARDEL,
HEARD THE OLD SHEPHERD DELIVER THE MANNER HOW HE
FOUND IT: WHEREUPON, AFTER A LITTLE AMAZEMENT, WE
WERE ALL COMMANDED OUT OF THE CAMP: ONLTY THIS
METHOUGHT I HEARD THE SHEPHERD SAY, HE FOUND THE
CHILD.

AUTO. I WOULD MOST GLADLY KNOW THE ISSUE OF IT.

First 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, TO BEAR THE CASES
OF THEIR EYES; THERE WAS SPEECH IN THEIR DUMBNESS,
LANGUAGE IN THEIR VESTIGE; THEY LOOKED AS THOUGH
THEY HAD HEARD OF A WORLD RANSOMED, OR ONE DESTROYED:
A NOTABLE PASSION OF WONDER APPEARED IN THEM;
BUT THE WISEST BEHOLDER, THAT KNEW NO MORE BUT SIGHT,
COULD NOT SAY IF THE IMPORTANCE WERE JOY OR SORROW;
BUT IN THE EXTREMITY OF THE ONE, IT MUST NEEDS BE.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more.
The news, Rogero?

See. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled:
The king’s daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad
makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina’s steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news
which is called true is so like an old tale, that the
verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found
his heir?

Second 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’s, her jewel about the
neck of it, the letters of Antonius found with it
which they know to be his character, the majesty of
the creature in resemblance of the mother, the af-
fection of nobleness which nature shows above her
breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her
with all certainty to be the king’s daughter. Did you
see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third 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 waded in tears. There
was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with
countenances of such distraction that they were to
be known by their garment, not by favour. Who
was being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his
found daughter, as if that joy were now become a
loss, cries ‘O, thy mother, thy mother!’ then asks
Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law;
than again worries he his daughter with clipping her
now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands
by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings’
reigns. I never heard of such another encounter,
which Itames report to follow it and undone
description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What pray you became of Antonius,
that carried her as the child?

Third 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.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his fol-
lowers?

Third Gent. WRECKED THE SAME INSTANT OF THEIR
MOTHER’S DEATH AND IN THE VIEW OF THE SHEPHERD:
SO THAT ALL THE INSTRUMENTS WHICH AIDED TO EXPOSE
THE CHILD WERE ONCE LOST WHEN IT WAS FOUND. BUT
O, THE NOBLE COTAB THAT ’TWIXT THE SHEPHERD AND
HER SONS Fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined
for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the
oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princes 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 death.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the
audience of kings and princes: for by such was it
acted.

Third Gent. ONE OF THE PIPETTIEST TOUCHES OF ALL
AND THAT WHICH ANGLED FOR THE EYES, EUHT THE
WATER THOUGH NOT THE FISH, WAS WHEN, AT THE
ATION OF THE QUEEN’S DEATH, WITH THE MANNER HOW SHE
CAME TO ’T BRAVELY CONFESSION AND DEMENTED BY THE KING,
HOW ATTENTIVE WOUNDED HIS DAUGHTER: TILL, FROM
ONE SIGN OF DOLOUR TO ANOTHER, SHE DID, WITH AN ‘ALAS,’
I COULD FIND SORROWED TEARS, FOR I AM SURE MY HEART
WENT BLOODY, WHOSE BLOOD WAS MOLDED ONCE COLOURED:
SOME SLOWED, ALL SORROWED: IF ALL THE WORLD
COULD HAVE SEEN’T, THE WOE HAD BEEN UNIVERSAL.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. NO: THE PRINCESS HEARING OF HER MOTHER’S
ESTATE, WHICH HAD BEEN IN THE AGES OF PAVOLINA, IN
PIECE MANY YEARS IN DOING AND NOW NEWLY PERFORMED
BY THAT RARE ITALIAN MASTER, JULIO ROMANO, WHO, HAD
be himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer; thither with all grace affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

See. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company play the rejecting?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born; our absence makes us unthrift to our knowledge. Let's along. | [Exit Gentlemen.

Act. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would a preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a farde] and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond 'of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, expecting of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discords.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to night with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes, say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born. Clo. Ay, and have been so many time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings, my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being so prophanto postero estoante as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life? Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldest be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st 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. | [Exit.

Scene III.—A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great com- That I have had of thee! [Fort Paul.

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouch- safed,

With your crown'd brother and these your con- Heirs of your kindoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. To the queen, O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: but we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Exceds whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man lath 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 dawns a picture, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.

Hermione. I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture! Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she In thy not chiding, for she was as tender As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged as this seems. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence; Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, last she stood, Even with such life of majesty, warm life, As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'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 conjur'd to remembrance and From thy adoring 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.

Pol. O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

Cei. My lord, your sorrow was so sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live: no sorrow But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
THE WINTER'S TALE.  

SCENE III.

Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Paul. Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already —
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those
Did verily hear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The figure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own,
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think—
Which I protest against — I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What can you 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 required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On; those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:

No foot shall stir.

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up; stir, stay, come away,
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King John.
Prince Henry, son to the king.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.
The Earl of Pembroke.
The Earl of Essex.
The Earl of Salisbury.
The Lord Bigot.
Hubert de Burgh.
Robert Faulconbridge, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.
Philip the Bastard, his half-brother.
James Gurney, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Pembroke, chaplain.
Philip, King of France.

Lewis, the Dauphin.
Lymoges, Duke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandolph, the Pope's legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John.
Queen Elinor, mother to King John.
Constance, mother to Arthur.
Blanch of Spain, niece to King John.
Lady Faulconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE — Partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—King John's palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us? [France

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of In my behaviour to the majesty.
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.


Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island and the territories, To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine, Desiring thee to lay aside the sword Which sways unsurpassing these several titles, And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this? Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood.

Controlment for controlment: so answer France. Chat. Then take my king's defence from me The farthest limit of my embassy. [mouth.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace: Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; For ere thou canst report I will be there. The thunder of my cannon shall be heard: So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath And sudden presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have; Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said How that ambitious Constance would not cease Till she had kindled France and all the world, Upon the right and party of her son? This might have been prevented and made whole With very easy arguments of love,
**ACT I.**

**KING JOHN.**

**SCENE I.**

_Beast._ I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head,
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me! —
Comparison hides my father's name.
If old sir Robert did beget us both
And were our father and this son like him,
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

**K. John.** Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us
Bequenth thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier and now bound to France. [chance.

_Beast._ Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

_Eli._ Nay, I would have you use me thither.

_Beast._ Our country manners give us better way.

**K. John.** What is thy name?

_Beast._ 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
Kned thou down Philip, but rise more great,
_Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet._ [hand;]

_Beast._ Brother by the mother's side, give me your
My father gave me honour, yours gave land,
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

_Eli._ The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandson, Richard; call me so. [though?

_Beast._ Madam, by chance but not by truth; what
_Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dare to stir by day or night, and
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, how'ser I was begot. [desire:

**K. John.** Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou
An hundred knight makes thee a landed squire.
Came, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

_Beast._ Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee!
For thou wast got in the way of honesty.

[Exeunt all but Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a wretch was worse than I,
Well now, can I make any Joan a lady.

‘Goodden, sir Richard!’ — God-a-mercy, fellow!’ —

If and his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respectable and too sociable
For your conversion. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
'I shall beseech you' — that is quitted now;
And then comes in the Abbey book;
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:'

'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours;
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saying 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.
That death not snare of observant truth;
And so am I, whether I smock or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
Which, fair sir, I will not have ye 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 bring'st thou here to court so hastily?
ACT II.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I. —France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and forces, drums, &c., on one side: on the other King Philip of France and his power; Lewis, Arthur, Constance and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.
Arthur, that great tormentor of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importune hasting he came,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to subdue the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cour-d'ion's death.

Then the rather that you give his offsprings life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right.

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return.
Till Angiers and the right then hast in France,
Together with that yoke, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
And coops from other hands her islanders.
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west,
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy.
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more requital to your love!

Legitimation, name and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lew. I think it was, my lord, a nosegay
From this fair lady's son.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be
Against the bows of this resisting town.

Call for our choicest men of discipline,
To cut the pates of best advantages:
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy.

Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord:
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir them up against a mightier task;
England, Assemble them, we'll have them on:
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen;
An Aye, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, hasty 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

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Did never float upon the swelling tide.
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[Drum beats.]
The interruption of their charul drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand.
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.
K. Phi. How much unkuck'd for is this expedition?
Aust. By how much unexpected, so much
We must awake ourselves for defence;
For courage munetth with occasion;
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace
Our just and linéal entrance to our own;
I permit if not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
While we, God's wrathfull agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace to England, it's that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of time;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast unswornly, or unlawful way,
Cut off the sequence of posterity.
Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right
And this is Geoffrey's: in the name of God,
How comest thou then that thou art called a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'errakest?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great com-
mission, France.
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
In my breast of strong authority:
[thoughts]
To look into the blot's and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.
K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Envy! I am not prepared.
Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer; thou usurping son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As it was to thy husband; and this boy
Like in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners: being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot;
If cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that bleeds thy
father.
Const. There's a good grandam, bby, that would
Aust. Peace!
K. John. Hear the crier.
K. Phi. What the devil art thou? What the devil art thou?
K. John. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An' a may catch thy hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose value plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-cost, an I catch you right;
Said not to faith, I will not faith.
Blanch. O, will did he become that lion's robe
That did divide the lion of that robe!

[Trumpet sounds.
Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
subjects.
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—
K. John. Our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides! shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I'll take that hurthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
Aust. What cracker is this same that deals our
ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do
straight.
Lea. Women and fools, break off your confer-
King John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Aunuy, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Will thee break then all the toppling arms?
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more.
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy,

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. 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.
Eli. His mother shines him so, poor boy, he
weeps.
[for no!]
Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws these heaven-moving pearls from his poor
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; [eyes
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
earth! [earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and
call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy elder's son's
Son, Infortunate 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 step down thy own
Removed from thy sin-concurring womb.
K. John. Bedham, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plundered for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this saved issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the badge to her sin,
All punishing'd in the person of this child,
And all for her: a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unavised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
[will;
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
A woman's will; a cunck'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause; or be more temper-
It ill-becomes this presence to cry ain
[aile:
To these ill-tuned repetitions
Some trumpet summons hoiter to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admitt, Arthur's or John's.

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Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have batter'd head to your endowment;
The cannon have their hovels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spout forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls;
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confined our citizens, in their sally gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been disribad, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace,
But in a sight of their sepulchral hill.
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened checks,
Behold, the French amazed vouche sale a parle; And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faultless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwarded in this action of swift speed,
To crave revenge within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagente,
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 green before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religious provocation.

Before them, the king:
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, hath all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' muzzle vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with their muzzled mouths,
With unshack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
This day, in every victim's wall
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were barb'rd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's
For him, and in his right, we hold this town. [in.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me
First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves
The king will we prove loyal; till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
K. John. Dost not the crown of England prove
And if not that, I bring you witnesses, [the king? the king?
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,
Unless this blood, baser far than it,
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phil. As many and as well-born bloods as
Bast. Some bastards too. [those.
K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
First Cit. Till you compound whose right is
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
That to their everlasting residence. [souls
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king! [arms!
K. Phil. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to
Bast. Saint George, that swung the dragon,
And e'er since.
Sits on his horse, and at mine hostess' door, [home.
Trach us some fence! [To Just. Sirrah, were I at
At your den, sirrah, with your loneliness,
I would set an ox head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Just. Peace! no more.
Bast. O, trouble, for you have the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the prince, whether we'll
In best appointment all our regiments. [set forth
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phil. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right! [Exeunt.

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in, [gates,
Who by the land of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother.
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discord'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 English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells.
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot melanchic day;
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hithe return all girt with France's blood;
There stuck no plume 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 huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes;
Open your gates and give the victor way. [behind.
Exeunt. Enter Cit. Herald. Since from our towers we might
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd
Bows; [fronted power
Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
Both are alike; and both alike we like,
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Re-enter the two Kings, with their powers severally.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to
Cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Haggl'er and growler, seizes on thy deep.
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks.
Before we will lay down our last-born arms, [bear,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we

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ACT II.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I.

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. 

_Beast._ Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers, 
When thousands of thy subjects' heads are blest 
So the swords of soldiers are their teeth, their fangs; 
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men, 
In undetermined differences of kings. 

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus? 
Cry 'Peace!' kings: back to the staid field, 
You equal potens, hie kindled spirits! 
Then let confusion of one part confine 
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood and death! 

_K. John._ Whose party do the towns men yet admit? 
_K. Phi._ Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king? 

First Cit. The king of England, when we know 
_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 this our person here, 
Our present presence, Angiers, and of you, 

First Cit. A greater instance of your excellency; 
And till it be undoubted, we do lock 
Our former scroyles in our strong-barr'd gates; 
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved, 
Be by some certain king purged and depos'd. 

_Beast._ By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers don't 
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 presence be ruled by me: 

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem, 
Be friends with wife and beds continually bend 
Your sharpest 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 chumours have bravi'd down 
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city: 
I'll play incessantly upon these jades, 
Even till unfenced desolation 
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air. 

That done, dissever your united strengths, 
And part your mingled colours once again; 
Turn face to face and bloody point to point; 
Their division shall be in the mouth, 
Out of one side her happy munion, 
To whom in favour shall she give the day, 
And kiss him with a glorious victory. 

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states? 
Smacks it not something of the policy? [heads, 
_K. John._ Now, by the sky that hangs above our 
I like it well. 
France, shall we knout our powers 
And lay this Angiers even with the ground; 
Then after fight who shall be king of it? 

_Beast._ An if thou hast the mettle of a king, 
Being wrong'd as we are by this pescify town, 
Turn traitor the month of thy artillery. 
As we will ours, against these saucy walls; 
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground, 
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell 
Make work upon ourseves, 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. 

_Abst._ I from the north. 

_K. Phi._ Our thunder from the south 
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. 

_Beast._ Prudent discipline! From north to south; 
And so your townsmen, as each other's mouth: 
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away! 

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay, 
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league; 
Win you this city without stroke or wound; 

Rescute those breathing lives to die in beds, 
That here come sacrifices for the field; 
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings. [hear. 

_K. John._ Speak on with favour; we are bent to 

First Cit. This day, and in this hour, this day 

_Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid: 
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty, 
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch? 
If zealous love should go in search of virtue, 
Where shall be found purer than in Blanch? 
If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch? 
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 
Is the young Dauphin every way complete: 
If not complete of, say he is not she; 
And she again wants nothing; to name want, 
If want it be not that she is not she: 
He is the half part of a blessed man, 
Left to be finished by such as 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 spot where they do mix; 
And two such shores to two such streams made one, 
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings, 
To these two princes, if you marry them. 
This union shall more do than battery can 
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match, 
With sworn fealty, and that than can enforce, 
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope, 
And give you entrance: but without this match, 
The sea enraged is not half so deaf, 
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks 
More free from motion, no, not Death himself 
In mortal now halted by the windy breath, 
As we to keep this city. 

_Beast._ Here's a stay 
That shakes the rotten carcasses of old Death 
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed, 
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and 
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions 
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! 
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood? 
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and brounce; 
He gives the bastinado with his tongue; 
Our ears are cendell'd, not a word of his 
But butt the better the more he doth them in. 

Zounds! I was never so betumn'd with words 
Since I first call'd my brother father. 

_Eli._ Son, list to this conjuction, make this match; 
Give with our niece a dowry large enough: 
For by this knot then shall so surely tie 
Thy now assured assurance to the crown, 
That yen green boy shall have no sun to ripe 
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit. 
I see a yielding in the looks of France; 
Mark, how they whisper; urge them while their souls 
Are capable of this ambition, 
Lest zeal, now ballet by the windy breath 
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse, 
Cool and congeal again to what it was. 

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties 
This friendly treaty of our threatened town? 

_K. Phi._ Speak England first, that hath been for 

To speak unto this city: what say you? [ward first. 

_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 Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, 
And all that we upon this side the sea, 
Except this this city: how by the mouth, 
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. Phil.** What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's eye.

**Lew.** I do, my lord; and in her eye I find a wonder, or a wondrous miracle. The shadow of my form's 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 loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering figure of her eye.

[Whispers to Blanche.]

**Bast.** Drawn in the flattering figure of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! And quarter'd in her heart! he doth asay Himself love's traitor: this is pity now, [be That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should In such a love so vile a faut as he.
Became! This is the respect is mine: If he see augit in you that makes him like, That any thing he sees, which moves his liking, I can with ease translate it to my will; Or if you will, to speak more properly, I will enforce it easily to my love.
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 judge.
That I can find should merit any hate.

**K. John.** What say these young ones? What say you, my niece? [Blanch.

**Blanch.** That she is bound in honour still to do What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

**K. John.** Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

**Lew.** Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love; For I do love her most unfeignedly. [Maine.

**K. John.** Then do I give Volgiessen, Tournay, Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

**K. Phi.** It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.

**Anst.** And your lips too; for I am well assured That I did so when I was first assured.

**K. Phi.** Now, citizens of Angiers, open your gates, Let in that liberty 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 my mother's soul? tell me, who knows.

**Lew.** She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

**K. Phi.** And, by my faith, this league that we Will give her sadness very little cure. [have 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 Britaigne And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance; Some speedy messenger bid her repair To our solemnity: I trust we shall
If not fill up the measure of her will, Yet in some measure satisfy her so That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this mirth'd for, until this banquet.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.

**Bast.** Mad world! mad kings! mad composition! John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on, Whom zeal and charity brought to the field As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil, That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith, That daily break-vow, he that wins of all, Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maidens, Who, having no external thing to base,
But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that, That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity, the bias of the world, The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground.
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias, This sway of motion, this Commodity, Makes it take head from all indifferency, From all direction, purpose, course, intent: And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word, Chapp'd on the outward eye ofickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aim, From a resolved and honourable war, To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity? But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand, When his fair angel would salute my palm; But for my hand, as unattempted yet.
Like a poor beggar, raleth on the rich,
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no shi but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [Exit.]

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**ACT III.**

**SCENE I.—The French King's pavilion.**

**Const.** Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace! False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends! Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
I cannot make it out, but say 'tis so:-
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary,
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

**For I am sick and capable of fears,**

Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears, A widow, husbandless, subject to fears, A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest, With thy vex'd spirits I cannot take a true, But they will quake and tremble all this day, What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head? Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? What meanest thou by hiding thine own eyes? Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum, Like a proud river peering over his bounds? Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words? Then speak again; not all thy former tale, But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
KING JOHN.

ACT III.

Constr. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit Resembing 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 grajiy of our country ne'er was crown of war Is cold in aptitude and painted peace, And our oppression hath made up this league, Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perfurred kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens! Set not the hours of this unhappy day, Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, Set armed discord 'twixt these perfurred kings! Hear me, O, hear me!

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven! To thee, King John, my holy errand is, I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal, And from Pope Innocent the legate here, Do in his name religiously demand Why then against the church, the holy mother, So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop Of Canterbury, from that holy see? This, in ourforesaid holy father's name, Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. Phi. Canst thou at interrogatories Can task the free breath of a sacred king? Canst not, cardinal, devise a name So slight, unworthy and ridiculous, To charge me to an answer, as the pope. Tell him this tale: and from the mouth of England Shall add this much more, that no Italian priest Shall tithe or toll in our dominions; But as we, under heaven, are supreme head, So under Him that great supremacy, Where do we reign, we will alone uphold, Without the assistance of a mortal hand: So tell the pope, all reverence set apart To him and his usurp'd authority. [this.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in K. John. Though you and all the kings of Christendom Are led so grossly by this meddling priest, Dreading the curse that money may buy out; And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust, Purchase corrupted pardon of a man, Who in that sale sells pardon from himself, Though you and all the rest so grossly led
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope and count his friends my foes.
Phoebus, then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a saint.
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pand. There's his law and warrant, hify, for my curse.
[Exit Pand.]

ACT III.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I.

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly joint in love to stedfast each,
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smilling peace to stifleuity holy host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
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 mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed as by the mortal pricks of
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Thou keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set it oath to oath,
Thy tongue to tongue, thy hand to hand.
O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For which that thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct;
And falsehood falsehood cues, as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new-born'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept:
But thou hast sworn against religion, [swear'st,]
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
Against a sworn oath; this is the
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
In those rebellion to contrary friends,
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these gib'ling base suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in.
If thou vouchsafe them. But it not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee.
So heavy thou shalt shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Bast. Will it not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of time?
Lew. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud clarish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth even 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,
ACT III.

KING JOHN.

SCENE III.

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven! [may
Blanche. Now shall I see thy love: what motive
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Cost. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lev. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Paul. I will denomone a curse upon his head.
K. John. I shall not need. England, I will
fall from thee.
Cost. O fair return of knish'd majesty!
Eliz. O foul revolt of French insubstantiacy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour,
Bast. Old John, the clock-setter, that bald saxon
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanche. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day,
a-dien!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirr asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whose war's won, on that side shall I lose.
Assured loss before the match be play'd,
Lev. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanche. 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 this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.
K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shall turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats.
To arms let's lie! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Aus-
tria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
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;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Hub. My Lord, I have rescued 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Eli-
or, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.
K. John. [To Elizor] So shall it be; your grace shall
stay behind
[sad
So strongly guarded. [To Arthur] Cousin, look not
That grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Artb. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [To the Bastard] Cousin, away for Eng-
land! haste before;
And, ere we coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon;
Use our commission in his utmost force. [back,
Bast. But book, and candle shall not drive me
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 safe fair; so, I kiss your hand.
Eliz. Farewell, gentle cousin.
Eliz. Come hither, little kinsman; bark, a word.
K. John. Come hither. Hubert. O my gentle Hu-
bert,
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 request 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 gayds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Died, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sounding on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bared 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 thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and barmful 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 my truth, I think thou lovest me well,
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjacent to my act
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
Andwereover this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me, dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
Hub. My lord?
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough. I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember, Madam, fare thee well:
I'll send these powers over to your majesty.
Eliz. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go;
Hubert shall be your man; attend on you
With all true duty. On towards Calais, ho!
[Exeunt.
SCENE IV.—The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulp, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted soul
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. What he hath won, that all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost? [ill]
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
Overbearing interruption, spite of France?

Enter Constable, holding the prisoner. Where art thou, sirrah? He's to be forthwith
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this? [praise.

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this
So we could some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Constance. Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
How bravely doth he deliver his spouse!

Const. Lo! now! see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!

K. Phi. Artorious 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 vanity brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms.

Pand. And so with this some dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself.

K. Phi. Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

Pand. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no. I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shackle the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which seems a modern invocation.

Pand. If thou art mad, ravish'd, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance: I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself;
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason.
Now 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. What care or comfort I had but 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 glue themselves in socieble grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in adversity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their heads and cried aloud
"O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bands,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

Enter Warden. Sir, I have a cardiathe father
That shall yeall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost? [ill]
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K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
ACT IV.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I. - A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand Within the arras; when I strike my foot Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth, And bind the boy which thou shalt find with me Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch. 

[Exit Hubert. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.]

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to’t. [Exit Executioners.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince. 

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier. 

Arth. Methinks no body should be sad but I: Yet, I remember, when I was in France, Young gentlemen would be as sad as night, Only for wantonness. By my christendom, So I were out of prison and kept sheep, I should be as merry as the day is long: And so I would be here, but that I doubt My uncle practiseth more harm to me; He is afraid of me and I of him: Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey’s son? No, indeed, Is’t not; and I would to heaven I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert. 

Hub. [Aside] If I talk to him, with his innocent He will awake my mercy which lies dead: prate Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch. [day. 

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to- In sooth, I would you were a little sick, That I might sit all night and watch with you: I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [Aside] His words do take possession of my bosom. Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper. 

[Aside] How now, foolish rheum! Turning dispisitute fortunet o’er o’er o’er! I must be brief, lest resolution drop Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. Can you not read it? is it not fair writ? 

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect: Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes? 

Hub. Young boy, I must.

[Exit HUBERT.]

Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts Of all his people shall revolt from him And kiss the lips of unacquainted change And pick strong matter dripp’d with 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 named! The bastard Fishburne Is now in England, ransacking the church, Offending charity: 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, News of their matter of a true innocent. For England go: I will whet on the king. [Exit. 

Law. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us If you say ay, the king will not say no. [Exit.
unto the rainbow; or with taper-light.
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Penz. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last revisitation,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-natured tale
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to lie about,
Startles and frights considerations.

Penz. Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd role.

Sal. 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 breathed our counsel; but it pleased your highness,
To overbear your peace and pleasure. [n.s.]
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, then lesser is my fear,
That shall make any great or further ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant your requests.

Penz. 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 kinship and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be
That you have but 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.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?

[Taking him apart.

Penz. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shou'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully 'tis 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 heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Penz. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit with which you demand is dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Penz. Indeed we heard how near his death he was
KING JOHN.

SCENE II.

Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answered either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
Think you I hear the shears of destiny? [me?]
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul play; and this is shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it;
So thrive it in your blood! and so farewell.

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such a
For any foreign preparation [power
Was levied in the body of a land,
The copy of your speed is learnt by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. Where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is shut 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 didly hear: if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That for truth for givest out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill-tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Poonfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Altof the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express,
But as I 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 where I am, and so, right with me
From forth the streets of Poonfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thinke so?

[so.

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out

K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
Deliver him to safety; and return.
For I must use thee.

[Exit Hubert with Peter.

O my gentle cousin,
Hast' the thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-ekindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot
O, let me have no subject enemies,
[before.
When adverse foreigners afford my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[Exit.

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about [night; The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams 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 grate the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action.
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool.
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shearsers and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwhis'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?

Why urg' est thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him; I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hast done to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humors 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 frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
And earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

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ACT IV.  

KING JOHN.  

SCENE III.  

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more today well met, distemper'd lords! The king by me requests your presence straight.  

Sal. The king hath dispos'd of himself of us: We will not 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 the worst. [best.  

Bast. What! 'est thou 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 't were reason you had manners now.  

Pen. Sir, sir, impatient hath his privilege.  

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.  

Sal. This is the prison. What be 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, Dost lay it open to urge on revenge.  

Big. Or, when he doth this beauty to a grave, Found it too precious-princely for a grave.  

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld, Or have you read or heard? or could you think? Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? 'twas thought, without this object, Form much another? This is the very top, The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame, The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, That ever wall-eyed wrath or starving rage Presented to the tears of soft remorse.  

Pen. All murders past do stand excused in this: And this, so sole and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity, To the yet unbegotten sin of times; And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, Exampled 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 ensure: It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  

The practice and the purpose of the king: From whose obedience I forbid my soul, Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life, And breathing to his breathless excellence The incense of a vow, a holy vow, Never to taste the pleasures of the world, Never to be infected with delight, nor Nor conversant with ease and idleness, Till I have set a glory to this hand, By giving it the worship of revenge.  

Pen. 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 hold and blushes not at death.  

Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!  

Hub. I am no villain. Must I rob the law?  

[Drawing his sword.  

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.  

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.  

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say it!  

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharpe as yours: you Would not have you, lord, forget yourself, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;  

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget Your worth, your greatness and nobility. [man?  

Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a noble-
ACT V.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand The circle of my glory. [Giving the crown.

Pandulph. Take again 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 inflamed. Our discontented counties do revol; Our people quarrel with obedience, Sweating allegiance and the love of soul To stranger blood, to foreign royalty. This insubordination blinden'd humour Rests by you only to be qualified: Then pause not; for the present time's so sick, That present medicine must be minister'd, Or overthrow inerible ensues. [Divine. Pandulph. It was my breath that blew this tempest Upon your stubborn usage of the pope; But since you are a gentle convert, My tongue shall burst again 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.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the Say that before Ascension-day at noon [prophet My crown I should give off? Even so I have: I did suppose it should be on constraint; But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds But Dover castle: London hath received, For like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers: Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone To offer service to your enemy, And wild amazement hurries up and down. The little number of your doubtful friends. K. John. Would not my lords return to me again, After they had young Arthur was alive? Bast. They fear and him demand and cast into the An empty casket, where the jewel of life, [streets, By some damned hand was rob'd and ta'en away. K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live. Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew. But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad? Be great in act, as you have ever 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 threatening and outface the brow Or bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes, That borrow to their behaviours from the, Great grow by your example and put on The dauntless spirit of resolution. Away, and glister like the god of war, When he intendeth to become the field:
Let me wipe off this honourable dew.
That silvery 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 the fortune of the night seen
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors,
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away the storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor meet with the rich other than at feast;
Full of warm blood, of martial prosperity
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.
And even there, me thinks, an angel spake:

Enter Pandulph.

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.

Pond. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolitans and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lee. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propitious,
To be a secretary at council;
Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Robert. What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conqu'rd, 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 undereign this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
' Vive le roi!' as I have look'd at 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, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pond. You look but on the outside of this work.
Lee. One side of Rome's cause.
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war.
And cul'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To overlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?
ACT V.

KING JOHN.

SCENE IV.

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 of France I come, and shall tell you that you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he'll not buy his arms
With all the blood by ever that every lawyer,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me,
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmanly approach,
This harness'd masque and maslinysed sel,
This unhair'd sanchess and bovilsh troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arm,
From out the circle of his territories.
[Door. That hand which had the strength, even at your
To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To drive back buckles and bucklers:
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To tie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hang with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Think'st thou, great artificer Edward Bismarch;
Shall that victorious hand be fended here,
That in your chambers gave you chaisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you beggarate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Xeresos, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntletts change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
Peace; leave. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
We grant thou canst out old us; fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabiller.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak. Peace; leave.

We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brace
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Leve. Strike up your drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The field of battle.

A council. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares thy majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

MSS. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge desires your majesty to leave the field
[bridge, And send back word by me what way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinsteed, to the abbey there.

MSS. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinsteed: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they fly, we must win them.

Bigot. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spine, alone upholds the day.

Sal. They say King John sore sick hath left the

SCENE IV. — Another part of the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pom. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthred the rude eye of rebellion
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the paines you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn
And I with him, and many noes with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;
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 hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolves itself from his figure; hideous fire,
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Putting the fire of credit to the fire.
Even with a treacherous fire of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Pom. Commend me to one Hubert with your king;
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lien wherof, 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.

Pom. We do believe the Dauphin shall sire my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a lated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
ACT V.  

KING JOHN.  

SCENE V.—The French camp. 

Enter Lewis and his train. 

Lev. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set, 

But stay'd and made the western welkin blush. 

When English measure backward their own ground 

In faith retire. O, bravely came we off, 

When with a volley of our needless shot, 

After such bloody toil, we did good night; 

And wound our tattering colours clearly up, 

Last in the field, and almost lords of it! 

Enter a Messenger. 

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin? 

Lev. Here: what news? 

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords 

By his persuasion are again fall'n off, 

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long, 

An early day and sun to sail the Sands. 

Lev. Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very 

I did not think to be so sad to-night [heart! 

As this hath made me. Who was he that said 

King John did fly an hour or two before 

The stumbling night did part our weary powers? 

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord. 

Lev. Well: keep good quarter and good care to— 

The day shall not be up so soon as I. [night: 

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt. 

SCENE VI.—An open place in the neighbourhood of Sichishead Abbey. 

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally. 

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or 


Hub. Of the part of England. 

Bast. Whither dost thou go? [mand 

Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I de— 

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine? 

Bast. Hubert, I think? 

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought: 

I will upon all hazards well believe 

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well. 

Who art thou? 

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please, 

Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think 

I come one way of the Plantagenets. [night 

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless 

Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me, 

That any advent breaking on my tongue 

Should escape the true acquaintance of mine ear. 

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad? 

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night, 

To find you out. I am a good shepherd of death, 

Brief, then; and what's the news? 

Hub. O, my sweet air, news fitting to the night, 

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible. 

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news: 

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it. 

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk: 

I left him almost dead; and broke out 

To acquaint you with this evil, that you might 

The better arm you to the sudden time, 

Than if you had at leisure known of this. 

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him? 

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain, 

Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king 

Yet speaks and peradventure may recover. 

Bast. 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: 

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, 

And they are all about his majesty. 

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven, 

And tempt us not to bear above our power! 

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night, 

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide: 

These Lincoln Washes have devoured them; 

Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped. 

Away before; conduct me to the king; 

I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [Exeunt. 

SCENE VII.—The orchard in Sichishead 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 somehow supposeth the soul with dwelling-house, 

Doth by the idle comments that it makes 

Foretell the ending of mortality. 

Enter Pembroke. 

Pym. His highness yet doth speak, and holds be— 

That being brought into the open air, [brief 

It would alloy the burning quality 

Of that fell poison which assaileth him. 

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. 

Doth he still rage? [Exit Bigot. 

Pemb. 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 invisible, 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 sing. 

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan, 

Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death, 

And from the organ-pipe of trutillyy 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. 

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King John in a chair. 

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow— 

It would not out at windows nor at doors. [room; 

There is so hot a summer in my bosom, 

That all my bowels crumble up to dust: 

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen 

Upon a parchment, and against this life 

Do I shrunk up. 

P. Hen. How fares your majesty? 

K. John. Poison'd.—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast 

And none of you will bid the winter come [off: 

To thrust his icy fingers in my man. 

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course 

Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north 

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips 

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much, 

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait 

And so ingratitude, you deny me that. 

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my 

That might relieve you! [tears, 

K. John. The salt in them is hot. 

Within me is a hell; and there the poison 

Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize 

On unirevable condemned blood.
Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion, And spleen of speed to see your Majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd, And all the shrouts wherewith my life should sail Are turned to one thread, one little hair; My heart hath one poor string to stay it by, Which holds but till thy news be uttered; And then all this thou seest is but a cloud And moddle of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward, Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him; For in a night the best part of my power, As I upon advantage did remove, Were in the Washes all unlarry
Devoured 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? show now your mended And instantly return with me again. [Faiths,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so; and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
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 linel state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlasting.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [Thanks

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been 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, [rue,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.
THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Richard the Second.
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York,
Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.
Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Berkeley.
Bushy.
Bagot, servants to King Richard.
Green.
Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

Lord Ross.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.
Bishop of Carlisle.
Abbot of Westminster.
Lord Marshal.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Captain of a band of Welshmen.
Queen to King Richard.
Duchess of York.
Duchess of Gloucester.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herd, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE—England and Wales.

ACT I.


Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.


Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, last thou sounded.
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worldly, as a good subject should.
Onsome known ground of treachery in him? [ment.

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argu-
On some apparent danger seen in him
Ain'd at your highness, no inveterate malice. [face.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence, face to
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days becal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

More. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown! [fas.

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Conspir 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, .
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day. [me;]
K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, he ruled by
Let's purge this choler without letting blood;
This we will do, for this, thou wretched man;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;
Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it began;
We'll call the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

evt. To be a make-piece shall become my age:
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Groat. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I should not bid again. [jno book.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is
Now, Mowbray, the Duke's gage, to him. 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 disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here,
Perfed to the soul with slander's venom's spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage: Lions make leopards tame.

Mo. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my
And I will make my gage. My

K. Rich. For whom?
Mowbray, weal hath consummated, to his soul.

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's
It must be great that can inherit us.
So much as of a thought of ill in him, fit true;

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
Three parts of that receipt I had for Cabins,
The which he hath detain'd for low employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and well in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the farthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land, [spring,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
Further I say and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Sungkeing which he did tell for it in these states.
And consequently, like a traitor coward. [blood,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cires,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And his glorious worth of my descent,
This arms shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mo. O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf.
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar. fears:

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should bring to the highest station,
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is my subject, Mowbray; so att thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mo. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
Disbur'd I duty to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account.
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen;
Now, by the soul of my father'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 an ambush for your life,
A treason that doth vex my grave soul;
But ere I last received 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 rancou of a villain,
A revenge, we say, on my dear lord;
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,
SCENE III. — The Lists at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared,

And for nothing but his majesty's approach.

K. Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Therefore, asCoventry, here, I do demand

Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel,

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;

As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Mor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

Who hither come engaged by my oath —

Thus placed in habiliments of war,

And formally, according to our law,

Dost thou here in the justice of his cause.

Mor. What is thy name and wherefore comest

Before King Richard in his royal lists?

Mor. 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, who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mor. On pain of death, no person be so bold

Or daring-hardly as to touch the lists,

Except the marshal and such officers

Appointed to favour and the vanishing troops.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's

And bow my knee before his majesty:

For Mowbray and myself are like two men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave

And loving farewell to all my friends.

Mor. The appellant in all duty greets your highness;

And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms,

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,

So be thy fortune in this royal fight!

Farewell, my blood, which if to-day thou shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge thee deat.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane the

For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear:

As confident as is the falcon's flight.

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord, I take my leave of you;

Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle:

Not sick, although I have to do with death,

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:

O thou, the worthy author and head,

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up

To reach at victory above my head.

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furnish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Even in the lusty havour of his son.
Percy! Cursed in thy good cause make thee pros.
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence and Saint George to thrive!

More. However God or fortune cast my lot.
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his bonds of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontrou'ld enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary,
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jovial as to jest.

Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I esp'y
Virtue with value couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Redeem the Duke of Norfolk, in the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope. I cry amen.

More. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banishment's hand;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor seek look upon each other's face;
Nor write, regret, nor reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or compot any ill
Gainst our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

More. And I, to keep all this.

Boling, Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banished this traitor's soul to all our flesh.
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou dly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging barthen of a guilty soul.

More. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name rolls blunder'd from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stay;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grievèd heart: thy sad aspect
 Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Phleg'd four away. [To Boling.] Six frozen winters spent.

Return we hence home from banishment.

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Phleg'd four away. [To Boling.] Six frozen winters spent.

Return we hence home from banishment.
ACT I.  

KING RICHARD II.  

SCENE IV.

Can change their moons and bring their times about,  
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And black dead night shall set upon my son.  
[Exit.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to  
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst  
give;  
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;  
Then hast thou somet with me of my age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage,  
Thy word is current with him for my death,  
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.  
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereunto tongue a party-verbose gave:  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to hark?  
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion  
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather [sour.  
You would have bid me argue like a father.  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:  
A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine own away;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
Against my will to do myself this wrong.  
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him  
Six years banish him, and he shall go.  
[Flourish.  
Exeunt King Richard and Gaunt.

Aum. Cousin, farewell; what presence must not  
know,  
From where you do remain let paper show.  
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride.  
As far as land will let me, by your side.  
[words,
Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hear thy  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?  
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.  
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.  
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.  
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly  
gone.  
[ten.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour  
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleas-  

Boling. My heart will sigh when I misconic it so,  
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.  
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home return.  
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will disable me of what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.  
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages, and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?  
Gaunt. But remember me of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy heavens,  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity,  
Think not the king did banish thee.  
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceive its but faintly borne.  
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour  
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that which thou rost, were none then comest—  
Suppose the singing birds musicians, [strewed,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance;  
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.  
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caecusus?  
Or clowly death get any comfort  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;  
Fell sorrow's strong clout it never rack'd more  
Than when he bides, but late to take the sore.  
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on  
thy way:  
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.  
Boling. Then England's ground, farewell; sweet  
sweet soil, adieu.  
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The court.

Enter the King, with Bagot and Green at one door;  
and the Duke of Aumerle at another.  
K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?  
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.  
K. Rich. But, say, what store of parting tears  
were shed?  
[wind.  
Aum. Faith, none for me; except the northeast  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.  
K. Rich. What said our cousin when you parted  
with him?  
Aum. Farewell.'  
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd  
And added years to his short banishment, [hours  
He should have had a volume of farewell's;  
But since it would not, he had none of me.  
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our dismission come from his friends,  
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green  
Observed his courtship to the common people;  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Wooing poor craftmen with the craft of smiles  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 't were to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With 'This places, my countryman, my loving friends;'  
As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.  
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these  

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,  
Expeditious management must be made, my liege.  
Ere further leisure yield them further means  
For their advantage and your highness' loss.  
K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war:  
And, for our cofferies, with too great a court  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
We are intent to farm our royal realm;  
The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
For our affairs in hand: if that come short,  
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;  
Wereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
ACT II.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE I.  Ely House.

Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York, &c.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my soul?

Enter Bushy.  [Exit.]

Bushy, what news?  [Exit.]

Gaunt, Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord.

Bushy. Suddenly taken; and sent post haste to entreat your majesty to visit him.

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 vain.

He that no more must say is listened more than they whom youth and ease have taught to close;

More are men's ends marked 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 unmake his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,

As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen;

Report of fashions in proud Italy,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limbs 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 its ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose:—

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou have.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired

And thus expiring do foretell of him:

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,

For violent fires soon burn out themselves;

Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;

With cager feeding food doth choke the feeder:

Light vanity, insatiate coromant,

Consuming means, soon prey to his own self,

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise.

This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive to a house,

Against the envy of less happier lands.

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng.

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,

For Christian service and true chivalry,

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,

Dear for their reputation through the world,

Is now lease out, I die pronouncing it,

Like to a tenement or pelted farm:

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

With lofty broken and rotted parchment bonds:

That England, that was wont to conquer others,

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then were my ensuing death!

Eater King Richard and Queen, Anmerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;

For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.

Queen. How fars our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man?  how's t'with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name belth my composition!

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;

And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;

And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits bought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.  [live?]

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that die?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now He that made me know'st I see thee ill;

I'll in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the care

Of those physicians that first wounded thee:

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,

Depositing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame to let this land by lease;

But for thy world enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his brain offers itself to hope;

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Cane, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him:

Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

All. Amen.  [Exit.
Landlord of England art thou now, not king: Thy state of law is bondslave to the law; And thou, K. Rich., A lunatic, witted fool, Presuming on an ague's privilege, Darest with thy frozen admonition Dote on thy check, chasing the royal blood With fury from his native residence. Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, Wilt thou not brother to great Edward's son, This line must run so roundly in thy head Should run thy head from thy univerent shoulders. Gaunt. Of spare me not, my brother Edward's son, For that I was his father Edward's son; That blood already, like the pelican, Haste thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carroused; My brother Gloucester, plain being soul, Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls! May be a precedent and witness good That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood: Join with the present sickness that I have; And thy unkindness be like crooked age, To crop at once a too long withered flower. Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee: These words hereafter thy tormentors be! Convey me to my bed, then to my grave: Love they to live that love and honour have. [Exit, borne off by his Attendants. K. Rich. And let them die that age and solens have; For both hast thou, and both become the grave. York. I do beseech your majesty, impite his words To wayward sickness and age in him: He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear At the true rate of Hereford, were they here. K. Rich. Right, as truly as Hereford's love, As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is. [solo Enter Northumberland.] North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your K. Rich. What says be? [majesty. North. Nay, nothing: all is said: His tongue is now a stringless instrument; Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent. [so! York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe. [he: K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth His line; for his thoughts were in the flower. 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 have privilege to live. And for these great affairs do ask some charge, Toward our assistance plain 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 Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banishment, Nor Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs, Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke About his marriage, nor my own disgrace, Have ever made me sour my patient check, Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign face. I am the last of noble Edward's sons, Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first: In war was never lion raged more fierce, In peace was never gentle lamb more mild, Than was that young and princely gentleman. His face thou hast, for even so look'd he, Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours; But when he frowned, it was against the French And not against his friends; his noble hand Did win what he did spend and spent not That which his triumphant father's hand had won; His hands were guilty of no kindred blood, But bloody with the enemies of his kin. O Richard! York is too far gone with grief, Or else he never would compare between, K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter? York. Pardon me, if you please: if not, I, pleased Not to be pardon'd, am content withal, Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford? Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live? Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true? Did not the devil have an heir? Is not his heir a well-deserving son? Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time His charters and his customary rights; Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day; Be not thyself; for how art thou a king But by fair sequence and succession? Now, afore God—God forbid I say true!— If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights, Call in the letters-patent that he hath By his attorneys-general to sue His livery, and deny his offer'd homage, To pluck a thousand thousand dargers 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 hand His plate, his goods, his money and his lands. York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell: What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell; But by had courses may be understood That their events can never fall out good. [Exit. K. Rich. God save Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire Bid him return 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 and always loved us well. Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part; Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish. E'en now, King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Lord. North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead. Ross. And living too: for now his son is duke. Willo. Heaven in that. And now, North. Richly in both, if justice had her right. Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence, Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue. North. Nay; speak thy mind, and let him ne'er That speaks thy words again to do thee harm! Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford? If it be so, out with it boldly, man; Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him. Ross. No, Sir; for all the world I do for him; Unless you call it good to pity him, Bereft and gelded of his patrimony. [are borne North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs In him, a royal prince, and many mee 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 with grievous taxes And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts. Willo. And daily new exactions are devised, As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what; But what, o' God's name, doth become of this? 301
North. Wars have not wasted it, for war's he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That we have nobles' ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in war.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
North. [Man.]
Wil. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
North. Reproach and dissolution hang over
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations 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 we'll be shelter'd; 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 unavowed is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck. [death
North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself, and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a
In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Raimond Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbury, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis
Quoint,
All these well furnished by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making bither with all due expediency
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Inpout our country's broken wing,
Redeem from breaking planes the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurch;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and we will follow, and myself I go. [That fear.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them
Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
[Exit.

SCENE II. — The palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushi. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, 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 some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,
Which shows like grief itself, but is not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry.
Disturb this form of sorrow, and my sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shades of grief, more than himself, to wall;
Which, look'd on as it is, is, is nought but shades
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's
Or if 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: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad
As, though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrill.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady.
Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief: mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'T is in reversion that I do possess:
But what it is, that is not yet known: what
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty! and well met,
gentlemen:
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland. [is;
Queen. Why hope thou so? 't is better hope he
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retired
his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeats himself;
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurch.
Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah, madam, 't is too true: and that is
worse,
[Percy,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry
The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
Wiltshire, Bretagne, and all the powerful friends
are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-
land
And all the rest revolted faction traitors? [feeter
Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Wor-
hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship
And all the household servants list with him
To Bolingbroke.
Bushi. Now, Green, thou art the midwife to my
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir;
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
Bushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Whose soul would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
O, full of life! business is his inward soul;
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so. I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home;
Here am I left to underprop his land.
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself; Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made; Now shall be try his friends thatatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.
Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it will!

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Flashy, to my sister Gloucester; Bid her send me presently a thousand pound; Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship.
To-day, as I came by, I called there; But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is 't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes Comes rushing on this woeful land at once! I know not what to do; I would to God, So my untruth had not provoked him to it. The king of England was my kinsman with my brother's. What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland? How shall we do for money for these wars? [me. Come, come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts And bring away the armour that is there. Gentlemen, will you go mustier men? If I know or how which way to order these affairs Thus thrust disorderly into my hands, Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen: The one 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. Gentlemen, go, muster up your men, And meet me presently at Berkeley. I should to Flashy thus; But time will not permit: all is uneven, And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.

Busby. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland, But none returns. For or 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.
Boling. And that's the wavering commons: for Their love lies in their purses, and whose empties them By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Busby. Wherewith the king stands generally condemn'd.
Boling. If judgment lie in them, then so do we, Because we ever have been near the king. [castle; Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol The Earl of Wiltshire is already there. Busby. 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?
Boling. No: I will to Ireland to his majesty. Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain, We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.
Busby. That's as York strives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes Is numbing to the lands and drinking oceans dry: Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Busby. Well, we may meet again.
Boling. I fear me, never.

[Exeunt, ACT II. KING RICHARD II. SCENE III.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now? North. Believe me, noble lord, I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire: These high wild hills and rough uneven ways Draws out our niles, and makes them wearable; And yet you have a clear acquaintance with sugar, Making the hard way sweet and delectable. But I bethink me what a weary way From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company, Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled The tediousness and press of my travel: But theirs is sweetened 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 wars seem short; as mine hath done By sight of what I have, your noble company.

North. Of such good words. But who comes here?

Enter Henry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your noble brother?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen? [court, Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the Broken his staff of office and dispersed The household of the king.
North. What was his reason? He was not so resolved when last we spake together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor, But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh, [tor. To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover What power the Duke of York had leived there; Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy? Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge I never in my life and look on him. [buke.
North. Then learn to know him now: this is the Percy. My gracious lord, I tend you my service. Such as it is, being tender, raw and young; Which elder days shall ripen and confirm To more approved service and desert.
Percy. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure I count myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul remembering my good friends; And, as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense: My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it. North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir Keeps good old York there with his men of war? Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees, Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard: And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Sey PHONE else of name and noble estimate. [mou;

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby, Gloomy with spurring, fiery-red with haste. [ly, Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pure; A banish'd traitor: all my treasury, [sue Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd Shall be your love and labour's recompense. [lord. Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble Will. And far surrounds our labour to attain it. Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
Ber. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is:—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make return of thy errant.  
Ber. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
meaning
To raise one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious reign of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by
Here comes his grace in person: [sighs;]
My noble uncle! [Kneels.
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy
Whose duty is deceived and false. [kneels.
Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut.
Granta the grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more 'why' 'why'? have they dared to
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms?
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palp'ry, chastise thee
And minister correction in thy state?  
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time.
Boling. To braving arms against thy sovereign.
York. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd here.
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for me think in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemm'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Anmerle, my noble cousin;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To write his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distress'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I can now have none: I offer no endeavours
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.
Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.
Wills. Base men by his endowments are made gay.
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.
North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strangely sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot meddle, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left:
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stopp
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Basny, Bagot and their complices,
The catapillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet I'll
pause;
For I am both to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress are now with me past care.

SCENE IV.—A camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

Cop. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten
And handily sent our countrymen together, [days,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we shall disperse ourselves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cop. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not
stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteores fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad and rumfants dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead. [Exit.
Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woes and mists:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies; And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower, Guard it, I pray you, with as much care, With much more vigil than your precocious flies, For 'tis more to charity; yet, to wash your blood From off my hands, here in the view of men I will unroll some causes of your deaths, You have misled a prince, a royal king, A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments, By you unhappied and disfigured clean: You have in manner with your sinful hours Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him, Broke the possession of a royal bed And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs. Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth, Near to the king in blood, and near in love Till you did make him misinterpret me, Have stoupt my neck under your injuries, And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, Eating the bitter bread of banishment; Whilst you have fed upon my wealth, Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods, From my own windows torn my household coat, Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign, Save men's opinions and my living blood, To show the world I am a gentleman. This and much more, more much more twice this, Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over To execution and the hand of death. Green. More welcome is the stroke of death to me Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell. Uncle, you say the queen is at your house; For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated: Tell her I sent to her my kind commendations, Take special care my greetings be deliver'd. Boling. A gentleman of mine have I dispatch'd With letters of your love to her at large. Uncle, come, lords, away; To fight with glendower and his complices: Awhile to work, and after holiday. Uncle. Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power? Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord, Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue And bids me speak of nothing but despair. One day too late, I fear me, 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, Overthrow's thy joys, friends, torture and thy state: For all the Welshmen, hearing this so wert dead, Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled. A gentleman. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale? Sal. But now the blood of twenty thousand Did triumph in my face, and they are fled; And, till so much blood thither come again, Have I not reason to look pale and dead? All souls that will be safe fly from my side, For time hath set a blot upon my pride. Comfort, my liege: remember who you are. K. Rich. Is not the king's name twenty thousand names? Arm, arm, my name: a puny subject strikes At thy great glory. Look not to the ground, Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
KING RICHARD III.

ACT III. SCENE III.

BOLINGBROKE.

Enter Scroop.

SCROOP. More health and happiness betide my liege Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him! K. RICH. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared: The more I hear, the less I know to unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'tis my care; And what loss is it to be rid of care?

STRIVES BOLINGBROKE to be as great as we? Greater he shall not be: if he serve God, We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so: Revolve but subjects that we cannot lend; They break their faith to God as well as us:

Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay; The worst is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I that your highness is so prompt To bear the tidings of calamity,

Like an unseasonable stormy day, Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores, As if the world were all 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 hairless soul.

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 headsmen learn to bend their bows Of double-fatal yew against thy state: Yet, distract, women manage rusty bills Against thy seat: both young and old rebel, And all goes worse than I have power to tell. [Ill.

K. RICH. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so bitter Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot? What is become of Busby? where is Green? That they have let the dangerous enemy Measure our confines with such peaceful steps? If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it: I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

SCROOP. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.

K. RICH. O villains, vipers, damn'd without reason, Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! Heart! Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas! Would they make peace? terrible hell make war Upon their spotted souls for this offence! SCROOP. Sweet love, I see, changeing his property. Turns to the sorest and most deadly hate: Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound And dog, the low, graven in the hollow ground.

Ann. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

SCROOP. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Ann. Where is the duke my father with his power? [Speak.

K. RICH. No matter where: of comfort no man Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs; Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth, Let's choose executors and talk of wills; And yet not so, for what can we bequeath Save for disposed shares to the commons? Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's, and nothing can we call our own but death And that small model of the barren earth Which serves as paste and cover to our bones. For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground And let the winds rake us. How some have been deposed; some slain in war; Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed; Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd; All murder'd: for within the hollow crown That royal coat of many mortal heads it keeps Death his court and there the antic sits, Scolling his state and grinning at his pomp, Allowing him a breath, a little scene, To monopolize, be fear'd and kill with looks, Insinuing him with self and vain conceit, As if this flesh which walks about our life Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus Comes at the last and with a little pin Bore's through his castle wall, and farewell king! Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood With solemn reverence: throw away respect, Tradition and ceremony hung about the brow. For you have but mistook me all this while: I live with bread like you, feel want, Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus, How can you say to me, I am a king? For. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wait their 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; And to the last. Amur. My father hath a power; inquire of him, And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. RICH. Thou chidest me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come To change blows with thee for thy day of doom. This age's 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 is joined with Bolingbroke, And all your northern castles yielded up, And all the southern gentlemen in arms Upon his party.

K. RICH. Thou hast said enough. Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth To Amnéville.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair! What say you now? what comfort have we now? By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly That bids me be of comfort any more. Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away; A king, woe'se slave, shall kingly woe obey. That power I have, discharge: and let them go To ear the land that hath some hope to grow, For I have none: let no man speak again To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Ann. My liege, one word.

K. RICH. He does me double wrong That wounds me with the tatteries of his tongue. Discharge my followers; let them hence away. From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
York. It would beseech the Lord Northumberland
To say ' King Richard? : alack the heavy day!
When such a sacred king should hide his head.
My poor mistake mistakes; 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. Why take not, uncle, further than you
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is manned, my lord,
Against thine entrance.
Boling. Royally! Why, if it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord, it doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of you line and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of the reverence: when, I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazzen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his rain'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke.
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restored again be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Ruin'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fair green lap of Bolingbroke's land,
My stoop'd duty tenderly shall show
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tower'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perceived.
Methinks King Richard himself 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, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters: on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter
the Duke, the Earl of Northumberland, the Bishop of Carlisle,
Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

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 skies of heaven
It looks 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! [stood
K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee. [To North.
Because we thought on'th rough 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 dispossessed us of our inheritance;
For we well know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we were barren and bear no issue;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is muster'd in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And thrust the glory of my precious crown
Till Bolingbroke—for void methinks he stands—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace.
Ten thousand bloody crowned 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 much as live in this land.
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grand sire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will command to rust,
His barred 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.
[burns:

K. Rich. Northumberland doth honor the king.
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commands.
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not.

[To Aumerle.

To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

[words
Amer. No, good my lord: let's fight with gentle
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful
words
[june.

K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! ' O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
[lest.
Swell'st thou, proud heart? ' I'll give thee scope to
Shake foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Amer. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke:

[ submits

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he
The king shall do it: must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
ACT III. KING RICHARD II. SCENE IV.

My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
My figured gobslets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave;
A little little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin! We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some sport with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fetched us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk boldly, and you haggle boldly.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.
North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To call his rank; that is pass'd away.
K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. [base.
In the base court?—Base court, where kings grow
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court?—Come down! Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing. [Exit from above.

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 show fair duty to his majesty. [He kneels down.

My gracious lord,—[kneel
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know.
This high estate, although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own,
[and all.
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours.
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 strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: now, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.


Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden?
To drive away the heavy thought of care? [den,
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls. [rubs,
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. Mousetrap can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For it 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 bodes not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou sing?
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you joy?
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping move me
And never borrow any tear of thee. [good,

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
Queen and Ladies retire.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dapping angriocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sighs
Stoop with oppression of their prodigious weight.
Give some supportance to the bending twigs,
To them, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too fusty in our commonwealth;
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
Serr. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace:
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds which his broad-spread leaves did shelter,
That second in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke.
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.
Serr. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden? We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-prond in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty: superfluous branches
We lop away, that the bearing buds may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
Serr. What, think you then the king shall be dispose

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and deposed:
'Tis doubtful 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 harlot's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?

What Eve, what serpent, hast suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Canst thou by this 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 himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.

Post you to London, and you will find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischiefe, that art so light of foot,
Doth not the engine of the garden grow?

And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.

What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Exeunt.
To all his lands and signories: when he’s returned,
Against Ambroole we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne’er be seen.
Many a time hath banish’d Norfolk fought
For true Christian Christ,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And toil’d with works of war, retired 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 surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham! Lords appellauds,
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; with a willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

Boling. In God’s name, I’ll ascend the regal
Chair, but of the royal title, I’tis thou.

York. I’ll speak the truth.

Boling. And to best becom inge me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were en out to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so false a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard’s subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are 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 judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, for end it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects and a subject acts,
Still’d up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford’s king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy;
The blood of English shall mantle the ground,
And subduing groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and mandrels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound,
Disorder, horror, tear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call’d
The bloody of Gotha and dead men’s skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house,
It will the weakest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child’s children, cry against you ‘woe!’

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your
Of capital treason, the arrest you hear.

York. If thy Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons’ suit.

Boling. Fetch litter Richard, that in common
Is for his surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.]

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sueurities for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look’d for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with Richard, and Officers bearing
the regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why and I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign’d? I hardly yet have learn’d
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I will remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not solemnly swear faithfully to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve, [none.
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, when, if heaven doth help 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.

K. Rich. Heah me the crown. Here, cousin, seize
Here cousin: [Seizes crown]
On this side your hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air.

Boling. Of your care set up do not pluck my cares
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

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 unwisely sceptre from my hand,
The price of worldly swelling heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue I deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty’s rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manners, realm, revenue I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long may your cares of care, of care, live to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save King Harry, unking’d Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!

York. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos’d.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weens to folly? Get thee to Cumberland,
If thy offences were upon record.
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king

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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, 
Whist! that my wretchedness doth halt myself, 
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands 
Showing an outward ply: yet you Pilates 
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross, 
And water cannot wash away your sin. 

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these 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 I turn mine eyes upon myself, 
I find myself a traitor with the rest; 
For I have given here my soul's consent 
To undeck the pompous body of a king; 
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave, 
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant. 

North. My lord,—[man, No lord of thine, thou haught 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: strike the heavy day, 
That I have worn so many winters out, 
And know not now what name to call myself! 
O that I were a mockery king of snow, 
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke, 
To melt myself away in water-drops! 
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good, 
An if my word be stierling 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. 

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come. 
K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell! 
Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumber-land. 
North. The commons will not then be satisfied. 
K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough, 
When I do see the very book indeed 
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself. 

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass. 

Give me the glass, and therein will I read, 
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck 
So many blows upon this face of mine, 
And made no deeper wounds? O flattering glass, 
Like to my followers in prosperity, 
Thou dost beguile me: Was this face the face 
That every day under his household roof 
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face 
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?

Was this the face that faced so many follies, 
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke? 
A brittle glory shineth in this face: 
As brittle as the glory is the face; 
That swells 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 my sorrow hath destroy'd 
The shadow of your face. 
K. Rich. Say that again. 
The shadow of my sorrow! ah! let's see: 
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within; 
And these external manners of laments 
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief. 
That swells with silence in the tortured soul: 
There lies the sorrow, and in that I think thee, king, 
For thy great bounty, that not only givest 
Me cause to wait 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. Name it, fair cousin. 
K. Rich. 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. Whiter? 
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your 
Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower. 
K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all, 
That rise thus him by a true king's fall. 
[Exit King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard. 
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down 
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. 
[Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the 
Abbot of Westminster, and Amner. 
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld. 
Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unbom 
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn. 
Ayea. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot 
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? 
Abbot. My lord, 
Before I freely speak my mind herein, 
You shall not only take the sacrament 
To curb mine intents, but also to effect 
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 
I see your brows are full of discontent. 
Your hearts of sorrow and you eyes of tears: 
Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay 
A plot shall show us all a merry day. 
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen and Ladies. 

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the 
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower, 
[way 
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord 
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke: 
Hear let us rest, if this rebellious earth 
Have any resting for her true king's queen. 

Enter Richard and Guard. 

But soft, but see, or rather do not see, 
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold, 
That you in pity may dissolve to dwell, 
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 beauteous inn, 
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee, 
When triumph is become an allehouse guest? 
[so 
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not 
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul, 
To think our former state a happy dream; 
From which awaked, the truth of what we are 
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet, 
To grim Necessity, and he and I 
Will keep a league till death. If thee to France 
And cloister thee in some religious house: 
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown, 
Which our profane hours here have stricken down. 

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ACT V.  KING RICHARD II.  SCENE II.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind [posed]
Transfixed? Dull and weaken't? hath Bolingbroke de-
The love 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'erpowers'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like, Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod, And fawn on rage with base humility, Which art a lion and a king of beasts? [Beasts, K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if angh but I had been still a happy king of men. [France:] Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for Think I am dead and that even here thou bestowest, As from the deathbed, as from the grave, I 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 griefs, Tell them the lamentable tale of me And send the hearers weeping to their beds: For why, the senseless brats will sympathize The heavy accent of thy moving tongue And in compassion weep the fire out; And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black, For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland and others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And madam, therein is order taken for: With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-withal The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne, The time shall not be many hours of age More than it is ere foul sin gathering head Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think, Though he divide the realm and give thee half, It is too little, helping him to all: And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again, Being ne'er so little urged, another way To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne, The love of wicked men 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 divorced! Bad men, you violate A tyrant's page, 'twixt my crown and me, And then betwixt me and my married wife. Let me un kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me; And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made. Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north, Where shivering cold and sickness plies the chine; My wife to Pomfret: from whence she set forth in pomp, She came adorned hither 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 he goes, thether 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, come weeping with sighs; I mine with groans. Queen. So longest way shall have the longest means.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short, And pour the way out with a heavy heart. Come, come, the wrong sorrow let's be brief, Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief. One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dully part; Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. [part So, now I have mine own again, be gone, That I may strive to kill it with a groan. [delay: K. Rich. We make wow wanton with this fool Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exit. SCENE II. — The Duke of York's palace. Enter York and his Duchess.

York. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest, When weeping made you break the story off, Our fair queen, before she was come into London. York. Where did I leave? Duchess. At that sad stop, my lord, Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops Shrew dust and rubbish on King Richard's head. York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke, Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know, With slow but stately pace kept on his course, Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!' You would have thought the very windows spake, So many greedy looks of you and old Through those many windows started their desiring eyes Upon his visage, and that all the walls With pointed imagery had said at once 'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!' Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning, Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck, Bless'd them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen.' And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duchess. Alack, poor Richard! where rode the whist? York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men, After a well-graced actor leaves the stage, Are idly bent on him that enters next, Thinking his prattle to be tedious; Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried 'God save him!' No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home: But dust was thrown upon his sacred head; Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off. His face still combats with tears and smiles, The ladviges of his grief and patience, That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd The hearts of men, they must perforce have melt-ed And barb'd them with desire, with rage, with snow. But heaven hath a hand in these events, To whose high will we bound our calm contents. To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now, Whose state and honour I for aye allow. Duchess. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Amer. 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.

Enter Aumerle.

Duchess. 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 he be none as one. [time, York. Well, hear you well in this new spring of Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime. What news from Oxford? hold those justs and tri- umphs? Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do. York. You will be there, I know. Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so. [poses York. What seal is that? that sealed things without thy seal? Look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unladylike son? Is it full three months since I did see him last? If any plague hang over us, 'tis he. I would to God, my lords, he might be found! Inquire at London, amongst the taverns there, for there, by the daily report of frequent, With unrestrained loose companions, Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes, And eat our watch, and rob our passengers, Which he, young Wanpton and effeminate boy, Takes on the point of honour to support So dissolve a crew.

Prince. Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford, Boling. And what said the gallant? Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews, And from the commonest creature pluck a glove, And wear it as a favour; and with that He would unhorse the busiest challenger. Both Boling. As dissolve as desperate; yet through I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the king? Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and So wildly? Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your To have some conference with your grace alone. Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

What is the matter with our cousin now? Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth, Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak. Boling. Intended or committed was this fault? If on the first, how Heinously 'er it be To win thy atter-love I pardon thee. Key, Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the That no man enter till my tale be done. Boling. Have thy desire. York. [Within] My liege, beware: look to thyself; Thou hast by traitor's hand thy peace. Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.] Stay thy revengeful hand; thou last no cause to fear. [King: York. [Within] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy Shall I for love speak treason to thy face? Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak; Recover breath; tell us how near is danger, That we may arm us to encounter it. Know York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt The treason that my haste forsaught me show. Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise I do repent me; read not my name there; [pass'd] My heart is not confederate with my hand. York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down. I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king; Fear, and not love, beasts his persistence; 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 she'rc, immaculate and silver fountain, From whence this stream through muddy passages Hath held his current and defiled 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 view's bawl; And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
ACT V.  

KING RICHARD II.  

SCENE V.  

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.  
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,  
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies;  
Thus kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.  
Duchess. That doth not but do, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.  
Boling. What shrill-voiced supplicant makes this eager cry?  
Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I.  
Speak with me, pity me, open the door.  
A beggar's legs that never begg'd before.  
Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,  
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King,'  
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:  
I know she is come to pray for your soul sin.  
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.  
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;  
This let alone will all the rest confound.  

Enter Duchess.  
Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!  
Love loving not itself none other can.  

Anna. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.  
Duch. Against them both my true joints bend'd  
I'll mayst thou thrive, if thou grant my grace! [Bows.  

Pleas 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 prayer doth like him let them have  
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.  
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.  
Duch. Nay, do not say, 'stand up';  
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'  
May I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.  
I never long'd to hear a word till now;  
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee how:  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;  
No word like 'pardon' for kings months most meet.  
York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardon me.  
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?  
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
That set'st the word itself against the word!  
Speak 'pardon' as it's current in our land;  
The chopping French we do not understand.  
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there;  
Or in thy piteous heart plant thy thought there;  
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,  
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.  
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.  
Duch. I do not see to stand;  
Pardon is all the suit I have to hand.  
Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.  
Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!  
Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again;  
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,  
But makes one pardon strong.
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-keen ear
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
Whereeto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing, and doth make them clock and time.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While it lieth, his Jace o' the clock.
This music made me; let it sound no more:
For though it have help 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-blotting world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hall, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What is this? and how came you hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wast king; who, travelling towards
With much ado at length have got leave [York,
To have upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on rein Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Roden he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
How went he under him? [friend,
Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground
That but hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with flattering him:
Would be such my present as thee, and he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forsworn, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be adored by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I had so fair a charger as
Spurr'd, gald'd and tired by jouncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keyp. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thouwert away.

Keeper. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exeunt.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?

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 an axe from a Servant and killing him.

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That stagers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
[land.
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
Mound, mount, my soul! thy seat is upon high;
Whilst my gross flesh stinks downward, here to die.

[Dies.

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spil'd; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Doth say that this deed is clear, and 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 castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be taken or slain we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all hap.
The next news is, I have to London sent [phens,
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent;
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diisses they shall.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet neely,
Two of the dangerous consort-traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of West-

minster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to ablaze
Thy knyghtly domes and sanctify 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 livest 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 persons bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried tear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not: for thou hast
A deed of slaughter with thy fatal hand
Wrought Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him Murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.

Lords. I pass not by thy sorrow for a while,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.

Exton. Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
March sadly after: grace my mourning here;
In weeping after this 무nume biel.

[Exeunt.

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THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, 
John of Lancaster, his sons to the King.
Earl of Wesmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falstaff.

Sir Michael, a Friend to the Archbishop of York.
Pohns.
Gadhshill.
Peto.
Bardolph.
Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE——England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Wesmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant;
And breathe the short-winged accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery.
Shall now, in mutual well-descending ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
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 engaged 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 nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cress;
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this deare experience.

West. My liege, this haste was not in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came

A post from Wales laden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [lord; West. This match'd with other did, my gracious
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valliant 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.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To better Douglas; and the Earl 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.
King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makes me in envy that my Lord Northumberland [he sin should be the father to so blest a son, a son who is the theme of honour's tongue; an apple whose sweetest and whitest part is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride: whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, see riot and dishonour stain the brow of my young Harry. O that it could be proved that some night-tripping fairy had exchanged in evil-chfits our chosen wisest plant who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride! And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet! Then would I have his Harry, and he mine, [coz, but let him from my thoughts. What think you, of this young Percy's pride the prisoners, which he in this adventure hath surprised. Prince. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art their apparent—but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus tossed as it is with the ruddy curb of old father, the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, bring a tart? Prince. No; thou shalt. [judg. Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave man. Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman. Fal. Well, well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you. Prince. For obtaining of suits? Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. Schooled, I am as melancholy a wretch as a legged bear. Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe. Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascellicst, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, 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 answered him mine own, and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too. Prince. 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. [Jack. Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; and I do not, call me villain and baffle me. Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking. Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Enter Poiis. Poiis. Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell was lost for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand to' a Prince. Good morrow, Ned. [true man. Poiis. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What say Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about...
thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?"

Prince. 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.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Godshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purveyors: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Godshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have been beseeching the moon to be full in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chaos?

Fal. Hal, will thou make one?


Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood royal, if thouarest not for ten shillings.

Prince. Farewell! In my days I'll be a mad.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

[Exit.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor lasses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallows summer! [Exit Falstaff.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot. And, Falesill, Bardolph, Peto and Godshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders. [Exit.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth? I will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see: I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immanse our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard

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 murder the which will be the best road we will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all the necessaries and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.
ACT I.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE III.

He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded My prisoners in your majesty's behalf. I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold, To be so pester'd with a popinjay, Out of my way and the impatient, Answer'd negligently I know not what. He should, or he should not: for he made me mad To see him shine so brisk and smelt so sweet And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman Of guns and drums and wounds.—God save the mark! And telling me the sovereign's thing on earth Was parcamente for an inward bruise: And that it was great pity, so it was, This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd Out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good traitor's fellow had destroy'd So cowardly; and but for these vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier. This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord, I answer'd indirectly, as I said; And I beseech you, let not his report Come current for an accusation Between my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said To such a person and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest retold, May reasonably die and never rise To do a man in such a manner much What then he said, so he misus it now.

King. 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 truly betray'd The lives of those that he did lead to light Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower, Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then, Be empliit to redeem a traitor home? Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears, When they have lost and forfeited themselves? No, on the barren mountains let him starve; For I shall never hold that man my friend Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Henry, Earl of Northumberland. 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 coposition, hard and clear, he did confound the best part of an hour In changing hardlineit with great Glendower: Three times they breathed and three times did they Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood: [drink, Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks, Ran fearfully among the trebling reeds, And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank Bloodstained with these valiant combatants. Never did base and rotten policy Colour her working with such deadly wounds; Nor never could the noble Mortimer Receive so many, and all willingly: Then let not him be slander'd with revolt. [him; King. Thou dost beliie the Percy, Percy, thou dost beliie He never did encounter with Glendower: I tell thee, He durst as well have met the devil alone As the Glendower for his base conceit. Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer: Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, Or you shall hear in such a kind from me As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland, We license your departure with your son. Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it. [Exit King Henry. Blunt, and train.

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them, I will not send them home. And tell him so; for I will ease my heart, Albeit I make a hazard of my head. [awhile North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer! 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul Want mercy, if I do not join with him: Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins, And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust, But I will lift the chronicles of dead Mortimer As high in the air as this unthankful king, As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke. [mad. North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone? Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; And when I urged the ransom once again Of my wife's brother, then his check look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd By Richard that dead is the next of blood? North. He was. I heard the proclamation: And then it was as wrong as it was true — Whose wrongs in us God pardon! —did act forth Upon his Irish expedition; From whence he intercepted did return To be deposited and shortly murdered. [mouth North. And how whose death we in the world's wide Live scandaliz'd and fully spoken of. Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer Heir to the crown? North. He did; myself did hear it. Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king, That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve. But shall it be, that you, that set the crown Upon the head of this forgetful man And for his sake wear the detested blot Of murderous subornation, shall it be, That you a world of curses undergo? Being of the several places issues, The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? O, pardon me that I descend so low, To show the line and the predicament Wherein you range under this subtle king; Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, Or fill up this repetition 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 this last speech be spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off By him for whom these shame's ye underwent? 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 to your quick-conceiving discents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
ACT II.

First Part of King Henry IV.  Scene i.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or shk or swim:
Send danger from the east into the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To raise a lion than to start a hare!
North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives men beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heaven, I'll tell them:—I can an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Withal over all the other dignities.
But out upon this half-fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purpose.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad his tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I'll have a staring shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not.
And would be glad he meet with some mishance,
I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Hot. North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged
With rods:
Nettlest and stingst 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:
'I was where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first box'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Schoo!'—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This favning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy, and 'kind cousin!'
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell thine tale: I have done
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, I faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only man.
For powers in Scotland: which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
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 beloved,
The archbishop.

Wor. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation.
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game is afoot, thou still let's slip.

Wor. Hot, Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Wor. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And Tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home!
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.
Wor. 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 Glendower and Lord Mortimer:
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I.—Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-lo! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged! Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, oster?

Ost. [Within] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cress.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never loved since the first of October; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for feasts: I am stung like a tetch.

First Car. Like a tetch! by the mass, there is
ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Cur. Why, they will allow us no' er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber, hang a clozen with a hand so.

First Cur. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Cur. I have a gammon of bacon and two rizes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charingcross.

First Cur. God's body! the turkeys in my paunier are quite out, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never a eye in thy head? canst not hear? An't were not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain, Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Cur. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pritch, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Cur. Nay, by God soft; I know a trick with two of that. I'll get thee, sir, a lantern.

Gads. I pray thee lend me thine.

Sec. Cur. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Cur. Time enough to go to bed with a candle. I come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for than variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouuring; thou layest the plot low.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: 'there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for wine; what they will do, they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas's clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pritch thee keep that for the hangman: for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace: that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit make all whole. I am joined with no foot-lad rangers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquility, bargamons and great oncers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth: or rather, not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to: 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable.

Cham. Wait till you have it. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The highway, near Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poids. Poids. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a damned velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.


Fal. Who's Poids, Hal?

Prince. He's walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accuscd to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squer further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all things if I escape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. Poids! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph, Peto! I'll stare ere I'll rob a foot further. An't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to 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 stone-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [They whistle.] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Blood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to collt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not collt, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pritch, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself on line over the apparent garners! If I be taken, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to fifty tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poids. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your wizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; it is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; it is going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.
**ACT II.  FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE III.**

**Prince.** Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they escape from your encounter, then they light on us.

**Fal.** How many be there of them?  Poins. Some dozen, sir; thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him.

**Prince.** Well, we leave that to the proof.

**Fal.** Zounds, will they not rob us?  **Prince.** What, a coward, Sir John Falstaff?  **Fal.** Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.  **Prince.** Well, we leave that to the proof.

**Fal.** Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

**Prince.** Ned, where are our disguises?

**Poins.** Here, hard by: stand close.

**Fal.** Nay, now my masters, happy man be his, say I: every man to his business.

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**Enter the Travellers.**

**First Trav.** Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we' ll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

**Thieves.** Stand!  **Travellers.** Jesus bless us!  **Fal.** Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats!  **Prince.** Where's caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth; down with them: fiece them.

**Travellers.** O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

**Fal.** Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone?  **Prince.** No; some right I would your store were here! Oh, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurers, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

[Exeunt Prince and Poins.]

**Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.**

**Prince.** 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.

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**Enter the Thieves again.**

**Fal.** Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more value in that Poins than in a [wild duck.]

**Poins.** Villains!  [As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the body behind them.]

**Prince.** Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the thieves are all 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 lands the lean earth as he walks along: We're not for laughing, I should pity him.

**Poins.** How the rogue roared!  [Exeunt.]

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**SCENE III. — Buckworth castle.**

**Enter Hotspur, solus, reading a letter.**

**Hot.** 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 muddle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous: the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow coward, and you lie. What a rack- ing! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York comes on the plot and the general course of the action. And that villain thou hast now so ill, I could banish him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the Ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Hal! 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 divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skin milk with so honourable an action! Hang him; let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

**Enter Lady Percy.**

**Lady.** How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours. Lord, 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 art alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures and my rights of thee To thick-eyed missing and cursed melancholy! In thy faint sleepers I by thee have watch'd. And heard thee murmur takes of iron wars! Speak tender homage to thy bounding steed: Cry ' Courage! to the field!' And thou must take Of sallies and retiries, of treach's, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilisks, of canons, culverin, Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heady light. 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 appeared, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden hurt. O, what portents are these? Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not.

**Hot.** What, ho!  **Enter Servant.**

**Serv.** Is Gillsian with the packet gone?  **Hot.** He is, my lord, an hour ago, [shriek!]

**Hot.** Hath Butler brought those horses from the [Sir.** One horse, my lord, he brought even now.**

**Hot.** What horse? a roan, a crock-spear, is it not? [shriek!]

**Serv.** It is, my lord.  **Hot.** That roan shall be my throne. Well, I will back him straight: O espérance! Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.  **[Exit Servant.**

**Lady.** But hear you, my lord.

**Hot.** What say'st thou, my lady?
ACT II.  FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE IV.

Lady.  What is it carries you away?
Hot.  Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady.  Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weariness both in the body and a deal of spleen
As you are to be 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, pray you parley, and answer me,
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot.  Away, Away, you triver! Love! I love thee not,
Leave me for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mammonets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.  God's me, my horse!
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst 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?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hot.  Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear
I love thee not, me, me, me, me, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must. I must; and, to conclude,
This evenning must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Than my Pery, so evident you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for who I believe.
The will not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady.  How! how so far?
Hot.  Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady.  It must of force.  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

Enter the Prince and Pains.
Prince.  Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room,
End me thy hand to laugh a little.
Pains.  Where hast been, Hal?
Prince.  With three or four log-headers amongst
Three or four score hogsheads, I have sounded
The very base-string of humility.
Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leach of drawers; and can call them all
By their christen 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 good company; and tell me nasty I am no powder
Like Falstaff, but a Cornishman, 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
Hats in Eastcheap.  They call drinking deep, dyeing
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
What is said, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,
Clapped even now into my hand by an under
Skinner, one that never spake other English in his
Life than 'Eight shilling and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon,
Anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-
moon,' or so.  But, Ned, to drive away the time
Till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some
By-room, while I question my pungy drawer to what
One gave me the sugar: and do thou never leave
calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing
But 'Anon.'  Step aside, and I will show thee a
Pains.  Francis!  [Pains.  [Exit Pains.
Prince.  Thou art perfect.
Pains.  Francis!  [Exit Pains.

Enter Francis.
Fran.  Anon, anon, anon, sir.  Look down into the
Pomgarret, Ralph.
Prince.  Come hither, Francis.
Fran.  My lord?
Prince.  How long hast thou to serve, Francis?
Fran.  Five years, and five years, and as much as to—
Pains.  [Within] Francis!
Fran.  Anon, anon, anon, sir.
Prince.  Five year!  In r'y lady, a long lease for the
Clinking of pewter.  But, Francis, darest thou be
So valiant as to play the coward with thy indument
And show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?
Fran.  O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the
Looks in England, I could find in my heart.
Pains.  [Within] Francis!
Fran.  Anon, anon, sir.
Prince.  How old art thou, Francis?
Fran.  I am five and twenty.  What about Michaelmas next I shall
Fran.  Anon, anon, sir.  Pray stay a little, my lord.
Prince.  Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar
Thou gavest me, I was a penn'worth, wasn't not?
Fran.  O Lord, I would it had been two!
Prince.  I will give thee for it a thousand pound:
Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.
Pains.  [Within] Francis!
Fran.  Anon, anon, anon.
Prince.  Anon, Francis?  No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday: or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!
Fran.  My lord?
Prince.  Witt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal
Button, not-pated, agate-ring, pane-stocking, caddis
Garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch.
Fran.  O Lord, sir, who do you mean?
Prince.  Why, then, your brown bastard is your
Only drink; for look you, sir, your white canvas
doubt will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to
Fran.  What, sir?  [So much.
Pains.  [Within] Francis!
Prince.  Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear
Them call?  Here they both call him; the draca
stands awaiz, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.
Vint.  What, standest thou still, and hearest such a
calling?  Look to the guests within.  [Exit Fran.
Prince.  My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more,
Are at the door: shall I let them in?
Prince.  Let them alone awhile, and then open
The door.  [Exit Vintner.  Pains!

Re-enter Pains.
Pains.  Anon, anon, anon, sir.
Prince.  Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves
Are at the door: shall we be merry?
Pains.  As merry as crickets, my lad.  But hark
You: what cunning match have you made with this
Jest of the drawer?  Come, what's the issue?
Prince.  I am now of all humours that have showed
Themselves, but these old days of good man
Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'Clock
At midnight.

Re-enter Francis.
What's o'clock, Francis?
Fran.  Anon, anon, sir.  [Exit.
Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of your mind. Some honest man of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my ron horse a drench," says he; and answers "Some more, man! am I hour after; 'a trick, a while.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife, "Rivo," says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; 
Francis following with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?
Fal. A plaque of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I had this life long, I'll sew neither stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plaque of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogues; and there no virtue extant but He drinks. 

Prince. Didst thou never see Titian kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titian, that melted at the sweet tale of the suns! if thou didst, then beheld that compound.

Fal. Thy name, here's line in this sack too: there is nothing but rogerry 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 manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I shot down. There live not three good unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plaque of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. Why, thou whoreson round man, what matter you?
Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath; and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, thou whoreson round man, what's the matter?
Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.
Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plaque upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if it-rogue is spoken.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.
Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plaque of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?
Fal. What the matter! there be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?
Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. 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 'seued by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! 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 dark-

Prince. Speak on.

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neas's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-ash! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-
yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck.

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tawd thyself in base comparisions, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and you masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you; 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 nimibly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and bear away as ever I heard babble. What a slave art thou, to back 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?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he made me. Why, hear you, 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 now 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?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy play

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your fathers.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Host. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Host. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight, and thus ask his answer?

Prince. Priftee, do, Jack.

Host. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

Prince. Now, sirs: by your lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince: no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to besmear our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed at it.

Prince. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hast thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meateers? do you behold these exhumations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they pretend?

Prince. Hot liverers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bone-hare. How now, my sweet creature of boubast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up and roars a black-pudding. There's villainous news abroad, here was Sir John Brayce from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad rellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amonmu the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegevoun upon the cross of a Welsh hook — what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to raise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand bluecaps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall be, withal, handier; they buy bonds 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 not thou horrible afraid? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that mad Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a wit, I'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly child to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, hence an answer.

Prince. 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.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-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 slay thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cymbeline's vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech: Stand aside, nobility. Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, I'faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are we.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!
Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen; for 'tis to stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O, then, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickenbrain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accomplished; for although the more it is troubled on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. Thou hast 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 hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be artless to me, here lies the reason why, being true to art, art so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a mitcher and eat blackberries? 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 deile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom: I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a comely; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage: and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'tredy, including to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be dually given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Hal, hal, hal, so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poacher's fool. Well, here I am set: [here.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My lord, from hence, [aus.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. Shroud, my lord, they are false: may, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, magistrates boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man: a man of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trash of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that sowner parcel of droppings, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree, that with the pudding in his belly, that notorious vice, that great iniquity, that father Thanet, 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 in all things? wherein way? Nothing.

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable miscreant of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. 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 had, the other day, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and marry be a sin, then many an old hest that I know is damned! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's sons be fat. If to be rich be a sin, No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: 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.

Prince. I do, I will. [A knocking heard.

[Exeunt Hostes, Francis, and Bardolph.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bord. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hosteses.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord! Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a faldistick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so. [Exit.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without in:

Fal. I deny thy 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 it shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out; and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious A gross fat man.

Cur. As fat as butter.

Prince. 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 charged withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks, Prince. It may be so: if he have robbed these men, He shall be answerable; and so far well.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is not so: what, is it not? Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and mouth like a horse.

Prince. Hak, how hard he fetches breath. Search
of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the night. With most all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow,  

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.
Upon the beauty of all parts besides, 
Beguiling them of commendation. [speed]
Hot Well, I am school'd: good manners be thy 
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.
Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me; 
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part with 
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars. [Percy
Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my amit 
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers 
him in the same.
Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-willed 
harloty, one that no persuasion can do good upon.
[The lady speaks again in Welsh.
I understand thy kisses and thou mine, 
And that's a feeling disposition:
But I will never be a traitor, love, 
Till I have learn'd th' language; for thy tongue 
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned, 
Sing by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[The lady speaks again in Welsh.
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this! [down
Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you 
And rest your gentle head upon her lap, 
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you 
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep, 
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness, 
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep 
As is the difference between day and night 
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed'f team 
Begins his golden progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing: 
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you 
With our fair lady's band, how long leagues from hence, 
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: 
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy
Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [clap
[The music plays.
Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh; 
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.
Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, 
for you are altogether governed by humors. Lie 
still; ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh. [Irish
Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?
No.
Lady P. Then be still.
Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.
Lady P. Now God help thee! 
Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady P. What's that? 
Hot. Peace! she sings.
[He the lady sings a Welsh song.
Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not mine, in good sooth! Heart! you swear 
lke a foolish seller's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' 
and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' 
and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, 
as if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Sware me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good month-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'  
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread;  
ToVelvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.  

Come, come, Lord Merver; you are as hot  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
[Exit.]

SCENE II. — London. The palace.  

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.  

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I  
[hand,  
Must have some private conference; but be hear at  
For we shall presently have need of you.  

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;  
And that the least of his enemies  
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven  
To punish my mistradesties. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art melted with, from heart to heart,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?  

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quiet all offences with as clear excuse  
As well as I am doubtless I can purge  
Myself of many I am charged withal:  
Yet such extenuation let me beg.  
As, in reproof of many tales devised,  
Which off the ear of greatness needs must hear,  
By swelling pick-thanks and base newmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath been infect'd.  

Find pardon on my true submission.  

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood:  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically doth forthink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputation banishment,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at:  
That men would tell their children 'This is he:'  
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'  
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility.  
That in the eyes of nations, heart's  
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 pontificial,  
Never seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast  
And won by rareness such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
With shail'd jesters and Rashkin wits.  
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
Had his great name profaned with their scorns  
And gave his countenance, against his name,  
To laugh at glibing boys and stand the push  
Of every base and vanitory companion.  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Ente'd himself to popularity:  
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
They surfeited with honey and began  
To bothe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
More than a little by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes  
As, sick and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:  
But rather drowz'd and hung their eyelids down,  
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.  
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;  
For thou hast lost the Christian credit  
With vile participation: not an eye  
But is a weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;  
Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.  

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
Be more myself.  

King. For all the world  
As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
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 fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being marked man, means thou,  
Ages ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms,  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
Holds from all realms chief majority  
And military title capital.  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ;  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discontented great Douglas, taken him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the hand with deep clad 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  
Capitulate against us and are up.  

Wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
Base inclination and the start of spleen,  
To fight against me under Percy's pay.  

To dog his heels and curst at his troves,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.  

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so;  
And God forgive them that so much have sward  
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
I hold to tell the story of your son; 
When I shall wear a garment all of blood
And amid flings and javelins, the brow of Heaven
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it;
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his limb,
Would they were multiplied, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my father, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperate:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a thousand thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Then shall have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word [of.
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
It promises he keep on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.
King, The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward:
On Thursday we ourselves will march; our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire, by which account,
Our hands are valued, who3says hence,
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet,
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

SCENE III.—Bostock's. The Door's Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away visibly since this last action? do I not hate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, 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 young man was to be a masquer; sworn little; died not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter — of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you

must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. The sooner we are behind, the more secure you think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel;' but then art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou runnest up Gasdhill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and touches, and now with these to the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the skell that thou hast drunk me would have bought lights as good cheap at the dearer Chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that samdamder of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly! [burned.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the title of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who is it? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Aye, true, hostess: I have been a sirren, and shut my ears against a man's speaking.

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 pocketing of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, hollond of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younger of one? shall I not take mine own 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 Jean, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how off, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a jack, a sneak-cup; 's blood, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would so say.

Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets them playing on his trombone like a jife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, 't faith? must we all march?
ACT IV.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE I.

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.
Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.
Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly?
How dost thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.
Host. Good my lord, hear me.
Fal. Prif thee, let her alone, and list to me.
Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?
Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, but my pocket picked; this house is turned bawdy-house: they pick pockets.
Prince. What dost thou lose, Jack?
Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.
Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.
Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, by my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.
Prince. What! he did not?
Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in men else.
Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prunes; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go talk thing, go.
Host. 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.
Prince. 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 knave, thou!
Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he shan't see me most grossly.
Host. Do as my lord, and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.
Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?
Fal. A thousand pound. Hal! a million! thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.
Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.
Fal. Did I, Bardolph?
Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.
Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.
Prince. I say 'tis copper: dares thou be as good as thy word now?
Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but not much duller; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.
Prince. And why not as the lion?
Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion:
dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.
Prince. O, it 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 murther. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and a house of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were encrusted 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. Dest thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?
Prince. It appears so by the story.
Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee; go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prif thee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?
Prince. 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.
Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do nothing.
Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.
Bard. Do, my lord.
Prince. 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 be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I land them, I praise them.
Bard. Bardolph!
Fal. My lord, my lord.
Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John: this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [Exit Bardolph.] Go, Peto, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. [Exit Peto.] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high.
And either we or they must lower lie. [Exit.]
Fal. Rare words! brave words! Hostess, my breakfast, come!
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [Exit.
Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you. 

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself? 

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick. 

Hot. What news! how has he the leisure to be sick 
In such a justling time? Who leads his power? 
Under whose government come they along? 
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed? 

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; 
And at the time of my departure thence 
He was much fear'd by his physicians. 

Wor. If I should the state of time had first been whole 
Even by sickness had been visited: 
His health was never better worth than now. 

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth in 
The very life-blood of our enterprise: 
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp, 
He writes me here, that inward sickness — 
And that his friends by reputation could not 
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet 
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust 
On any soul removed but on his own. 
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement, 
That with our small conjunction we should on, 
To chase the weather from our wings. 
For, as he writes, there is no quailing 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 hamb lopp'd o'it: 
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want 
Seems more than we shall find it; were it good 
To set the exact wealth of all our states 
All at one cast? to set so rich a main 
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour? 
It were not good; for therein should we read • 
The very bottom and the soul of hope, 
The very list, the very utmost bound 
Of all our fortunes, 

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should; 
Where now remains a sweet reversion; 
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what 
Is to come in: 
A comfort of retirement lives in this. 

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto, 
If that the devil and mischance look big 
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs. 

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here. 
The quality and hair of our attempt 
Brooks so division; it will be missed sight 
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 action 
And breed a kind of question in our cause; 
For well you know we of the offering side 
Must keep aloof from strict arbritment, 
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence 
The eye of reason may pry in upon us: 
This absence of your father's draws a curtain, 
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear 
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. 

I rather of his absence make this use; 
It leads a lustre and more great opinion, 
A larger dare to our great enterprise.

Thank God we were here, for men must think, 
If we without his help can make a head 
To push against a kingdom, with his help 
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. 
Yet all goes well, yet all our junctures are whole. 

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word 
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul. 

Vern. Pr'ythee God my news be worth a welcome, lord. 
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong, 
Is marching hitherwards: with him Prince John. 

Hot. No harm: what more? 

Vern. And further, I have learn'd, 
The king himself in person is set forth, 
Or hitherwards intended speedily. 

Hot. With strong and mighty preparation. 

Vern. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son, 
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales, 
And his companions, that daff'd the world aside, 
And bid it pass? 

Hot. All furnish'd, all in arms; 

Doug. All plumed like ostriches that with the wind 
Baited like eagles having lately bathed; 
Glittering in golden coats, like images; 
As full of spirit as the month of May, 
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer; 
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls. 
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on, 
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd, 
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury, 
And vault'd with such case into his seat, 
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds, 
To turn the world into a temple 

Dong. And with the world a 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 fire-eyed maid of smoky war 

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet. 

Hot. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sonnet. 

Doug. What may the king's whole battle reach unto? 

Vern. To thirty thousand. 

Hot. Forty let it be: 

Doug. My father and Glendower being both away, 
The powers of us may serve so great a day. 
Come, let us take a master speedily: 

Dong. Doomsday is near: die all, die merrily. 

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear 

Dong. Of death or death's hand for this one-half year. 

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; 

Doug. Let me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through; 

Fal. We'll to Sutton Co'll to-night. 

Doug. Will you give me money, captain? 

Fal. Lay out, lay out. 

Doug. This bottle makes an angel. 

Fal. An if I do, take it for my labour; and if it make above twenty, take them all: I'll answer the coinage. 

Doug. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end. 

Fal. I will, captain: farewell. 

[Exit. 

Doug. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused garnet. I have misused the king's press damnable. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds, I press me none but good householders, yeoman's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as are used to see the lasting com-
modity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum: such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowle or a hurl wild-luck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and not for service: my fingers, such as my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluton's dogs licked his sores: and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-
men, younger sons to younger brothers, revoked tapstiers and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced 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 druff and hauds. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, 'tis that day I flushed them to 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 throwed over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Scaut Allon's, or the red-nose tankneyer of Daventry. But that all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland. 

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quit! 

Fat. What! Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry thee 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 far as all: we must make haste.

Fat. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. 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?

Fat. Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fat. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder: they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too leggery.

Fat. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fat. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too 

Fat. Well, [long. 

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast Fills a dull Lighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.


Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. [Not a whit.


Hot. A'is his certain, ours is doubtful. 

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night. Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. 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 on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives: Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content. 

Hot. To-night, say I. 

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, Being men of such great leading as you are, That you foresee not what impediments

Drum back our expedition: certain horse Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up: Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a horse buteleys up itself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated and brought low; The better part of ours are full of rest. 

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours: For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. 

[The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God some of us love you well; and even those some Envy your great deservings and good name, Because you are not of our quality, But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so, So long as out of limit and true rule You stand against us.

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefs, and whereupon You conjure from the breast of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land Andaudacious cruelty. If that the king Have any way your good deserts forgot, Which he confesseth to be manifold, He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed You shall have your desires with interest And pardon absolute for yourself and these Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind: and well we know the king Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. My father and my uncle and myself Did give him that same royalty he wears; And when he was not six and twenty strong, Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low, A poor unmanned outlaw sneaking home, My father gave him welcome to the shore: And when he heard him swear and vow to God He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, To sue his livery and beg his peace, With tears of innocency and terms of zeal, My father, in kind heart and pity marked; Swore him assistance and performance of it too. Now when the lords and barons of the realm Perceived Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cap and knee; Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him  
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
Stepped nea a little higher than his yow  
Made to his father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
That he too heavy on the commonwealth,  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.  
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.  
Hot. Then to the point.  
In short time after, he deposed the king;  
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;  
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,  
Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
Disgraced me in my happy victories,  
Sought to entrap me by Intelligence,  
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and withal to pay  
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 impav'd  
Some surely for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.  
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.  
Hot. And may be so we shall.  
Blunt. Pray God you do.  
[Exeunt.]

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.  
Arch. He, good Sir Michael; hear this sealed brief  
With winning players to the haste  
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.  
Sir M. My good lord,  
I guess their tenant.  
Arch. Like enough you do,  
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must hide the touch: for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king with mighty and quick-raised power  
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinue too  
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.  
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.  
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there,  
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.  
[Drawn Arch.  
And so there is: but yet the king hath  
The special head of all the band together:  
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;  
And many more will come and clear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.  
Opposed.  
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well  
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;  
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our contemperary,  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste. I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.  
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's camp near Shrewsbury.  
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.  
King. How bloody the sun begins to peer  
Above your busy hill? the day looks pale  
At his highest temperature.  
Prince. The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foretells a tempest and a blastering day.  
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.  
[The trumpet sounds.  
Enter Worcester and Vernon.  
How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As how we meet. You have deceived our trust,  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
And move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhaled meteor,  
A prodigy of fear and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?  
Wor. Hear me, my liege.  
For my own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours: for I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.  
[Then?  
King. You have not sought it? how comes it  
For it Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our contemperary,  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste. I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.  
[Exeunt.]

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That brought you home and boldly did outbear
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did purpose nothing 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall’n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain’d badly in your face and on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that hild the king
So long as his uncle was on the throne.
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly wold
To grieve the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being feil by us you used us so
As that ungentle guil, the cuckoo’s bird,
Usest the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety, to fly
Out of our sight and off our lord’s head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth.
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise:
King. These things indeed you have articulat’d,
Proclaim’d at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion.
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontented,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hungrily innovation;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impart his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of yellmell havoc and confusion.
Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter.
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a Braver gentleman
Mongst all his valiant, no; but yet young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive.
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father’s majesty
I am content that he should take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
[Thee.
King. And, Prince of Wales; so dare we venture
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin’s part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I’ll be his:
So tell them of this to some my messenger.
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair; take it advisedly.
[Exit Worcester and Vernon.
Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.
King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!
[Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.
Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle
And play the most active valiant part,
I trust thou wilt take particular care
With me, and do me no wrong.
Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewelle.
Fal. I would ’t were bed-time, Hal, and all well.
Fal. ’Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him
Before this has come to full consumption.
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly wold
To grieve the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being feil by us you used us so
As that ungentle guil, the cuckoo’s bird,
Usest the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety, to fly
Out of our sight and off our lord’s head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth.
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise:
King. These things indeed you have articulat’d,
Proclaim’d at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion.
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontented,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hungrily innovation;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impart his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of yellmell havoc and confusion.
Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter.
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a Braver gentleman
Mongst all his valiant, no; but yet young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive.
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father’s majesty
I am content that he should take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
[Thee.
King. And, Prince of Wales; so dare we venture
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin’s part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I’ll be his:
So tell them of this to some my messenger.
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair; take it advisedly.
[Enter Worcester and Vernon.
Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:

SCENE II.—The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.
Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
Richard.
The liberal and kind offer of the king.
Ver. ’T were best he did,
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be.
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne’er so tame, so cherish’d and lock’d up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merry,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall.
The better cherish’d, still the nearer death.
My nephew’s trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege.
A bare-brain’d Hotspur, govern’d by a spleen;
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father’s; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta’en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, give him counsel, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will; I’ll say ‘tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.
Hot. My uncle is return’d;
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Dou. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Dou. MLongitude, Harry, and I am willing. [Exit.
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn;
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With naughty arms this hateful name in us.
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

[ Bought
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shalt it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [They fight. Douglas kills
Blunt.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
[thus,
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies
Hot. Where? [the king,
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no! I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was; his name was Blunt;
Scornfully 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 marching in his coats.
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder off his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Untill I meet the king.

Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Excunat.

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.
Soft! who are you? 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 head out of me!
I need no more weight than mine own bowels,
I have led my regiment where they are peppered,
there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive;
and they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
[sword;
Under the hoots of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreavenged? I prithee, lend me
thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms
As I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have
made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I
prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal; if Percy be alive, thou
get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.
Prince. Give it me: what is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will
such a city. [The Prince draws it out, and finds it
to be a bottle of sack.

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and daily now?
[He throws the bottle at him. [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 carbouloide of me.
I like not such grining honour as Sir Walter hath;
give me life: which if I can save, so, if not, honour
comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.

SCENE IV. — Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince,
John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmorland.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bless't too much.

[Enter
Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmorland.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amuse your friends.
King. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent:
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stains would not likely be brock'd.

And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
Lan. We breathe too long; come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exew.]

**Enter Douglas.**

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's
In the Douglas, fatal to all those heads:
That comb their generous tresses in their colours:
What art thou, That counterfeiter at the person of a king?

King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at
So many of his shadows than hast met
Heart and not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But seeing thou fall'st in fortune so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeiter;
And yet, in faith, thou be'st one like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight: the King's life is in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.]

Prince. Hold up thy head, vide Scot, or thou art
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Like of villainous Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[They fight: Douglas flies.]

Cheerly, my lord: how far we are to give!
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In the most necessary part of the field, to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have left alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world
And saved the treacherous habour of your son.

[Exit Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.]

**Enter Hotspur.**

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I two had deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two strong hands must form 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!

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
Scene V.—Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke, Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace, Pardon and terms of love to all of you?

Prince. I did: I saw him dead. [alive? Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight? I prithee, speake: we shall not trust our eyes Without our ears: then art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [throwing 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. [dead.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee [Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. 'Ft' 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.

Prince. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he [Exeunt and Vernon, guarded.]

King. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you [Exeunt.]

King. This honourable bounty shall belong: go to the Douglas, and deliver him [Exeunt.]

Prince. To meet Northumberland and the pretate Scroop, Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Henry, will towards Wales, To fight with Gloucester and the Earl of March. Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day: And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exeunt.
THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Rumour, the Presenter.
Sir John Falstaff.
King Henry the Fourth.
His Page.
Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards
Bardolph.
King Henry V.
Pistol.
Thomas, Duke of Clarence,
Points.
Prince John of Lancaster,
Peto.
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester,
Shallow,
Earl of Warwick.
) country justices.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Silence.
Earl of Surrey.
Davy, Servant to Shallow.
Gower.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bulcalf,
Harcourt.
recruits.
Blunt.
Lady Northumberland.
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench,
Lady Percy.
A Servant of the Chief Justice.
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
Earl of Northumberland.
Doll Tearsheet.
Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles,
Lord Mowbray.
Grooms, &c.
Lord Hastings.
A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.
Lord Bardolph.
SCENE—England.
Sir John Coleville.
Travers and Morton, retainers of Northumberland.

INDUCTION.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page liw.]

Workworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual soldiers ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Studding 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 prepared defence.
While the big year, sown with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted hea ls,
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 rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his moistened 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 firing 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.]
SCENE I. — The same.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

Porter. Where is the earl?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl that the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Porter. His lordship is walk'd forth to the orchard.

L. Bard. Please it your honour, knock but at the gate, and he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

Edw. Porter. North. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute should be the father of some stratagem: how the times are wild; contention, like a horse Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl, I had that certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will! L. 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 Kildy by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John And Westmorland and Stafford died the field; And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the bulk Sir John, Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day, So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won, Came not till now to dignify the times, Since Caesar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived? Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, A gentleman well bred and of good name, That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-saw him on the way; And he is furnished with no certainties More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Travers. My lord, Sir John Umfreveil turn'd me back With joyful tidings; and, being better housed, Outrove me. After him came spurring hard A gentleman, almost forspent with speed, That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse. He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him I did demand what news from Shrewsbury; He told me that rebellion had bad luck And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold. With that, he gave his able horse the head, And bending forward struck his armed heels Against the panting sides of his poor jade Up to the rowel-head, and starting so He seem'd in running to devour the way, Stopping no longer question.

North. Ha! Again: Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold? Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what; If my young lord your son have not the day,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE II.

As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, I tell you, brings them up.
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind;
And doth enliven his rising with the blood
Of other kings by their own ashes set alight:
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but, to speak truth,
This is revealed to me, and is wiped from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. A street.

Enter 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 homely water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed 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 litter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will insert 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 grown in the person of you than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence of it out: and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ nothing, since his father was a bachelor. He must keep his own graces, but 's almost out of mine. I can assure him. What said Master Dumbdellon about the satin for my short cloak and my stopes?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his hand and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forswain knife! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of hair at their cheeks; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratskine in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and one sends not security. Well, let me 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.
Act I. Second Part of King Henry IV. Scene II.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield; an' I could get me but a wife in the stews, I was married, horded, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait a while; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What is he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an' I please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Serv. Ch. Falstaff! Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, push him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? doth not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but this, 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.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had laid in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wilt better be hanged. You hunt counter; hence! avante!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. As good as done! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad! I heard say your lordship was sick; I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I must humbly beseech your lordship to have mercy on your wealth.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty; you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of letting in your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of disease.

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 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 Jael, my lord, but not so hardy: my physicians may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you by my life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in ease.

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 the dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gaff a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little glibbed over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unequity for your quiet over-joyning or skimming from him.

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 lit burth out.

Fal. A wassail 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 gravv, gravv, gravv.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light: but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is tured by a ranker; and, though he be a poor lordship, he hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent 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 do measure the heart of our lives 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? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fire, he, lie, 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 your voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not; the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding: and he that will call age a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.
ACT I.  
SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY IV.  
SCENE III.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!  
Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.  
Ch. Just. And I see the bargain th'other day cut with your hand.  
Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.  
Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.  
But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, and that attended the play in a hot day; bid by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a 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 ever: but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. It ye 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 a rust than to be scour'd to nothing with a splendid motion.  
Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!  
Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?  
Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare well; commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.  
[Exit Chief-Justice and Serjeant.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-tom-beetle.  
A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees 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, that our names know where to find me.  
[Exit Page.]  
A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. "Tis no matter if I do halit: 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.  
The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, and Bardolph.

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?  
Month. I well allow the occasion of our arms;  
And 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.  
Host. Our present masters grow upon the file  
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;  
And all our strength largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.  
[Exit Month.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, stand—  
Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland?  
Host. With him, we may.  
L. Bard. Yea, 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 business here by sea and land;  
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.  
Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury. [Iprue,  
L. Bard. It was my lord who bid me myself with  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself in project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:  
And so, with great imagination  
Proper to madness, led his powers to death  
And winging hope into execution.  
Host. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.  
L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,  
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot  
Lives so in hope as in an early spring;  
And if we see the appearing bud; which to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair.  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we do? We lay down the model  
In fewer offices, or last desist  
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,  
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down  
And set another up, should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model,  
Conjecture upon a sure foundation.  
Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his oppose; or else  
We fortify in paper and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men:  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it: who, half through,  
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds  
And waste for curdish wight's tyranny.  
Host. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,  
Should be still-born, and that our hope possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation,  
I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king. [thousand?  
L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty  
Host. To us no more; may, not so much, Lord Bar-  
For his divining forces: which to prove [dolph.  
Are in three heads: one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower: perforce a third  
Must take up us; so is the unform king  
In three divided; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.  
[Together  
Arch. Then he could draw his several strengths  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.  
Host. If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that. [ahir  
L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces  
Host. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland:  
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mounmouth:  
But who is substituted against the French,  
I have no certain notice.  
Arch. Let us on,  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;  
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many, with what loud applause  

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ACT II.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE I.

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke, Before he was what thou wouldst have him be! And being now trium'd in thine own desires, Thou, beauteous feeder, art so full of him, Thy sword in thy own hand to cut him up. So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard; And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up, And how'st to find it. What trust is in these times? They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head When through proud London he came sighing on After the admired heels of Bolingbroke, Creest of thy youth, yield that king again, And take thou this! O thou, thou art not excused! Past and to come seems best: things present worst. 

Morb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set on? 
Host. We are time's subjects, and time bids he gone.

ACT II.


Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your woman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare. 
Snare. Here, here.

Host. Fang, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Fang. Ye, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon put out; he will go like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but list him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going: I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure; good Master Snare, let him not escape. A' comes continually to Pincorner—saving your manhoods—to buy a Sunday; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lubber street, to Master Smooth the silkman: I pray ye, since my exon is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred marks is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been furred off, and furred off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsmen's knife, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices; Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the queen in the channel. 

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.
ACT II.  
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  
SCENE II.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it doth me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Dost it not show visibly in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely spoken of as a commoner so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got: for, by my truth, 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? To be too familiar? or to know the thy tomorrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as then hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to cat up thy holland; and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are 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?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. 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 to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hard upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art in, in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. 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?
ACT II.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE III.

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear to a thousand hairs: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph?

Bard. Come, this villain, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's headmen?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright ruffian, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althaea's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Bard. Althaea's dream was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is suspense to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the marlinspike, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dotes not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [Reads] 'John Falstaff, knight,—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself, even like these that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap: 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:

Poins. [Reads] 'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greetings.' Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace!

Poins. [Reads] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity: he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. 'I commend me to thee; I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle time; thou mayest do so, farewell. 'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.'

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your son?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. 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. Ye, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Say, what company with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper? [you.

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your tongue.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice! a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.

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: [ker,
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady X. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

North. Ahas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it. [wars,
Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these
Time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven 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 bounties; but he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made him blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, honours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion’d others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconed by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur’s name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do you bless his 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 grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste. [Exit.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer’d: so came I a widow:
And never shall hate length of life enough
To ruin upon remembrance with mine eyes.
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recollection to my noble husband.

Mind North. Extraordinarily as heart would desire:
And with my as the tide swell’d up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fair 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. [Exit.

SCENE IV. — London. The Boar’s-Head Tavern
in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

First Drawe. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot
endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told
him there were five more Sir John, and, putting off
his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six
dry, round, old, withered knights. It angered him
to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Drawe. Why, then, cover, and set them down;
and see if thou canst find out Sneak’s noise; Miss,
Tresssheet would fain hear some music.
Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot:
they’ll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and
Master Poins anon: and they will put on two of
our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not
know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Drawe. By the mass, here will be old Uis:
it will be an excellent stroke, and,
Sec. Draw. I’ll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tresssheet.

Host. I faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are
in your excellent good temperaleness: your pulsegale
beats as excellent: and if you beat so hard, and
your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in
good truth, la! But, I faith, you have drunk too
much canaries; and that’s a marvellous searching
wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say
‘What’s this?’ How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was; hem!

Host. Why, that’s well said: a good heart’s worth
gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [Sing.] When Arthur first in court— Empty
the Jordan. [Exit First Drawer.]-[Sing.] And was a worthy king. How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm,
they are sick.

Dol. You maddly rascal, is that all the comfort
you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make
them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you
help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you,
Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue,
grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. ‘You brooches, Sir,’ for to serve bravely is to
come halting off, you know: to come off the beach with his pike bent bravely,
and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged
chambers bravely.—

Dol. Hang yourself, you maddly conger, hang
yourself.

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you
two never meet but you fall to some discord; you
are both, I see, as rheumatic as two dry toast:
you cannot one bear with another’s con-
firmities. What the good-year! one must bear,
and that must be you: you are the weaker
vessel, as they say home; Sir, you would bless me,
if, after this, you would have the merest
hulk better studded 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 First Drawer.

First Drawe. Sir, Ancient Pistol’s below, and
would speak with you.

Fal. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not
come thither: it is the tout-mouth’d rogue in
England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no,
by my faith; I must live among my neighbours:
I’ll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame
with the very best; shut the door; there comes no
swaggerers here; I have not lived all this while, to
have swaggering now; shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there
comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, we’ll tell you: your
ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I
was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t’other day: and,
as he said to me, ’t was no longer ago than Wed-
nesday last, ’I good faith, neighbour Quickly,’
says he; Master Dunbe, our minister, was by them:
‘neighbour Quickly,’ says he, ‘receive those that
are civil: for,’ said he, ‘you are in an ill name: ’
now a’ 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:
deceive,’ says he, ‘no swaggering companions.’
There comes none, you would bless me to hear what he said: no, I’ll no swaggerers.

Fal. He’s no swagguer, hostess; a taunt cheater,
Excit First Drawer.

Host. Cather, call yon him? I will bar no honest church, nor no cather; I tell you, do not have swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an't were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, si: you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no poors nor no bullets: I think no more then will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I shall seom, scravy companion. What poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate thou, thou mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, and you play the swete cuttle with me. Away, you Bottom-rascal! you basket-hilt stick-swinging vagabond! when I pr'y you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulde? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cather, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you shaffe, for what? for tearning a poor whores ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy,' which was an excellent good word before it was all sorted: therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Harke thee listen, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not 1. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could hear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first: to Plato's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebos and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, f.aiors! Have we not tinned here?

Host. Good Captain Poesel, be quiet: 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choicer.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-And hollow prepper'd jades of Asia, horses Which cannot go but thirty mile a day, Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cæsars: and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl.

Pist. They mean like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not tinned 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 Calippolis. Come, give us some sack. If fortune me torment, I spanto me contento. Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack: and, sweetness, lie thou there.

[Throwing down his sword.

Come we to full points here; and are etecters

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet. Nothing?

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neft: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Therm him down stairs! know we not Galloway mags?

Fal. Quit him down, Bardolph, like a shovegroat shining: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What shall we have incision? shall we imbume?

[Scratching up his sword.

Then doth I rack me asleape, and abide my olden days! Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritis and frights. So, murder, I warrant now. Ahs, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Exit Pistel and Bardolph.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone, Ah, you whoreon little villan villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shred thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweetest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whorish chaps! all, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worthy five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies; ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darset for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheeets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal braggling slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I faith, and thou followest him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew four-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 Poids, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.
Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread.

Dol. By heaven, sir, he speaks a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, laboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a maulet.

Why does the prince love him so, then?

Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' will quit stools well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flag-drags, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for which the prince admits him; for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this have of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Dol. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poius. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poius. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not hising to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Thou dost give me fluttering busses.

By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

I am old, I am old.

I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

What stuff wilt have a kittle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday; shall have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come; it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so; prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return; well, hearken at the end.

Some sack, Francis.

Prince. Anon, anon, sir. [Coming forward]

Fal. Had a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poius his brother?

Prince. Why, thou gibes of sinful continents, while life doth thou lead?

A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art well. How, thou fat fool! I scorn you. [Come.

Poius. My lord, he will drive you out of your reveries; he will turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so he shall by Poius.

Didst thou hear me?

Yea, 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.
ACT III.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE I.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fad. Farewell, farewell. [Exit Falstaff and Bardolph.]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come peacod-time; but an honest and true-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Westminster. The palace.

Enter the King in his night gown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earl of Surrey and of Warwick:
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, and well consider of them: make good speed.

[Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I offended thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hasten'st with buzzing nightgirdles to thy slumber, That in the fearful chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And hull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In louthsome beds, and leavest the kingly coach
A watch-case or a common Tarun-bell?
Will thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude impertinents surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most silent night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deign it to a king?—Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?—War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past, lords.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords:
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. 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 restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cold.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times,
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea: and, other things, to see
The beathy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's ships: how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

This is not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot,
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was—but
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,—
When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,

[To Warwick]

Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne:'

Though then, O God! I knew, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' so went on
For telling this same time's condition
And the division of our unity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie untreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. 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 soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours performe must add
Unto your sickness.

King. 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.—Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting: Mouldy, Shadow, War,Feeble, Bulcalf, a Servant or two with them.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?
Act III.

Second Part of King Henry IV. Scene II.

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your belfellow? and your mostest daughter and mine, my goddaughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black osell, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By sea and may, 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. A' must, then, to the lim's o' court shortly.

Sil. You were called 'hasil Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and romantely too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Spiele, a Cotswold man: you had not four such swinge-bucklers on all the lims o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bonas-robas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Richmond.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogian's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I meet with the Sampson Stockfish, a fruit-water, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stanford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow: and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt lived him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score: and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's work to see. How a score of eyes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good eues may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead? (I think.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as

Enter Bardolph and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen; I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. Lord mount, 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 wordsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir: and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated: it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated: it comes of "accommodate"; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Call me your name? 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 excel-

cealing good command, by heaven. Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or when a man is, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.

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 Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

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? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, ye: marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so. Let me see: where is Mouldy?

Mord. Here, an't please you.


Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mord. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time than worth used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, I faith! things that are monthly lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Mord. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Goto; peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Mord. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see; Simon Shallow?

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Mord. Sir John, whose son art thou?

Shol. 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 much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow's son for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the murs.


Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yes, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Wart. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon his pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! that you can do it, sir: you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

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ACT III.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE II.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?
Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' pricked you. Will thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's waist?—[When he has gone] more.
Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no
Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnificent mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.
Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st 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 formidable Feeble. It shall suffice, [Feeble.]
Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who
Shal. Peter Bulcalf o' the green! [Is next?]
Fal. Ye, marry, let 's see Bulcalf.
Bull. Here, sir.
Fal. 'Tis Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bulcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—
Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?
Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Bull. A whorseon cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I catch with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day. I say's fore thee's Feeble.
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?
Shel. 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 marry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shel. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?
Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shel. Ha! 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?
Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.
Shel. She never could away with me.
Fal. Nay, she could, sir; she always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shel. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-rola. Dost she hold her own
Fal. Oth, old, Master Shallow. [Well?
Shel. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old, certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's.
Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shel. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?
We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shel. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come, come.

[Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.
Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as liefe he hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and have a part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.
Mont. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, my stand 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,
Bard. Go to, to; stand aside. [Sir.
Fal. By my troth, I care not: a man can die but once; we owe it to him: I'll get her bear her mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man is too good to serve a prince; and let it go which way it will, that he dies this year is quit for the next.
Bard. Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.

[Exit. Falstaff.}

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.
Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?
Shel. Four of which you please.
Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Moudly and Bulcalf.
Fal. Go to; well.
Shel. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?
Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shel. Mardy, then. Moudly, Bulcalf, Feeble and Moudly and Bulcalf: for you, Moudly, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bulcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shel. Sir John, Sir John, do you 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 for the limb, the thewes, the stature, the bone, and the parts. Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here 's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that giblets on the brewer's bucket. And this same hath-faced fellow, Shallow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a 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, chapt, laid shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou 'rt a good scab; hold, the Shallow, thou hast city for the next.
Shel. 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 do it all about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say: 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night, Bardolph, give the soldiers cots.

Shel. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house: let our old acquaintance be renewed; perchance I will with ye to the court.
Fal. 'Tis Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shel. Goto; I have spoke a word. God keep you.
Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [Exit. Justices.] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exit. Bardolph. Recitative, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starred justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about
Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-pie; when a' was naken, he seized the hilts of his sword with an arm, a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife; a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fortune, and sung three tunes to the over-stung lustwives that he heard the carnal whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his goodnights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' never saw him but once in the Tift-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshals' men, and said, 'Tis a man I am not he, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble huntboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he hand and beves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a profession of two stanzas to me: if the young dace be a lait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him.

Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Archbishop. What is this forest call'd? [grace.

Mowbray. 'T is Gaultree Forest, an' shall please your Grace.

Archbishop. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers To know the numbers of our enemies. [forth

Mowbray. We have sent forth already.

Archbishop. 'T is well done, My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have received New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus: Here doth he wish his person with such powers As might hold sortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retired, to ride his growing fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers That your attempts may overlie the hazard And fearful meeting of their opposite. [ground

Mowbray. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch In dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Now, what news? [West

Westmorland. West. Westmoreland. Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy: And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbray. The just proportion that we gave them out, Let us away on and face them in the field.

Archbishop. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland.


Archbishop. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in What doth concern your coming? Then, my lord, Unto your grace do I in chief address The substance of my speech. If that rebellion Came like itself, in base and abject routs, Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags, And comenanced by boys and beggary, I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd, In his true, native and most proper shape, You, revered father, and these noble lords Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of leases bloody sacrilege.

Westmorland. With your fair honour's leave, lord archbishop, Whose see is by a civil peace maintaine'd, Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd, Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd, Whose white investments figure innocence, The dove and very blessed spirit of peace, Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace, Into the harsh and bolstersome tongue of war? Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood, Your pens to lances and your tongue divine To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Archbishop. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands. Briefly to this end: we are all diseased, And with our infirmities more than hours Have brought ourselves into a burning fever, And we must belee for it; of which disease Our late king, Richard, being infected, died, But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland, I take not on me here as a physician, Nor do I as his enemy can offer it: Troop in the throns of military men; But rather show awhile like fearful war, To diet rank minds sick of happiness And purge the obstructions which begin to stop Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly. I have in equal balance justly weigh'd [suffer, What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we And find our griefs heavier than our offences. We see which way the stream of time doth run, And are enforced from our most quiet there By the rough torrent of occasion; And have the summary of all our griefs, when time season'd, set forth in articles; Which long ere this we offer'd to the king, And might by no suit 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, Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms, Not to break peace or any branch of it, But to establish here a peace indeed, Concurring both in name and quality. Westmorland. West. Westmoreland. When ever yet was your appeal denied? Wherein have you been galled by the king? What peer hath been born and to grate on you, Of forged 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 is not wrong for you. Mowbray. Mowbray. 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, but both you injuries.
Yet for your part, it doth not appear
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a griev on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your peer and right well remember'd father's?
Mowb. What that the king did through the warlike down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself and all their lives
That by indiction and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Boleingrooke.
West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have
But if your father had been victor there, [smiled]
He never had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general view
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king,
But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And policy, from policy, take care.
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 bell is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.
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. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name;
I muse you make so slight a sudden voice.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd.
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That is to say, in this Weald, are Acquainted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace. [lords, West. This will I show the general. Please you,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
[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
Upon such large terms and so absolute [peace
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Yea, but our valuations 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. [weary
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revised we greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no toll-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 doubts present occasion;
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unmix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:
So that this hand, like an offensive wife
That hath curaged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.
Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.
Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be 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: pleasure your lordship.
To make 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.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards the Archbishop, Hastings, and others; from the other side, Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Enraptured 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,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. Scene III.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to.'

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit. Much so much the worse, if your own rule be true.

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!

Arch. That had been cheerful after victory. A peace is of the nature of a conquest; For then both parties nobly are subdued, And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord, and let our army be discharged too.

Re-enter Westmorland.

Arch. And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains March by us, that we may peruse the men We should have coped with.

Lan. Go, good Lord Hastings, and, ere they be dismissed, let them march by. [Exit Hastings.

Re-enter Hastings.

Host. My lord, our army is dispersed already: Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses.

West. Not so, west, north, south: or, like a school broke Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

Westmorland. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings: for the I do assure thee, traitor, of high treason: Which and you, lord archbishop, and you, lord Mowbray, Of capital treason I attach you both.

Arch. Is this proceeding just and honourable? West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Host. I pawn'd thee none: I promised you redress of these same grievances Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honor, I will perform with a most Christian care. [Exit; But for you, rebels, look to taste the due Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours. Most shallowly did you these arms commence, Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence. Strike up our drums, pursue the scattered stray: God, and roll we, hath safely over-tak'd you, Some guards bear these traitors to the block of death, Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another part of the forest.

A l a r u m. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are you not Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.
Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my woub, my woub, my woub, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now:
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Westmoreland.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come: That's like to do with those sticks on your life.
One time or other break some gallow's back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. What of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may say, I have met with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcome.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your delusion.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad also, with mine own picture on the top on 't. Colevile kissing my foot: to the which cause if I be enforced, if you do not all show like galt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the chinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Cole. And a famous true subject took him, my lord, but as true as others are that led me hither: had they been ruled by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates

To York, to present execution:

Blunt, lead him hence and see you guard him sure.

[Execut Bhout and others with Colevile.]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick;
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him, And other woe of your speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition, Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Execut all but Falstaff.]

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young scurvy-looked boy doth love me tenderly; and no man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness. And then, when they are a trifle, they get wenchas: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and cruddy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, let the liver white and pale, which is the badge of passimlimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warming to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital comoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and powerful, plumped 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 a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like lean, sterile and barren land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavours of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potions and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Lord. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; 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.

[Execut.

SCENE IV. Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, and others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, We will our youth lead on to higher fields And draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our navy is address'd, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence well invested, And every thing lies level to our wish; Only, we want a little personal strength; And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot, Come underneath the yoke of government. War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty Shall at an end enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester, Where is the prince your brother? [Windsor. Glou. I think he's gone to my lord, at King. And how accompanied? Glou. I do not know, my lord. King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarencce, with him?
ACT IV. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE V.

Enter Harcourt.

Harcourt. Look, here's more news.

Hov. From enemies heaven keep your majesty; And, when they stand against you, may they fail

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, contains at large.

King. 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 simoniac 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;

And am I come near to it now; I am much ill.

Glow. Comfort, your majesty!

Clarence. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; 'twill straight be well.

Clarence. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the more that should confine it in;

So thin that life looks through and will break out.

Glow. The people fear me: for they do observe Unfather'd heirs and leathly births of nature:

The seasons change their manners, as the year

Had found some months asleep and leapt them over.

Clarence. The river hath thrice flowed and ebbed between;

And the old folk, time's doating chronicles, Say it did so. If it be a sign before That our great-grand sire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glow. This apoplexy will certainly be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

SCENE V.—Another chamber.

The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle

Upon some dull and favoring hand; friends; Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clarence. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clarence. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none

How doth the king?

[abroad]

Prince. Exceeding ill.

Clarence. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glow. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover with-out

[spoke low; War. Not so much noise, my lords; sweet prince, The king your father is disposed to sleep.
Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?
Princ. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
[Exit all but the Prince.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of shamber open wide
To many a watchful night! 'tis fresh with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely bigbun bound
Shores 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 world with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspect, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigid hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrers of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plentifully:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives its strength from them, which strength
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lined honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.
King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence! [Exit.
Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, and
the rest.
Clar. Doth the king call? [Grace?
War. What would your majesty? How fares your
Princ. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
War. We left the prince my brother here, my
Who undertook to sit and watch by you. [liege.
King. 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.
Glo. He came not through the chamber where
we stay'd.
King. Who is the crown? who took it from my
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it
here. [him out.
King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[Exit Warwick.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you
Now quickly nature falls into revolt [are!
When gold becomes her object.
For this the foolish over-curious fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The careless heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets, [honey,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.
Re-enter Warwick.
Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined 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 is his grace, whose skills are to be
Wound, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?
Re-enter Prince Henry.
Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[Exit Warwick and the rest.
Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.
King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
I stay too long by thee, I weare thee. [thought:
Doth the argument not argue itself
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thee 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 stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it...
Thou hast of thyself to bring thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not foresee me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should heave my heare
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life into the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crown'd: up, you ruffian!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour continuance, purge you of your scam:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and his misdeeds
Shall feed his teeth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with thy erring habitants!
Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The most impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending,
God witness with my name, I am in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Come, let us sit down on you, the queen is dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
ACT V.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  

SCENE I. — Gloucestershire. Shallow’s house.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away tonight. What, Davy, I say! [low.

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shal.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy! [Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see, yes, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused, it by their assistance; Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed, Wounding supposed peace; all these bold bears Thou see’st 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 purchased, Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort; So thou the garland wear’st successively, [do, Yet, though thou stand’st more sure than I could

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green: And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends, Have but their struts and teeth newly ta’en out; By whose fell working I was first advanced And by whose power I well might lodge a fear To be again displaced: which to avoid, I cut them off: and had a purpose now To lead out many to the Holy Land, Last rest and lying still might make them look Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry, Be it thy course to busy giddy minds With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out, May waste the memory of the former days. More would I, but my lungs are wasted so That strength of speech is utterly denied me. How I came by the crown, O God forgive; And grant it may with thee in true peace live! Prince. 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 Lord John of Lancaster.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster. [father!

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal King. Thou bring’st me happiness and peace, son John. But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown From this bare wither’d trunk: upon thy sight My worldly business makes a period. Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Enter Warwick, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong Unto the lodging where I first did swoon? War. ’Tis call’d Jerusalem, my noble lord. King. Land be to God! even there my life must It hath been prophesied to me many, [end. I should not die but in Jerusalem; Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land; But bear me to that chamber; there I’ll lie; In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William’s wagers, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A! shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir? Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well: a friend the court is better than a penny in use. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well contented, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Womacot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend’s request. An

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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 but a very little credit with your worship. The knife is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Sold. I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Sold. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and though I come, my tall fellow [to the Page]. Come, Sir John.

Page. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [Exit Shallow.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblance coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of 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 stick together in consent, like so many wild-geese. It I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a shall laugh without intervals. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak till laid up!

Sold. [Within] Sir John!

Page. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

SCENE II.—Westminster. The palace.

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief-Justice, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief-justice! whither Ch. Just. How doth the king? [away?] War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature; And to our purposes he lives no more. [him] Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with The service that I truly did his life Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not. Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself To the best condition of adversity, Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fancy.

Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry! O that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort! Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd! Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou. Good morrow, cousin.

Clare. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk. [heavy! Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier! Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend in— And I dare swear you borrow not that face [deed] Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

War. Oh, my lord, you may not know what grace to find, You stand in coldest expectation: I am the sorrier: would 't were otherwise. [fair; Clare. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff Which swims against your stream of quality. Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in hon- our by the impartial censure of my soul; [our, And never shall you see that I will beg A ragged and forestall'd remission. If truth and upright innocency fail me, I'll to the king my master that is dead, And tell him who hath sent me after him. War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the Fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty, Sits not unnatural on you as you think. Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear: This is the English, not the Turkish court; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, but Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers, For, by my faith, it very well becomes you: Sorrow so royally in you appears That I will deeply put the fashion on And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad; But entertain no more of it, good brothers, Than a joint burden laid upon us all. For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured, I'll be your father and your brother too; Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares: Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I; But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears By number into hours of happiness. Princes, We hope no other from your majesty. King. You all look strangely on me: and you most; You are, I think, assured I love you not. Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly, Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me. King. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget So great an obligation you laid upon me? What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison The immediate heir of England! Was this easy? May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten? Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father; The image of his power lay then in me: And, in the administration of his law, While I was busy for the commonwealth, Your highness pleased to forget my place, The majesty and power of law and justice, The image of the king whom I presented, And struck me in my very seat of judgment; Whereas I was a father in your person, I gave bold way to my authority And did commit you. If the deed were ill, Be you contented, wearing now the garland, To have a son set your decrees at nought, To pluck down justice from your awful bench, To trip the course of law and blunt the sword That guards the peace and safety of your person; Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image And mock your workings in a second body. Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours; Be now the father and propose a son, Hear ye your own dignity so far so disgraced, See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted, Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd; And then imagine me taking your part
ACT V.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE III.

And in your power soft silencing your son;
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My personal body. 

[well; Singing.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstrained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will sleep and have my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections:
And with his spirit sadly I survive.
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best governed nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us:
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And, God conspiring to my good intents,
No prince or near blood have just cause to say,
To short en'tart Henry's happy life one day! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Fal. Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a ru.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by his mass, I have drunk too much sack 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.

And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females victual,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, must master page, sit.

Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear: the heart's all. [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [Singing.

For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mett. [Exit.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you. [To 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. [Singing.

And drink unto the lemon wine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Shal. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o'the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come: [Singing.

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wouldst have anything, and will not call, beshrew 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.

Fal. An I might see you there, Davy—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knife will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking within.] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right. [To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.

Sil. Do me right. [Singing.

And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so. [somewhat.

Sil. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you! Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knighthood, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff! Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! 361
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And heller-skelter have I rode to thee, And golden times and happy news of price. 

Pist. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foure for the world and worldlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Pist. It is my knighthood that is thy news? Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sir. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. 

[Singing.]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be buffled? Then, Pistol, lay it head in Falstaff's lap.

Sir. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding 

Pist. Why then, lamen, therefore.

Sal. Give me pardon, sir; if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besouian? speak, or die.

Sal. Under King Harry.

Pist. I'll Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Sal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foure for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin may be:

Harry the Fifth 's the man. I speak the truth: When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like 

The bragging Spanish.

Pist. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door; the things I speak are just.


Bard. O joyful day! 

I would not take a Knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news. 

Pist. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, and what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward — get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [Exit Bard.] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have seen my friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also! Where is the life that late I read t' say they: Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A street.

Enter Beadles, draying in Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou dammed trip-visaged rascal, an she child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou pap-sweated wench.

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!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of qush; Pistage lay thy have but seven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead whom you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Doll. I'll tell you what, thou thin man in a canoe, I will have you as soundly swung for this — you be in bottle rogue, you geth finished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll foreswear kirtles. [Come.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might; Well, of suffrance comes ease. [Tice.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come: bring me to a just- 

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death, Goodman bones! 

Host. Thou atone, thou! 

Doll. Come, you thin thing: come, you rascal; 

First Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice. First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [Exeunt.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new livers, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Sal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows thy earnestness of affection,—

Sal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.—

Sal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Sal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obscure hoc nihil est:' 't is all in every part.

Sal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Fal. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contagious prison; Haled thither With so much fanciful and dirty hand: [smoke, Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Aiceto's For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth. 

Fal. I will deliver her,

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound. 

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clanger sounds.

Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief-Jus- tice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hi.

Fal. The heavens keep and guard, keep, most royal imp of fame!


Fal. 'Tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers; How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! I have long dream'd of such a kind of man, So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane; But, being awaked, I do despise my dream, Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace; Leave gomandizing: know the grave doth gape For thee thrice wider than for other men. Reply not to me with a fool-born jest: Presume not that I am the thing I was; For God doth know, so shall the world perceive, That I have turned away my former self; So will I those that kept me company, When thou dost hear I am as I have been, Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast, The tuto and the feeder of my riots: Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, As I have done the rest of my misleaders, Not to come near our person by ten mile. For competence of life I will allow you, That lack of means enforce you not to evil: And, as we hear you do reform yourselves, We will, according to your strengths and qualities, Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord, To see perform'd the tenour of our word. Set on. [Exeunt King, &c.] Fal. Master Shallow, I love you a thousand pound. Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me. Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great. Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand. Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour. [John. Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for soon at night. Re-enter Prince John, the Lord Chief-Justice; Officers with them. Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet: Take all his company along with him. Fal. My lord, my lord, — [soon. Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you Take them away.

Falstaff.—Yea, marry, let's see Bulleaff. Bulleaff.—Here, sir. Falstaff.—Forte God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bulleaff till he roar again. Act III. Scene ii.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta. [Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice. Ll. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent his wonted followers Shall be all very well provided for; But all are banish'd till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world. Ch. Just. And so they are. Ll. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord. Ch. Just. He hath. Ll. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords and native fire As far as France: I heard a bird so sing, Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king. Come, will you hence? [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a dispensing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant 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 entertain 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 would 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 choyed with fat meat, our humble author will more than once, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldeastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.
THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Fifth.
Duke of Gloucester, } brothers to the King.
Duke of Bedford.
Duke of Exeter, uncle to the King.
Duke of York, cousin to the King.
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop.
Sir Thomas Grey.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, officers in King Henry's army.
Bates, Court, Williams, soldiers in the same.
Pistol, Nym, Bardolph.
Boy.
A Herald.

Charles the Sixth, of France.
Lewis the Dauphin.
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Rambures and Grandpré, French Lords.
Governor of Harlequin.
Montjoy, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
Isabel, Queen of France.
Katharine, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
Alice, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.
Chorus.

SCENE — England; afterwards France.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page lv.]

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels, [fire
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;

And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upraised 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 i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
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. [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. An ante-chamber in the
King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the
Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scabbling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther 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 devote
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 ealls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazes and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporeal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.
ACT I.

KING HENRY V.

SCENE I. [Enter Ely, Gloucester, Exeter, Warwick, Westmorland, and Attendants.]

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cont. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cont. The grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cont. The courses of his youth promised it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,

But that his wildness, mortified in him,

Scried to die too; yea, at that very moment

Consideration, like an angel, came

And wept the offending Adam out of him,

Leaving his body as a paradise,

To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made;

Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a heady current, scoriing faults;

Nor never Hydra-headed wildness

So soon did lose his seat and all at once

As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cont. Hear him but reason in divinity,

And all-admiring with an inward wish

You would desire the king's death made a prelate:

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,

You would say it had been all in all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,

The thread of civil state to loose,

Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;

So that the art and practic part of life

Must be the mistress to this theoretic:

Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it.

Since his addiction was to courses vain,

His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquetts, sports,

And never noted in him any study,

Any retirement, any sequesteration

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 obscured his contemplation

Under the veil of wildness, no doubt,

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

Unseen, yet creasive in his faculty.

Cont. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;

And therefore we must needs admit the means

How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,

Now for mitigation of this bill

Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty

Incline to it, or no?

Cont. 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 convocation

And in regard of causes now in hand,

Which I have open'd to his grace at large,

As touching France, to give a greater sum

Than ever at one time the clergy yet

Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cont. With good acceptance of his majesty;

Save that there was not time enough to hear,

As I perceived his grace would fain have done,

The several and unhallowed exchanges

Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms

And generally to the crown and seat of France

Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cont. The French ambassador upon that instant

Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come

To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. 'Tis.

Cont. Thus we go 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. The Presence chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmorland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exc. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle. We'll

Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolved,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight

That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.

Cont. God and his angels guard your sacred throne

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed

And justly and religiously unto

Why the English man knows the things have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord, [ng,

That you should fashion, wret, or bow your head:

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles misereate, 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 incite us to.

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war:

We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend

Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint

Gainst him whose wrong givensedge unto the swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.

Under this our present emergency,

For we will hear, note and believe in heart

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

Ely. Cont. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you

That owe yourselves, your lives and services

To this imperial throne. There is no bar

To make against your highness' claim to France

But this, which they produce from Pharamond,

'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant';

'No woman shall succeed in Salique land;

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond

The founder of this law and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm

That the land Salique is in Germany,

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; [ons,

Where Charles the Great, having subdued the sax-

There left behind and settled certain French

Who, holding in disdain the German women

For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establish'd then this law: to wit, no female

Should be inherifrix in Salique land:

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,

Is at this day in Germany called Meissen. Then
doth it well appear the Salique law

Was not devised for the realm of France;

Nor did the French possess the Salique land

Until four hundred one and twenty years

After defenition of King Pharamond;

I'dy supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred and sixty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala. In the year
Eighteen thousand, two hundred and eighty-four of the writers say
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as his heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Conveyed himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and son with the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was at last publish'd and proclaimed by
Daughter to Charles the foro(aid duke of Lorraine:
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 the Tenth, hold in right and title of the female
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Now they would hold up this Salique Law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to have them in a net
Than amply to imbark their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. [claim?]

K. Hen. I will right and conscience make this
Cont. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own: unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grand'sire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's. Edward the Black Prince,
Who from the French ground the play of tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
While his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility,
O noble English, that could entertain
With their forces the full tide of France
And let another half stand blushing by,
All out of work and cold for action!
Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises. [earth
Ecc. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause and
means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie planted in the living bowels 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 spiritually
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
But lay down our proportions to defend [French,
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cat. We shall find these marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilling borderers. [only,

K. Hen. We do not mean the courting snatchers
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For some time it shall read that the great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
And curtaining the lands around the towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cat. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege;
For her heur but exempl'd by herself;
When all her soldiers 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 his name a subject of so much praise
As is the coze and bottom of the sea
With smoken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying very old and true,
That if you will France win
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the eagle England being in pray
To her unguarded nest the weasel Sets;
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Ecc. It follows then the cat must stay at home;
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congregating in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cont. 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 many 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 their settings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
Cont. Of the singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civic citizens knecking up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone, I thisffer,
That many things, having due reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well resolved: and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery.
Our France and all her almost kingily 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 mutts, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waken epitaph.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And stilette down the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, 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 Mercureys.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hills unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good Intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural?
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupt men,
Our Richard Earl of Cambridge, the first;
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,
Er e he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 

Linger your patience on; and we'll digest 

The abuse of distance; force a play; 

The一方面是 agreed; 

The king is set from London: and the scene 

Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton; 

There is the playhouse now, there must you sit; 

And thence to France shall we convey you safe, 

And bring you back, charming the narrow seas 

To give you gentle pass; for, if we may, 

We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 

But, till the king come forth, and not till then. 

Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit. 


Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph. 

Bardolph. Well met, Corporation. 

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph. 

Bardolph. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yon? 

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 

an end. 

Bardolph. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporation Nym. 

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the 

rendezvous of it. 

Bardolph. 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. There must be 

conclusions. Well, I cannot tell. 

Enter Pistol and Hostess. 

Bardolph. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: 

good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host! 

Pistol. Base talk, call'st thou me host? [Pistol: Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; 

Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. 

Nym. No, by the troth, not long; for we cannot 

lodger and lodge 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. 

[Pistol and Nym draw. O well a day, Lady, if he 

be not drawn now! we shall see willful adultery and 

murder committed. 

Bardolph. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer 

nothing here. 

Nym. Pistol! 

Pistol. Dish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-car’d 

cur of Iceland! 

Hostess. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and 

put up your sword. 

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus. 

Pistol. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile! 

The 'solus' in thy most nerval face; 

The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat, 

Have no mercy to knock, in thy man, perdy, 

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! 

I do rector 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 a lady by my knock, I manage differently well. 

If you grow foule 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. 

Pistol. O braggar却又 magnificent wights! 

The grave doth gape, and dotting death is near; 

Therefore exhale. 

Bardolph. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that 

strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, 

as I am a soldier. [Drums. 

Pistol. An oath of nickle might; and fury shall 

Give me thy list, thy fore-foot to me give: [abate. Thy spirits are most tall. 

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in 

fair terms, that is the humour of it. 

Pistol. 'Couple a gore!' 

That is the word; I thee defy again. 

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? 

No: to the spital go, 

And from the powdering-tub of infamy 

Fetch forth the hazar kite of Cressid's kind, 

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse: 

I have, and I will hold, the quandam Quickly 

For the only she; and — pauce, there's enough. 

Go to. 

Enter the Boy. 

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, 

and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to 

God Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, 

and do the office of a warming-man. Faith, he's very 

Bardolph. Away, you rogue! [pil. 

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a puddling 

one of these days. The king has killed his heart. 

Good husband, come home presently. 

[Exit Hostess and Boy. 

BARDOLPH. 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? 

[on! 

Pistol. Let floods o'erswell, and rains for food howl! 

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of 

you at better time. 

Pistol. Base is the slave that pays. [of it. 

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour 

Pistol. As manhood shall compound: push home. [They draw. 

Bardolph. By this sword, he that makes the first 

thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will. 

Pistol. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have 

their course. 

Bardolph. Corporation Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up. 

Hostess. I shall have my eight shillings I won of 

you at better time. 

Pistol. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; 

And honor 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 sutter be 

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. 

Give me thy hand. 

Nym. I shall have my noble? 

Pistol. In cash most justly paid. 

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of t.' 

Enter Hostess. 

Hostess. As ever you came of women, come in quickly 

to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of 

a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable 

to behold. Sweet men, come to him. 

Nym. Hostess, you shall hath run bad humours on the 

knight; that's the even of it. 

Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; 

His heart is fracted and corroboree. 

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as 

it may; he passes some humours and cares. 

Pistol. Let us condole the knight; for, wabkins 

we will live,
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.—Act II., Scene 1.
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentle:
What see you in those papers that you lose
[men:]
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their checks are fair. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowardly and chased your blood
Out of appearance?
Can.
I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey.
[To which we all appeal.]
Scroop.
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers, [here,]
These English monsters! [here,]
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all apperiments
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
With whom he hath been known. Now, in what wise
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That these wounds, and this is so strange,
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together;
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause.
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, against all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning hand it was
That wrought upon thee so posteroerously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treason
Do but only deserve their breeding up done.
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetched
From glistering semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to durb thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vastly 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! How so unfaithful?
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,
Carnish'd and deck'd with all the lust,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolst'd didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the fuller fraught; and so inclined
With some suspicion, I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:

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Arrest them to the answer of the law:
And God acqnit them of their practices!”

_Exc._ I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, Knight of Dacre and Cumberland.

Scroop, Our purposes God justly hath discover’d:
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

_Cam._ For me, the gold of France did not seduce;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Greg. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o’er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign. [_tense._

_Ken._ God quit you in my mercy! Hear yourself;
You have conspired against our royal person,
Join’d them, and your expos’d land from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Tainting our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom’s safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and the experience
Of him that made thee! Depart hence! 
[Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, guarded.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerful to our adventure:
No king of England, if not king of France.  _Exc."

SCENE III. — London. Before a tavern.

Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

_Host._ Prifthee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

_Pist._ No: for my manly heart doth yearn
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up: for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

_Bard._ Would I were with him, whoseomever he is,
either in heaven or in hell!

_Host._ Nay, sure, he’s not in hell: he’s in Arthur’s bosom, if ever man went to Arthur’s bosom. A’ made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a’d parted even just between twelve and one o’clock at the turning of the tide: for after I saw him tumble 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 a’ babled of green fields. ‘How now, Sir John?’ quoth I; ‘what, man! be o’ good cheer! So am I cried out: God, God!’ three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a’ should not think of God: I hoped there was no need

to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a’ bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

_Nym._ They say he cried out of sack.

_Tom._ Yes, a’ cried out of sack.

_Bard._ And of women.

_Host._ Nay, that a’ did not. [incarnate

_Bog._ Yes, that a’ did; and said they were devils

_Host._ A’ could never abide carnation; ‘t was a colour he never liked. [women.

_Bog._ Yes, he said about the devil.

_Host._ A’ did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

_Bog._ 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 I got in his service.

_Nym._ Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

_Pist._ Come, let’s away. My love, give me thy lock to my rambles and my rovings;

_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, Caveto be thy counsellor,
Go, clear thy crystals, Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-reeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

_Bog._ And that’s but unmowished some food, some food,

_Pist._ Touch her soft mouth, and march.

_Bard._ Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.

(pity.

Boy, and thou cannot kiss, that is the humour of it,
but, adieu, all the dear offspring of command.

_Pist._ Let homewifery appear: keep close, I thee

Host Farewell; adieu.  _Exc._

SCENE IV. — France. The King’s palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the
Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

_Kin._ Thus comes the English with full power
And more than carefully it us concerns [upon us;
To answer fairly in our defences
Therein the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a 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.

_Bog._ Do.

_Mys._ My most beloved father,
It is most meet we arm us against the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, munitions, preparations,
Should be maintain’d, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 3’s meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitson morris-dance.

_Fog._ For, my good liege, she is so idly king’d,
That safety她说 fantastically home
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.
ACT III.

KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin! You are too much mistaken in this king; Question your grace the late ambassadors, With what great state he heard their embassy, How well supplied with noble counsellors, How modest in exception, and withal How terrible in constant resolution, And you shall find his vanities forespent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly; As gardeners do with orudge hide those roots That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dua. Well, it is 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 mightily than he seems: So the proportions of defence are ill'd: Which of a weak and niggardly projection Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Henry strong:
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him. The kindred of him hath been fleshed 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 Creasy battle fatally was struck, And all our princes captivated by the hand. Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales; Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain stand'sUp in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, [ing, Saw his herculean head, and smiled to see him, Mangie the work of nature and defend The patterns that by God and by French fathers Had twenty years been made. This is a stem Of that victorious stock; and let us fear The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[Exit Messenger and certain Lords.

Dua. You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends. [dogs

Fr. King. From our brother England? [dues

Dua. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward 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 monarchy you are the head; Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeunt and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England? [dues

Exe. From him: and thus he grieves your majesty. He wills you, in the name of God Almighty, That you divest yourself, and lay apart The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven, By law of nature and of nations, long To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown And all wide-stretched honours that pertain By custom and the ordinance of times Unto the crown of France. That you may know

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier Embark his royalty: and his brave fleet With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning: Play with your fancies, and in them behold Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing; Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give

Tis no sinister nor an awkward claim, Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days, Nor from the dust of old oblivion raised, He sends you this most memorable line, In every branch truly demonstrative; Willing you overlook this pedigree: And when you find him evenly derived From his most famed of famous ancestors, Edward the Third, he bids you then resign Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows? [dues

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the crown Even in your hearts, there will he take for it: Therefore in fiercest bloody contention, In thunder and in earthquake, like a wave, That, if requiring fail, he will compel; And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord, Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy On the poor souls for whom this hungry war Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries, The dead men's blood, the pinning maidens' groans, For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers, That shall be swallowed in this controversy. This is his claim, his threatening and my message; Unless the Dauphin be in presence here, To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further: To-morrow shall you bear our true intent Back to our brother England.

Dua. For the Dauphin, I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Soren and defiance; slight regard, contempt, And any thing that may not misbecome The mighty sender, doth he prize you at. Thus says my king: an if your father's highness Do not, in grant of all demands at large, Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty, He'll call you to so hot an answer of it, That caves and wonly vantages of France Shall chide your trespass and return your neck In second accent of his ordinance.

Dua. Say, if my father render fair return, It is against my will: for I desire Nothing but odds with England: to that end, As matching to his youth and vanity, I did present him with the Paris balls. Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it, Were it the mistres-court of mighty Europe: And, be assured, you'll find a difference, As we his subjects have in wonder found, Between the promise of his greener days And these he masters now: now he weights time Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read In your own losses, if he stay in France. [at full.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind [dues

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our Come here himself to question our delay; [king For he is footed in this land already. Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions: A night is but small breath and little pause To answer matters of this consequence. [Flourish.—Exeunt.
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Brest with the mighty cushions of the swell;
D眾: O, do but think
You stand upon theivyage and behold
A city on the insectant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harleian. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your land, as solemºinight still,
Guarded with grandisires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These call'd and choice-drawn cabaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harleian.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him [back;
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer like not: and the nimble gunner
With linastre now the devillish cannon touches.
[Alarum, and chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

SCENE I.—France. Before Harleian.
Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.
K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect:
Let it try through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow overwelm it
As fearfully as doth a galloping rock.
O'erHonk and jutty his confounded base,
Swall'd with the wild and waspish showers.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in their parts from fear till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeo-
men,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your posture; let us swear [not;
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'
[Exit. Alarum, and chambers go off.

SCENE II.—The same.
Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.
Bard. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!
Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knacks are too hot; and, I, for mine own part, I have not a case
of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.
Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humour
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 any 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 lie.
Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.
Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avantage, you cullions! [Driving them forward.
Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Alate thy rage, alate thy manly rage,
Alate thy rage, great duke! [shuck! Good lawcock, late thy rage; use lenity, sweet
Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours.
[Exit all but Boy.
Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these men:
I am among them all three; look all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me: for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-peece. Nyn and Bardolph are sworn brothers in nailing, and in Calais they stole a fire-schoel: I know the man of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.
[Exit. Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester 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 concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, you'athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digst himself four yard under the counter-
ines: by Chesil, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, I' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?
Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Chesil, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.
Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.

Goe. Here a’ cometh; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous furious gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Chesun, he will make a point out of the turnament as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the prouest wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Goe. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o’er?

Mac. By Christ, la! tis ill done; the work is done; it ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father’s soul, the work is ill done; it ish give over; I would have blown up the town, so Christ save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done! Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe 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 amuse me for my patience’s sake, and partly to satisfy me of the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It shall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I shall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukers: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach: and we talk, and be, Christ, do nothing; tis shame for us all: so Christ sa’ me, tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throns to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa’ me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, are these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, ay’ll de gud service, or ay’ll lig’ the grund for it; ay’, or go to death; and ay’l pay for it. We yield our all I surely do, that is the bryff and the long. Marry, I had full fain hear some question ‘tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. With my correction, and for the satisfaction.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, perdadventure I shall think you do not use me with that affinity as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Goe. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each Jimy. A! that’s a foul fault. [other.

Goe. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the This is the latest parle we will admit: [town? Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves; Or like to men proud of destruction Defy us to our worst; for as I am a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best, If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harleur Till in her ashes she lie buried. The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, And the flesh of the brave and valiant kind, In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, mourning like grass Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants, What is it then to me, if moving war, Array’d in flames like to the prince of fiends, Do, with my hand, and all his backers, all fell feasts Enlink’d to waste and desolation? What is ‘t to me, when you yourselves are cause, If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation? What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil As send precepts to the levittian To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harleur, Take pity of your town and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the town and gates with sound of grace O’erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady murder, spoil and villany. If not, why, in a moment look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Denile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters; Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dast’d to the walls, Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whiles the mad mothers with their bowels confused Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry At Hero’s bloody-hunting slaughtermen. What say you? will you yield, and this avoid, Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy’d?

Goe. Our expectation hath this day an end; The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, Returns us that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king, We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter, Go you and enter Harleur; there remain, And fortify it strongly against the French; Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, The winter evening is growing on. Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais, To-morrow in Harleur we will be your guest, To-morrow for the march are we address’d. [Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.

SCENE IV.—The French King’s palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angletterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame. J’entends bien, mais je ne sais pas exprimer ce que je pense.

Kath. Je te ferai, ma seinguez; il faut que j’imprime à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais ?

Alice. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts ?

Alice. Les doigts ? ma foi, j’oublie les doigts; mais je ne me souviens pas d’un doigt ? je pense qu’ils sont appelés de fingers; oui, de fingers.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingers. Je pense que je suis le bon écuyer; j’ai gagné deux mots d’Anglais vitément. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

Alice. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.


Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Écoutez-moi. Alice; écoutz: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de billow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. Charde Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oubli! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de neck; de menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf vôtre honoré, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'ayez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous appris au commencement?

Kath. Non, je reiterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de nails—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de billow.

Alice. Sauf vôtre honoré, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin.

Alice. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Kath. De foot, madame; et de cown.

Kath. De foot et de cown! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son manuais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honoré d'user: je ne voulrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le cown! N'aimmoins, je reiterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de cown.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons-nous à dîner.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. Tis certain he hath pass'd the river

Kath. By faith and honour,

Our maidens mock at us; and plainly say our men shrieve out and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach havoc high and swift corantos;

Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaway.

Fr. King. Where is Monjoy the herald? speed him hence:

Let him greet Englands with our sharp defiance,

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field

Charles Seigneur Dieu, high comrade of France!

You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,

Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jaques Chatillon, Ramures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpré, Rousi, and Fauconberg,

Fois, Lestrade, Bouicq, and Charlois;

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 penions painted in the blood of Harfeur:

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys, whose low vessel seat

The Alps doth slit and void his rheum upon;

Go do as thou heldest, thou have power enough,

And in a captive charriot into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few;

His soldiers—ick 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 ransum.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on

Monjoy,

And let him say to England that we send

To know what willing ransom he will give,

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Don. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us till

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,

And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gower. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as immaginous as Azanememon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul; my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my utmost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the prude most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an amachant lieutenant there at the prude, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gower. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pistol. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merits some love at his hands.

Pistol. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of luxurion valour, hath, by cruel fate,  think the world for; yet lost my heart, but on that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubblkes, and wheelaks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plane and sometimes red; but his heart is very fair.  The Duke of Exeter is the master of the pride: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?  Flu. The perdilion of th' atthesery hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the world for hath lost many men, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubblkes, and wheelaks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plane and sometimes red; but his heart is very fair.  The Duke of Exeter is the master of the pride: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

Mont. You know me by my habit.  K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?  Mont. My master's mind.  K. Hen. Unfold it.  Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness.  Tell him we could have rucked him at Harleam, but that we were too wise to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance.  Bid him therefore consider of his ransome; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under.  For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction.  To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.  So far my king and master: so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name?  I know thy quality.  Mont. Your majesty.  K. Hen. Sir, be dott thy office fairly. Tura thee And tell thy king I do not seek him now: But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impecchience: 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 enflamed, My numbers lessened, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French: Who when they were in health, I tell thee, quail, I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus! This thy 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 herself and such another neighbour Sected in our lives. There's for thy labour, Montjoy. Go, bid thy master well advise himself: It 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 sum 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 high- ness.

End.  Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.
SCENE VII.—The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Bam-bures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day!
Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.
Con. It is the best horse of Europe.
Orl. Will it never be morning?
Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?
Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.
Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasteras. Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les norman de fen'.

When I bestride him, I soar; I am a hawk; he spots the air; the earth shans when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.
Dau. And of the heart of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.
Dau. It is the prince of palfreys: his neck is like the boding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

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 unknown, to lay apart their particular detections and wonder at him. I once write a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'— [tress.

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mis-
Dau. Then did they imitate that which I com-
pounded to mycourser, for my horse is my mistress.
Orl. Your mistress bears well.
Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.
Dau. So perhaps did yours.
Con. Mine was not bridled.
Dau. O then belike my lord is old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait crossers.

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 be laughed at by my mistress,
Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.
Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.
Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a son to praise.
Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier: 'tis thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Rim. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?
Con. Stars, my lord.
Dau. Some of them I will fall to-morrow, I hope.
Con. Yet my sky shall not want.
Dau. That may be, for you bear a many super-
fusiously, and 't were more honour some were away.
Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismanted.

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.

Rim. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]
Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.
Rim. He longs to eat the English.
Con. I think he will eat all he kills. [prince.
Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant
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 anybody saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will late.
Orl. 'Til will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship,'— [his due.
Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil
Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. Yon 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 tents.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord Grandpré.
Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained fol-
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-gears.

Rim. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable cour-

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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 vaianl beast that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murrain and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army softly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other’s watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other’sumber’d face:
Steel threatens steel, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night’s dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:—
The country cooks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Proudf of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cradle tardy-gaited night
Who, like a fool and ugly witch, doth limp
So tedious away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and hourly ruminate
The morning’s danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lanx-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin’d band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry ‘Praise and glory on his head!’
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Buls them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enwrapped him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watch’d night,
But freshely looks and over-lears attain
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pinching and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where — O for pity! — we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill disposed in bayr and cuiss.
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockery be.
[Exit.

SCENE I. — The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, ’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 stirrers,
Which is both healthful and goodhusbandry:
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 chairful turf of France. [ter.

Erp. Not the my liege: this lodging likes me beter—
Since I may say ‘Now lie I like a king.’ [pains

K. Hen. ’Tis good for men to love their present
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken’d, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With ciested slings and fresh legersy.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon —
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

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 all but King.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discusses unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trai’st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king’s a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of first most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

K. Hen. Harry is my name.

Pist. Le Roy ! a Cornish name; art thou of a Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know’st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I’ll knock his leek about his pate.

Upon Saint Davy’s day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your pate
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

[Exit.
KING HENRY V.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pist. Art thou his friend?  
K. HEN. And his kinsman too.  
Pist. The figo for thee, then!  
K. HEN. I thank you; God be with you!  
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd.  
[Exit.  
K. HEN. It sorts well with your fierceness.  

Enter Fluellen and Gower.  

Gower. Captain Fluellen!  
Fle. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and amissent prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept; if you would take the pains but to eating of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no idle tattle nor 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.  

Gower. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.  
Pist. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb in your own conscience, now?  
Gower. I will speak lower.  
Pist. I pray you and beseech you that you will.  
[Exit Gower and Fluellen.  

K. HEN. Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is much care and valour in this Welshman.  

Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.  

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?  
Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.  
Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?  
K. HEN. A friend.  
Will. Under what captain serve you?  
K. HEN. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.  
Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?  
K. HEN. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.  
Bates. Mr. Hain hath not told his thought to the king?  
K. HEN. No; nor if I may tell that should. For though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.  
Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.  
K. HEN. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.  
Bates. Then I would he were here alone: so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.  
K. HEN. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, however you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.  
Will. That's more than we know.  
Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king, could we have any guilt of it.  
Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, and some upon their children left without their parents children young. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, 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 subjection.  
K. HEN. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully misarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcilable 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, or the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unsotted soldiers; some peradventure have on them the spirit of premeditated and envenomed justice; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his head, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unpardoned, no more is it the fault of the prince, nor of the soldiers, than if they 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 blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.  
Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.  
Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.  
K. HEN. I myself heard the king say he would not be a traitor.  
Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we never the wiser.  
K. HEN. If I live to see it, I will never trust his words.  

Will. You 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
ACT IV.

KING HENRY V.

SCENE II.

well go about to turn the sun to ice with fuming in his face with a peacock’s feather. You’ll never trust his word after! come, ’tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any glove of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here’s my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, ’This is my glove,’ by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou 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, 

Enter French friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels now, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English custom to French geniuses, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. 

[Exit Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us all our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children and our sins lay on the king! We must bear all. O hard condition, Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel. But his own wrangling! 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, than idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer’st more Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth! What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou equal but place, degree and form, Creating awe and fear in men? Wherein thou art less happy being fear’d Than they in fearing.

What drink’st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poison’d backet? 0, 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 luxurie and low bending? [knee, Canst thou, when thou command’st the beggar’s Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream. That play’st so subtly with a king’s repose; I am a king that feed thee, and thy blood? ’Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the title of pomp That beats upon the high siree of this world, No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, Who with a body hill’d and vacant mind Gets him to rest, cramm’d with distressful bread; Never was wearied night, the child of hell, But, like a lackey, from the rise to set Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn, Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse, And follows so the ever-running year, With profitable labour, to his grave: And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep, 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 hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight, Collect them all together at my tent: I’ll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do, my lord. [Exit.

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers’ hearts; Possess them not with fear; take from them now The sense of reckoning, if 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! I Richard’s body lay; and my Liege, I 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 wither’d hands hold up Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built Two chancies, 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 Gloucester.

Glou. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloucester’s voice? Ay; I know thy errand. I will go with thee: The day, my friends and all things stay for me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleã\ns, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords! Dav. Montez a cheval! My horse! varlet! la-


Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable! 

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh! [hides Dav. Mount them, and make incision in their That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And dot them with superluous courage, ha! 

Rou. What, will you have them weep our horses’ Blood? How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers. [horse! Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to 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; Savage blood enough in all their sickly veins To give each naked curtal-axe a stain. That our French gallants shall to-day draw out, And sheathe for lack of sport; let us but blow them, The vapour of our valour will o’erturn them. ’Tis positive against all exceptions, lords
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hindering foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honour burns not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The truculent sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much durance the field
That England shall cough down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Gravey. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
You island carriers, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their bagged host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks, [jades
With torch-staves in their hand, and their poor
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hipe,
The gun down-bowing from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'dgrass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay
for death. [suits

Daw. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh
And give their lasting horses provender,
And after fight with them? [Con. I stay but for my guidon: 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 Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham,
with all his host: Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

Exe. Of all the men they have full three thousand.

[fresh.

Exc. There's five to one: besides, they all are
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all: I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Exeter,
My dear Lord Gloucester; and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! [Bed.
Lad. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck
go with thee!

Exc. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And may God do thee wrong to mind thee of it.
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both. [Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are now
To do our country's work; 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 yawns not if it men's garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose 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 crowned for convey but 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 named,
And none him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say: 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say: 'These wounds I had on Crispian's day.'
Yet live to say that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their hands askance whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
The French are bravely in their battles set, [speed,
And will with all expediency charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our hands be so.

West. O, may the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I
Without more help, could fight this royal battle?

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast wish'd five thousand
men:
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 ransom them wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be exalted. Besides, in mercy,
The counsel desires thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
[body.
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
ACT IV.  KING HENRY V.  SCENE V.

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves: on 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 famed; for there the sun shall greet them
And give their honours recking up to heaven:
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your elime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gai ness and our gait are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host —
Good argument, I hope we will not fly —
And time hath worn us into slovenly
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, 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 ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em then,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable. [well:
'Would I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee
Then never shall herald hear any more. [Exit.
K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.
York. My lord, must humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.
K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The field of battle.


Fr. Sol. O Signieur Dieu! Pist. O Signeur Dieu should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signeur D ew, and mark;
O Signeur Dev., thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signeur thou give to me
Egregious ransom.
Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!
Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible de chapper la force de
Pist. Brass, cur! [ton brass
Thou dammed and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi! 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. Exeutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?
Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.
Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.
Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and lirk him, and
ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and lirk.
Pist. Bid him prepare: for I will cut his throat.
Fr. Sol. Do le dit-il, monsieur?
Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous
faites vous prét; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout
à cette heure de couper votre gorge.
Pist. Owy, cuppege gore, permafouy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or chandle, and thou mayst thus my word:
Fr. Sol. O, je vous appelle, pour l'amour de Dicen,
je pardonne! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne
maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux
cents ecus.
Pist. What are his words?
Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman
of a good house: and for his ransom he will
give you two hundred crowns.
Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.
Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?
Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de
pardonnez aucun prisonnier, mécanomus, pour les
eucus que vous l'a vez promis, il est content de vous
donner la liberté, le franchissement.
Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille
remercicmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis
tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le
plus brave, le plus brillant, et trés distingué seigneur d'
Pist. Expound unto me, boy. [Angletore.
Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand
thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath
fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the
most brave, valorous, and thro-worthy signeur of
England.
(Please me!
Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [Exeunt
Pistol, and French Soldier.] 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 Xvn had ten times
more value than this roaring devil i' 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 lackeys, with the baggage
of our camp:
the French might have a good jury of us,
if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it
but boys.

SCENE V.—Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable! Orel. O signeur! je le jour est perdud, tout est perdud!
Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune! O ransom is not run away. [I short alarum.
Con.

Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perturbable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Dau. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but
shame!

Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, much might than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are no woe yet living in the field
To smoother up the English in our throats,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within
I saw him down; time up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Lording the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owning wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Oft the cowardly rascal in gore he lay instead,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloody 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, then fly abreast,
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 smiled me in the face, rauht me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-keeping love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
These waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And 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 mostiful eyes, or they will issue too. [Alarums.
But, bark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another part of the field.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against
the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery,
mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive;
and the cowardly rascal that ran from the battle
hath done this slaughter: besides, they have burned
and carried away all that was in the king's tent;
wherefore the king, most worthy, hath caused
every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.
O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain
Gower. What call you the town's name where
Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig,
or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the large,
all one reckoning, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in
Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon,
as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander
is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in the
maps of the 'ird, I warrant you sall find, in the
comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth,
that the situations, look you, is both alike. There
is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover
a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth;
but it is out of my prains what is the
name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike
as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons
in both. 'If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry
of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well;
for there is figures in all things, Alexander, God
knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies,
and his wrathes, and his chilers, and his moods,
and his displeasures, and his indignations, and
also being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in
his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best
friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never
killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take
the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and
finished, I speak but the figures and comparions
of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus,
being in his ales and his cups: so also Harry
Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judg-
ments, turned away the fat knight with the great
belly-doublet; he was full of jests, and gipes,
and knaverings and rascals: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men
born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces: Warwick,
Gloucester, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet: herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Gow. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
Clear the way to the king, and tell him not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king: I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes — woe the while! —
Lie drowned and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Frette down 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 many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Pray be God praised, and not our strength,
For is this castle call'd that stands hard by? [it!
Mont. They call it Aiguierne.
ACT IV.

KING HENRY V.

SCENE VIII.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, was borne there in the field of Agincourt in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of this service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pride, I can tell you that: God bless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jesu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God! Majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with Bring me just notice of the numbers dead [him]: On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.]

Eee. Soldier, you must come to the king: [cap?]

K. Hen. Soldier thou art the world's worstest that glove in thy life. Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, it alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself; it is necessary, look you, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perfurged, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jackass, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, is!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars. K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alencon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alencon, and an enemy to our person; if they encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace dree's me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels: [Gower,] The glove which was given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick;

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiantly

And, touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury;

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—Before King Henry's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I see you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove? [glove.]

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Shood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! God. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alencon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alencon.

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, lousy knave is: I hope your majesty is near me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alencon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

T'was I, indeed, thou 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 world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart:

never came any from mine that might offend your

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse. [majesty.]

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you

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KING HENRY V.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

KING HENRY V.

appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and all 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 crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has
mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve
pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and
keep you out of pravels, and prattles, and quarrels,
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 pushful? your shoes is not so good:
it is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaughtered
French [unclu?]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken.

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Boncon quaint:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
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 daird 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 gentle sort of blood and quality.
The name of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jacques de Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Ramnubres;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
Dolphin;
John Duke of Aletun, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty ears,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix.
Beaumont and Marie, Vandemont and Lestrade.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herarcl shows him another paper.
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, 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,
Ascribe 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 none but thine! [Exe.

Flu. 'Tis wonderful! Our King, the other paper.
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 only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to
tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledg-
ment
That God fought for us. [Exeunt.

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 enclouded in clay;
And then to Calais: and to England then;
Where ner from France arrived more happy men.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

PROLOGUE.

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 large and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there: there seen,
Have him away upon your winged thoughts
Atheyart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
Which like a mighty whirler 'for the king' [sea.
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London,
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
Hiss brained helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
The quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her delight:
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 conquering Caesar in:
As by a lower but loving likelihood.
We 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 think to. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England’s stay at home;
The emperor’s coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry’s back-return again to France;
There must we bring him; and myself have play’d
The interim, by remembering you ‘tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

SCENE I.—France. The English camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that’s right; but why wear you your
leak to-day? Saint Davy’s day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefor
in bad things: I will tell you, asse my friend,
Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy,
praguing knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merit, he is come to me and beseeches me to let him eat my leek; I bid him eat my leek; it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him: but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then will I tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gost. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God bless you, Aunchieth Pistol! you scurry, lousy knave, God bless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou belam'd? dost thou thurst, base Trojan.

To have me fold up Paris's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseche you heartily, scurvy, lousy 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 do 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 have good, scald knave, as eat it? [Pistol Base Trojan, thought die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [Strikes him.] You called me yesterday mountainsquire; but I will make you to-day a square of low degree.

I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gost. Enough, captain; you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek; or I will beat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambigities.

I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat you? I pray you; will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily.

Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your brother coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a great to heal your pate.

Pist. Mea gout.

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy gout in earnest of revenue.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodchopper, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' w' th' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gost. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a noble trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleaning and gallling at this gentle-

man 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 Neil is dead i' the spatial

Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax: and from my weary limbs

Is roistered and swept:

Well, bawd I'll turn,

And something lean to outpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:

And patches will I get unto these enguel'd scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are Unto our brother France, and to our sister, [met] Health and fair time of day: joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; And, as a branch and member of this royalty, To princely Alice, her dear youth and comfort, 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 Most worthy brother England; fairly met: [face, So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England, Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent,

The fatal balls of murdering bashfuls:

The venom of such looks, we fear alike,

Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bar. My duty to you both, on equal love,

Great Kings of France and England! That I have a labour'd.

With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties Unto this bar and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevai'd That, face to face, you and as royal eye to eye,

You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,

If I demand, before this royal view,

What rub or what impediment there is,

Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, 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 chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cashier of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even plein'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her hollow laces
The darnel, hemlock and rank funiture
Both root upon, while that the cloaker rusts
That should deracinate such savagery:

The even morn that now so swiftly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the skye, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceiveth sullenness and nothing tears
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckses, bars,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness, 
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
That you that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood.—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You have offered, in the name of our sake. Kate, why you used me for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of being spoken to, I should not like to be a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor grasp out my eloquence, nor have no cunning in protestation: only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst say me for this, take me; if not, to say thee that I shall die, is true; but for thine 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 performe must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? My love is fair, and my love is Mine.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not only with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quiens sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Deus be my speed!—done votre est France et vous es mie. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sain your honnour, le Francois que vous pariez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and
act v.  

king henry v.  

scene ii.

at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentleman about me; and i know, kate, if you will to her dispraise those parts in me you love with your heart: but, good kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because i love thee cruelly. if ever thou beest mine, kate, as i have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, i get thee with scolding, and thou must that i will to her dispose those parts in me, that i love with my heart: but, good kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because i love thee cruelly.

kath. your majesty axe lasse french. therefore to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en france.

k. hen. now, i am upon my false french! by mine honour, in true english, i love thee, kate: by which honour i dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, by laboring the poor and untimely effect of my visage. now, brevish my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was i created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when i come to woo ladies, i fright them. but, in faith, kate, the latter way, the better i shall appear; my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer upon beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair katharine, will you have me? put your maiden blushes; avouch the thongs 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 anon: "england is thine, ireland is thine, scotland is thine, and henry but a dauphin to thee!" i speak it before his face, if he be not tellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy english broken; therefore, queen of all, katharine, beak thy mind to me in broken english: thou sayest i am a bachelor.

kath. but is it so? it shall please de roi mon père.

k. hen. nay, it will please him well, kate; it shall please him, kate.

kath. den it sall also content me.

k. hen. upon that i kiss your hand, and i call you my queen.

kath. laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez; ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur en faisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-nou, je vous supplie, mon tres-puissant seigneur.

k. hen. then i will kiss your lips, kate. kath. les dames de demoiselles pour briser davantage leurs veines; il n'est pas la coutume de france.

k. hen. madam my interpreter, what says she? alice. but it is not de fashion pour les dames de france; i cannot tell vatt es baiser en anglais.

k. hen. to kiss.

kath. les demoiselles entendre bettre que mo. k. hen. it is not a fashion for the maids in france to kiss before they are married, would she say? alice. oui, vraiment.

k. hen. o kate, nice customs court 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 mouth of all fault. as i will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and yielding. [kissing her.] you have witchcraft in your lips, kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the french council; and they should sooner persuade harry of england than a general petition of monarchs. here comes your father.

re-enter the french king and his queen, burgundy, and other lords.

bur. god save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our dutie.

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 that way 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 rossed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? it were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

k. hen. yet they do wink and yield, as love is for love and enforces.

bur. they are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

k. hen. then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

bur. i will wink on her to consent! my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maidens, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

k. hen. this moral tiles me over to time and a hot summer; and i will, i tell thee, speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy english broken; therefore, queen of all, katharine, break thy mind to me in broken english: thou sayest i am a bachelor.

fr. king. yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid: for they are all girdled with maiden whips 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 for my wish shall show me the way to my will. [son.

fr. king. we have consented to all terms of reason.

k. hen. is it so, my lord of england?

west. the king hath granted every article:

his daughter first, and then in sequel all.

according to their firm proposed nature.

sez. only he hath not yet subscribed this:

where your majesty demands, that the king of france, having any thing to write for matter of grant, shall make his highness in this form and with this addition, in french, notre tréscher fils henri, roi d'angleterre, hérif et de france; and thus in latin, præclarissimns filius nostro henricus rex anglia, et heres francie.

fr. king. nor this i have not, brother, so denied, but your request shall make me let it pass.
K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest;  
And thereupon give me your daughter.  
Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood  
Raise up  
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other’s happiness,  
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword ’twixt England and fair France.  
All. Amen!  
K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.  
[Flourish.  
Q. Ist. God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there ’twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles off the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league:  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!  

All. Amen!  
K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,  
My Lord of Burgundy, we’ll take your oath,  
And all the peers’, for surety of our leagues.  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperons be!  
[Senriet.—Exeunt.  

EPILOGUE.  

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursued the story,  
In little room confining mighty men,  
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.  
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived  
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;  
By which the world’s best garden he achieved,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the Sixth, in infant hands crown’d King  
Of France and England, did this king succeed;  
Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France and made his England bleed:  
Which oft our stage hath shown: and, for their sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.  

King Henry.—O God, thy arm was here;  
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,  
Assist us 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 none but thine!—Act IV., Scene vii.
THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Sixth.
Duke of Gloucester, uncle to the King, and Protector.
Duke of Bedford, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.
Henry Beaufort, great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
John Beaufort, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
John Talbot, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Sir John Fastolfe.
Sir William Lucy.
Sir William Glansdale.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Mayor of London.
Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Vernon, of the White-Rose or York faction.
Basset, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.
Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alençon.
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 married to King Henry.
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.
Lords, Wardens of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE—Partly in England, and partly in France.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page LIX.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night! Comets, importing change of times and states, Brumalize your crystal tresses in the sky, And with them scourge the hot revolted stars That have consented unto Henry's death! King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long! England ne'er lost a king of so much worth. Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time. Virtue he had, deserving to command: His martial sword did blind men with his beams; His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings; His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, More dazzled and drove back his enemies Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech: He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered. [blood? Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in Henry is dead and never shall revive: Upon a wooden coffin we attend, And death's dishonourable victory We with our stately presence glorify, Like captives bound to a triumphant car. What! shall we curse the planets of mishap

That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? Or shall we think the subtle-witted French Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him By magic verses have contrived his end? [Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings. Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day So dreadful will not be as was his sight. The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought: The church's prayers made him so prosperous. Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd, His thread of life had not so soon decay'd: None do you like but an effeminate prince, Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe. [for Win. Gloucester, what' re 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. Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh, And ne'er throughout the year to 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 avail not now that Henry's dead. Posterity, 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 invocate: Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
ACT I. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE II.

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 to you out of France, —
Of loss, of slaughter and desolation:
Guineau, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Gisors, Poitiers, and all quite lost, I fear?

Bet. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would climb another one more yield
The Eec. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

Mess. No treachery: but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility! Let not your horses be new-born;
Crop'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Eec. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tidies.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steel'd count. I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful waiting roles!
Wounds will I load the French instead of eyes,
To weep their interminable miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mis
France is revolted from the English quite, [chance.
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Bourbon, with him he declare.

Bet. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him! O,
whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats,
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out. [mess.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forward
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
With wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal sight
Betwixt the stont Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

Mess. O, 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 full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead of them, which he could draw out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance;
Here break the sentry wall, there none pursu'd stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged he drove;

The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
A 'Talbot and Talbot' cried they again,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them.

Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke,
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembl'd strength
Durst not approach to the talon.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foes is betray'd.

Mess. O, no, he livest but is taken prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll take the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters: to my task will I;

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

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.

Eec. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your state.
Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.

Bed. That is, all England, if the young king is,
Being order'd his special governor,
And for his safety there 'll best devise. [Exit.

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Etham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Sound a flourish, Enter Charles, Alencon, and
Reignier, marching with drum and soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
So in the earth, to this day is not known: [heavens
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 faintish English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Men. They want their porridge and their fat
bail-beves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
Tread hard and hard with their ponder tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear;
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to match with war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly.  

Here alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.  
Re-enter Charles, Alençon, and Reig.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cursed neutrality! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. A Frenchman, a countryman of ours, reports,
England and all Oliver's forces had
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish.  One to ten!

Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd grumors 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 even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
appell'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd; for succor is at hand:
A holy maid wither from me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spright of deep piety she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in?  Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallable.

Char. Go, call her in.  [Exit Bastard.] But first,

Reig. Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan La Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou that wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reig. Reig, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile
Where is the Dauphin?  Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrained in any kind of art,
Heaven and my Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on me, on this noble 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 fly my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those lights which she placed on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possibly,
And I will answer unpromeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: if thou canst not vanquish,
It thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Bast. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquish'st, thy words are true;
Or otherwise I pronounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side.
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's
churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon
And mightiest with the sword of Deborah.

Bast. Thy sword, Christ's mother helps me, else I were too

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:

Alen. Impatiently I burn with thy desire:
My heart and hands hast hast at once subdued.

Excell. Puclle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not thy sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin suiteth thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to every rite 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. Methinks I see courage and thy prostrate
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shews this woman to her
smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Bast. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no
mean time?

Alen.  He may mean more than we poor men do
These women are shrewd tempters with their

tongues.

Char. My lord, where are you? what devise you
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Bast. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I am your guardian.  [out.

Char. What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it

Puc. Assign'd am I 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 dispere 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 fortunate 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.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently 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 immortalized.  [it:

Char. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.  [Exit.

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ACT I.  

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  

SCENE III.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?

Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

First Warder. [Within] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. [Within] Who'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [Within] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. [spare?]

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but

There's none protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill groans;

[Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and

Woo. The what noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.

Woo. Have patience, noble duke; I may not

The Cardinal of Winchester open;

From him I have express commandment

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest bim fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,

Who in 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.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glou. Ped'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping profitor.

And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,

Thou that contrevisted to murder our dead lord;

Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,

If thou proceed in this thy insolence. [foot:

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,

To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth

I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou darest; I heard thee to thy face.

Glou. What! am I darest, and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place:

Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your head;

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly;

Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:

In spite of pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?

Thou I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheepe's array.

Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurls-burlly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magis-

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here disdain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,

One that still motions war and never peace,

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,

That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm,

And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but

[Here they skirmish again.

May. I ought rests for me in this tumultuous

But to make open proclamation: [strike

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Cry. Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms

This day against God's peace and the king's, we

and command you, in his highness' name, to

repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to

wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger,

henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:

But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Cardinal, farewell: thou dost but what thou

May. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;

For I intend to have it ere long.

[Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchester

with their Serving-men.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.

Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, a Master-Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,

How'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled

Chief master-gunner am I of this town:

[by me: Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me

How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,

Went through a secret gate of iron bars

Thou couldst not tower to overpeer the city

And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainsit it I have placed;

And even these three days have I watch'd,

If I could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you: take you no care;

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

[Exit.

Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot,

Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and

others.

Sęd. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

How wert thou handled being prisoner?

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ACT I. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE V.

Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Cal'd the brave Lord Ponton de Sautraillies;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I would have disdained to have done
Rather than I would be so vile-estem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfo wounds my heart,
Whom with my rare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sir, I tell thee, I have little to partake entrent'd,
Tal. With scoffs and scoruses and contumelious
In open market-place produced they me, [A laims. To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails dugg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisy countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deign'd me not secure;
So great fear amongst me was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walked about me every minute while
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.
Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans;
Here I will speak to each one
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in: the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand
Lords.
Glas. And, I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
[Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O, cursed traitor! accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst all the trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did never leave striking in the field.
Yet liveth 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 hands!
Bear hence his body: I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirt with this comfort:
Thou shalt not die but—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say—When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.3
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn;
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarm and the noise?

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 risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and growns.
Tal. Here, hear, hear, he hath la Pucelle both round.
If irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mangled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[Arraun. Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same.
Here, here she comes, I' ll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Bleded will I to thy nostrils then
Why draw thy sword, Talbot with such a gash.
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.
Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[Here 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 strumpet.
[They fight again. Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
[Short alarm:] then enter the town with soldiers.
O'ertake me, if thou canst: I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[Exit. Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
I know not where I am, nor what I do: [wheel;
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquerors 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 fierce English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[Short alarm.] Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat:
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead;
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[Alarum. Here another skirmish.
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[Exit Talbot. [Alarum; retreat; flourish.

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SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Regnier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls; Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astraëa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reg. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout
Orleans and the gates and doors:
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

ALLEN. All France will be replete with mirth and joy.
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men,
Charles, in Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide the spoil with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelyfe pyramids to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis 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.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]
Thus are poor sentinels,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubled Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us.
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and bailful sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs
his name,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bar. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?
Tal. A maid, they say.
Bed. A maid! and be so martial!
Bar. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long.
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond corner.
Bar. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[Exeunt.]

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Regnier. Bedford sends a band half an hour before them.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bed. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scape so well.
Reg. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors. [Eds. beds.
Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.
Bed. I think this Talbot be a head of hell.
Reg. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles! I marvel how he spake.
Bed. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Duld thou at first, to flatter us welfare,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his
At all times will you have my power alike? [Friend?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improv'd 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,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.
Bed. Mine was secure.
Reg. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?
Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to embarrass 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, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled, Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury, And here advance it in the market-place, The middle-centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul; For every drop of blood was drawn from him There 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 engraven the sack of Orleans, The treacherous manner of his mournful death And what a terror he had been to France. But, meekly, sir, I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace, His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, Nor any of his false confederates. [began,

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the light Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds, They did not feel the hand of sleep, but men Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
Bar. Myself, as far as I could well discern For smoke and dusty vapours of the night, Am sure I scarce the Dauphin and his train, When arm in arm they both came swiftly running, Like a pair of loving turtle-doves, That could not live unless day or night, After that things are set in order here, We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts [train So much applauded through the realm of France? Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne, With modestly admiring thy renown, By me entreats, great 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.
Bar. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars Will turn unto a peaceful course of 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 Could not prevail with all their oratory, [men Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled; And therefore tell her I return great thanks, And in submission will attend on her, Will not your honours bear me company? Bed. No; truly; it is more than manners will; And I have heard it said, unbidden guests Are often welcomest when they are gone. Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy, I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [Whispers.] You perceive my mind?
Cpt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Coent. 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 Tonyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the humour of this dreadful knight, And his achievements of no less account: Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears, To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, According as your ladyship desired, By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the Mess. Madam, it is. [man? Count. Is this the scourge of France? Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad That with his name the mothers still their babes? I see report is fabulous and false: I thought I should have seen some Hercules, A second Hector, for his grim aspect, And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs. Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf! I cannot be this weakling and o'ergrown shrimp Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you; But since your ladyship is not at leisure, I'll sort some other time to visit you. [he goes.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself: You are deceived, 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 supple and offy pitch. Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't. Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce; He will be here, and yet he is not here: How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. That will I show you presently. [Winds his horn. Drum strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded That Talbot is but shadow of himself? These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength, With which he yoketh his rebellious necks, Razez your cities and strips your sacred 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;
ACT II.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE IV.

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 expression of his body;
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor 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 least so great a warrior in my house.  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — London.  The Temple-garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth; Or else, as Somerset, you are the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law, And never yet could frame my will to it:
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Where is the greening pair of hawks, Which flies the higher Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth; Between two blades, which bears the better temper; Between two horses, which doth bear him best; Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye; I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment; But in these nice sharp quillets of the law, Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance: The truth appears so naked on my side That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well appra'd, So clear, so shining and so evident;
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman And stands upon the honour of his birth, If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well object'd: If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding you do paint the white rose red
And stain my side, as my blood will stain your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: who else?

Lau. Unless my study and my books be false, The argument you held was wrong in you: [To Somerset.

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Nor do I; for, as I say, my son being dead Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our For pale they look with fear, as witnessing The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but an apprehension blanks Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses, And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth.

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses.
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand, I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish, joyless, And all that thou dost call thy argument.

Som. Turn not thy roses this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Som. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Plan. Away, away, good William de la Pole! We grant this woman be not long with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless 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
Any plot of ground in Christendom, I words Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge.
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Som. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better than thee, Somerset,
Were growing line once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until at length I join with no other house
Or flourish to the height of my degree. [tion!

Suf. Go forward and be chok'd with thy ambitious

Som. And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exeunt.


Plan. How I am brav'd and must perform endure it! [house

War. This blot that they object against your
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will, in my side, be accounted Warwick.

Marg. Meanwhile, in signal of my love to thee.
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose;
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ye Cannot well, if the my faith will, still will I wear the same.

Love. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment?
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exquit;
With glazed orbs, his white and tender eye,
And pitless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lamp of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
And bare to earth and earth of earth.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentle man! his wrongs doth equal mine,
Since Henry Mowmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrer of desairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despaired Richard, comes.

Mor. Most direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why, then, though thou say, of late thou Wert despaired?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did enlarge me with his father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like had I required him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for my convenience sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will that my sad breath permit
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percy's bore the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endea'vour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
Therefore, in this bold and warlike attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Henry Percy, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Lived an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were overpowered.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True: and thou seest that I no issue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-armed is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing himself;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaught'rer
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [Dies.

Plan. And peace, to war, to war, my parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days,
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[Exit Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but I shall receive them:
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

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ACT III.


Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Gloucester offers to put up a bill; Winchester catches it, and tears it

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines, With written pamphlets studiously devised, Humphry of Gloucester? Is it to the courts accuse, Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge, Do it without invention, suddenly; As I with sudden and extemporal speech Purpose to answer what thou canst object. Gloucester. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience. Or thou shouldst find thou hast dis Honour'd me. Think not, although in writing I pretend The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes, That therefore I have forsworn, or am not able Verbatim to release the method of my pen: No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness, Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissertations pranks, 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 curious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee, Lords, vouch To give me hearing what I shall reply. If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse, As he will have me, how am I so poor? Or how hap it is I seek not to advance Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling? And for dissension, who preferreth peace More than I do? — except I be provoked. No, my good lords, it is not that offends; It is not that that hath incensed the duke: It is, because no one should sway but he; No one but he should be about the king; And that engenders thunder in his breast And makes him roar these accursations forth. But he shall know I am as good —

Glo. Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray, But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, sucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life. Rome. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither, then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear. War. If your ladyship be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious And know the office that belongs to such. War. Methinks his lordship should be humber; It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy or unhallowed, what of that? Is not the bishop an holy place? [concealing.] Plan. [Aside] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his best it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should; Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?' Else would I have a thing at Winchester.

KING. Uncies of Gloucester and of Winchester, The special watchmen of our English weal, Would have it so, if prayerly should prevail, To join your hearts in love and amity. O, what a scandal is it to our crown, That two such noble peers as ye should jar! Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell Civil dissension is a vipersous worm That gouts the heart of this false commonwealth. [A noise within. 'Down with the tawny-coats!'] What tumult's this? War. An uproar, I dare warrant, Begin through malice of the bishop's men. [A noise again, 'Stones! stones!']

Enter Mayor.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry, Pity the city of London, pity us! The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men, Forbidden late to carry any weapon, Have fill'd their pockets full of grone stones And banding themselves in contrary parts Do pept so fast at one another's pate That many have their giddy brains knock'd out; Our windows are broke down in every street And we for fear compel'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself, To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace. Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.

Glo. You of my household, leave this perish And set this unaccustomed'ld fight aside. [broil

Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a just and upright; and, for your royal birth, [man inferior to none but to his majesty; And ere that we will suffer such a prince, So kind a father of the commonweal, To be disgraced by an inkommate, We and our wives and children will fight And have our bodies slaught'rd by thy foes.

First Serv. Ay, and the very dregs of our nails Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin again.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say! And if you love me, as you say you do, Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul! Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold My sighs and tears and will not once relent? Who should be pitiful, if you be not? Or who should study to prefer a peace, If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester; Except you mean with obstinate repugnance To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm. You see what mischief and what murder too Hath been enacted through your cunning; Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest [stoop; Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke Hath banish'd moody discontented fury. As by his smooth'd brows it doth appear; Why idk you still so stern and tragic? Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach That malice was a great and grievous sin;
SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers with saxes upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen, through which our policy must make a breach:

Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sol. Our saks shall be a mean to sack the
And we be lawful rulers over Rouen;
[city, Therefore we'll knock.] [Knocks.
Watch. [Within] Qui est là?
Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.
Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[Exeunt.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, and forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy strag'ram!
And once again we'll make our presence in Rouen.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants; now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reign. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that. for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal a torch to the Dauphin.
Exeunt. [Sax.]

Enter Talbot in an excitation.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
If Talbot but survive thy treachery, [tears, Perchance, that he might, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. [Exit.

An alarum. Exeunt.

An alarum: excursions. Bedford, brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within
La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, and Reignier, on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast [bread? Before he'll buy again at such a rate;
'Twas full of darning? do you like the taste?
Bast. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless cortizan!
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.
[reason! Ed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break
And run a tilt at death within a chair? [a lance,
Tal. Fouj fiend of France, and bag of all despite, Encompos'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Bast. Not I, my lord; but that Exeunt. I'll have a hank with you again.
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
ACT III.  
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  
SCENE III.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy
If Tablot do but thunder, rain will follow, [peace;
[The English whisper together in council.
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare you come forth and preside in the field?
Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if our own be ours or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signor, no.
Tal. Signior, hang! base mulaters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains! let’s get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi’you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [Exeunt 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 I, as sure as English Henry lives
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Couré-de-lion’s heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.
Burg. My vows are equal to thy vows, Talbot.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your woe or woe. [yon.
Burg. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
Bed. Not to be gone hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers’ hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon ourboosting enemy.
[Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.

An alarm; excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fastr. Whither away! I save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot!
Fastr. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [Exit
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[Exit.

Retreat; excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon, and Charles fly.

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 scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.

An alarm. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover’d in a day again!
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 valour’s monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle?
I think old Fastolfe asleep; [now?
Now where is the Bastard’s brave, and Charles his
gleeks?
What, all amont? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert governors,
And then depart to Paris, to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.
Burg. What wills Lord Talbot please Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let’s not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill’d in Rouen:
A braver soldier never conched 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 plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, La Pucelle, and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
Nor things that are not to be remedied.
Let saintly Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail:
We’ll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto
And of thy cunning had no dilidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Last. Search out thy wit for secret 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 virgins, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be: this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix’d with sugar’d words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were in place for Henry’s warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expelled from
And not have title of an earldom here.
[Exeunt.
France
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[Drum sounds afar off.
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Parisward.
Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces.

French march: Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[Trumpets sound a parley.
Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!
Burg. Who crave a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The Prince of England, Charles of France, thy count,
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, unshod hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Scene IV.—Paris. The palace.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter; Vernon, Basset, and others. To them with his Soldiers, Talbot.

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 claim'd to your obedience fifty fortresses, twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength, beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, let fall his sword before your highness's feet, and with submissive loyalty of heart ascribes the glory of his conquest got first to my god and next unto your grace. [Kneels.]

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester, that hath so long been resident in France? 

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord! When I was young, as yet I am not old, I do remember how my father said a stouter champion never handled sword. Long since we were resolved of your truth, your faithful service and your toil in war; yet never have you tasted our reward, or been reguard'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.

[Seated. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea, disgrace of these colours that I wear in honour of my noble Lord of York: [spakeset? Darest thou maintain the former words thou hast, yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage the envious barking of thy saucy tongue? Against my lord the Duke of Somerset, Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is; 

Bos. Why, what is he? as good a man as York. 

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. [Strikes him.]

Bos. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such that who so draws a sword, 'tis present death. Or else this blow should breath thy nearest blood. But I 'll unto his majesty, and to the king I may have liberty to venge this wrong; when thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost. 

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you; and, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.


Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glou. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head, Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth! Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath, that you elect no other king but him: Esteem none friends but such as are his friends, and none your foes but such as shall pretend malicious practices against his state: This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracions sovereign, as I rode from To haste unto your coronation. [Calais, a letter was deliver'd to my hands, Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

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Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracions sovereign, as I rode from To haste unto your coronation. [Calais, a letter was deliver'd to my hands, Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
And ill becomenig any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Ted. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant, and virtuous was their 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,
Profan'd, and his honour'd dignity disgrace'd.
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degr'd, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood. [loom!

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st say
Be pocking, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[Exit Foolstiffe.

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy. [his style?

Glov. What means his grace, that he hath changed
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'?

That he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or dare he think he (sor, sir, by this humor?

Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [Reads] 'I have, upon especial cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's w rack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feele upon,
For, while you do not bear yourselves
As the right honorable Grace, Wik. [France,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King
Of monstrous treasons! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glov. This is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with
And give him chastisement for this abuse. [him
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tel. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength and march unto him straight.

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason
And take him once it is to flout his friends.

Tel. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

[Exit.

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

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 whether you have your consent? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bus. And with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bus. Crossing the sea from England 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,
Whereby he did reproach me as the traitor
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confusion of which rude reproach
And in defiance of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law and arms.
Act IV.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE IV.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

War. 'Tis true, but his fancy, blame him
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if it wist he did,—but let it rest.

Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exit all but Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out; [voice]
I fear we should have seen deck'per'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Yet than can be imagined or supposed.
York. But here they are; what sayst thou but sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shoulderings of each other in the court,
This factions bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds ankind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Before Bourdeux.

Enter Talbot, with trumpet and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, afloat.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would: Open your city gates:
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Then ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us that cause not war but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retir'd, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee;
On either hand thee there are squadrions pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight:
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth from thee with apparent spoil
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have taken the sacrament
to ride their dangerous artillery.
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.

Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[Drama after off.

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exit General, &c.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer;
Mazed with a yeldeingkeel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;

Not rascal-like, to fall down with a puch,
But rather, moody-mud and desperate stags,
As if the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay;
Sell every man his life as dear as mine.
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right.
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets York.

Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again.
That dogs'd the weale; John, y of the Dauphin?

Moss. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is March'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot; as he March'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troopers than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am levied by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble Talbot,
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength.
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
And hemm'd about with grim destruction;
To Bourdeaux, warlike Duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By fortifying a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That this wars and quarells of us must pass.
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
And on his son, young John, who has been since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath.
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy. Farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours are won away;
Long all of Somerset and his delay.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of so great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth; while's they each other cross
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Other plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his array; a Captain 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
flight with a rally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unbecoming, desperate, wild adventure;
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That Talbot took, great York might bear the name.
opup. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o’ermatched forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you
sent? [Lord Talbot.

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold
Who, ring’d about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions;
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England’s honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While we the renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Aleonc, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default. [him aid.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent
Lucy. And York as lust upon your grace exclaim;
Sweareth that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition. [him aid.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn upon him by sending.
Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now cut off the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray’d to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen
Within six hours they will be at his aid. [straight:

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is taken or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in
you. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — The English camp near Bourneaux.

Enter Talbot and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot’s name might be in the revol
When danger and nakedness of 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 unavailing danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I will follow thee, with lights and swift escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?

Tal. And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me.
That Talbot stands for, he is not a blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne’er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss will be great, so you would fail be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in all you hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You died 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 that life my father than dishonour.

Tal. Shall all thy mother’s hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I’ll shame my mother’s womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing. I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. I will at the very last have thee saved in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, you renowned name: shall fight abuse
Thy father’s charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my 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 mother shall I be saved from your side.

John. That I can save you in a twain divide:

Tal. Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For life I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

SCENE VI.—A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot’s son is
honored about, and to 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.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son.
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin’s crest thy sword
struck fire,
It warmed his father’s heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken’d with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alencon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.

The irreft 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
Bespeak him thus: ‘Contaminated, base
And misbegotten blood I scorn to telne.
O son, and in truth I love you poor blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy.’

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy.
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father’s care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Will thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Soy the girdle of hope round thy breast be
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,
O, then I breathe my last hour may be stayed;
By me they nothing gain an if I stay:
’Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household’s name.
My death’s revenge, thy youth, and England’s fame:

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ACT V.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE I.

All these and more I hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away. [smiles;]
These words of thine draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly.
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France.
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.
Talbot's, thy life to me is sweet;
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led by a Servant.

Talbot. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, sworn with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour make slave of 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
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardian stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of bloody men did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My tears, my blossoms, in his pride.
Sure, O my dear lord, lo, where thy son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Talbot. Thou anted death, which laugh'st us here to Anon, from thy insulting tyranny, [scorns;
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity.

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [Dies.

Enter Charles, Aleton, Burgundy, Bastard, La Fucelle, and forces.

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

Bastard. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did dash his pupe sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thun maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid!'
But, with a proud malestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a gigot wench!'
So, rushing in the bowls of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. [knights;

Baron. Doubtless he would have made a noble
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nursel of his harms! [der.

Bastard. Hiew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; Herald of the French proceeding.

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 more French word:
We English warriors not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead. [Is.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison
But tell me why thou art come thus,
Lucy. But where's the great Aeldes of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchmfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Verdon of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield.
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars and thy defeat with France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyes-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France;
Worse were his picture left amongst 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.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em: to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll hear them hence; but from their ashes
shall be read:'
A phœnix that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what then
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein: [wilt.
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.

Soonet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope.
The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glou. I have, my lord: and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded
Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glou. Well, my good lord: and as the only means
ACT V.  
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  
SCENE III.

To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stabish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immiunity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And quiet this unhappy kingdom,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knelt to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Prorlers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And litter is my study and my play.
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 Winchester in Cardinal’s habit, a Legate
and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install’d,
And call’d unto a cardinal’s degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
‘If once be come to be a cardinal,
He’ll make his cap co-equal with the crown.’

King. 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 resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace:
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Exe. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform’d his highness so at large
As liking of the lady’s virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dowry;
He doth intend she shall be England’s queen.

King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bearn her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where himself
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
[Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver’d to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments,
Leg. I will attend on your lordship’s leisure.

Win. [Aside] Now Winchester will not submit, I
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
[Crow. Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I’ll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or suck this country with a mutiny.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—France.  Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard,
Reignier, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits:
’Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.  [France.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
And save the life of your powerfull valancie.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accompanie! [speaks.

Scout. The English army, that divided was

Into two parties, is now conjoin’d in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Puc. 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 accursed,
Command the conquest, Charliers.  It shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be for
—

SCENE III.—Before Angiers.

Alarm.  Excursions.  Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquer, and the Frenchmen
Now help, ye charming spells and peripats;  [by.
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents.  [Thunder.
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Friends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom’d diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call’d
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

They walk, and speak not.

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where was I wont to feed you with my blood,
I’ll hop 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 put my suit.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wondert furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

See, they forsake me!  Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest
And let her head fall into England’s lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.  [Exit.

Excursions.  Re-enter La Pucelle fighting head to head
with York:  La Pucelle is taken.  The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil’s grace!
See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Damphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please an dignity eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
thec! By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell bann’d flag, enchantress, hold thy
tongue!

Puc. I pritchee, give me leave to curse awhile;
you, French, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake.
[Exeunt.

Alarm.  Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner,
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly.
[Graces on her.
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Nor, Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, by the grace of God, my father.

Suf. A cart I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle.
Thou art allotted to be taken by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keep thee prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.  

[She is 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 true, What though I be e'eternal eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be damned at a woman's sight?
Art beauty's princely majesty 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,
Bore thou make a trial of her love? I pray?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must
Suf. She's beautiful and therefore to be wodd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won,
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?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marry'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king; that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou, and no man may nor will, and
Our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they never so much;
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam. I have a secret to reveal. [knight,
Of marriage in the kingdom, ye see: he seems a
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouche-safe to listen what I say,
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Trust, women have been captive ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Qno.
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 to be a slave in base servitude;
For princes should be free.
Suf.
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 the world in amazement; and set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorecess condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart out.

Have I sough every country far and near, [right! And an work exceeding my chance to find thee out,
Myst I behold thy timelesse cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood:

Thou art no father nor no friend of mine. [not so:

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis

I did bring thee to life with this advice: 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. Alas, sweet Joan, that thou wert no obstacle!

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. [man,

Puc. Peasant, avant! You have suborn'd this

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl,

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,

Had been a little dralice for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [Exit

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,

To fill the world with such ignominy.

Shep. But, Joan, that thou wert no obstacle!

Puc. First, let me tell you without you have con-

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virgins and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To perform great miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you, 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 counterfeit wondrous but by hand of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.

War. And hard ye, sirs; because she is a maid,

Spare no favours, let there be enow:

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then shew them, I beseech you, humanly,

That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.

I am with child, ye bloody homicides:

Murther not then the fruit within my womb,

Although ye hate me to a violent death. [child!

York. Now heaven forbear! the holy maid with

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live.

Especially since Charles must fail her.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. I give you leave, I have declared you:

'Twas he that the King, Charles nor yet the duke I named,

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 was no woman, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virginn pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. [cause:

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my

May never glorious sun relish his beams

Upon that sacred place where all are slain:

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, Bishop of Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence

With letters of commission from the king.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implored a general peace

Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;

And here at hand the Dauphin and his train

Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,

That in this quartel have been overthrown

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Of such popish base, and most abject peace,

Have the world witnessed, in the towns of

By treason, falsedhood 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 thenby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, and others.

Chas. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves

What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler choked

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,

By sight of these their hateful enemies,

War. Charles, the rest, it is exacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,

Of mere compassion and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,

You shall become true liegenmen to his crown.

And, Charles, for you comen from in France,

To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,

Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,

And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,

And yet, in substance and authority,
ACT V.  FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE V.

Retain but privilege of a private man? This proffer is absurd and reasonless. 
Chor. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd With such an title as to my dominions, And therein reverenced for their lawful king: Shall I, for lice of the rest unvanquish'd, Detrac so much from that prerogative, As to be call'd but vicevory of the whole? No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep That which I have than, coveting for more, Be cast from possibility of all. [means }
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret Used intercession to obtain a league, And, now the matter grows to compromise, Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? Either accept the title thou us'st, Or lose by presenting from our king And not of any challenge of desert, Or we will plague thee with incessant wars. Reign. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy To cavil in the course of this contract: It once it be neglected, ten to one We shall not find any concurrence: Act. 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 true, Although you break it when your pleasure serves. War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condn. Chor. It shall; [lion stand? Only reserved, you claim no interest In any of our towns of garrison. York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty, As thou art knight here to-day also Nor be rebellions to the crown of England, Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England. So, now dismiss your army when ye please; Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still, For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt. SCENE V. — London, The palace. Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucester and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl, Of beauteous Margaret how admirably: her: Her virtues, and her favouring gifts: Do brede love's settled passions in my heart: And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide, So am I driven by breath of her renown Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive. Where may have fruit of their love. Suff. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale Is but a preface of her worthy praise; The chief perfections of that lovely dame, Had I sufficient skill to utter them, Would make a volume of enticing lines, And, which is more, she is not so divine, So full-replete with choice of all delights, But with as humble lowliness of mind She is content to be at your command; Command, I mean, of Virtuous chaste intents, To love and bright, Heer is her lord. King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume. Therefore, my lord protector, give consent That Margaret may be England's royal queen. Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin. You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd Into another lady of esteem; How shall we then dispense with that contract, And not deface your honour with reproach? Suff. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths; Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists By reason of his adversary's odds: A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds, And therefore may be broke without offence. Glou. Why, what doth Margaret more than Her father is no better than an earl, [that? Although in glorious titles he excel. Suff. Yes, my lord, her father is a king, The King of Naples and Jerusalem; And of such great authority in France Will his alliance and perfections And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance. Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do, Because he is near kinsman unto Charles. [dower, Eee. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal Where Reignier sooner will receive than give. Suff. A dower, my lord, and disgrace not so your king, That he should become object of 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 weight Than to be dealt in by attorneyship; Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects, Must be companion of his nuptial bed: And therefore, lords, since he affects her most, It most of all these reasons bindeth us, In our opinion, to marry her. For what is wedlock forced but a hell, An age of discord and continual strife? Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss, And is a pattern of celestial peace. Whom should we match with 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 unbaunted 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 linked in love, Then yield, my lords: and here conclude with me That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she. Suffolk. Well (though it be but repetition of your report, My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that My tender youth was never yet attain; With any passion of inflaming love, I cannot tell; but this I am assured, I feel such sharp dissension in my breast, Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear, As I am sick with working these thoughts. Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France; Agree to any covenants, and procure That Lady Margaret do youchase 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 not, will excuse This sudden execution of my will. And so, conduct me where, from company, I may revolve and nominate my grief. [Exit Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last. [Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter. Suff. Thus Suffolk, both prevailed; and thus he As did the youthful Paris once to Greece, [goes, 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.
THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Sixth.  
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.  
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.  
R ichard Plantagenet, Duke of York,  
Edward and Richard, his sons.  
Duke of Somerset.  
Duke of Suffolk.  
Duke of Buckingham.  
Lord Clifford.  
Young Clifford, his son.  
Earl of Salisbury.  
Earl of Warwick.  
Lord Scales.  
Lord Say.  
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William Stafford, his brother.  
Sir John Stanley.  
Vaux.  
Matthew Goffe.  
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and Walter Whitmore.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.  
John Hume and John Southwell, priests.  
Bolingbroke, a conjurer.  
Thomas Horner, an armourer.  Peter, his man.  
Clergy of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.  
Simpcox, an impostor.  
Alexander Iden, a Kentish gentleman.  
Jack Cade, a rebel.  
George Bevis, John Holland, Dick the butcher,  
Smith the weaver, Michael, &c., followers of Cade.  
Two Murderers.  
Margaret, Queen to King Henry.  
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester.  
Margaret Jourdain, a witch.  
Wife to Simpcox.  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants. Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Princes, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.  
A Spirit.

SCENE—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.

Flourish of trumpets; then hautboys. Enter the King, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side; the Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, as procurator to your excellence, to marry Princess Margaret for your grace, so, in the famous ancient city Tours, in presence of the Kings of France and Sicili, [con, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alençon, Seven cards, twelve barons and twenty reverend bishops, I have performed my task and was espoused: And humbly now upon my bended knee, in sight of England and her lordly peers, deliver up my title in the queen.  
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance of that great shadow I did represent; the happiest gift that ever marquis gave, the fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret: I can express no kinder sign of love Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! For then hast given me in this beauteous face A world of earthly blessings to my soul, if sympathy of love unite our thoughts. [Lord, Queen. Great King of England and my gracious

The mutual conference that my mind hath had, By day, by night, waking and in my dreams, In courtly company or at my seat, with you, mine elder-betreft sovereign, Makes me the bolder to salute my king With tender terms, such as my wit affords And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech, Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty, Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys; Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love. [All kneeling.] Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!  
Queen. We thank you all. [Flourish.  
Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace, here are the articles of contracted peace Between our sovereign and the French king Charles, for eighteen months concluded by consent.  
Glow. [Reads] Imprimus. It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Regnier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father.'—[Let the paper fall.  
King. Uncle, how now!  
Glow. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
And dunn'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

KING. [Reads] Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

KING. By these words we are well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
The parts of France, till term of eighteen months.

KING. And further, our uncle Winchester, Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

KING. Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

KING. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His mind, his body, in the sustenance of wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toll his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaumont and myself,
With all the learned counsellor of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenche might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shame not this league!
Fata! this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!
I could, and will, have been the best
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

KING. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the dagger to my valiant son
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SOLD. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Diem! York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dins the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league,
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own,
To take behovellor that bring no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France and starv'd in

KING. Before he had passed the Channel.

SOLD. France, My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

[Exit.

KING. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out; proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our current bickering.
Lording, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.

KING. 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, be he the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be dispasseed at it.
Look to it, and let not words inclined
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him ' Humphrey, the good Duke of Glou-

cesterc,' Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'I shall maintain my royal excellence!'
With ' God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Back. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

[Exit.

SOM. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
With pride yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

Back. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[Exit.

SOM. Beguise this, and tell the Duke of Gloucester,
York, and Somerset.

SOL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Beloves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
On'ts gone we'll be nobly maintained,
More like a soldier than a man of the church,
As stent and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself.
Unlike the ruler of a commonwealth.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age.
Thy deeds, thy plaintful and thy housekeeping,
Hath 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 wast most renowned;
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
Join we together, for the public good.
In what we can, to bridge and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition.
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do lend the proof of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, And common profit of his country! York. [Aside] And so says York, for he hath not been the cause. 

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main. 

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost; That Maine which by main force Warwick did win, And would have kept so long as breath did last! Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine, Which I will win from France, or else be slain. [Exit Warwick and Salisbury. 

York, Anjou and Maine are given to the French; Paris is lost; the state of Normandy Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone: Suffolk concluded on the articles, The French made the best offer, they were well pleased To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter, I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them? 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own. Piranes may make cheap pennyworths of their pillice And purchase friends and give to courtizans, 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 shared and all is borne away, Ready to starve and dare not touch his own: So York not trusted, and both grove and tongue, While his own lands are bargained for and sold, Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. And Maine and Normandy given unto the French! Cold news for me, for I had hope of France, Even as I have of fertile England's soil. A day will come when York shall claim his own; And therefore I will take the Nevils' 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, Nor wear the diadem upon his head, Whose church-like honours fits not for a crown. 

Then, York, be still awhile, till thou do serve: Watch how the monarch when his eyes be asleep, To pry into the secrets of the state; Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, [Queen With his new bride and England's dear-bought And Humphrey with the peers be full at jats! Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose, With 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 Duke of Gloucester's house. 

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor. 

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd 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 thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth, Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight? What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem, Enchased with all the honours of the world? If so be, ye, and not the heavens, Until thy head be circled with the same, Put forth thy hand, reach to the glorious gold, What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine; And, having both together heaved it up, We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this; he shall make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit. Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold.]

Marly, 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 dies 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, be it plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour, Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And bust 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 attainture will be Humphrey's fall: Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.]

SCENE III. — The palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's man, being one.

First 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 quiet.

Sec. Pet. Marly, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

Peter. Her a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him, I'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Pet. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldn't any thing with First Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Ques. Then, what's mine, my Lord Protector? Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

First 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.


Sec. Pet. A/as, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [Giving his petition] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Ques. What sayst thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurer.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servant.] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[Exit Servant with Pet.]

Ques. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our pay master's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[There the supplications.

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[Exeunt. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, Is this the fashion in the court of England? Is this the government of Britain's isle, And this the royalty of Albion's king? Under the surly Gloucester's governance? Am I a queen in title and in style, And must be made a subject to a duke? I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love And stolest from the ladies of the court of France, I thought King Henry had resembled thee In courage, courtship and proportion: But all his mind is bent to holiness, To number Ave-Maries on his beads; His champions are the prophets and apostles, His weapons holy rays of sun and light, His study is his till-yard, and his love Are brazen images of canonized saints. I would the college of the cardinals Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome, And set the triple crown upon his head: That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was cause Your highness came to England, so will I In England work your grace's full content. Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort, The imperial churchman, Somerset, Buckingham, And grappling York; and not the least of these But can do more in England than the king. Suf. And he of these that can do most of all Cannot do more in England than the Nevills: Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers. Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much As that proud duke, the lord protector's wife. She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies, More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife: Strangers in court do take her for the queen; She bears a duke's revenues on her back, And in her heart she scorns our poverty: Shall I not live to be avenged on her? Contumelious base-born callet as she is, She vaunted 'mongst her minions 'tother 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, a crown and a bush for her; And placed a quire of such enticing birds, That she will fight to listen to the lutes, 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 she be no courtier, 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 weed them all at last, And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a sennet. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchess of Gloucester.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which; Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent: I will yield to him.

War. Whether it be Henry or his brother,
yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worther.

Cur. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwic.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
ACT I.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE IV.

Sal. Peace, son, and show some reason, Bucking.—Why Somerset should be preferred in this.  [ham.  
Queen.  Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.  
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Sal. This he old enough, what needs your grace.  
To be protector of his excellence?  
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;  
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.  
Saf.  Resign it then and leave thine insolence.  
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—  
The commonalty hath daily run to wreck;  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;  
And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.  
Car.  The commons shunt thou rack'd; the clergy's  
Are lank and lean with thy exhortions.  
[Attire  
Som.  Thy swinish and abominable and thy wife's  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.  
[attire  
Buck.  Thy cruelty in execution  
Upon offenders hath exceeded law  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.  
Queen.  Thy sale of offices and towns in France,  
If they in fact be, are more to be lamented  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.  
[Exit Gloucester.  The Queen drops her fan.  
Give me my fan; what, minion! can ye not?  
[She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.  
I cry mercy, madam; was it you?  
Duch.  War! I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:  
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.  
King.  Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.  
Duch.  Against her will! good king, look to't in time;  
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby;  
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreverenced.  
[Exit.  
It enter Gloucester.  
Glo.  Now, lords, my choler being over-blown  
With walking once about the quadrangle,  
I come to walk a second; bear my commands.  
As for your spiteful false objections,  
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:  
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,  
As I in duty love my king and country!  
But, to the matter that we have in hand:  
I say, my sovereign, York is nearest man  
To be your regent in the realm of France.  
Saf.  Before we make election, give me leave  
To show some reason, of no little force,  
That York is most meet of any man.  
York.  I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:  
First, for I know not how the Dauphin  
Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
Without discharge, money, or furniture,  
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:  
Last time, I danced attendance on his will  
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.  
War.  That can I witness; and a fouler fact  
Did never traitor in the land commit.  
Saf.  Peace, headstrong Warwick!  
War.  Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?  
[Enter Horner, the Armourer, and his man Peter,  
Saf.  Because here is a man accused of treason:  
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!  
York.  Both any one accuse York for a traitor?

King.  What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what  
Are these?  
Saf.  Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason;  
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York  
Was right well accustomed to the traitor  
And that your majesty was an usurper.  
King.  Say, man, were these thy words?  
Hor.  An't shall please your majesty, I never said  
Nor thought any such matter; God is my witness,  
I am falsely accused by the villain.  
Pty.  By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak  
them to me in the garret one night, as we were  
scouring my Lord of York's armour.  
York.  Base dunghill villain and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.  
I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigour of the law.  
Hor.  Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake  
The words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when  
I did correct him for his fault the other day,  
I did vom upon his knees he would be even with me:  
I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your  
majesty, that I may cast away an honest man for a  
villain's accusation.  
King.  Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?  
Glo.  This doom, my lord, if I may judge:  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
Because in York this breeds suspicion:  
And let it be with a day appoint them  
For single combat in convenient place,  
For he hath witness of his servant's malefice:  
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.  
Som.  I humbly thank your royal majesty.  
And I accept the combat willingly.  
York.  Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake,  
pity my case. The spirit of man prevails against me.  
O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall  
never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!  
Glo.  Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.  
King.  Away with them to prison; and the  
day of combat shall be the last of the next month.  
Come, Somerset, we'll see them set away.  
[Flourish.  Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Gloucester's garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

Hume.  Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you,  
expects performance of your promises.

Boling.  Master Hume, are we therefore provided:  
will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?  
Hume.  Ay, what else? fear you not her courage?  
Boling.  I have heard her reported to be a woman  
of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient,  
Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we  
be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's  
name, and leave us.  [Exit Hume.] Mother Jour-  
dain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John  
Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.

Duch.  Well said, my masters; and welcome all.  
To this gear the sooner the better.  
[Boling.  Patience, good lady; wizards know  
their deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl  
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
Madam, sit you and fear not; whom we raise,  
We will wreak it fast within a hand's length.  
[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and  
made the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell  
reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and  
lights terrific; then the Spirit riseth.  

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ACT II.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.
SCENE I.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.
Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done.

Duke. '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 outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

Duke. What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?
Spir. Two sisters shall be die, and take his end.

Duke. What shall befal the Duke of Somerset?
Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Where as castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Duke. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buck-

ingham with their Guard and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch. [trash.
What, madam, are you there? the king and com-

monweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guarded for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! let them clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.

[Exeunt above. Duchess and Home, guarded.
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away!

[Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd
her well;
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [Reads.

'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'

Why, this is the answer.

'Aio te, &c. &c.'

Well, to the rest:
'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?'
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
'Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Where as castles mounted stand.'

Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's.
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector. [them:
'Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of
To be the post, in hope of his reward. [York.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's
within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-night. Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban's.

Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal,
and Suffolk, with Falconers halloing.

Queen. 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 Jem had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she slew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yet, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he would be above the
clouds.

[Aside. Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly lordship?

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine inso-
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester. [pence.

King. I pritchie, 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. [Aside to Car.] Faith, holy uncle, would
't were come to that!

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Marry, when thou darest.

Glo. [Aside to Car.] Make up no factions num-
bers for the matter.

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Ay, where thou darest not
peep; an if thou darest,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Hod not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [Aside to Glo.] Come with
thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Are ye advised? the east
side of the grove?

Glo. [Aside to Car.] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

Glou. Talking of hawking: nothing else, my lord.
[Aside to Car.] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll
shave your crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fall.

Car. [Aside to Glo.] Medice, tepiupon —

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

415
Enter a Townsman of Saint Albans's, crying 'A miracle!'

Glu. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.
Towns. Forssooth, a blind man at Saint Albans's shrine has recovered his sight.
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans's and his brethren, bearing Simpcox, between two in a chair, Simpcox's Wife following.

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present their highnesses with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glu. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the
His highness's pleasure is to talk with him. [kneeling]
King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?
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.
Glu. Hast thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
King. Where wast thou born? [grace]
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your
King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great
too thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. 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, 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How camest thou so?
Glu. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glu. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear,
Glu. Mass, thou lovest fuller plums yet, that wouldst
climb by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Simp. Als, good master, my wife desired some
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glu. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clearly as day, I thank God and
Saint Alban. [cloak off]
Glu. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this
Simp. Red, master; red as blood. [gown on]
Glu. Why, that's well said. What colour is my
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and couldst call it as jet. [is it?]
King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet.
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glu. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a
many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glu. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glu. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glu. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glu. What's thine own name? [kneeling]
Simp. Saunders Simcox, an if it please you, master.
Glu. Then, Saunders, sit there, the lynget knave
in Christendom. If thou hast been born blind,
thou mightst as well have known all our names as
thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight
may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to
nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint
Alban here hath done a miracle; and yole ye not
think his cunning to be great, that could restore
this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glu. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not
beadles in your town, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glu. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.
[Exit Attendant.
Glu. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.
Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from
whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.
Simp. Als, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glu. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah, whip him till he leap over that same
stool.
Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off
with your doublet, quickly.
Simp. Als, master, what shall I do? I am not
able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps
over the stool and ramps away; and they follow
and cry, 'A miracle!'

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?
Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
Glu. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Als, sir, we did it for pure need.
Glu. Let them be whipped through every market-
town, till they come to Berwick, from whence
they came.
[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.
Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
Glu. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this crew,
Have practised 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. [Aside to Glou.] And so, my lord protector,
by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This, my lord, I think, hath turned your weapon's edge;
'T is like, your grace, you will not keep your hour.
Glu. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflicth my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee, 
Or to the meanest groom.  

King. O God, what mischief work the wicked 
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby! 

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy 
nest, 
And, that myself be faultless, thou wert best. 

Glow. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal, 
How I have loved my king and commonwealth. 
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands; 
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard: 
Noble she is, but if she have forgot 
Honour and name I am conversed with such 
As, like a pitch, defile inability. 
I banish her my bed and company 
And give her as a prey to law and shame, 
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name. 

King. Well, for this night we will repose us here: 
To-morrow toward London back again, 
To look into this business thoroughly 
And call these foul offenders to their answers 
And poise the cause in justice equal scales, 
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. 

[Flourish. Exeunt.


Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick, 
Our simple supper ended, give me leave 
In this close walk to satisfy myself, 
In craving your opinion of my title, 
Which is infallible, to England's crown. 

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full. 

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be 
The Nevils are thy subjects to command. 

[good. York. Then thus: 
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons: 
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of 
Wales; 
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third, 
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom 
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster; 
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York; 
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of 
Gloucester; 
William of Windsor was the seventh and last. 
Edward the Black Prince died before his father 
And left me, his only son, [King; 
Who after Edward the third's death reign'd as 
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, 
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt, 
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth, 
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king, 
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she 
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know, 
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously. 
War. Father, the duke hath told the truth; 
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown. 
York. Which now they hold by force and not by right: 
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead, 
The issue of the next son should have reign'd. 
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir. 
York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from 
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter, 
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March: 
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March; 
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor. 
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke, 
As I remember, was of the crown; 
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king, 
Who kept him in captivity till he died. 
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne, 
My mother, being heir unto the crown, 
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son 
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son. 
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir 
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son 
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe, 
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence: 
So, if the issue of the elder son 
Succeed before the younger, I am king. 

[This. War. What plain proceeding is more plain than 
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt, 
The fourth son of York, stolen it from the third, 
Till Lionel's issue fails, his shine to reign? 
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee 
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. 
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together; 
And in this private plot be we the first 
That shall salute our rightful sovereign 
With honour of his birthright to the crown. 
Loth. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's 
King! 

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your 
Till I be crown'd and that my sword be stain'd 
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster; 
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd, 
But with advice and silent secrecy. 

Do you as I do in these dangerous days: 
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition, 
At Buckingham and all the crew of them, 
Till they have shared the shepherd of the flock, 
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey: 
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that 
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy. 
Sal. My lord, we break; we know your mind 
at full. 

[Exeunt. War. My heart assures me that the Earl of War- 
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king. 
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself: 
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick 
The greatest man in England but the king. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Glouce-
ster, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of 
Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, 
And Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth! Dame Eleanor Cobham, Glos-
ester's wife: 
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great: 
Receive the sentence of the law for sins 
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death. 
You four, from hence to prison back again; 
From thence unto the place of execution: 
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes, 
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows. 
You, madam, for you are more nobly born, 
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 
Shall, after three days' open penance done, 
Live in your country here in banishment, 
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man. 
Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my 
death. 

[thee. Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged 
I cannot justify whom the law condemns. 

[Exeunt. [With the 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 thee, my majesty, give me leave to go; 
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease. 
King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere 
three days, 
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself 
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
ACT II.  SECOND PART OF  KING HENRY VI.  SCENE IV.

My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet; And go in peace. Humphrey, no less beloved Than when thou wert protector to thy king. Queen. I see no reason why a king of years Should be to be protected like a child. God and King Henry govern England’s realm. Give up your watchful, sir, and the king his realm. Gloucester. My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff; As willingly do I the same resign As e'er thy father Henry made it mine; And even as willingly at thee I leave It as others would ambitiously receive it. Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone, May honest hearts and minds appear to thee! [Exit. Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen; And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself, That bears so shrewd a main in; two pats at once; His lady banishes, and a limb lopped off. This staff of honour raught, there let it stand Where it best fits to be, in Henry’s hand. [sprays; Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his 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 which of you to be the appellant and defendant, The armorer and his man, to enter the lists, So please your highness to behold the fight. Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried. [Exit. King. O God’s name, see the lists and all things Here let them end it; and God defend the right! York. I never saw a fellow worse bested, Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant, The servant of this armorer, my lords.

Enter at one door, Horner, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door Peter, his son, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prestices drinking to him. First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. [charneco. Second Neigh. And here, neighbour, here be a cup of Third Neigh. Are here's a pot of double good beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man. Hor. Let it come, I't faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter! [not afraid. First Prentice. Here, Peter. I drink to thee: and be careful for your public service. 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 dringat in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, be 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. S dul. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name? Peter. Peter, Thump. S dul. Thump! then see thou thump thy master Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knife and myself a halberd: and now that I have touched the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow! [double. York. Dispatch: this knife's tongue begins to sound the trumpets, alarm to the conspirators! [Alarums. Then fight, and Peter strikes him down. 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 enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right! King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight; For by his death we do perceive his guilt; And God in justice hath treated him. The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully, Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A street.

Enter Gloucester and his Serv ingmen, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a After and summer evermore succeeds cloud; barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: So cares and joys abound, as seasons feet. Sirs, what's o'clock? Ser. Ten, my lord. Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me To watch the coming of my punish’d duchess; Unearth may she endure the flinty streets, To do treachery with her accursed feet. Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook The abject people gazing on thy face, With envious looks, laughing at thy shame, That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare My tear-stain’d eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white short, and a lower bearing in her hand; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and others.

Ser. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff. Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by. Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame? Now thou hast done penance too. Look how they gaze! See how the giddy multitude do point, And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee! Glou. Ah, Gloucester, hark thee! be not of so careless look; And, in thy closet pent up, rue thy shame, And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine! Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief. Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself! For whilst I think I am thy married wife And thus my privity, prudence, pride, Methinks I should not thus be led along, Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back, And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice To see my tears and hear my deep-set groans. The ruthless knave did cut 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 my quiet shall be my hell, Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife, And be a prince and ruler of the land: Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess, Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock To every idle tongue; but I had cause But be thou mild and blush not at my shame, Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; For Suffolk, he that can do all in all With her that ketheth thee and hates us all, And York and Impious Beaufort, that false priest, Have all lined bushes to betray thy wings, And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
ACT III.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
Glot. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou art 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 any cuticle,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped 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.

Hob. And Bury the first of this next month.

Glot. And my consent ne'er asked herein before!
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
[Exit Herald.

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
Sker. An't please your grace, here's my commission.
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now [stays,
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glot. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may I please your grace.

Glot. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray.

You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell! [well!]

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not fare-

Glot. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[Exit Gloucester and Sheriff.

Duch. Art thou gone too? all sad, or 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 prithee, 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 used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;

According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sker. It is my office: and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
And go we to attire you for our journey.
[Exit. Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet
No, it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[Exit.
ACT III.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond alliance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's dispos'd as the hateful raven;
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
What can not be done? there's a shape't 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!
King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!
York. [Aside] Cold news for me; for I had hope
As firmly as I hope for fertile England,
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud
And cataphractis eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long. [soon, Sup. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art;
Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign;
Who can accuse me, wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Glou. Is it but thought so? What are they that
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay, [think it?
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France,
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,
That doth that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any great I hearded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day?
No; I do not speak of proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
York. In your protectorship did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defac'd by tyranny. [lector,
Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was pro-
Perty was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lovely words were raus'd for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felons thief that deceived poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murther indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured.
Above the felon or what trespass else [fewer:
Scot. My lord, these fall from my special hopes,
But lighter crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal.
To keep, until your further time of trial.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant.
And equity exil'd your highness' hand,
I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy
And put an end to the world's direst state,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Somers ley breeding brighten'd his fatal hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthen's with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life;
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgrace on my head
And with your best endeavour have stri'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your counsels—and
And also made away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected:
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'
Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, child and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Sup. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though directly cou'd,
As if she had suborn'd her own destruction?
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Glou. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glou. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Back. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner. [sure.
Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him
Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his
Before his legs be firm to bear his only
Thus is a pound suborn'd from thy side
And wolves are guardian's who shall gaw that first,
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.
[Exit, guarded.

King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here. [mend?
Queen. What, will your highness leave the parlia-
King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body rendred and wrung 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 proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
Car. My lord, what shall I do to your highness?
What is the choice you have for your estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never distildest them wrong nor man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf
And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,
Hearing the blood of thousands cry from his estate,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wait her darling’s loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester’s case.
Look with sad unhelpful tears, and with dim’d eyes
Like after him and cannot do him good.
No mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fellows shun him, and his name is writ each groan
Say ‘Who’s a traitor? Gloucester he is none.’

[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York; Somerset remains apart.

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun’s
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs, shot beams,
Talk of feudal prejudice and Gloucester’s show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll’d in a flowering bank,
With shining checker’d slough, doth sting a child.
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit go’d—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
’Tis meet he be condemned of course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
But what occasion, or what authority, will have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fair as I!

Yor. ’Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Wrote not one, none empty eagle set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king’s protector?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, ’tis true; and were ’t not madness,
To make the foxsurveyor of the fold? [then,
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but silly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain’d with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege,
And yet I will not say he shall die:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, ’tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, ’tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Resolutely, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Card. ’Tis not said, my Lord of York, you can take due orders for a priest:
[Suffolk, say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I will provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthily doing.

Queen. And so say I.

Yor. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,
To signify that rebels there are up.
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breast that carries a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

Yor. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:
’Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ’d;
Witness the fortune he had hath in France.

Queen. If York, with all his underlie policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay’d in France so long.

Yor. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a hurthen of dis-honour home
By staying there so long, if I care lost.

Show me one scar character’d on thy skin
Men’s flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a racing
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
[fire,
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, has been regent there,
 Might happily have proved far worse than his.

Yor. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a
shame take all.

Som. And, in the number, thee that wastiest shame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is
The uncivil word of our confederate law.
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choice, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

Yor. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Som. Why, please his majesty? and what more?
And what we do establish he confirms;
Then, noble York, take thine this task in hand.

Yor. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform’d.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him: for I will deal with him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off: the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

Yor. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers:
For there I’ll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I’ll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[Exeunt all but York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
And change misfortunes to resolution: [thoughts,
Be that thou hast, and what thou hast
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. [thought.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more blaz’d than the labouring spider
Weaves 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 starved snake,
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
Now, sir, how shall I do with this man?”
I take it kindly: yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in 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-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cadie of Asfordard.
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cadie
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,

ACT III. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE I.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. SECT. II.

And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill’d porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he bet his.
Full often, like a shag-hair’d cratty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover’d 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 common’s 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 moved 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 racial sow’d;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

SCENE II.—Bury St. Edmund’s. A room of state.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch’d the duke, as he commanded.

Sec. Mur. O that it were so! What have we Didst ever hear a man so penitent? [done]

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch’d this thing?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he’s dead.

Suf. Why, that’s well said. Go, get you to my house:
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?

First Mur. ‘Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight; Say you have found to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as ’tis published.

Suf. I’ll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit. King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter ’gainst our uncle Gloucester Than from true evidence of good esteem.
He be approved in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion! [much]

King. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me.

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look’st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what’s the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend!

Suf. O God, my secret judgment; I did dream to-night.
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.

Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead,

Sum. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, one thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

King. O heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

King. 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 that I might feel the fire that he sent,
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 hateful messenger of my sight!
Upon thy eye-ball murder’s tyranny.
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounded:
Yet do not go away: come, basilsilk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thine sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloucester’s dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like lamented his death.
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
Or blood-dropping sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-dropping 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 judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander’s tongue be wounded,
And princes’ courts be fill’d with my reproach.
This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown’d with infamy! [man]

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched soul.
De woe be for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no leasome 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 Gloucester’s tomb?
Why, then, dame Margaret was ever thy joy.
Erect his status and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck’d upon the sea
And twice by awkward wind from England’s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What landlord this, but well foretasting wind
Did seem to say ‘Seek not a scorpion’s nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore’?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England’s blessed
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock? [shore, Yet Eolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee; The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown’d on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower’d in the sinking sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest heard was 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 he that tunes towards thy fair sea received 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,
ACT III.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE II.

For losing ken of Albion's wish'd I conf.
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 maddling Dido would unfold
It shou'd be spoken in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like
Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret! [him?
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down.
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spicenous mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death. [true;

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too late
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And commit his sudden death to the enemy.
War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit.

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some overweening hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God.
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb dead trunk
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter Warwick and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That 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: War.
As my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-taun'd duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue;
What how his grace gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is settled in his face.

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attacks the same for aid; and his face, the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools and ce're returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; [glow;
His hair upcurl'd, his nestles stretched with string;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
I cannot but he was murder'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable. [death?

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep;
'Tis is like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis was he found murdered in burning Troy:
Quee-n. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds a parcel of unhurt trees burnt?

Suf. I wear no knife to slay right slaying men:
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson bade.

Quee-n. Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Quee-n. He dares not calm his contumacious 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 on behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-lidded lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree sly; whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee
And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Prerogative of so base a villain as I am.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

Quee-n. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men of
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

[Bury
Sal. [To the Commons, entering] Sirs, stand apart;
the king will know no compact.
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace
And torture him with grievous lingering death.

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They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died; They say, in him they fear your highness' death; And more instinet of love and loyalty, Free from a stubborn opposite intent, As being thought to contradict your liking, Making you such a known objet deven. They say, in care of your most royal person, That if your highness should intend to sleep And charge that no man should disturb your rest In pain of your dislike or pain of death, Yet, notwithstanding such a strict edict, Were all the serpents, with forked tongue, That sily glided towards your holy presence, It were but necessary you were waked, Least, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber, The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal; And therefore do they cry, though you forbid, That they will guard you, whether you will or no, From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is, With whose envenomed and fatal sting, Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth, They say, is shamefully bereft of life. Commons. Within An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury! Suf. If like these serpents, rude unpolish'd minds Could send such message to their sovereignty: But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd, To show how quaint an orator you are: But all the honour Salisbury hath won Is, that he was the lord ambassador Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king. Commons. Within An answer from the king, or we will all break in! King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thank them for their tender loving care; And had I not been cited so by them, Yet did I purpose as they do entreat: For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means: And therefore, by His majesty I swear, Whose unworthy deputy I am, He shall not breathe infection in this air But three days longer, on the pain of death. [Exit Salisbury. Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk! King. 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 not been holden I would have laid my word, But when I swear, it is irrecoverable. If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found On any ground that I am ruler of, The world shall not be ransom for thy life. Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me; I have great matters to impart to thee. [Exit all but Queen and Suffolk. Queen. Mischance and sorrow go 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 who should share your opening woes? Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these excursions And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave. Wretch! Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted Hest thou not spirit to curse thine enemy? Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them? Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, I would invent as bitter-searching terms, As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear, Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth, With full as many signs of deadly hate, As the devils doth to Envy in her wanton love; My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words; Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint; Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distinct; Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban: And even now my heart bend would break, Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink! Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste! Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees! Their chiefest prospect murdered basillisks! Their sweetest breath as much as auler's stings! Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss! And boding sereen-owls make the concert full! All the foul terrors in dark-steel'd hell— Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself; And the threefold curses, like the sun 'gainst glass, Or like an overcharged gun, recoil, And turn the force of them upon thyself. Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave? Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from, 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. Queen. 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 woful monuments. Queen. Go, could I bid them cease, I would, That thou mightst think upon these by the sea, Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee! So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief; 'Tis but surpris'd whiles thou art standing by, As one that surpriseth thinking on a want. I will repeal thee, or, be well assured, Adventure to be banished myself: 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 ten times banish'd; Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee. 'Tis not the land I care for, worth 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 not, desolation. I can no more; live thou to joy thy life; Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest. Enter Vaux. Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pray you. To signify unto his majesty [prithee? That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death; For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air, Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth. Sometimes 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 soul was in the kiss of his passionate kiss! And I am sent to tell his majesty That even now he cries aloud for him. Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king. [Exit Vaux. Ay me! what is this world! what news are these! But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss, Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure? Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee, And with the southern clouds contend in tears, Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows? Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming: If thou be found by me, thou art but dead. Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live; And in thy sight to die, what were it else But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
ACT IV.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.
SCENE I.

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dyes 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 thine hope on my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my lying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived 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, whatso may befal:
Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful cor-
seive,
It is applied to a deathful wound,
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee,
For whosoever thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Queen. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splited bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Queen. This way for me. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—A bedchamber.

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, to the
Cardinal in bed.

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to
thy sovereign.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordinance goes off. Enter a Cap-
tain, a Master, a Master's Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drawsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves and from their mistey jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our phaumuce anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discouler'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee:
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share. [know.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me
Meet. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your
head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes
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
Be counterposed with such a petty sum!
First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare
my life. [straight.

Sec. Gent. And so will I and write home for it
What. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore with thy lips to stop thou die; [To Suf.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
Enough to purchase such another island, [treasure,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is the Murtherer 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, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him
grip!
Suf. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
King. Peace to his soul, 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 had a death argues a monstrous life.
King. 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.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE II.

Cap.  Convey him hence and on our long-boat’s side
Strike off his head.

Suf.  Thou dar’st not, for thy own.

Cap.  Yes, Pole.

Suf.  Pole!

Cap.  Pool! Sir Pool! lord! An
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filthy and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips that kiss’d the queen shall sweep the ground: [death.

And thank thatliest at good Duke Humphry’s
Against the senseless winds shall grind in vain,
Who in contempt shall kiss at thee again:
And waded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor desdem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With goblets of thy mother’s bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans through thee
Disdainful mad, and thou hast not
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms;
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shamefull murder of a guiltless king
And lotty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under which is writ: Invictus annibus?
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, how to brooch a beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king.
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf.  O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain
Being captain of a pinchair, threatens more: [here,
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles’ blood but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that he should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words more rage and not choose in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee wait me safely cross the Channel.


Whit.  Come, Suffolk, I must wait thee to
Suf.  Geldius timor occupat artus; it is thee I fear.
Whit.  Thou shalt have cause to fear before I
leave the house of York.

Cap.  What are ye daunted now? now will ye stop?
First Gent.  My gracious lord, entreat him, speak
him fair.

Suf.  Suffolk’s imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command,untaught to plead for favour.
Far be the humble suit of these
With humble suit; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover’d to the vulgar groom.
True kingship is exempt from folly
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap.  Halé him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf.  Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile base hands;
A Rotterham and handlike slave
Murder’d sweet Tully; Brutus’ bastard hand
Stabb’d Julius Caesar; savage islanders
Trompoy the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit Whitmore and others with Suffolk.

Cap.  And as for these whose ranson 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.

First Gent.  O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit with the body.

SCENE II. — Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis.  Come, and get thee a sword, though made of
a hath: they have been up these two days.

Holl.  They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bevis.  I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means
to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a
new map upon it.

Holl.  So he hath need, for ’tis threadbare. Well,
I say it was ever merry world in England since
gentlemen came up.

Bevis.  O miserable age! virtue is not regarded
in handicrafts-men. [prosopos.

Holl.  The nobility think scorn to go in leather.

Bevis.  Nay, more, the king’s council are no good
workmen.

Holl.  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.

Bevis.  Thou hast hit it; for there’s no better
sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl.  I see them! I see them! There’s Best’s
son, the tenant of Wingham.

Bevis.  He shall have the skin of our enemies, to
make dog’s-leather of.

Holl.  And Dick the Butcher.

Bevis.  And so I must conclude, and Dick the Butcher;
I am noiser than you, my lord. You are
An Englishman and a gentleman.

Dick.  [Aside] Or rather, of stealing a cade of

Holl.  For our enemies shall fall before us, in-
spired with the spirit of putting down kins and
princes.— Command silence.

Dick.  Silence!

Cade.  My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick.  [Aside] He was an honest man, and a good

Cade.  My mother a Plantagenet,— [bricklayer.

Dick.  [Aside] I knew her well: she was a mildwife.

Cade.  My wife descended of the Lacies.—

Dick.  [Aside] She was, indeed, a pedlar’s daughter,
and sold many kaces.

Smith.  [Aside] But now of late, not able to travel
with her furled pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade.  Therefore am I of an honourable house.—

Dick.  [Aside] 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. [valiant.

Smith.  [Aside] A must needs; for beggary is

Cade.  I am able to endure much.

Dick.  [Aside] No question of that; for I have
seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade.  I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith.  [Aside] He need not fear the sword; for
his coat is of proof.
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE III.

Dick.  [Aside] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt 'tis the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade.  Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation.  There shall be in England none of halfe-sheep; and for a penny: the threehooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it feoly to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my paifliy go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—All.  God save your majesty!

Cade.  I thank you, good people; there shall be no man and shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

Dick.  The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade.  Nay, that I mean to do.  Is not this a laudable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled over, 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 forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith.  The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade.  O monstrous!

Smith.  We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade.  Here's a villain!

Smith.  Has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade.  Nay, then, he is a conjurer.  [in 't.

Dick.  Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade.  I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of much respect: 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: 't will go hard with you.

Cade.  Let me alone.  Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk.  Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All.  He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade.  Away with him.  I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.  [Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mick.  Where's our general?

Cade.  Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mick.  Fly, dy, dy!  Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade.  Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.

He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a?

Mick.  No.

Cade.  To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently.  [Kneels] Rise up Sir John Mortimer.  [Rises] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staff.  Rebellious kins, the fifth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down; Home to your cottages, forsake this grom: The king is merciful, if you revolt.  More than a worshipful, and inclined to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade.  As for those silken-coated slaves, I pass not: It is to you, good people, that I speak, Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff.  Villain, thy father was a platerer; And thou thyself a shearmen, art thou not?  Cade.  And Adam was a gardener.

Bro.  And what of that?  [March.

Cade.  Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March and the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did heStaff.  Ay, sir.

Bro.  By her he had two children at one birth.


Cade.  Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stolen away: And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age: His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick.  Nay, 'tis too true: therefore shall he be king.

Smith.  Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and heave one live at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staff.  And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All.  Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone, Bro.  Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade.  [Aside] He lies for I invented it myself.

Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.  Dick.  And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Lancaster.

Cade.  And good reason; for thereby is England maned, and faim to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up.  Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelled the commonwealth, and made it an emnuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staff.  O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade.  Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All.  No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro.  Well, seeking gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staff.  Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends May, even as the wild 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 soldiers.

Cade.  And you that love the commons, follow me.  Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.  We will not have one lord, one gentleman: Spare none but such as go in stigmatized 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.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Stafford are slain.  Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade.  Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick.  Here, sir.

Cade.  They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou belavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred Dick.  I desire no more.  [lacking one.

Cade.  And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.  This monument of the victory will I bear [putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels till I do come to Lon-
Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—London. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?
First 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 aid as I can spare you shall command; but I am troubled here with them myself; The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Gooff: Fight for your king, your country and your lives; And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—London. Common Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there! [They kill him. Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them; but first, go and set London bridge on fire: and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—London. Smithfield.

Alarms. Matthew Gooff is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade, with his company.

Cade. So, sirs; now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inn's of court; down with them Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship, gall.

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.

Holl. [Aside] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then: for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith, [Aside] 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.

Holl, [Aside] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [common.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge: The citizens fly and forsake their houses: The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse. [court us.

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will sue
Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

King. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.
ACT IV.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE VIII.

regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basineau, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee the presence even of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in creating a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the scare and the volume thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. I am sure thou hast caused printing to be used and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear.

Sey. What of that? Cast. 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 an butcher.

Sey. Thou meanest of Kent.

Dick. What say you of Kent? [gns.

Sey. Nothing but this: 'tis 'bona terra, matr

Cast. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Sey. I hear him but speak, and bear me where you Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ, 'tis term'd the civil'st place of all this isle: Sweet is 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.

Justice with favour have I always done: Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never. When have I ought exacted at your hands.

But to maintain the king, the realm and you? Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, Because they would prefer me to the king, and seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowing the wing whereabouts we fly to heaven, Unless you possess with devilish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murder me:

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings For much which is not in the King's [field? Cast. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the Sey. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck Those that I never saw and struck them dead.


Sey. These cheeks are pale for watching for your Cast. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Sey. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cast. Ye shall have a hempen candle then and the hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Sey. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cast. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand against a pole, or no. Take him away, and bear him.

Sey. Tell me wherein have I offended most? Have I affected wealth or honour? speak. Are my coffers fill'd up with extorted gold? Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death? These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding.

This breast from harbou'ring foul deceitful thoughts. O, let me live.

Cast. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll strike him: he shall die, an he be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently: and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done. [prayers. Sey. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore let us prevent, and save our lives:

Cast. Away with him! and do as I command ye. [Execute some with Lord Sey. The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cast. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cast. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now pay them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

Cast. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! through the streets with a hatchet! [Sound a parish bell. What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee: Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here proclaim free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Cle. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy whilst it is offer'd you; Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!' Who rathet him and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his worship out and pass by. All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cast. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London streets, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with furthorns, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces;
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaim'd, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
King. That fellow of my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd:
Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightforward calm'd and board'd with a pirate;
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I say, go, Buckingham. Upon my word, and yet,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee hither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord, I'll yield myself to prison willingly.
Or unto death, to do my country good.
King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannotbrook hard language.
Back, I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.
Kinc. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better.
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—KENT. Iden's garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me: but now an I so haughty that 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 saltet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'saltet' was born to do me good; for many a time, but for a saltet, my brain-pan had been eft with a brown bill: and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'saltet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth. I care not, with what envy
Sufficeth that I have maintained my state
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me
for a strat, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
An villian! he will betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.
Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoever thou be,
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break in my garden?
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt betray me with these saucy terms?
Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and heard thee too. Look on me well: I am in my best mind, as well as ever: I do dismiss you to your several countries.

[stands.]
Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine, 
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks: 
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; 
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, 
Thy edge but half the length of my truncheon; 
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast; 
And if mine arm be heaved in the air, 
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

As for words, whose greatness answers words, 
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Come, By, and vent the trust that completes champion 
That ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, 
or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef, ere thou sleep in thy sheath, 
I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails.

[Here they fight. Cade falls.]

Or, if I am slain! famine and other bath slain me; 
let ten thousand devils come against me, and 
give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'll defy them all. 
Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, 
because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

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ACT V.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE I.—Fields between Dartford and Black-heath.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, 
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head: 
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright, 
To entertain great England's lawful king, 
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear? 
Let them obey that know not how to rule; 
This hand was made to handle nought but gold, 
I cannot give due action to my words, 
Except a sword or sceptre balance it: 
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, 
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me? 
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble. 
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. [greeting.]

York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure? 
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege, 
To know the reason of these arms in peace; 
Or why thou, being a subject as I am, 
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 
Should raise so great a power without his leave, 
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [Aside] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so O, I could how up rocks and fight with dint, [great; I am so angry at these abject terms; 
And now, like Ajax Telamonius, 
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury. 
I am far better born than is the thing; 
More like a king, more kindly in my thoughts; 
But I must make fair weather yet awhile, 
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong. —Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me, 
That I have given no answer all this while: 
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy. 
The cause why I have brought this army hither 
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king, 
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part: 
But if thy arms be to no other end, 
The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner? 
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner. 
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers. 
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves; 
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field, 
You shall have pay and every thing you wish. 
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry, 
Command my eldest son, may, all my sons, 
As pledges of my fealty and love; 
I'll send them all as willing as I live: 
Lands, goods, horse, armure, any thing I have, 
is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission: 
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, dost York intend no harm to 
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm? [us, 
York. In all submission and humility 
York doth present himself unto your highness. 
King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring? 
York. To have the traitor Somerset from hence, 
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade, 
Who since I heard to be discomfitted.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head. 
Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition 
May pass into the presence of a king, 
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head, 
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew. 
King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just 
O, let me view his visage, being dead, [art Thou! 
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble, 
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him? 
Iden. I was, an't like your majesty. 
King. How art thou called? and what is thy de- 
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name; [gree? 
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king. 
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss 
He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [He kneels.] Rise up. We give thee this sword as 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! [Rises. 

Enter Queen and Somerset. 

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke. [queen: 

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Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
But 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 brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which last not, to nor cannot rule a traitor,
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round enwrap these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of false and conniving plot to dethrone a crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
York. Wouldst have me kneel! first let me ask
If they canbrook I bow a knee to man. [of these, Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

Exit Attendant.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward;
They'll pawn their swords for my enchancement.
Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come again,
To say if that the bastard Boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

Exit Buckingham.

York. O blood-besotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy better's in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter Edward and Richard.
See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter old Clifford and his Son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.
Cliff. Health and all happiness to my lord the King.
[Knock.
York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with
Ways, do not fright us with an angry look: [thee?
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Cliff. This is my king, York; I did not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do;
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
* Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Cliff. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And charge away that factious pate of his.
Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Cliff. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor,
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bil Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Cliff. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears
to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou darest 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, by his fosterer d'right, was thoroughly raw.
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
Cliff. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you to your thorough anion.
Cliff. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your- selves.
[how?

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
Wilt thou do grave a grave to find out war,
And shame thee with the view thereof?
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 milage age.
Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned house,
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have. [an oath?

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such
Sal. It is great sin to swear an oath, but
Greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her customary right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou
Mayest reserve for death or dignity. [hast.
Cliff. Their knightly arms shall warrant me as
War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Cliff. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy bargains,
War. But, I'll know thy device by thy honest badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear allot my bargains,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even so the soul of thee with the Lord's approval.
Cliff. And from thy bargains I'll rend thy bear
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. Cliff. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.
Rich. I'll charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.

Y. Cliff. Foul stigmatism, that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely spit in hell.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II. — Saint Albans's.

Alarums to the battle. 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 alarum
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him
And made a prey for carriages and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter old Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other
For myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit.
Cliff. What seest thou in me, York? why dost
thou paus'd?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Cliff. Nor should thy prowess want praise and
esteem.
But the day is shewn ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it.
Cliff. My soul and body on the action both!
York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.
[They fight, and Clifford falls.
Cliff. La fin commence, les œuvres.
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. Cliff. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, then 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 Rich. loves himself.
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valor. [Seeing his dead father.

O, let the vile world end,
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 ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in vulgar battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
'No more will I their babes; tears virginal!
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaim'd
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flux.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many goblets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did;
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come then, my men, of one of Clifford's house:
As did . . . Enens old Andiches bear
So hear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then . . . Enens bare a living load.
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[Exit, bearing off his father.
THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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.
Sir John Mortimer, \\
Sir Hugh Mortimer, J
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, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE — England and France.

ACT I.


Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, 
Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the
He slily stole away and left his men: [north,
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abroad,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously; [ham,
I fled his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, Father, behold his blood. [blood,
Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Willshire's
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 deserved of all my sons.
Nor. With your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset? 
Rich. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vouch by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Nor. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[They go up.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce. [mwent.
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament:
But little thinks we shall be of her counsel:
Nor. But this, with words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
York. War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king.
Rich. And haughty Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
York. War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king.
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Rich. And haughty Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
York. War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
ACT I.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenge on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel. [down:
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him
My heart is a red anger: I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. To-morrow, then, my lord, be it so,
K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, 'tll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
To make shambles of the parliament-house.
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am the king. [of York
Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earlbrain was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeuter, thou art a traitor to the crown.

In following this usurping Henry
Clif. What could 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 York. It must and shall be: content thyself.
West. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
North. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And thou, the Lord protector, must maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased 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 were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more: lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir. [threats
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless York. Will you show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop
And seized upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, slith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The Lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Exe. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honoured
est arms,
Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.
K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.
[Exeunt Lords.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live. [throne,
K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow
Shall be my winning-sheet. Why fainst you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than this.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [Aside] I know not what to say; my
Horse's head thou speak'st traitor.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king.
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am king.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown pertence.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir shall ascend to it.
York. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [Aside] All will revolt from me, and turn
to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.
War. Deseased he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern
power.
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the horse with armed hands.
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one
Let me for this my life-time reign as king: [word
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England and reign.
West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stand to hear these articles.
[Exeunt North. and West.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
[Exit. North.
K. Hen. Alas, my Lord of Warwick, hear me but one
Let me for this my life-time reign as king: [word
North. And in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war must thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
[Exeunt North., Clif., and West.
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
[ yield.
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit. [son, But be it as it may: I here entail The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever; Conditionally, that here thou take an oath To cease to be, and as far as may be, To honour me as thine king and sovereign, And neither by treason nor hostility To seek to put me down and reign thyself. York. This oath I willingly take and will perform. War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, em- brace to him, and love, my dear sons! [Your, And long live thou and these thy for- crowns. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled, York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle. War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers, Norfolk, and I to Norfolk with my followers. Mont. And I into the sea from whence I came. [Exit York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants. K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales. Exc. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray I'll steal away. [her anger: K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me: I will follow thee. K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay. Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremities? Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid, And never seen thee, never borne thee son, Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father! Hadst he deserved to lose his highbirth thus? Hadst thou but loved him, so well as I, Or felt that pain which I did for him once, Or nourish'd him as I did my blood, [there, Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir And disinherited thine only son. Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me: If you be king, why should not I succeed? [son: K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet The Earl of Warwick and the duke enformed me, Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced? I shall not 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 enail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it, but to make thy subjection And creep into it far before thy time? Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais: Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas; The duke is made protector of the realm; And yet shall thou be safe? such safety finds The trembling lamb environed with wolves. Had I been there, which is a sorry woman, The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes Before I would have granted to that act. But then preferr'st thy life before thine honour: And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, Until that act of parliament be repeal'd Whereby my son is disinherited. The northern lords that have forsown 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 turn thee, Cambridge; let's away; Our army is ready; come, we'll after them. K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak. Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone. K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me? Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies. Prince. When I return with victory from the field I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her. Q. Mar. If you know, you have no linger thus. [Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince of K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son Hadh made her break out into terms of rage! Revenged may she be on that hateful duke, Whose naughty spirit, winged with desire, Will cost my crown, and give me this fingers thus. Tire on the flesh of me and of my son! The loss of those three lords torments my heart: I'll write unto them and entreat them fair. Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger. Exc. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [Exeunt. SCENE II. — Soudal Castle. Enter Richard, Edward, 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 the Duke of York. York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at What is your quarrel? how began it first? [stren? Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention. York. About what? [us: Rich. About that which concerns your grace and the crown of England, father, which is yours. York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead. Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death. Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now: By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe, It will out on you, father, in the end. York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign. Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken: I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year. Rich. No: God forbid your grace should be for- York. I shall be, if I claim by open war. [sworn. Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible. Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took Before a true and lawful magistrate, That hath authority over him, that swears: Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown; Within whose circuit is Elysium And all that poets reign of bliss and joy. Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest Until the white rose that I wear be dyed Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart. York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die. Brother, thou shalt to London presently, And forthwith on Warwick to this enterprise. Thon, Richard, shall to the Duke of Norfolk, And tell him privily of our intent. You, Edward, shalt unto my Lord Cobham, With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise: In them I trust; for they are soldiers, Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more, But that I seek occasion how to rise, And yet the king not privy to my drift, Nor any of the house of Lancaster? Enter a Messenger. But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post? lords Gorb. The queen with all the northern earls and intend here to beseech you in your castle:
ACT I.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE IV.

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 this must humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.

Enter Sir John Mortimer 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. [field. Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the York. What, with what five thousand men? Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need: A woman's general; what should we fear? 
[Enter a man with news.
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. Where shall the enemy battle? and where: Why should he? I do not now have the like success? [Alarum. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Field of battle between Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.
Ret. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands? Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.
Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy As for the brat of this accursed duke. [Life. 
Whose father slew my father, he shall die. 
Ret. And I, my lord, will bear him company. 
Clif. Soldiers, away with him!
Ret. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child, Let them be hated both of God and man! [Exit, dragged off by Soldiers. 
Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them. 
Ret. So looks the pent-up lion over the wretch That trembles under his devouring paws; And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey, And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder, Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword, And not with such a cruel threatening look. Sweet Clifford, I pray me speak before I die. I am too mean a subject for thy wrath! 
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 
Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy; my father's labour stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter. 
Ret. Then let my father's blood open it again: He is a man, and Clifford, cope with him. [Thine 
Clif. Ha! I thy brethren here, their lives and Were not revengeous sufficient for me? 
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves And hang their rotten coifs up in chains, It could not shame mine ere, 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 his hand. 
Ret. O, let me pray before I take my death! To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords. 
Ret. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me? 
Clif. Thy father hath. 
Ret. But 'twas ere I was born. Thon hast one son; for his sake kill 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. 
[Stabs him. 
Ret. Di facient landis summa sit ista tua! [Dies. 
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet! And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood, Congred! with this, do make me wipe off both. 
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.

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 hunger-starv'd wolves. My sons, God knows what hath bechanc'd them; But this I know, they have demean'd themselves Like men born to renown by life or death. Three times did Richard make a lane to me, And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!' And full as oft came Edward to my side, With purple falchion, painted to the hilt In blood of those that have demean'd themselves, And when the hardest warriors did retire, Richard cried 'Charge! and give not foot of ground!' And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb! A sceptre, or an earthy sepulchre!' 
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas! We boded again; as I have seen a swan With bloodless labour swim against the tide And spend her strength with over-matching waves. 
[Short alarum within. 
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue; And I am faint and cannot fly their fury; And were I strong, I would not shun their fury: The sands are number'd that make up my life; Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.
Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland, I dare your nameless fury to more rage: I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm, With downright payment, show'd into my father. My Plantagenet hath troubled from his hear, And made an evening at the noontide's press. 
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, Scouring whate'er you can afflict me with. Why come you not? what! multitude, and fear? 
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further: So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons; So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives, Breathe out invectives against the officers. 
York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again, And in thy thought do not turn my former time: And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face, And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowards: Whose brow hath made thee faint and fly ere this!
Act I. Third Part of King Henry VI. Scene IV.

Clif. I will not hourly with thee word for word, But juggle with thee blows, twice two for one. 
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes 
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life. 
North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart: What value were it, when a cur doth grin, For one to thrust his hand between his teeth, When he might thrust him with his foot away? It is war's prize to take all advantages; And ten to one is to heap the impecual of war. 
[They lay hands on York, who struggles. 
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin. 
North. So doth the coy struggle in the net. 
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty; 
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd. 
North. What would your grace have done unto him now? 

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here, That we yet may sport with mountains on outstretched arms, Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. What! was it you that would be England's king? Was't you that revel'd in our parliament, And made a preachment of your high descent? Where are your mess of sons to back you now? The wanton Edward, and the lusty George? And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy, Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies? Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  York. York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point, Made issue from the bosom of the boy; And if thine eyes can water for his death, I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal. 
Ah, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly, I'should lament thy miserable state. 
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York. 
What, hath thy derry heart so parcell'd thine entrails That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death? 
War! what art thou, patient? man? thou shouldst be mad; And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus, 
Samp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance. The wound from thee would do the same; 
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him; 
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. 
[Putting a paper crown on his head.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king! 
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair, And this is he was his adopted heir. 
But how is it that great Plantagenet 
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath? As I bethink me, you should not be king Till our King Henry had shook hands with death. 
And will you pile your head on Henry's glory, And rob his temples of the diadem. 
Now in his life, against your holy oath? 0, 'tis a fault too unpardonable! 
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head. 
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead. 
Clif. This, too, of our sovereign, 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-becoming is it in thy sex To triumph, like an Amazonian trull, Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
ACT II.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE I.

SCENE I.—A plain near Mortimer’s Cross in Herefordshire.

March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their powers.

Edward. I wonder how our princely father escap’d,
Or whether he be ‘scape’d away or no.
From Clifford’s and Northumberland’s pursuit:
He’s in the hands of the devil, whom I have heard the news:
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he ‘scape’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 resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch’d him as he single Clifford forth.
He thought 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 stood all aloof, and bark at him.
So far’d our father with his enemies;
So did his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, ’tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her far-famed sun.
How well resembles it the prime of youth.
Trimm’d like a younger prancing to his love!

Edward. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever’d in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow’d some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event. [heard of]
Edward. ’Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meads,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together
And over-shine the earth as this the world.
Whate’er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Richard. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave
I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!
Edward. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter’d Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
He woun’d and fell the hardest-tember’d oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter’d by the irrefragable
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown’d him the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh’d in his face; and when with grief he wept,
Th’ justice of his case gave him to his cheeks
A napkin steep’d in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Ruthland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e’er I view’d.

Edward. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry!
And treacheriously hast thou vanquish’d him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish’d thee.
Poor father, since my soul became a prison;
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body’s moisture
Serves to quench my burning heart.
Nor can my tongue unloose my heart’s great burden;
For softsome wind that I should speak within.
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast, [quench.
And burns me up with flames that tears would
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
Tears then for ladies; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I’ll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it. [thee
Edward. His name that valiant duke hath left with
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Richard. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle’s bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing round on us;
For chair and dukedom through and through and join say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?
[count
Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should re-
Our baleful news, and at each word’s deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!
Edward. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul’s redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drownd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then I tell’d you.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run;
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster’d my soldiers, gather’d flock of friends,
And very necessary for the great fight, [queen.
March’d toward Saint Albans to intercept the
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament
Touc’ning King Henry’s oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we, at Saint Albans met,
Our battles join’d, and both sides fiercely fought;
But whether ’t was the coldness of the king,
Who look’d full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb’d my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether ’t was report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford’s rigour,
* Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth.
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers? like the night-owl’s lazy flight;
Or like an enemy in a cloud,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends,
I cheer’d them up with justice of our cause.
With promise of high pay and great rewards.
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight.
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
ACT II.  

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  

SCENE II.  

ScENE II.—Before York.  

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drum and trumpets.  

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town:  
You're the head of that arch-enemy [of 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 wreck:  
To see this sight, it racks my very soul.  
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'Tis not my fault,  
Nor willingly have I infringed my vow.  
Clif. My gracious liege, here is too much lenity  
And harmful pity must be laid aside.  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that which the forest bear doth lack?  
Nor his that spoils her young before her face.  
Who 'scapest the lurking serpent's mortal sting?  
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest frown will not be lost on that stern,  
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight.  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest.  
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?  
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!  
Were it not pity that this godly boy  
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,  
And long hereafter say unto his child,  
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got  
My careless father foolishly gave away'?  
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;  
And let his manly face, which promised  
Success to honorable deeds,  
To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.  
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,  
Interring arguments of mighty force.  
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear  
That things ill-got had ever bad success?  
Nor that things fair which were ill-gotten?  
Whose father for his hearding went to hell?  
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know  
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!  
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes  
are nigh,  
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
You promised knighthood to our forward son;  
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.  
Edw. kneel down.  
K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.  
Prince. My gracious father, by thy kindly leave,  
I'll draw it as apparent to the prince,  
And in that quarrel use it to the death.  
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a worship prince.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
For with a band of thirty thousand men
THIRD

KING HENRY VI. SCENE III.

Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darrail his battle, for they are at hand.
Cliff. I would your highness would depart the field:
That there were none of them who should be absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore North.
Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured 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
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms! [Boy!
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Cliff. 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 caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!
Cliff. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. Ay, was I that killed young Rutland was,
Cliff. Ay, old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield
the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then I was my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Cliff. You said so much before, and yet you fired.
War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
[Exit.
North. No, nor your manhood that doth not make
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently,
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swell heart.

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Cliff. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou distil kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
[Exeunt.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy
til. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak.
Cliff. My liege, the wound that bared this meeting
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unshackle thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on. [right,
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is
There is no wrong, but everything is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wit, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
[daun;
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or hazards' dreadful stings,
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gift,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea;
Shamest that not, knowing whence thou art extrane.
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make thee shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was tamer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus.
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revel'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And Henry could sit on his crown at home.
For what hath breach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slip'd our chain until another age. [spring,
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine make thy
And that thy summer lend us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A field of battle between Toun ton and Sabton, in Yorkshire.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid.
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must: I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world crowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?
Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us;
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broadly with the stealy point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clanger heard from far, 'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
ACT II.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE V.

That stain’d their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.  [blood:]
War.  Then let the earth be drunken with our
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
When we stand like soft-hearted women here,
Waiting to be pushed by this quantity of doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play’d in jest by counterfeit acting?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.  [Warwick.
Rich.  Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle
Let another grace thee in my way.  I may say,
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War.  Away, away!  Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo.  Now, friends, let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympic games;
This may plant courage in their quelling breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forsow, no longer, make we hence again.  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.

Excursions.  Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich.  Now, Clifford, I have singed thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ’d with a brazen wall.
Cliff.  Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb’d thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here the hand that cuttest off the head
And cheers these hands that stabb’d thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!  [They fight.  Warwick comes; 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 alone.

King.  This battle fares like to the morning’s war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind;
Sometimes the fowls prevail, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conqueror:
So is our battle, which this fell war
Here on this moorish hill will sin me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; sweating both
They prosper best of all when I am there.

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 lonely swarm;
To sit up a lill, as I do now,
To carve and wish; let it be done; that 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 time is known of heaven it will 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 eat;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass’d over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this!  how sweet! how lovely!
How noble in this inexpressible stage,
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidery canopysto
to kings that fear their subjects’ treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd’s lonely curds,
His cold hard drink out of his arms clasped,
This may plant courage in their quelling breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forsow, no longer, make we hence again.  [Exeunt.

Alarum.  Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging in the dead body.

Son.  Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that happly take them from his bow.
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man deth me.
Whose is this?  O God! it is my father’s face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill’d.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From hence, as London by the high road bound
My father, being the Earl of Warwick’s son,
Came on the part of York, press’d by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I know 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 wind’s fill.
K. Hen.  O pitious spectacle!  O bloody times!
Whiles hons war and battle for their dens,
Poor harrales lanes abide their eminity.
Weep, wretched man, and shed their tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war, [grief.
Be blind with tears, and break o’ercharged with

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body.

Feth.  Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows,
But let me see: is this our foeman’s face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw thou this diadem of his father’s life
Showered arise, Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!  [O. pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth begot!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hast left thee this thy life to lament [grief!]
K. Hen. How above wo! 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, presents:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!
Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed so much blood? methinks she will [changes
K. Hen. How will the country for this woful
Misthink the king and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?
Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?
K. Hen. Was every grief so griev'd for subjects' wo?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit with the body.
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, [sheet;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighs, thy tomb shall be the hearse bell;
And so obsqueus will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Prima was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them light that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with
Here sits a king more woful than you are. [care,
Alarums: exercisins. Enter Queen Margaret, the
Prince, and Exeter.
Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull;
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick
post again:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful hares in sight,
With fiery eye sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel gisp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs: and therefore hence anon.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else ye shall not live a week longer. [ter:
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exe.
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! 
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another part of the field.
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 glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy touch commixture melts,
Unpairing Henry, strengthening misprisned York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And but Hesperos hold on ye, enemies?
O Phæbus, hast thou never given consent
That Phænix should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had search'd the earth!
And, Henry, hast thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And then this day hath kept thy crown in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootsless are plaints, and cruelless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out tight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For that the kings I have伐'd and my foes are.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effusion of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

(He faints.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard,
Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.
Exe. 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 arsory to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
A our brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[Clifford groans, and dies.
Exe. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
leave?
Exe. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.
[ford.
Rich. Revolve that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clif.
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 prince's 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. [house.
Exe. Bring forth that fatal scimitar to our
That nothing sung but death to us and ours;
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death overspreads his hands of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us as 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 be he be well, verdad with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Exe. Clifford, repeat in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Exe. Thou provest it Rutland: I will ply thee.
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you
now?
War. Wast won.
War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou
Rich. What, not an oath? may, then the world
does harm.
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 in all despite might rale at him, [blood
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing
Still the villain whose unsubstantial thorn
York and young Rutland could not satisfy. [head.
War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's

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And rear it in the place your father's stands,
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king;
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bonn for thy queen:
So shalt thou swear both these hands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd age 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.

ACT III.

WHILES Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

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?

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind: and that 's enough.

K. Hen. 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 called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfader were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again.

K. Hen. Obeying with my mind when I do blow.

K. Hen. And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths: for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

First Keep. We are true subjects to the king,
King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were setteth as King Edward is. [the king's;
First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and
To go with us unto the officers. [he obey'd:
K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name

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And what God will, that let your king perform; for he keeps the wind! [Aside to Grey.]

K. Edw. His hand then seized on by the conqueror; her suit is now to repose those hands; the worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit; I was not born to deny it her. [Aside to Grey.]

K. Edw. It were disownour to deny it her.

Glo. [Aside to Grey.] Yea, is it so? [pause] I see the lady hath a thing to grant, Before the king will grant her humble suit. [Aside to Grey.] He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind! [Aside to Grey.] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit; and come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay: May it please your highness to resolve me now; and what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. [Aside to Grey.] Ay, widow? Then I will warrant you all your lands, An if what pleases him shall please you. Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow. [Aside to Grey.] I fear her not, unless she shall chance to fall.

Glo. [Aside to Grey.] God forbid that! for he'll take advantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me. [Aside to Grey.] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [Aside to Grey.] Nay, whips him then: he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [Aside to Grey.] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then. K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [Aside to Grey.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave.

Till youth take leave and let me you to the crust. [Glo. and Grey retire.]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madame, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good? [barn.]

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness!

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them? [to do.] K. Edw. What you command, that rests in me.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey, you gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask. [commands.]

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace.

Glo. [Aside to Grey.] He plays his hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Glo. [Aside to Grey.] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [bag?]

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject. [give thee.]

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [Aside to Grey.] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy. [mean.]

L. Grey. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, I sue to my prince.

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love. [you did.]

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my true mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell thee plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband. L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my For by that loss I will not purchase them. [dower;]

K. Edw. Therein thou wrogest thy children mightily. [and me.]

L. Grey. Herein thy highness wrongs both them But, noble lord, this merry inclination Accord not with the sadness of my suit: Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay or 'no.' K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request; No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end. Pull. [Aside to Grey.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. [Aside to Grey.] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [with modesty;]

K. Edw. [Aside] Her looks do argue her repel Her words do show her wit incomparable; All her perfections challenge sovereignty: One way or other, she is for a king; And she shall be my love, or else my queen.— Say that King Edward take thee for his queen? L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious I am a subject fit to Jest withal. [lord;]

But far midst to be a sovereign. [thee.]

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to I speak no more than what my soul intends; And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto: I know I am too mean to be your companion; And yet too good to be your concubine. [queen.]

K. Edw. You civil, widow; I did mean, my L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace my sons should call you father. [thee mother.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children; And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor, Have other some; why, 'tis a happy thing To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen. [Aside to Grey.] The ghostly father now hath done his shift.

Clar. [Aside to Grey.] When he was made a shriver, it was for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you must what chat we two have had. [said;]

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very K. Edw. 'You'll think it strange if I should Clar. To whom, my lord? [marry her.
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself,  
Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.  
Clari. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.  
Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremities.  
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands. [both
Enter a Nobleman.
Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.  
K. Edw. See that he be conveyed unto the Tower:  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.  
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably. [Exeunt all but Gloucester.
Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.  
Would he were wasted, narrow, bones and all,  
That from his loins no hopefull branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden line I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—  
The justful 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 broach of hazard  
And spits a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
And chides the sea that sunsers him from thence,  
saying, he'll make it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
And so I chide the means that keeps 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'erwastes too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments.  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
O miserable thought! and more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bire,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To show my meaner parts;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whiped  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be beloved?  
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to overbear 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,  
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head  
be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That reads the thorns and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking a way and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find it or where  
But toil desperately to find it out,—  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,  
Or heave my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
And every "content" can set the graver in my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears.

And frame my face to all occasions.  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the fool, or as it were, the fool;  
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Simon, take another Troy.  
I can add colours to the chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III.—France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter Louis the French King, his sister Boni,  
his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen  
Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and  
riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis  
doth sit.  
Bourbon. Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Mar-  
Minster 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 my title down,  
And with my hand, when I would have laid my hand on  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
And to my humble seat conform myself.  
K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs  
this deep despair?  
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in  
K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: [Seats her by him] 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 eased, if France can yield relief. [thoughts  
Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry sole possessor of my love,  
Is of a king become a banish'd man,  
And 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-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause that this desolate,  
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 seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight. [storm,  
K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience, calm the  
While we bethink a means to break it off. [fear.  
Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our  
K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.  
Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.  
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!  

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?  
[friend.
Q. Mar. The Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest  
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee  
to France? [He descends. She riseth.  
Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.  
Wor. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy sworn friend,  
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
ACT III.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE III.

First, to do greetings to thy royal person; And then to crave a league of amity; And lastly, to confirm that amity With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister, To Edward's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [Aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done. [king's behalf.]

War. [To Bona] And, gracious madam, in our 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: Whereby, in signal conquer, I do beseech you, Hath placed 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-meant honest love, But from deceit bred by necessity; For how can tyrants safely govern home, Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice, That Henry liveth still; but were he dead, Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son. Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marry not thy daughter to the French prince; [rage For though usurers sway the rule awhile, Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret! And why not queen? War. Because thy father Henry did usurp, And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Q. Mar. Then Warwick dissuails great John of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain; And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth, Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth, Who was of all princes the wisest; From these our Henry lineally descends. [course.]


You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? Methinks these peers of France should smile at that. But for the rest, you tell a pedigree Of three score and two years; a silly time To make prescription for a kingdom's worth. [liege.


Q. Mar. Call him my king by whose injurious doom My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere, Was done to death? and more than so, my father, Even in the downfall of his moulder'd years, While nature brought him to the door of death. No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm, This arm upholdeth the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York. [Oxford, Q. Mar. Quene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Withal safe, at our request, to stand aside, While I use further conference with Warwick.]

[They stand aloof.]

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not! [conscience.

Q. Mar. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy Is Edward your true king? for I were loath To break the compact of the lawful chosen. War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour. Q. Mar. But is he gracious in the people's eye? War. The more that Henry was unfortunate. Q. Mar. Then further, all dissembling set aside, Tell me for truth the measure of his love Unto the sister Bona.

War. Such it seems

As may be seen a monarch like himself. Myself have often heard him say and swear That this his love was an eternal plant, Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground, The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun. Exempt from envy, but not from disdain, Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve. Q. Bona. Yet see, by justice and your father's will, shall be mine: [To War.] Yet I confess that often ere this day. When I have heard your king's desert recounted, Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's.

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn Touching the jointure that your king must make, Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.

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. Destructive Warwick! it was thy device By this alliance to make void my suit: Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret: But if your title to the crown be weak, As may appear by Edward's good success, Then reason is but little brought to move you. From giving aid which late I promised. Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease, Where having nothing, nothing can be lose, And as for you yourself, our dauntless queen, You have a father able to maintain you; And better 'twere you troubled him than France. Q. Mar. Peace, impatient and shameless War-wick, peace, Proud setter up and puller down of kings! Who will not henceforth listen to your talk and tears, Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love; For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[Post blows a horn within.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. [To War.] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you, Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague: [To Lewis] These from our king unto your majesty: [To Margaret] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [They all read their letters.

Q. Mar. Oxforl. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress Smiles at her news, while Warwick browses at his. Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were I hope all's for the best. [sobbed.]


Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent. K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady And now, to soothe thy forgery and his? [grey.]

Q. Mar. Sends me a reason to persuade thee patience? Is this the alliance that he seeks with France? Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner? Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before: This proved Edward's love and Warwick's honesty. War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of And by the heaven of heavenly bliss, [heaven, That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's, No more my king, for he dishonests me, But most himself, if he could see his shame. Did I forget that by the house of York My father came unlimily to his death? Did I let pass the time, or was my grace? Did I impale him with the regal crown? Did I put Henry from his native right? And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour: And to repair my honour lost for him, I here renounce him and return to Henry. My noble queen, let former grudges pass, And henceforth I am thy true servitor; I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love:\nAnd I forgive and quite forget old faults,\And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.\War. So much his friend, ay, as his unfriend,\That if King Lewis von me he'll 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 scourc him:\And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me, He's very likely now to fall from him.\For matching more for wanton lust than honour,\Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged\But by thy help to this distressed queen? [Hive,\Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry\Unless thou rescue him from foul despair? Bona. My quarreland this English queen's are one.\War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.\K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Mar.\Therefore at last I firmly am resolved [garet's.\You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.\K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in\And tell false Edward, thy supposed king, [post,\That Lewis of France is sending over masquers\To revel with him and his new bride: Thou seest what 's past, go fear thy king withal.\K. Lew. Told him he, in goodly proof a widow,\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]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think\Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey? [you\Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?\Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to\France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?\Son. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the\Glo. And his well-chosen bride. [king,\Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.

K. Edf. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you\our choice,\That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?\Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of\Warwick:\Which are so weak of courage and in judgment\That they'll take no offence at our abuse. [cence,\K. Edf. Suppose they take offence without a\They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,\Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.\Glo. And shall have your will, because our king:\Yet hasty marriage seldom prove well,
K. Edf. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended\Glo, Not 1:\[too?\No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me\wrong.\And therefore I'll uncover him ere 't be long.\There's thy reward: be gone. [Exit Post.\K. Lew. But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, 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 the chieftain that to the young princes agree,\I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy\To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your\Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous, [motion.\Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;\And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,\That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine. [it;\Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves\And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.\[He gives his hand to Warwick.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall\be levied,\And then, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,\Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.\I long till Edward full by war's mischance,\For mocking marriage with a dame of France. [Exeunt 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 stale but me?\Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.\It was the last that rais'd our hopes to be,\The crown, and I'll be chief to bring him down again;\Not that I pity Henry's misery,\But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant; And for the once my will shall stand for law. 

Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales [wel, Unto the brother of your loving bride; She better would have fitted me or Clarence: 

But in your bride you bury brotherhood; [his heir 

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son, And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere. 

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment to all that were to think on it. 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. Eliz. 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 was not ignoble of descent: 

And meaner than myself have had like fortune. But as this title honours me and mine, So you all must, to whom I would be pleasing, Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow. 

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns: What danger or what sorrow can befal thee, So long as Edward is thy constant friend, And their true sovereign, whom they must obey? Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too, Unless they seek for hatred at my hands: 

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe, And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath. Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [Aside.}

Enter Post. 

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what From France? 

[news

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words, But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate. 

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief, Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them. What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters? 

Post. At my depart, these were his very words: 'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis is far from being over powrs, To revel it with him and his new bride.' [Henry. 

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me But what said Lady Bona to my marriage? 

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain: 'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less; She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen? For I have heard that she was there in place. 

Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds And their ready to put armour on.' [are done, 

K. Edw. Belike she means to play the Amazon. 

But what said Warwick to these injuries? 

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty Than all the rest, discharged me with these words: 'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, And therewith will I uncrown him ere he long.' 

K. Edw. If I might rest the traitor breathe out so proud words? 

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd: They shall have wars and pay for their presumption. But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret? 

Post. My sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship, 

K. Edw. 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 love me and Warwick, follow me. [Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows. 

Glou. [Aside.] Not I: My thoughts aim at a further matter; I Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. 

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick! 

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen; And haste is needful in this desperate case. Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf Go levy men, and make prepare for war: They are already, or quickly will be landed: Myself in person will straight follow you. [Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford. 

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague, Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest, Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance: Tell me if you love Warwick more than me? If it be so, then both depart to him; 

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends: But if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly vow, That I may never have you in suspect. 

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true! 

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause! 

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us? 

[Exeunt. 

Glou. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand and 

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory. 

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour, Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — A plain in Warwickshire. Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers. 

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well; The common people by numbers swarm to us. 

Enter Clarence and Somerset. 

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes! Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends? 

Clar. Fear not that, my lord. 

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto War- rick: And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice To rest mistrustful where a noble heart Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love; Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine, And now what rests but, in night's coverture, Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd, His soldiers lurking in the towns about, And but attended by a simple guard, We may surprise and take him at our pleasure? Our scouts have found the adventure very easy: That as Ulysses and stout Diomede With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds, So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle, At unawares may beat down Edward's guard And seize himself; I say not, slay him, For I intend but only to surprise him. 

You that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the name of Henry with your leader. 

[They all cry, 'Henry!' 

War. Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort: For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [Exeunt.
SCENE III.—Edward's camp, near Warwick.

Enter three Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:

The King by this is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed? [Yaw

First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn
Never to lie and take his natural rest.

Till Warwick or himself be quite suppressed. [Day

Second Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the

If Warwick be so near as men report, [is

That Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman

That with the king where rested in his tent?

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's

Chiefest friend. [King

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because

More dangerous, of quietness;

The King is so free to give me worship and
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him. [Passage

First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his

Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his

royal tent.

But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,

and French Soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his

Guard. Courage, my masters! honour now or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch. Who goes there?

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest! [Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick! Fly, flying, Arm! arm!' Warwick and the rest following them.

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter War-

wick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out

to his going, sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings

fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is

The duke, [parted,

K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we

Thou call'st me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgraced me in my embassade,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one wife,

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? [too?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here,

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king:

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's

Duke, and shew him his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,

See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows, I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.

Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

[They bid him out forcibly.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [abide;

[Exit, guarded.

Oct. What now remains, my lords, for us to do

But march to London with our soldiers? [do;

War. Ay, thus the first things we have to To free King Henry from imprisonment

And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—London. The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Ric. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Ric. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against

Warwick? [Q.

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Ric. Then is my sovereign skin?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost skin, for he is taken prisoner,

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard

Or by his foe surprises at unwares:

And, as I further have to understand,

Is new committed to the Bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foes.

Ric. These news I most confess are full of grief;

Yet, gracious madame, bear it as you may:

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's

And I the rather wean me from despair [decay.

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle passion

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs.

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Ric. But, madame, where is Warwick then be-

come? [London.

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd he that comes towards

To set my son crown once more on Henry's head.

Guess thou the rest: King Edward's friends must

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,— [down.

For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—

I'll henceforth with unto the sanctuary,

To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly;

If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A park near Middleham Castle in

Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, [Stanley,

Into this chiefest thicket of the park, [brother,

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

He hath good usage and great liberty,

And, often but attended with weak guard,

Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advertised him by secret means

That if about this hour he make this way

Under the shadow of his royal grace,

He shall here find his friends with horse and men

To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him,

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the

game.
ACT IV. THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE VII.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand. [rest, Now, as I said my latter days, and the Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer? Glo. Brother, the time and case require haste: Your horse stands ready at the park-corner. K. Edw. But whither shall we then? Husk. To Lynn, my lord, And from thence to Flanders. [meaning. Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness. Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk. [go along? K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? willst thou Glo. Better is it, lest so then tarry and be hang'd. Husk. Ever I heard, the law can't have ado. K. Edw. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's frown; And pray that I may repose the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — London. The Tower.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and Have shaken Edward from the royal seat, [Friends And turn'd my captive state to liberty, My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys. At our enlargement what are thy due fees? Lord. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns; But if an humble prayer may prevail, I then crave pardon of your majesty. K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me? Nay, be thou sure 'twill well requite thy kindness, For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure; Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds Conceive when after many moody thoughts At last by notes of household harmony They quite forget their loss of liberty. But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free, And 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. And now may all the ends be crowned with virtue! By spying and avoiding fortune's malice, For few men rightly temper with the stars: Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, For choosing me when Clarence is in place. Chf. 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: [hearts, Now join your hands, and with your hands your That no dissension hinder government: I make you both protectors of this land, While I myself will lead a private life And shall return to my latter days. To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise. War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will? Chf. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent For on thy fortune I repose myself. [content: War. Why, then, though north, yet must I be We'll yoke together, like a double shadow To Henry's body, and supply his place; I mean, in bearing weight of government, While he enjoys the honour and his case. And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor, And all his lands and goods be confiscate. Chf. What else? and that succession he determined. [part. War. Ay, therefore Clarence shall not want his K. Hen. But, with the first of all thy chief affairs, Let me entreat, for I command no more, That Margaret your queen and my son Edward Be sent for, to return from France with speed; For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear May of his life, and if not, be speedily. This G7o. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that, Of whom you seem to have so tender care? Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond. K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [loays his hand on his head.] If secret powers Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts, This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. His looks are full of peaceful majesty, His head by nature framed to wear a crown, His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself Likely in time to bless a regal throne. Make much of him, my lords, for this is he Must help you more than you are hurt by me. Enter a Post. War. What news, my friend? [Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother, And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy. War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? Post. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester, And the Lord Hastings, who attended him; [feaster In secret ambush on the forest side And from the bishop's men 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 all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford. Som. My lord, I bring not of his flight of Edward's; For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, And we shall have more wars before 'tis long. As Henry's late presaging prophecy [mond. Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich, So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts What may befall him, to his father's ears: Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst, Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany, Till storms be past of civil enmity. Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown, 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down. Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany. Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. — Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest, Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends, And says that once more I shall interchange My waned state for Henry's regal crown. And being once more in this region of the seas And brought desired help from Burgundy; What then remains, we being thus arrived From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York, But that we enter, as into our dukedom? [this; Glo. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not For many men that stumble at the threshold Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

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K. Edw. Tush, man, abominations must not now afford us:
For by fair or foul means we must enter in,
For either will our friends repair to us. [them.]
Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. [king,
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.
May. True. Trusty lords, I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
As being well content with that alone. [dукedom,
Glou. [Aside] But when the fox hath once got
in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a
doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be
open'd. [They descend.
Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, 1, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor; these gates must not
But in the night or in the time of war. [be shut
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[They take the keys.
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived. [in arms?
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you
Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do. [Forget
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now
Our title to the crown and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

The drum begins to march.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we 'll
debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd,
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yours our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points? [our claim?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must
rule.
Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crown.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem. [self;
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like him.
And Edward, your champion, claim'd:
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here pro-
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[Sough.]

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.
Mont. And whosoever gainsays King Edward's
By this I challenge him to single fight. [right,

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks
you, gentlemen, all: If fortune serve me, I'll require this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's be Minster here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For we shall find them. Edward, how now?
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. — London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Mont-
tague, Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.

With nasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Exe. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire have I true-hearted friends,
Not mutineous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent.
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee;
Then, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st;
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girl in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
Fairer.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Covenant.
[Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Exe. Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.
K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
I have not story'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor perst off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath ally'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much opposed their false and insignificant.
Not for want of revenge, though they must err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;

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And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. "A Lancastrian! A Lancastrian!"

Exe. Hark! hark! my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the foost that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[Exeunt some with King Henry.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where perpetually Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we may delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for lay.
Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares;
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How know we this thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Dalbury, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[Drum heard. War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

[Friends.

War. Who should that be? belike, unknighted,
They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March: flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. Oh umbilical spirit! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of their repair? [gates.
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, will thou opè the city
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said
Or did he make the jest against his will? [king;
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do the service for so good a gift.

War. "Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by War-War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weaking, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king. Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's pris-
And gallant Warwick, do but answer this: [oner:
What is the body when the head is off?
Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single tuen,
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more importune
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter,
I am so tender of my brother's hands,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me,
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks,
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved.
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O, passing traitor, perjured and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, will thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Ah, I can't coo'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently.
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
[Exeunt King Edward and his company.
March. Warwick and his company follow.

SCENE II.—A field of battle near Barnet.
Alarums and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.
K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our For Warwick was a bag that fear'd us all. [fare: Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[Exeunt. 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 shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the prouder eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeep'd Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasuries of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'en'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who dust smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smother'd dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.
Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we
We might recover all our loss again; [are.
The queen from France hath brought a praiseful
wover; for my trepang's sake;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lovest me not; lor, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That gles my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montagne; or I am dead. [his last
Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick
And said, 'O commend me to my valiant brother, '
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clavon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd: but at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan.
' O, farewell, Warwick! ' [yourselves;
War. So, Warwick! then my son! Fly, lords, and save
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[Dies.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[Here they bear away his body.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another part of the field.
Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.
K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Fare he attain his easy western bed:
I mean this, these powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.
Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders a storm.
Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
K. Edw. We are advertised 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 rids 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 cheerly 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 meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With fearful eyes adds water to the sea [much,
And give more strength to that which hath too
Whiles, in his main, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughtered friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
To the crown of France our shrowds and tacking?
And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I?
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

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As good to chide the waves as speak them fair. 
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea? 
What Chiefsee but a barge too troubled? 
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; 
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off, 
Or else you perish; that's a higher death. 
This speak I, lords, to let you understand, 
It case some one of you would fly from us, 
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers 
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks. 
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided 
'Twill childishly weaken to lament or fear. 
Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit 
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 
Infuse his breast with magnanimity 
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms. 
I speak not this as doubting any here; 
For did I but suspect a fearful man, 
He should have leave to go away helms, 
Lost in our need he might infect another 
And make him of like spirit to himself. 
If any such be here—as God forbid!— 
Let him depart before we need his help. 
Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage, 
And warfare fair, and why they, too, 
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather 
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live 
To bear his image and renew his glories! 
Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope, 
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day, 
If he arise, he mock'd and wonder'd at. 
Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, 
Thanks. [Exit a Messenger.]
Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing 
For Somerset, off with his guilty head. 
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak. 
Oxf. For no man that speaks words, 
Nor I, but stow with patience to my fortune. 
[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.]
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublesome world, 
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. [Edward 
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds 
Shall have a high reward, and be his life? 
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, 
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? 
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York! 
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth; 
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou, 
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to. 
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved! 
Glo. That thou mightst still have worn the petticoat, 
And ne'er have stol'n the breacli from Lancaster. 
Prince. Let those that have a winter's night; 
His curst riddles sort not with this place. 
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word. 
[men. 
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive sould. 
Prince. Nay, take away this secking crookback rather. 
K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your 
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert. 
Prince. I know my duty; you are all unadul't: 
Lascivious Edward, and thou dissipated George, 
And thou mis-shapen Dick. I tell ye all 
I am your better, traitors as ye are; 
And thou usyrp'st my father's right and mine. 
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. 
[Stabs him. 
Glo. Sprawlt's thou? take that, to end thy 
agon. 
[Stabs him. 
Ct. And there's for twitting me with perjury. 
[Stabs him. 
Q. Mar. O, kill me too! 
Glo. Marry, and shall. 
[Offers to kill her. 
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done 
too much, the like. 
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with 
K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for 
her recovery. 
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother; 
I'll hence to London on a serious matter: 
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news. 
Clar. Why? 
Glo. The Tower, the Tower. 
[Exit. 
Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, 
boy! 
Cust thou not speak? O traitors! murderers! 
They that stabb'd Cesar 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 ne'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 unthinking 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, deathlymen, you have rid this sweet young prince!
ACT V.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE VII.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce. [here; Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me Here shall thy word. I'll pardon thee my death; When, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thon. Clor. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease. Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it. [do it? Clor. Dost thou not hear me swear I would not Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself; T was a warrer, but now 'tis charity. What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher, Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou? Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putst back. K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge thee, bear her hence. Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [Exit, led out forcibly. K. Edw. Where's Richard gone? Clor. To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower. K. Edw. He's sullen, if a thing comes in his head. Now this will discover a common sort: With pay and thanks, and let's away to London And see our gentle queen how well she fares: By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exit. SCENE VI.—London. The Tower.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant, on the walls. 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: 'Good Gloucester!' and 'good devil!' were alike, And both posteroner; therefore, not 'good lord.' Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [Exit Lieutenant. K. Hen. So dies 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 Ioscinus now to act? Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind; The bell with fear dittches, the bush offlhen: K. Hen. The bird that hath been lined in a bush, With trembling wings misfocleth every bush; And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, Have now the fatal object in my eye [kill'd. Where my poor young was lined, was caught and Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete, That taught his son the office of a fool! And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. K. Hen. 1, Daedalus: my poor boy, Icarus; Thy father, Minos, that denied our course; The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy Thy brother Edward, and myself the sea; Whose envious gulf dili swallow up his life. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words! My breast can better brook thy dagger's point Than can my ears that tragic history. But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life? Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner? K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art: If murdering innocents be executing, Why, then thou art an executioner. Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption. K. Hen. Haist thou been kill'd when first thou spok'st Where hast not lived to kill a son of mine, And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand, Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear, And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's, And many an orphan's water-standing eye— Men for their sons, wives for their husbands, And orphans for their parents' timeless death— Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born. The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign; The night-blow cried, aboding blissless time; Dogs howled that would hideous toilsome trees; The raven rock'd her on the chimney's top, And chattering pies in dismal discords sang. Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain, And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope, To wit, an indigested and deformed lump, Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. Teeth hast thou in thy head when thou wast born, To signify thou cam'st to bite the world: And, if the rest be true which I have heard, Thou canst not

Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech; [Stabs him. For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd. [this. K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies. Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted. See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death! O, may such purple tears be alway shed From those that wish the downfall of our house! If any spark of life be yet remaining, Down; down to hell; and say I sent thee thither: [Stabs him again. I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear, Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of; For I have often heard my mother say I came into the world with my legs forward: Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste, And send their ruin that may check my right? The midwife wonder'd and the women cried 'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!' And so I was; which plainly signified That I should snarl and bite and play the dog. Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so, Let hell make crock'd my mind to answer it. I have no brother, I am like no brother: And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine, Be resident in men like one another And not in me: I am myself alone. Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light: But I will sort a pitchy day for thee; For I will buzz abroad such prophecies That Edward shall be fearful of his life, And then, to purge his tear, I'll be thy death. King Henry and the prince his son are gone: Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, Counting myself but bad till I be best. I'll throw thy body in another room And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit, with the body.

SCENE VI.—London. The palace.

FLOURISH. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal Re-purchased with the blood of enemies. [throne. What valiant feems, like to autumn's chaff, Have we 'way'd down in tents of all their pride! Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd For hardy and undoubted champions; Two Clifford, as the father and the son, And two Northumberland; two braver men Never bear'd a pitchy head for their countrymen. With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague, That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion And made the forest tremble when they roard. Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat And made our footstool of security.
ACT V.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE VII.

| Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. | Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st, |
| Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself | Witness the living kiss I give the fruit. |
| Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night, | [Aside] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master, |
| Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat. | And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm. |
| That thou mightest repossess the crown in peace; | K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights, |
| And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. | Having my country's peace and brothers' loves. |

Glou. [Aside] 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 lieave:

And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:

"Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute."

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, 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.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and wait her hence to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.  [Exeunt.

Richard.—Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:

Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,

And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall,

Clifford.—Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

And here's the heart that triumphs in their death;

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee!—Act II., Scene IV.
THE TRAGEDY OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Edward V. sons to the
Richard, Duke of York,
George, Duke of Clarence,
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards
King Richard III.; brothers to the King.
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 Elizabeth.
Marquises of Dorset and Lord Grey, sons to Eliza-
beth.
Earl of Oxford.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stanley, called also Earl of Derby.
Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan.
Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Catesby.
Sir James Tyrrell.
Sir James Blount.
Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Christopher Urswick, a priest. Another Priest.
Tressel and Berkley, gentlemen attending on the
Lady Anne.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.
Elizabeth, queen to King Edward IV.
Margaret, widow of King Henry VI.
Duchess of York, mother to King Edward IV.
Lady Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son
to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.
A young Daughter of Clarence (Margaret Plantagenet).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and
other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens,
Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—England.

ACT I.


Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glow. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barked steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a base.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton spring nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unprofitably
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them:
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.—Act I., Scene ii.
King Richard III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

KING RICHARD III.

King. If I the Gracious Lord, do not misplace me,
My issue disinherited should be. And,
For my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now,
Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From presence and deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think there's no man is secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glou. 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 joys which our company afford,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glou. Even so; an't please your worship, Brak-
You may partake of any thing we say; [enbury,
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 alone the shore's with a pretty face.
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentleso:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have ought to do.
Glou. What, to go to do with Mistress Shore! I tell
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glou. Her husband, knave; wouldst thou betray me?
[Withal
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and
Forbear your conference with the noble duke. [obey.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
Glou. We are the queen's subjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to the uttermost, and,
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
Heavens, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.
[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.
Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt never re-
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so, [turn,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the worm at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
We'll see you welcome to the 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.
Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence
For they that were your enemies are, [too;
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.
Glou. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his master person:
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glou. 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 post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments,
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, I'll send him to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buske in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I: not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

SCENE II. — Another street.

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen
with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the manner.

Jane. Set down, set down your honourable load.
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile 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 say, how? by imposture?
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these
wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless bath of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap beside that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to God take King Edward, toads,
Or any creeping venom'thing that lives!
It 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 by the weapon of the Law!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards 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.
Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend, To stop devoted charitable deaths?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint I'll make a corse of him that disobeys. [Paul, Gent. stand by, and let the coffin pass.

Glou. Unnammer'd dog! stand then, 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.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid? Ah, I blame you not; for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell! Thou hast but power over his mortal body, His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not:

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, Fili'd it with cursing cries and deep exclains. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds, Behold this pattern of thy butcheries, O, grieve not France! see God's wounds Open their congeal'd months and bleed afresh! blush, blush, thou heap of foul deformity; For 'tis thy presence that exhausts this blood From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells; Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, Provokes this dehge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death! O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death! Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer Or earth, gape wide and eat him quick, [dead, As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood, Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcher'd!

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity, Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.: Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so angry. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, Of these supposed evils, to give me leave, By circumstance, but to acquaint myself.

Anne. What was this confus'd business of a man, For these known evils, but to give me leave, By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me Some patient leisure to excuse myself. [have

Anne. Foul'er than heart can think thee, thou canst No more excuse cloth, to hang thyself, 

Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself. 

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand 

excused;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself, Which diist unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Why, then they are not dead:

But dead they are, and, devils, slave, by thee. Glou. I did not kill thy husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand; [saw [saw

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Mary Thy murdererful falchion smoking in his blood; The which thou once diist bend against her breast, But that thy brothers beat beside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue, Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders, Anne. Thou was provok't by thy bloody mind,

Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries: Didst thou not kill this king? I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed! O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that had a come. Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never Glou. Let him thank me, that thou hast sent him For he was fitter for that place than earth. [thither; Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell. Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me Anne. Some dungeon. Glou. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. I'll rest betide the chamber where thou liest! So will it, madame, till I lie with you. Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne, To leave this keen encounter of our wits, And fall somewhat into a slower method, Is not the cause of the timeless deaths Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward, As blameful as the executioner? [effect. Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accused Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect; Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep To undertake the death of all the world, So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom. Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, These nails should read that beauty from my cheeks. [wrench;

Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun, So I by that; it is my day, my life. Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life! [both.

Glou. Thou art not thyself, fair creature; thou art Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee. Glou. It is a quarel most unnatural, To be revenged on him that loveth you. Anne. It is a quarel just and reasonable, To be revenged on him that slew my husband. Glou. He that benefic thee, lady, of thy husband, Did it to help thee to a better husband. Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth. Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he could. Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glou. Here. [She spitteth at him.]

Anne. Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake! Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place. Anne. Never hung poison on a Fowler's head. Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Anne. Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once; For now they kill me with a living death. Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears, Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops: These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear, No, when my father York and Edward wept, To hear the piteous howl that England made When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him; Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, Told the sad story of my father's death, And twenty times made pause to sob and weep, That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks. Like trees bedadshed with rain; in that sad time My manye eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thense exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weep.
I never sued to friend nor enemy; [ing,
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee; [words;
My proud heart sue's and prompts my tongue to speak;
[Sneaks severely at him.
Teach 't, that I'd lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adores thee,
I'd kill'd so many, and I should die too,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[He lays his broad open: she offers at it
with his sword.
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me. [Edward,
Nay, now dispatch; 't was I that stab'd young
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[Here she lets fall the sword.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise; dispenser: though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glou. [Exit. And, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glou. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloses my poor heart
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it? [designs
Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place:
Where, after I have solemnly inter'd
At Chesterseye monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedition dy see you;
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
Glou. Did me farewell.
Anne. This is more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[Excuit Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.
Glou. Sirs, take up the corpse.
Gent. Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my
coming. [Excuit all but Gloucester.
Was ever woman in this humour wood? Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her: but I will not keep her long.
What! she is my mother, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extreme hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
[me,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
And nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
[Sigh she forgot already that brave prince
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A swearer and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The glorious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet delace her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a godly bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly debtor,
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 some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am erec't in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost,
But first I'll turn you fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.
Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt
his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of
Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord. [me?
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly
To be your comforter when he is gone. [son,
Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his ministrion
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that none can fear, who is not met.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.
Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and
Derby.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have
been! [of Derby,
Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Grey. Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for your proud arrogance.
Der. I do beseech you, either not believe.
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
But, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?
Der. 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 cheer-
fully, [with him?
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer

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Buck, Madam, we did: he desires to make atone-
ment
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence. [be:
Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.
Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly;
That fill his ears with such dissentsious rumours.
Because they cannot endure the smile in men's faces, smooth, deceiv and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy,
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks? [grace?
Ric. To whom in all this presence speaks your
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of thy faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,—
Who would bestow, yet not bestow'd should wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the
The king, of his own royal disposition, [matter.
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Alone, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, 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 were the make pay where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloucester;
You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you! [you:
Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
 Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those [noble.
This we have seen in the last two days, since, were worth a
Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shamefull injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Ric. She may, my lord, for—[not so? She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows
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 deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—
Ric. She may, Lord Rivers, I know she may she.
Q. Eliz. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a harmless scribbler too:
I was your grandam had a worse match. [borne
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long
Your blunt upbraiding and your bitter scoffs;
By hearing but little profit.
With these gross taunts I often have endured,
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and taunted at:

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.
Small joy have I in being England's queen. [thee!
Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me. [king?
Glo. What! threat ye me with telling of the
Tell him I have seer not one that I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
The time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou searest my husband Henry in the Tower.
A villain, my poor soul! a villain truly. [king.
Glo. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own. [thine.
Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or
Glo. In all which time you and your husband
Were factions for the house of Lancaster;
Gray 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 honest service should you give us, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thouart.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, War-
vick;
Yea, and forswore himself which Jean pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his need, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's; Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world. [world,
Q. Mar. His thee to hell for shame, and leave the
Thee castradon, thy kingdom is.
Ric. My Lord of Gloucester, in 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 pedlar;
Far be it to my heart, the thought of it!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am never to be thought an old or press'd,
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?
It not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet till you have been deposed, you quake like rebels? O gentle villain, do not turn away! [my sight?
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what maketh thou in
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 ban-
ishment.
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you should have mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
As thou didst try them, gavest the duke a clout
Steepe'd in the faintless blood of pretty Rutland—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul

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ACT I.  KING RICHARD III.  SCENE III.

Denounced against thee, are all fall’n upon thee; And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed. O. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.  

Q. Mar. Pout shame upon you! you have all moved mine. [your duty.  

Ric. Were you well served, you would be taught Q. Mar. To serve me well; you all should do me duty, Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects: O. serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty! Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.  

[pert: Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are making Your fire-hued step up of honour is scarce current. O. that your young nobility could judge What ‘t were to lose it, and be miserable! They that stand high have many blasts to shake them; And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. Glo. Good counsel, marley: learn it, learn it, marquess.  

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me. Glo. Yea, and much more: but I was born soligh, Our airy bulwark in the cedar’s top, And dainties with the wind and scorns the sun. Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas! Witness my son, now in the shade of death: Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath Hath in eternal darkness folded up. Your airy bulwark in your airy’s nest. O God, that seest it, do not suffer it: As it was won with blood, lost it so!  

Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for charity. Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me: Uncharitably with me you have dealt, And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher’d. My charity is outrage, life my shame; And in that shame still live my sorrow’s rage! Buck. Have done, have done, [hand, Q. Mar. O Princely Buckingham, I’ll kiss thy In sign of league and amity with thee: Now fair befall thee and thy noble house! Thy garments are not spotted with our blood, Nor thou within the compass of my curse. Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass The lips of those that breathe them in the air. Q. Mar. I’ll not believe but they ascend the sky, And there awake God’s gentle-sleeping peace. O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog! Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites, His vomit such a fruit for the racketh 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. [ingham? Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buck- Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord. Q. Mar. What dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel? And soothe the devil that I warn thee from? O, but remember this another day, When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow, And say poor Margaret was a prophetess! Live each of you the subjects to his hate, And he to yours, and all of you to God’s! [Exit.  

Hest. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses. [lery.  

Ric. And so doth mine: I must why she’s at lib- Glo. I cannot blame her; by God’s holy mother, She hath had too much wrong; and I repent My part thereof that I have done to her. O. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge. Glo. But you have all the vantage of her wrong. I was too hot to do somebody good, That is too cold in thinking of it now. Marry, as for Clarence, do I think he will; He is stark’d up to fettling for his pains: God pardon them that are the cause of it! Ric. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion, To pray for them that have done scathe to us. Glo. So do I ever: [aside] being well advised. For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.  

Hest. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse, Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
ACT I.  KING RICHARD III.  SCENE IV.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you:
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords. [Exeunt.

Rich. Madam, we will attend your grace.

Glow. I do the wrong, and I suffer such harm, I begin to brawl.
The secret michiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others,
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it: and withal whet me
To be revenged 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 stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft! here come my executioners.
How now? not about hereabout, revolting rascals!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

First Mard. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glow. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.
[Give the warrant.

First Mard. This do we, my lord.

Glow. Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glow. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads; about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

First Mard. We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London.  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 ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

[Enter Tower.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk [land,
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward Eng-
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had fell'n us. As we paced along
Upon the only footing of the hatches, [fing,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in fall,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand flaming galleys;
Ten thousand men that fishes guawd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Sec. Mard. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?  
First Mard. No; then he will say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.  
Sec. Mard. When he wakes, why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.  
First Mard. Why, then he will say we stabbed him.  
Sec. Mard. The very name of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.  
First Mard. What, art thou afraid?  
Sec. Mard. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it: but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.  
First Mard. The very least thou hadst been resolve.  
Sec. Mard. So I am, to let him live. [hym so.  
First Mard. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell  
Sec. Mard. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.  
First Mard. How dost thou feel thyself now?  
Sec. Mard. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.  
First Mard. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.  
Sec. Mard. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the re-  
First Mard. Where is thy conscience now?  
First Mard. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience dies out.  
Sec. Mard. Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.  
First Mard. How if it come to thee again?  
Sec. Mard. 'Twill not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuses him: he cannot swear, but it checks him: he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame that makes that mutineers in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found: it haggars 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 to live without.  
First Mard. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.  
Sec. Mard. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.  
First Mard. Tut. I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me: I warrant thee.  
Sec. Mard. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?  
First Mard. Take him over the cord with the hitches of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the mainsey-but in the next room.  
Sec. Mard. O excellent device! make a sop of him.  
First Mard. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?  
Sec. Mard. No, first let's reason with him. [wine.  
Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of  
Sec. Mard. You shall have wine enough, my lord,  
Sec. Mard. A man, as you are.  
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.  
Sec. Mard. Nor you, as we are, loyal.  [humble.  
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are  
Sec. Mard. My voice is now the king's, my looks  
Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak?  
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?  
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?  
Both. To, to, to—  
Clar. To murder me?  
Both. Ay, ay.  
Sec. Mard. I merely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you? [king.  
First Mard. Offended us you have not, but the

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.  
Sec. Mard. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to  
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men  
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?  
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?  
What lawful quest have given their verdict up  
Unto the wronging of the king? or what pronounced  
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 desist hence: the deed you undertake is damnable.  
First Mard. What we will do, we do upon command.  
[king.  
Sec. Mard. And he that hath commanded is the  
Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings  
Hath in the tables of his law commanded  
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,  
Spare at his edict and fulfil a man's?  
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.  
Sec. Mard. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee.  
For false forswearing and for murder too:  
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,  
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster,  
First Mard. And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous  
blade  
Urirp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.  
Sec. Mard. Whom thouwert sworn to cherish  
and defend.  [law to us,  
First Mard. How canst thou urge God's dreadful  
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?  
Clar. Alas! for whose sake didst thou ill deed?  
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
Why, sirs,  
He sends ye not to murder me for this;  
For in this sin he is as deep as I.  
If God will be revenged for this deed,  
O, know you yet, 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.  [inter.  
First Mard. Who made thee, then, a bloody mini-  
When gallant-sprungling brave Plantagenet,  
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?  
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.  
First Mard. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy  
Provokes us hither now to slaughter thee.  [fault,  
Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.  
If you be hired for need, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,  
Who shall reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.  
Sec. Mard. You are deceived, your brother Glou-  
cester hates you.  
Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.  
Go you to him from me.  
Both. Ay, so we will.  [York  
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father  
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charged us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship:  
Big Gloucester think'd of this, and he will weep.  
First Mard. Ay, millstones, as he less'd us to  
weep.  
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.  
First Mard. Right.  
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:  
For he that us hither now to slaughter thee  
Clar. It cannot be; for when I parted with him,  
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with soles,  
That he would labour my delivery.  

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Sec. Mard. Why, so he doth, now he delivers thee
From this world's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
First Mard. Make peace with God, for you must
die, my lord.
Chas. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And an' thou yet to the own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set thee on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.
Sec. Mard. What shall we do?
Chas. Relent, and save your souls.
First Mard. Relent! 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
Chas. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If such two 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 beggaring prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Mard. Look behind you, my lord.
First Mard. Take that, and that: if all this will
not do,
[Stabs him.
I'll drown you in the malins-eye-butt within.
Sec. Mard. A bloody deed, and desperately dis-
patch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter First Murderer.
First Mard. How now! what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!
Sec. Mard. I would he knew that I had saved his
brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.
First Mard. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial;
And when I have my need, I must away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.
Flourish. Enter King Edward 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 embassy,
From my Redeemer to veniam me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth,
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love. [hate;
Ric. By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.
Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!
K. Edw. Take heed you daily not before your
Lest be that is the supreme King of kings. [King:
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!
Ric. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!
K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other,
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand:
What you do, do it unfeignedly. [member
Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more re-
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!
K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love
lord marquess.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.
Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [They embrace.
K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in our union.
Dor. Why ever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours [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 when that same friend is a foe,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[They embrace.
KING RICHARD III.

SCENE II.—The palace.

Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy; but he, poor soul, by your first order died, And that a winged Mercury did bear: Some tardy cripple bore the countermand, That came too late to see him buried.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead. The king my uncle is to blame for this: The king my uncle is to blame for this: God will revenge it ere our fortune With daily prayers all to that effect.

Grandam. And so will I. [yowell.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love Incapable and shallow innocents, You cannot guess who caused your father’s death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; to my good uncle (Glou. Told me, the king, provoked by the queen, [ester Devised impeachments to imprison him: And when my uncle told me so, he wept, [check; And hugg’d me in his arm, and kindly kiss’d my knee me on him as on my father, And he would hold me dearly as his child.

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes, And with a virtuous wizard hide foul guile! He is my son; yea, and therein my shame; Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. Son, Thinkst thou my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Boy. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her ears; Rivers and Dorset after her.

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wall and weep, To chide my fortune, and torment myself? I’ll join with black despair against my soul, And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience? Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence: Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. Why grow the branches now the root is wither’d? Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone? 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 regicide, 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 lived 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 fair glass, Which grieves me when I see my shame in him. Then art a widow: yet thou art a mother, And hast the comfort of thy children left thee: But death hath snatch’d my husband from mine embrace, And pluck’d two clusters from my feeble limbs, Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I, Thine being but a moiety of my grief, To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries! [death; Boy. Good aunt, you went not for our father’s How can we aid you with our kindred tears? Q. Eliz. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan’d: Your widow-dourour likewise be unwep! Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation; I am not barren to bring forth complaints: All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, That I, being govern’d by the watery moon, May send forth plentiful tears to drown the world! Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward! Chil. Oh 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 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 means! Their woes are parcell’d, mine are general. 467
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, and so 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 purport it with lamentations. [pleased
Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much dis-
That you take with unthankfulness his 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 do thus be opposite with heaven,
For it will repay the royal debt for you.
Rir. 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 death Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliff.
Glo. Madam, have comfort; all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their barns by wailing them.
Madam, my father doth cry me mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing. [mind
Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty! [man!
Glo. [Aside] Amen; and make me die a good old
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out. [peers,
Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing
That bear this mutual heavy load of mean,
Now cheer each other in each other's love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-sown hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept;
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Lither to London, to be crown'd our king.
Rir. Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham?
Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heap'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungrown:
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.
Rir. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach.
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That none so few should fetch the prince.
Hest. And so say I.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your curesances in this weighty business?
Buck. [Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.
Buck. My Lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two be behind;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As how much the state is green and yet ungrown:
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! My dear cousin,
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York Hath almost overtaken him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.
Duck. 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 [coster,
More than my brother: ’Ay,’ quoth my uncle Gloucester,
‘Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.’
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
Duck. Good faith, great faith, the saying did not
In him that did object the same to thee: [hold
He was the wretched’st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.
Duck. 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 dolt,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch’d mine.
Duck. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me hear it.
York. Of Murray, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
’Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duck. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Arch. [born.
Duck. Is that so? why, she was dead ere then was York.
If ’twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlians boy: go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitches have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to untold.
Q. Eliz. How fares the prince?

ACT III.


The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Duke of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts’ sovereign.

Buck. The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Priest. My noble lord, but our crosses doubt.

Buck. Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me. [years

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your
Hath not yet dwelt into the world’s deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God be thanks,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar’d words,
But look’d not on the poison of their hearts.
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!
Prince. God keep me from false friends, but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to

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
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a shrug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!
ACT III.  

KING RICHARD III.  

SCENE I.

You break no privilege nor charter there. 
Oft have I heard of sanctuarv men; 
But sanctuarv children are to manage now. [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. 
[Aside.] 

For which, for then say, you, too, if lie is all our coronation? 
Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self, 
If I may converse with you, some day or two. 
Your highness shall be paid at the Tower: [Exit 
Then where you please, and shall be thought most 
For your best health and recreation. 
Prince. I will not like the Tower, of any place. 
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord? 

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; 
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified. 
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported 
Successively from age to age, he built it? 
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord. 
Prince. But, lord, it is not register'd, 
Merchants the truth should live from age to age, 
As 't were retail'd to all posterity, 
Even to the general all-ending day. [live long. 

Glou. [Aside.] So wise so young, they say, do never 
Prince. What say you, uncle? 
Glou. [Aside.] These courtiers, fame lives long. 
[Aside.] Thus like the formal wise, Iniquity, 
I moralize two meanings in one word. 

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man; 
With what his valour did enrich his wit, 
His wit set down to make his valour live: 
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror; 
For now he lies 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 lived a king. [ward spring. 

Glou. [Aside.] Short summers lightly have a forerun. 

Enter young 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 dread lord; so must I call you now. 
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours: 
Too late he died that might have kept that title, 
Which by his death hath lost much majesty, 
Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York? 
York. Thank you, gentle cousins: O, my lord, 
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth: 
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far. 

Glou. He hath, my lord. 

York. And therefore is he idle? 

Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so. 
York. Then be more beholding to you than I. 
Glou. He may command me as my sovereign; 
But you have power in me as in a kinsman. 

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. 

Glou. 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. 
Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin. 
York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it. 
Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough. 
York. O, then, I see, you will part with but light 
In weightier things you'll say a beggar may. [gifts; 
Glou. I'll give for you your grace to wear. 

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier. [lord? 

Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little 
York. I would, that I might thank you as you 
Glou. How? 
York. Little.
SCENE II.—Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho! my lord!

Hast. [Within] Who knocks at the door?

Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. What is 't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious hours? So it should seem by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble lordship. Second, and then?

Mess. And then he sends you word he dreamt to-night the boar had rased 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 horse with him, And with all speed post with him toward the north, To shun the danger that his soul divides.

Hast. 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 servant Catesby: Whereof I shall not have intelligence. Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance: And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond To trust the mockery of unquiet slumberers: To fly the boar before the purses, 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, shall he see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say.

[Exit.]

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morning, Catesby; you are early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord; And I believe 'twill never stand upright Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. [crowns] Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the Cate. Ay, my good lord. [shoudlers

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my ear I will see the crown so foul misplaced But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it? Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you for Upon his party for the gain thereof: [ward And thereupon he sends you this good news, That this day the queen doth die by her own hand, The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news, Because they have been still mine enemies: 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. [mind Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence, That they who brought me in my master's hate, I live to look upon their tragedy. I tell thee, Catesby.

Cate. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder, I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord, When men are unprepared and look not for it. Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do With some men else, who think themselves as safe As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear To princely Richard and to Buckingham. Cate. The princes both make high account of you; [Aside] For they account his head upon the bridge. Hast. I know they do; and I havewell deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your bear-spear, man? Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided? Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow. You may jest on, but, by the holy rood, [Catesby: 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, Was it more precious to me than 'tis now: Think you, but that I know our state secure, I would be so triumphant as I am? [London, Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they were from where I was, and supposed their state was sure, And they indeed had no cause to mistrust; But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast. This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt! Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward! What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent. Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot 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 accused them wear their hats. But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow. [Exit Stanley and Catesby. How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee? Pars. The better that your lordship please to ask. Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now Than when I met thee last where now we meet: Then was I going prisoner to the Tower, By the suggestion of the queen's allies; But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself— This day those enemies are put to death, And I in better state than e'er I was. Pars. God hold it, to your honour's good content! Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me. [Throws him his purse. Pars. God save your lordship! [Exit. Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour. [heart Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my Am in your debt for your last exercise; Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. [He kiswhers in his ear.

Enter Buckingham. Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlai

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest; You honour hath no slaving work in hand, Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, Those men you talk of came into my mind. What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay: I shall return before your lordship thence. Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there. Buck. [Aside] And supper too, although, thou know'lt not. Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.
SCENE III. — Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with heralds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this: To-day shalt thou behold a subject die.

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty, [you!

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of a knot you are of damned blood-suckers. [after.

Vow. You have no part that shall cry we for this here.

Rat. Dispatch; 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 mark'd to death; And, for more staidly to thy dismal seat, We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads.

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Grey. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham, Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God, To hear her prayers for them, as now for us! And for my sister and her princely sons, Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood. Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expir'd.

Riv. Grey, come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace: And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Tower of London.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliffe, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.

Host. My lords, at once: the cause why we are Is, to determine of the coronation. [met In God's name, speak: when is the royal day? Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time? Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord protector's mind herein? Who is most inward with the royal duke? Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind. [faces.

Buck. Who, I, my lord! we know each other's But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine, Than I of yours.

Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Host. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well; But, for his purpose in the coronation, I have not sounded him, nor he desired His gracious pleasure any way therein: But you, my noble lords, may name the time; And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke him- self.

Glow. My noble lords and cousins all, good mor- ning have been long a sleeper; but, I hope, My absence doth neglect no great designs, Which by my presence might have been concluded. Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord, With the Lord Hastings already pronounced your place, — I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glow. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder; His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Host. I thank your grace.

Glou, Ely. My lord of Ely!

Glou. 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.

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[Drawing him aside.

Catesby hath sound'd Hastings in our business, And finds the testy gentleman so hot.

As he will use his head ever to consult His master's son, as worshipful he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England's throne. [you.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow thee. [Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph; To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden; For I myself am not so well provided As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

Host. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to— There's some conceit or other likes him well; to-day, When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit. I think there's never a man in Christendom That can less hide his love or hate than he; For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face By any likelihood he should to-day? Host. Marry, that with no man here he is offender; For, were he, he had shew'd it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glow. 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? Host. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord, Makes me most forward in this noble presence To doom the offenders: whatsoever they be: I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glow. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill: See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd aloof; And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch, Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore, That by their witchcraft thus have marked me, Host. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord, [pet, Glow. If! then protector of this damned stran- Tellest thou me of 'tis? Then art a traitor: Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear, I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliffe, look that it be done: The rest, that love me, rise and follow me. [Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliffe, and Lovel.

Host. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me; For I, too fond, might have prevented this. Stanley did dream the boar did raise his helm; But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly: Three times to-day my foot-clotl 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 sijke to me: I now repent I told the pursuivant, As 't were triumphing at mine enemies, How they at Pomfret bloody were butcher'd, And I, too late, had just prononcé your grace.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head! [ner; Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at din- Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Host. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep,

Shake, I say, both subsidy and brick,
He is bold to extort.

Host. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my hand:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Tower-walls.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, mercurial ill-favoured.

Glou. Come, cousin, came thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in the middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pray on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intend deep suspicious: glibly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord May—

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Mark! a drum.

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

[Love.

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratchiff and

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he danc'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted.
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainer of suspect. [traitor

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the noble traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May. What, had he so?

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to 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 Fellow, he deserved his death;
And you my good lords, both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands.

Buck. After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have bad you heard
The traitor speak, and timeously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue this, to his death. [serve

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
As well I had seen and heard him speak;
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause. [here,

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

But, since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post: There, at your meet'st advantage 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 a just sign of horror, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched to his servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate 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 appeared in his complexion,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear 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;

Glou. 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. Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;
[To Cate.] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Now will I in, to take some privy order.
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same. A street.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read over in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over.
For yesterday night by Catesby it was brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing;
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Why who's so gross,
That such a thing can't fall to his share?
Yet who's so blind, 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.
ACT III.  KING RICHARD III.  SCENE VII.

-SCENE VII.- Baynard's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glo. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord, the citizens are mum and speak not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastards of Edward's children?

Bet. 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 triles; his own bastards, 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 the purpose Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse: And when mine oratory grew to an end, I bid them that did love their country's good Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!' Then did they say:

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word; But, like dumb statues or breathing stones, Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale, Which when I saw, I reprehended them; And ask'd the mayor what meant this wild silence: His answer was, the people were not wont To be spoke to but by the receptor. Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again, 'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;' But nothing spake in warrant from himself. When he had done, some followers of mine own, At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps, And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!' And thus I took the vantage of those few, 'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I; 'This general applause and loving shout, Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard:' And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. I was mov'd, and my self mov'd, to tell them no lies; But they would have me say it to theire self; Or no doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue. Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [Exit Gloucester.

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here; I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby, What say they here?

Cates. My lord, he doth entreat your grace 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 moved, To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;

Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens, In deep designs and matters of great moment, No less import than our general good.
May come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. I'll tell him what you say, my lord. [Exit. Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Ed. He is not loling on a lewd day-bed, [ward! But on his knees at meditation; Not dallying with a brace of courtzans, But meditating with two wise divines; Not sleeping, to engross his idle body. But praying, to enrich his watchful soul; Happy were England, would this gracious prince Take on himself the sovereignty thereof.
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it. May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us. Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

Cates. My lord, he wonders to what end you have assembled Such troops of citizens to speak with him, His grace not being warn'd thereof before: My lord, he fears you mean no good to him. Buck. Sure, I am my lord's counsel should suspect me, that I mean no good to him: By heaven, I come in perfect love to him; 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 them thence, So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops.

Catesby returns.

May. See, where he stands between two clergy-men! [Exit. Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince, To stay him from the fall of vanity: And, see, a book of prayer in his hand, True ornaments to know a holy man. Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, Lead favourable ears to our request; And pardon us the interruption Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. Who now, my lord, that would here make 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 pleasth God And all the world; the pavement'sledeille. [above, Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence That seems discouraging in the city's eyes, And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace, At our entreaties, to amend that fault! [land? Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Buck. Then know, 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: Whilst, in the mind'sness of your sleepy thoughts, Which here we waken to our country's good, This noble isle doth want her proper limbs; Her face defaced with scars of infamy, Her royal stock with grafts and hollies, And almost shoulderd in the swallowing gulf Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion. Which to recur, we heartily solicit Your gracious self to take on you the charge And kingly government of this your land; Not as protector, steward, substitute,
ACT IV.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence’s young daughter.

Buck. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet?

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester? Now, for my life, she’s wandering to the Tower, on pure heart’s love to greet the tender princes. Daughter, well met.

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 prosper’d benefit of dignity:
It not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Before I buy any dear lord, this prosper’d love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glou. Alas, why would you hear these cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty; I do beseech you, take it not amiss; I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — then, this prosper’d love.

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.

[Exeunt Buckingham with the Citizens.

[Enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sarge, grave men, Since you will buckle fortune on my back, To bear her burden, whether I will or no, I must have patience to endure the load: But if black scoundal or foul-faced reproach Attend the sequel of your impositions, Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me From all the impure blots and stains thereof; For God he knows, and you may partly see, How far I am from the desire thereof. [it. May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title: Long live Richard, England’s royal king! May, and Cate. Amen.—as, in love and zeal,

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crowned? Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace: And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again. Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends. [Exeunt.

Enter Brackenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave. How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
**KING RICHARD III.**

**SCENE II.**

_Bruk._ Right well, dear madam. By your pa-
I may not suffer you to visit them; [tence,
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.
_Q. Eliz._ The king! why, who's that?
_Bruk._ My lord, the protector.
_Q. Eliz._ The Lord protect him from that kindly
Hath he set bounds betwixt his love and me! [Title!
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?
_Duck._ I am their father's mother; I will see them.
_Ane._ Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then living that weepeth: I'll hear by blane
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
_Bruk._ No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [Exit.

_Enter Lord Stanley._

_Stan._ Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverent looker on of two fair queens. [minister,
[To Ane.] Come, madam, you must straight to West-
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen. [heart
_Q. Eliz._ O, cut my eye in sander, that my pent
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-blighting news! [sent.
_Ane._ Despairful tidings! O unpleasing news!
_Dor._ Be of good cheer; mother, how fares your
grace? [sent.
_Q. Eliz._ O, Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
They shall not moisten their bloody breath
If thou wilt offstrip death, go cross the seas.
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell;
Go, lie thee, lie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse.
No mother, wife, nor kinsman Richard's crowned queen.
_Stan._ Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not taken tardy by unwise delay.
_Duck._ O ill-dispensing wind of misery!
My accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous. [sent.
_Stan._ Come, madam, come; I in all haste was
_Ane._ And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the infant's heart
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to scorch me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!
_Q. Eliz._ Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish myself no harm. [sent.
_Ane._ No! why? When he that is my husband
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corte. [hands
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look on Richard's crowned face.
This was my wish: 'Be thou, quoth I, accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!'
And, when thou wert, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the life of thee.
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!''
_Lo, me I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of my own enchantment,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For seven and one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me. [sent.
_Q. Eliz._ Poor heart, alas! I pity thy complain-
_Ane._ No more than from my soul I mourn for
Q. Eliz._ Farewell, thou woful wamer of glory!
_Ane._ Alas, poor soul, that takes thy leave of it!
_Duck._ To Dorset! Go thou to Richmond, and good
fortune guide thee! [To Ane] Go thou to Richard, and good angels
Guard thee! [To Queen Eliz.] Go thou to sanctuary, and good
thoughts possess thee!
To my dear lady! peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty old years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrenched'd with a week of teem.
_Q. Eliz._ Stay, yet look back with me unto the
Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, these tender labes
Who enchain'd immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rule ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exit.

**SCENE II.—London. The palace.**

_Enter Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others._

_K. Rich._ Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!
_Buck._ My gracious sovereign?
_K. Rich._ Give me thy hand. [Here he ascended
_his_ throne with a noise high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
_Buck._ Still live they and for ever may they last!
_K. Rich._ O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:
Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.
_Buck._ Say on, my loving lord. [sent.
_K. Rich._ Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be
_Buck._ Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.
_K. Rich._ Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward
_Buck._ True, noble prince.
_K. Rich._ O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wise to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What said the king then? 'Tis, say, thou hast
_Buck._ Your grace may do your pleasure.
_K. Rich._ Tut, tut, thou art all here, thy kindness
friazen.
'Fay, have I thy consent that they shall die?
_Buck._ Give me some breath, some little pause, my
Before I positively speak herein: [sent.
_loc._ lord, I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit.
_Cote._ [Aside to a standing by] The king is angry:
see, he bites the lip.
_K. Rich._ I will converse with iron-wrought fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!
_Page._ My lord? [gold
_K. Rich._ Know'st thou not any whom corrupting
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
_Page._ My lord, 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 Tyrell.
_K. Rich._ I partly know the man: go, call him
_later._ [Exit Page.

_The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me unfaithed,
And stops he now for breath?_
ACT IV.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE III.

Enter Stanley.

Now! now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea, Where he's arrived — [Stands apart.]

K. Rich. Catesby! Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die: I will take order for her keeping close. Inquire me out some old-born gentleman, Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter: The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out That Anne my wife is sick and like to die: About it: for it stands me much upon To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. [Exit Catesby.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter, Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass, Murder her brothers, and then marry her! Uncertain way of gain! But I am in So far in blood that we will pluck on sin: Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel? [Ject.]


Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign. K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of Tyr. Ay, my lord: [mine?]

But I had rather kill two enemies, [enemies,

K. Rich. Why, thou hast it: two deep Feet to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers Are they that I would have thee deal upon: Tyrrel, I mean those lastards in the Tower. Tyr. 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 hither, Tyrrel: Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear: [Whispers.

There is no more but so: say it is done, And I will love thee, and prefer thee too. Tyr. 'T is done, my gracious lord. [sleep?

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [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 pass. Dorset is fled to Buck. I hear that news, my lord. [Richmond.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look to it. [promise, Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd; The cardinals of Hereford and the nobles The which you promised I should possess. [vey K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she con- Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. [mend? Buck. What says your highness to my just de- K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a very peevish boy. A king, perhaps, perhaps,— Buck. My lord! [time that K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him? Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom— K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exe, The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, [ier, And call'd it Rongemont: at which name I started, Because a bird of Ireland told me once, I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike? [the stroke K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. I am not in the giving vein today. [or no.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will K. Rich. Tut, tut, Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exit all but Buckingham. Buck. Is it even so? rewards be my true service With such deep contempt? made I him king for O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone! [this? To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done, The most arch act of pitious massacre That ever yet this land was guilty of. Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn To do this ruthless piece of butchery, Although they were desh'd villains, bloody dogs, Molding with tenderness and kind compassion. Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories, 'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tenderbabs: ' 'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another Within their innocent alabaster arms; Their lips were four red roses on a stalk, Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other. A book of prayers on their pillow lay: [mend; Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my But O! the devil — there the villain stopp'd; Whilst Dighton thus told on: ' We smothered The most replenished sweet work of nature, That from the prime creation e'er she framed.' Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse; They could not speak: and so I left them both, To bring this tidings to the bloody king. And here he comes.

Enter King Richard.

All hail, my sovereign liege! K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge Beget your happiness, be happy then, For it is done, my lord. K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead? Tyr. I did, my lord. K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel? Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them; But how or in what place I do not know. K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper, And thou shalt tell the process of their death, Meantime, but think how I may do thee good, And be inheritor of thy desire. Farewell till soon. [Exit Tyrrel.

The son of Clarence have I pent up close; His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage; The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night. Now, for I know the Breton Richmond ains At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown, To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord!

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly? [mend; Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Rich-
And Buckingham, back't with the hardy Welshmen, 
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth. [hear 
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more 
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army, 
Come, I have heard that fearful commenting 
Is leeking out of one of your pitiful delays. 
 Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary: 
Then fiery expedition be my wing, 
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king! 
Come, muster men; my counsel is my shield: 
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [Exeunt. 

SCENE IV. — Before the palace. 

Enter Queen Margaret. 

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow 
And drop into the rotten mouth of death. 
Here in these confines slitly have I lurk'd, 
To watch the waning of mine adversaries. 
A dire induction am I witness to, 
And will to France, hoping the consequence 
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical. [here? 
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes 

Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York. 

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender 
babes! 
My unbown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air 
And be not fix'd deep to perpetual, 
Hover about me with your airy wings 
And hear your mother's lamentation! [right 
Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for 
Hath dinn'd your infant morn to aged night. 
Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice, 
That my word-earried tongue is mute and dumb, 
Edward Plantagenet, why so late dead? 
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth guilt Plantagenet, 
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. [hams, 
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle 
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf? 
When diest thou sleep when such a deed was done? 
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son. 
Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living 
ghost, 
Add them to your scene, world's shame, grave's due by life 
Brief abstract and record of tedious days. 
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth. 
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend, 
Give mine the benefit of seniory, 
And let my woes crown on the upper hand. 
If sorrow can admit society, 
Sitting down by her. 

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood! 
Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford 
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat! [grave 
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here. 
O, who hath any cause to mourn but I? 

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend, 
Give mine the benefit of seniory, 
And let my woes crown on the upper hand. 
If sorrow can admit society, 
Sitting down by her. 

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine: 
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 
I had a Harry, 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 diest kill 
I had a Hutland too, thou help't to kill him. [him: 
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard 
kill'd him. 
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept 
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death: 
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes, 
To worry limbs and lap their gentle blood, 
That foul defacer of God's handwork. 
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 upright, just, and true-disposing God, 
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur 
Preys on the issue of his mother's body, 
And makes her pew-fellow with others' morn! 
Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes! 
God wills thee do one thing to another, 
Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge, 
And now I cloy me with beholding it. 
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward; 
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward; 
Young York he is but boot, because both they 
Are not the high fortune, now my present; 
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward; 
And the beholders of this tragic play, 
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey, 
Unlimmer smother'd in their dusky graves. 
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer, 
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls 
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand, 
Enues his piteous and impiti'd end: 
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, 
To have him suddenly convay'd away. 
Came bond of life, dear God, I pray, 
That I may live to say, The dog is dead. [come 
Q. Eliz. That dog diest, time would I, that I should 
wish for thee to help me curse 
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd tead! 
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my 
fortune. 
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen; 
The presentation of but what I was; 
The flattering index of a direful pageant; 
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below; 
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babies; 
A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble, 
A sign of dignity, a garish flag, 
To be the aim of every dangerous shot; 
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. 
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers? 
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy? 
Who suses to thee and cries 'God save the queen?' 
Where be the bending plers that flatter'd thee? 
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee? 
Decline all this, and see what now thou art: 
For happy wife, a most distressed widow; 
For joyful mother, one that wails the name; 
For queen, a very callit crown'd with care; 
For one being sue'd to, one that humbly sses; 
For one that would be think'd at, and one that 
For one being bear'd of all, now fearing one; 
For one commandning 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 diest usurp my place, and dest thou not. 
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 
Now thy proud neck bears half my burreh'd yoke; 
From which even here I slip my weary neck, 
And leave the burden of it all on thee. 
Farewell York's wife, and one sad mischance! 
These English woes will make me smile in France. 
Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile, 
And teach me how to curse mine enemies! [days; 
Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the 
Comparre dead happiness with living woe; 
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, 
And he that slew them fouler than he is: 
Better thy loss makes the bad causre 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 
warble thine own lyrics. 
Duch. Why should calamity be full of words? 
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes, 
Airy succeders of intestate joys, 
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Act IV.  

KING RICHARD III.  

Scene IV.

Let them have scope: though what they do import
Help not at all, yet do they case the heart.

_Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of letter words let's smoother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smothed—
I hear his drum: be copious in exclamations._ [er'd.

_Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and trumpets._

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?

_Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughter, wretch, that thou hast done!_[crown

_Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden
Where it could be grav'd, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

_Duch. Thou too'd, thou too'd, where is thy brother
And little Neill Plantagenet, his son?_[Charence

_Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
Let not the heavens hear these talke-full women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!_[Flourish. Alarum

Either be patient, and entertain the air,
Or with the clamorous report of war.
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

_Duch. Art thou my son?_[self.

_K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your—
_Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience. [tion

_K. Rich. Madame, I have a touch of your condi-
Which cannot Comcast the accent of reproof.

_Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.

_Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

_Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

_K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

_Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou canst on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy, and wayward was thy infancy.
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treach-
ery.

More mad, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

_K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey, Honour, that
call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Strike up the drum.

_Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

_K. Rich. You speak too bitterly._

_Duch. Hear me a word:

For I shall never speak to thee again.

_K. Rich. So._

_Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordi-

ere from this war thou turn a conqueror._ [nance,

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.
Thereat I have taken thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies
And promise them success and victory.

_Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend._ [Eec.

Q. Eliz. Though for more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to all._ [you

_K. Rich. Stay, madam: I must speak a word with
_Q. Eliz. I have no moe sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be left as false as Edward's wives;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

_K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
And slander me as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

_K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal
blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

_K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

_K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were op-

pos.

_Q. Eliz. No, to their lives had friends were con-

_K. Rich. All unavoyd in the doom of destiny.

_Q. Eliz. True: when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babies were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

_K. Rich. You speak as if that I had stain my

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life,
Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And 1, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush'd all to pieces on thy rocky bosom,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

_K. Rich. To discover'd, that can do me good? [heaven
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

_Q. Eliz. What is heaven? To advancement of your children,
gentle lady._ [heads

_Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their

_K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory._

_Q. Eliz. Platter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

_K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and

Will I withhold a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou suppos'st I have done to thee.

_Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy

Kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

_K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love
thy daughter.

_Q. Eliz. A daughter's mother thinks it with her

_K. Rich. What do you think?_[soul

_Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from
thy soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love do thank thee for it.

_K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
The petty rebel, dull-brained’du Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror’s bed;
To whom I will retain my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar’s Caesar.
Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father’s brother
Would she be lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, lie there to her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Infer fair England’s peace by this alliance
[long war.
Q. Eliz. Which shall she purchase with such last hast?
K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command,
entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king’s King
Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wall the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title ever last?
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
[lost.
K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens.
Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
K. Rich. I think, her sovereign, and her subject love.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sov-
ereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her. [fold.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speaks best being plainly.
K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not so 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 grave.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam, that is past.
[break.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my
crown.—[usurp’d.
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour’d, and the third
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath;
The George, profan’d, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, bleedish’d, pawn’d his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp’d, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear to that 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 dishonour’d.
K. Rich. Then, by myself;
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusset.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God’s wrong is most of all.
If thou hast 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 hast fear’d to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?—
K. Rich. Thou the time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o’er
For I myself have many tears to wash [past;
Hereafter time, for time past wrong’d by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaugh-
Uncovered youth, to wall it in their age: [tred.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher’d,
KING RICHARD III.

Scene IV.

ACT IV.

Oh! wert thou plants, to wall it with their age. Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent, So thrive I in my dangerous attempt Of lifting up my shoulders. Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours! Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest! Be opposite all planets of good luck To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love, Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts, I teach not thy base, base, base, base daughter! In her consists my happiness and thine: Without her, follows to this hand and me, To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul, Death, desolation, ruin and decay: It cannot be avoided but by this; It will be Salford: but by this, Therefore, good 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 they not in present expedients.


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, farewell. [Exit Queen Elizabeth.]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman! Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following. How now! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast Rides a puissant navy; to the shore Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back: This night, that Richmond is their admiral! And there they build, expecting the aid Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore. [Norfolk: K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my lord, K. Rich. Fly to the duke: [To Ratcliff] Post thou to Salford: When thou comest thither,—[To Catesby] Dull, un-mindful villain, Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke? Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your What from your grace I shall deliver to him, K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him keep straight The greatest strength and power he can make, And meet me presently at Salisbury. Cate. I go. [Exit Ratcliff.]

K. Rich. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do at Salford?


Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, what news with you? 

Sten. None good, my lord, to please you with the Nor none so bad, but it may well be told. K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! Why dost thou run so many mile about, When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way? Once more, what news?

Sten. Richmond is on the seas. K. Rich. There let him work, and be the seas on Whiteliver'd runagate, what doth he there? [Exit. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess, K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

Sten. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely, He makes for England, there 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 doth he upon the sea? Sten. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess. K. Rich. Unlesse for that he comes to be your liege, You cannot guess wherefore the Wiclimes comes. Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Sten. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not. K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him? Where are thy tenants and thy followers? [back? Are they not upon the western shore. Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships? Sten. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in the north, When they should serve their sovereign in the west? Sten. They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign; Please it your majesty to give me leave, [enigm. 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 I will not trust you, sir. [Richmond: Sten. Most mighty sovereign, You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful; I never was nor never will be false. K. Rich. Well, Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm, Or else his head's assurance is but frail. Sten. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, As I by friar I am much advertised, Sir Edward Courtenay, and the haughty prelate Bishop of Exeter, his brother there, With many more confederates, in arms. Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent the Guildford are in And every hour more complices in arms; Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham— K. Rich. What on you, owls! nothing but songs of death? [He striketh him. Take that, until thou bring me better news. Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters, Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd; And he himself wander'd away alone, No man knows whither. K. Rich. I cry thee mercy; There is my purse to cure that blow of thine. Hath any well-advised friend proclain'd Reward to him that brings the traitor in? Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovell and Lord Mar- quis Dorset,
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds, 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, Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, [Grey, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried]

By underhand corrupted foul injustice,

If that thy wooden 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. [downday.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's

This is the day that, in King Edward's time, I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his children or his wife's allies

This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall

By the false faith of him I trusted most;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul

Is the determined respite of my wrongs;

That high All-See that I dallied with

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:

Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;

'When he,' saith she, 'shall split thy heart with Remember Margaret was a prophetess:' [sorrow, Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the blam of blame.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The camp near Tamworth.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Rich. Fellows in arms, and my most loving

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny, [friends, Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on 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 wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine

Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:

From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace

By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oft, for another's sake, I have seen a thousand swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

Hrb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He bath no friends but who are friends for fear,

Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

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 in arms, with Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad? [wroughtfield.

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 knights: ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious

K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie
to-night:

But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that. Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battlefield trelles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party wait.

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen, Let us survey the vantage of the field;

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[Exeunt, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richard's tent.

Rich. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
KING RICHARD III: SCENE III.

ACT V.

Gives signal of a gloomy day to-morrow. Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. Give it some inky bottle, I will put it in: I'll draw the form and model of our battle, Limit each leader to his several charge, And part in just proportion our small strength. 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 Blunt, before thou go'st, Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know? Blunt. Unless I haste in his colours much, We shall have news of him ere this done, His regiment lies half a mile at least South from the mighty power of the king. Richmond. If without peril it be possible, Good Captain Blunt, bear me my good-night to him, And give him from me this most needful scroll. Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it; And so, God give you quiet rest to-night! Richmond. Good-night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen, Let us consult upon to-morrow's business: In to our tent; the air is raw and cold. [They withdraw into the tent.

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others. K. Rich. What is 't o'clock? Cate. It's supper-time, my lord; It's nine o'clock. K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. Give me some ink and paper. What, is my beaver easier than it was? And all my armour laid into my tent? [neat. Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness. Rat. mad. Norfolk, lie thee to thy charge; Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels. Nor. I go, my lord. [To Norfolk. K. Rich. Stir with the lack to-morrow, gentle Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit. K. Rich. Catesby! Cate. My lord? K. Rich. Send out a pursuing at arms To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power Before sunrising, lest his son George fall Into the blind eye of eternal night. [Exit Catesby. Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch. Send white Surrey for the field to-morrow, Look that my steves be sound, and not too heavy. Ratcliff! Rat. My lord? [underland? K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord North-Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself, Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers. K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine; I have not that alacrity of spirit. [wine. Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. Set it down. Is ink and paper ready? Rat. It is, my lord. K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me, Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent. And help to arm me. Leave me, I say, [Exit Ratcliff and the other Attendants.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others attending. Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm! Richmond. All comfort that the dark night can afford Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! Tell me, how fares our loving mother? Der. In, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother, Who prays continually for Richmond's good: So much that, for the silent hours steal on, And flaky darkness breaks within the east. In brief,—for so the season bids us be,— Prepare thy troops and the army ready, And put thy fortune to the arbitrement Of bloody strokes and mortal-sharpened war. I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,— With best advantage will deceive the time, And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms: But on thy side I may not be too forward, Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George, Be executed in his father's sight. Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time Cuts off the ceremonial vows of love And ample interchange of sweet discourse, Which so long slander'd friends should dwell upon: God give me knowledge to discern it, And being all, let me not the day go by. Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well! Richmond. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment: I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap, lest leaden slumber seize me down to-morrow, When I should mount with wings of victory. Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen. [Exit all but Richmond. O Thou, whose captain I account myself, Look on my forces with a gracious eye; Put in their hands thy bruising iron of wrath, That they may crush downward with a heavy fall The usurping helms of our adversaries. Make us thy ministers of chastisement, That we may raise thee in the victory! To thee I do commend my watchful soul, Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes: Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth. Ghost. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! Think, how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die! [To Richmond] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf: King Henry's issue, Richmond, comfort thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth. Ghost. [To Richard] When I was mortal, my anointed body 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! [qu'eror! To Richmond] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, Be thou consoled! But for God's sake, Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king, Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish! [Exit.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence. Ghost. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine, Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death! To-morrow in the battle think on me, And fall thy edge sword: despair, and die!— To Richmond] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, Be thou consoled! But for God's sake, good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish![Exit.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan. Ghost of R. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! Rivers, that didst Pomfret! despair, and die! Ghost of G. [To Richard] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! Ghost of V. [To Richard] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear, Let fall thy lance: despair, and die! [All. [To Richmond] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom Will conquer him! awake, and win the day! 483
Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

_Ghost._ [To Richard] Bloody and guilty, guiltily
And in a bloody battle end thy days! [awake,
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die! [To Richmond] Quiet untroubled soul, awake! awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

_Ghosts._ [To Richard] Dream on thy cousins
smother'd in the Tower:
Let us be led within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die! [To Richmond] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,
And wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoys!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.

_Ghost._ [To Richard] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now in thy sleep with guilty dreams,
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die! [To Richmond] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet
Dream of success and happy victory! [sleep;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

_Ghost._ [To Richard] The first was I that helped thee
The last was I that felt thy tyranny: [to the crown;
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, death, of bloodred deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath! [To Richmond] I died for hope ere I could lend thee
But cheer thy heart, and be not then dismay'd: [said;
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, J esu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflicte me!
The lights in blee, it is now midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by;
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly, What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself!
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Poof, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, eying all, Guilty! guilty! I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Men thought 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! [To Richard] 'Zounds! who is there?

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful

_What thought you then, will our friends prove all true?_ [To Richmond] Rat. No doubt, my lord?

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.—

_Rat._ Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night

_Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

Than can the ghost. Here be thousand soldiers

_Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond._

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see it any mean to shriek from me. _Exeunt._

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

_Lords._ Good morrow, Richmond! _Richon._ Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

_Lords._ How have you slept, my lord? _dreams_ [dreams

_Richon._ The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding

_Of the event of this day._

_Have I since your departure had, my lords, der'd?

_Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-

_Came to my tent, and cried on victory;

_I promise you, my soul is very jocund

_In the remembrance of so fair a dream._

_How far into the morning is it, lords?_ [lorn.

_Lords._ Upon the stroke of four._ [lorn.

Richon. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give dire-

_His motion to his soldiers._

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than them they follow;
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide:
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil _[lorn;
Of England's orphans: when the high-born set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
_God will in justice_ [ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
_You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
_Your country's fate shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
_Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
_Your children's children quift it in your age._
Then, in the face of God and all these rights,
_Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
_Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
_The least of you shall share his part thereof._
_Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
_God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!_ [Exeunt.

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendents and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching

_Richmond?_ [Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Sur-

_rey then?_ [pose.

_Rat._ He smiled and said 'The better for our pur-
ACT V.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE V.

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is. [Clock strikes.]

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rot. Not I, my lord. [book

K. Rich. Then he disinlays to shine; for by the He shall have heard the clock an hour ago:

A black day will it be in somebody.

Raillift!

Rot. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and pour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from my hand.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me?

More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.


Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foremost shall be over 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 will follow
In the main battle, the renaissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What thinkst thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

K. Rich. [Revels] Jockey of Norfolk, be not too
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold. [bold, 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.

Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms are our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Breton, and base luckey peasants,
Whom their or-eleroyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;

You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distress the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as to draw blood in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these overweening rages of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit.

For want of means, poor rats, had hung'd them.

If we be conquer'd, let men consider us. [selves:

And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and thumb'd,

And in record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands? He with our wives?

Ravish our daughters? [Drum afar off.] Hark! I

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

 Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mes. Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand prayers are due within my

Advance our standards, set upon our foes: [bosom;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the splen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. —Another part of the field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting: to him Catesby.

Cutc. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue! The king exacts more wonders than a man,

During an opposite time to danger;

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cutc. Withdraw, my lord: I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die:

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Pive have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight. Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish, Re-enter Richmond, Derby, sharing the crowns, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead. [friends;

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acqur

Lo, here, this long-asur'd royalty

[thee.

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us. Richmond. With shun on neither side.

Der. 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 fied

That in submission will return to us:

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament;

We will unite the white rose and the red:

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long have frown'd upon their cunning!

What traitor hears me, and says not amen?

England hath long been mad, and scar'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father wildly slaughter'd his son's son.

The son, compell'd, was butcher to the sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division.

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true suceeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs, God, if they be so,

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,

With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make us stand 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,

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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth. Griffith, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Cardinal Wolsey. Three Gentlemen.
Cardinal Campeius. Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Garter King-at-Arms.
Charles V. Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk. Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
Earl of Surrey. Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
Lord Chamberlain. An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Lord Chancellor. Patience, woman to Queen Katharine.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.
Bishop of Lincoln. Spirits.
Lord Abergavenny. SCENE — London; Westminster; Kimbolton.
Lord Sands. [For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page 448.]
Sir Henry Guildford. THE PROLOGUE.
Sir Thomas Lovell. I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
Sir Anthony Denny. That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sir Nicholas Vaux. Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Secretaries to Wolsey. Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey. 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, 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,
Richly in two short hours. Only they That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat garbed with yellow, Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show As fool and light is, beside forfeiting Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring, To make that only true we now intend,
To make that only true we now intend, Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Will leave us never an understanding friend. Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known The first and happiest hearers of the town,
The first and happiest hearers of the town, Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see The very persons of our noble story
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:
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.

SCENE I. — London. An antechamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Duck. Good morrow, and well met. How have Since last we saw in France? 
Nor. I thank your grace, Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Duck. An untimely age Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde: I was then present, saw them salute on horseback; Beheld them, when they lighted, how they chung In their embracement, as they grew together; Which had they, what four throned ones could Such a compounded one? [have weigh'd
ACT I.  KING HENRY VIII.  SCENE I.

Buck.  All the while time
I was my chamber’s prisoner.
Nor.  Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day’s master, till the last
Made them to wonder, and made them think
That every Frenchman was leutenant to the French,
All chaukman, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show’d like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cheminds, all gilt; the madams too,
Nor.  Make your peace: to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them: him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
Was said they saw but one: and no discern
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase ’em — by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought’s compass; that former fabulous
Being now seen possible enough, got credit, I trust,
That Devils was believed.

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 discoverer lose some life,
Which action’s self was tangible to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebel’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 so great sport together, as you say?
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 ple is freed
From his ambitious linger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays of the beneficial sun
And keep it from the earth.

Nor.  Surely, sir,
There’s in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not prop’d by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call’d upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he grew; 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.

Nor.  I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him;— let some graver eye
Pass it into that; but I can see his pride
[that,
Peep through each part of him; whence has he
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, look he upon him,
Without the privity o’ the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Most fetch him in the papers.

Nor.  Do I know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken’d their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck.  O, many
Have broke their backs with lying manors on ’em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor.  Grievously I think
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck.  Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow’d, was
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy; That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on ’t.

Nor.  Which is bidden out;
For France hath flaw’d the league, and hath at
Our merchant’s goods at Bourdeaux.

Nor.  Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor.  Marry, is’t.

Nor.  A proper title of a peace; and purchased
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 plentiful safety — that you read
The cardinal’s malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hated would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he’s revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it’s long and, ’t may be said,
It reaches far; and where it will not extend,
Neither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel. [pock
You’ll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
That I advise your shaming.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the pensive before him, certain
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with pipers.

The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Bucking-
ham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol.  The Duke of Buckingham’s surveyor, ha?

First Ser.  Where’s his examination?

Wol.  Is he in person ready?

First Ser.  Ay, please your grace.

Wol.  Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.

Buck.  This butcher’s ear is venom-mouth’d, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar’s book
Out worths a noble’s blood.

Nor.  What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that’s the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck.  I read in’s looks
Matter against me: and his eye rivileth
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick; he’s gone to the king;
I’ll follow and outstare him.

Nor.  Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your clever question.
What is it you go about; to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hoar horse, who being allow’d his way,
Self-nettle fires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck.  I’ll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The very hottest exercises, that he sober o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
It 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-pride fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as fountains in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my
vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf in the wolf's skin, — for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infesting one another, yea, reciprocally —
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview.
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the ringing.

Nor. — Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
The articles o' the combination drew — cardinal
As himself pleas'd; and they were certified
As he cried 'Thus let 'be'; to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead; but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason. — Charles, the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 't was indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey, — here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for in this league
Peopled harms that menced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted;
Yes it was ask'd; but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, no a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Edward Brandon, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Sir, My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Northampton, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bren. 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 dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
Be done in this and all things! I obey. [heaven
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!
Bren. Nay, he must hear you company. The king
Doth Abergavenny.
If pleased 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!

Bren. Here is a warrant from
The king to call Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car.
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.

Buck. — So; so,
These are the limbs o' the plot; no more, I hope.

Bren. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins? this

He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is span'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter the King, leaving on the Cardinal's shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood it the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I'll hear him of his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen.

Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his seat, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Koth, Nay, we must longer kneel! I am a suitor.

King, Arise. and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Koth. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Koth. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties, wherein, although
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil! — even he
escapes not
Language, more properly, yea, smch which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE II.

ACT I.

It doth appear: for, upon these taxations, the clothes all, not able to maintain the many to them longing, have put off the spinners, carders, fullers, weavers, who, for their life, compelled by hunger and lack of other means, in desperate manner during the event to the teeth. are all in uproar, and danger serves among them.

King. Taxation! Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal, you that are blamed for it alike with us, knowest of this taxation? Wol. Please you, sir, I know but of a single part, inaugurated pertains to the state; and front but in that file where others tell steps with me. King. No, no, my lord, you know no more than others; but you frame [some things] that are known alike; which are not whole. To those which would not know them, and yet must perform be their acquaintance. These exactions, whereof my sovereign would have note, they are most pestilential to the hearing: and, to bear 'em, the back is sacrificed to the side. They are devised by you; or else you suffer too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exact! The nature of it? in what kind, let's know, Is this exaction? Wol. I am much too venturous in tempting of your patience: but am holden'd under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief comes through commissions, which compel from the sixth part of his substance, to be levied [each without delay; and the presence for this months; is named, your wars in France: this makes bold tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze allegiance in them; their cursed now live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass, this tractable obedience is a slave to each incensed will. I would your highness would give it quick consideration, for there is no primer business.

King. By my life, this is against our pleasure. Wol. And for me, I have no further gone in this than by a single part, not pass'd me but by learned approval of the judges. If I am traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know my faculties nor person, yet will be the chronicles of my doing, let me say 'tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake that virtue must go through. We must not stint our necessary actions, in the fear to cope malicious censurers; which ever, as ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow that is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further than vainly longing. What we oft do best, by sick interpreters, or weak ones, is not our part accord'd; while would they, as oft, hitting a grosser quality, is cried up for our best act. If we shall stand still, in fear our motion will be mock'd or camp'd at, we should take root here where we sit, or sit state-statues only.

King. Things done well, and with a care, exempt themselves from fear; things done without example, in their issue are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent of this commission? I believe, not any. We must not rend our subjects from our laws, and seek them in our will. Sixth part of each? A trembling contribution! Why, we take from every tree top, bark, and part 'o' the timber; and, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd, the air will drink the sap. To every county where this is question'd send our letters, with free pardon to each man that has denied. The force of this commission: pray, look to 't; I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary. Let there be letters writ to every shire, of the king's grace and pardon. The grievous comet hardly conceive of me; let it be noised [means that through our intercession this revolt soon And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary. Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham is run in your displeasure. It grieves many; the gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker; to nature none more bound; his training such, that he may furnish and instruct great teachers, and never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see, when these so noble benefits shall prove not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupted, they turn to vulgar的东西, and is become as black than ever they were fair. This man so complete, who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we, almost with ravish'd listening, could not find his hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, hath into monstrous habits put the graces, and is occasional once were his, and is become as black as if by man's in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—this was his gentleman in trust—of him things to strike honour sad. Bid him return the fore-roceted practices; whereof we cannot feel too little, hear too much. Wol. Stand forth, and will bold spirit relate what most like a careful subject, have collected [you, out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely. Serr. First, it was usual with him, every day it would infest his speech, that if the king should without issue die, he'll carry it so to make the sceptre his; these very words I've heard him utter to his son-in-law, Lord Abbergaveny; to whom by oath he menaced revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note this dangerous conception in this point. Not friend'd by his wish, to your high person his will is most malignant; and it stretches beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal, deliver all with charity. Speak on:

King. How ground'd he his title to the crown, upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him at any time speak aught? Serr. He was brought to this by a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins. King. What was that Hopkins? Serr. A Chartreux friar, his confessor; who fed him every minute with words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this? Serr. Not long since before your highness sped to France, the duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Poulney, did of me demand what was the speech among the Londoners concerning the French journey: I replied, men fear'd the French would prove pernicious, to the king's danger. Presently the duke said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted I would prove the verity of certain words spoken by a holy monk: 'that oft,' says he, 'has sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour to hear from him a matter of some moment:
ACT I.  

KING HENRY VIII.  

SCENE III.  

Whom after under the confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplains to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor's heirs,  
Tell you the duke, shall prosper; bid him strive  
To gain the love of the commonalty: the duke  
Shall govern England.'  
Q. Kath.  
If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint of the tenants: take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
And spoil their nobler soul: I say, take heed;  
Yes, earnestly beseech you.  
Let him on.  
Go forward.  
Sure.  
On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceived; and that 't was dan-  
To ruminate on this so far, until  
It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
It was much like to do: he answer'd, ' Tush,  
It can do me no damage; ' adding further,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The duke's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.  
King.  
Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!  
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say fur-  
Sure, I can, my liege. [ther?  
King.  
Proceed.  
Sure.  
Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reproved the duke  
About Sir William Bionner,—  
King.  
I remember  
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?  
Sure.  
If, 'quoth he, 'I for this had been com-  
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.  
King.  
A giant traitor!  
Wol.  
Now, madam, may his highness live in free-  
And this man out of prison? [dom,  
Q. Kath.  
God mend all!  
King.  
There's something more would out of thee;  
What sa'st?  
Sure.  
After 'the duke his father,' with 'the  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour  
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irreparable purpose.  
King.  
There's his period,  
To shear 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.  
[Exit.  

SCENE III. — An antechamber in the palace.  

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.  
Cham.  
Is't possible the spells of France should  
Men into such strange mysteries? [juggle  
Sands.  
New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmann'd, yet are follow'd.  
Cham.  
As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.  
Sands.  
They have all new legs, and lame ones:  
one would take it,  
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.  
Cham.  
Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.  

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.  

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?  
Loc.  
Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.  
Cham.  
What is 't for?  
Loc.  
The reformation of our trav'l'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.  
Cham.  
I'm glad 't is there: now I would pray  
our monks  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.  
Loc.  
They must either,  
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather that they get in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thenceunto, as fights and fireworks,  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel  
And understand again like honest men;  
Or pack to their old playfellows; there, I take it,  
They may, 'tum privilegio, wear away  
The rag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.  
Sands.  
'Tis time to give 'em physic, their dis-  
A grown so catching.  
Loc.  
What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!  
Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords: the shy whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.  
Sands.  
The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,  
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song  
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,  
I hold current music too.  
Well said, Lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.  
Sands.  
No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.  
Cham.  
Whither were you a-going?  
Loc.  
To the cardinal's:  
Your lordship is a guest too.  
Cham.  
O, 't is true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.  
Loc.  
That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
Indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
It's dews fall every where.  
Cham.  
No doubt he's noble;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.  
Sands.  
He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in  
him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.  
Men of his way should be most liberal;  
They are set here for examples.  
Cham.  
True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones.  
My large stays:  
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
SCENE IV. — A Hall in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladys, a general welcome from his grace Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates To fair content and you: none here, he hopes, In all this noble levy, has brought with her One care abroad: he would have all as merry As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy:

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company Chapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Studs. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal But half my joy thoughts in him, some of these Should find a running banquet ere they rested, I think would better please 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these!

Studs. I would I were;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Studs. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, Place you on that side: I'll take the charge of this: His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze; Two women placed together makes cold weather: My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em wak'ing; Pray, sit between these ladies.

Studs. By my faith, And thank your lordship, By your leave, sweet ladies: If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me; I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Studs. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too; But he would bite none: just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

To Cham. [Kisses her.] Cham. Well said, my lord. So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen, The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies Pass away frowning.

Studs. For my little cure, Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You're 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.

Studs. Your grace is noble; Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands, I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours. Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen, Whose fault is this?

Studs. The red wine first must rise In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have Talk as to silence. If 'em is joyous, You are a merry gamester, My Lord sands.

Studs. Yes, if I make my play.

Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam, For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Studs. I told your grace they would talk anon.

Wol. [Drum and trumpet, chamberlaries discharged. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [Exit Servant. Wol. What warlike voice, And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not; By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what's that?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers; For they seen: they've left their baggage and landed, And lithe make, as great ambassadors From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain, Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue:

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it. A good digestion to you all; and once more I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures? [pray'd Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they 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 entreat An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em a thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures: [They choose Ladies for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.


Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me: There should be one amongst 'em, by his person, More worthy this place than myself; to whom, If I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Whispers the Masquers.

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. Let me see, then, By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make My royal choice.

King. Ye have found him, cardinal: [Unasking. You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord; You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal, I should judge now unhappy.

Wol. I am glad Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain, Prithhee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul- len's daughter,—
ACT II.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I.

WESTMINSTER. A street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become

Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happened?

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney on the contrary

Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses: which the duke desired

To have brought vivâ voce to his face:

At which appear'd against him his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Feck his chancellor; and John Car,

Confessor to him: with that devil-monk,

Hophkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That was he

That fed him with his prophecies?

First Gent. The same.

All these accused him strongly: which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could

And so his peers, upon this evidence, [not: have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all

Was either pitten in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,

to hear

His kneel rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat externally.

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:

But he felt to himself again, and sweetly

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not:

He never was so womanish: the cause

He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly

The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,

Then deputy of Ireland: who removed,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,

Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. Was a deep envious one.

That trick of state

KING. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's freshier air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

KING. Lead in your ladies, every one: sweet partner.

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 'em once again; and then let's dream

Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

(Exeunt with tranqul.)

ACT II.

First Gent. 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.

Sec. Gent. All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, 'o' the conscience.

Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much

They love and dote on; call him bonmutes Buck.

The mirror of all courtesy: —

[Ingham,

First Gent. Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignement: tipstaffs before

him; the axe with the edge towards him: halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people.

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

You that thus far have come to pity me,

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.

I have this day received a traitor's judgment, [neatly.

And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear wit

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:

'Thas done, upon the premises, but justice:

But those that sought it I could wish more Chris-

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em; [tians,

Yet let 'em look they glory not in misconstrue,

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men:

For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.

For further life in this world I ever hope,

Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

More than I dare make faults. You few that loved

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, [he.

His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave

Is only bitter to him, only dying,

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lor. 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 as free forgive you

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;

There cannot be those numberless offences [enjoy

'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace:

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him

You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,

Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!

Ever beloved and loving may his name be!

And when old time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lor. To the waterside I must conduct your grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.
ACT II.  

KING HENRY VIII.  

SCENE II.

Vaur.  Prepare there, The duke is coming: see the bare be ready; And fit it with such furniture as suits The greatness of his person.

Duck.  Nay, Sir Nicholas, Let it be done: my state now will but mock me. When I came hither, I was lord high constable And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Yet I am richer than my base accensors. [Bohun: That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it; And with that blood will make 'em one day groan My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, [for 't. Where he raised head against not only 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, Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins, Made my name once more noble. Now his son, Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all That made me happy at one stroke has taken For ever from the world. I had my trial, And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me A little happier than my wretched father: Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most; A most unnatural and faithless service! Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me, This from a dying man receive as certain: Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels Be sure you be not loose: for those you make friends And give your hearts to, when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, never found again But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, Pray for me: I must now ford it, in 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 Duke and Trin.  

First Gent.  O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls, I fear, too many curses on their heads That were the authors.

Sec. Gent.  If the duke be guileless, 'Tis full of woé: yet I can give you inklings Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater than in this. 

First Gent.  Good angels keep it from us! What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir? Sec. Gent.  This secret is so weighty, 't will require A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent.  Let me have it; I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent.  You shall, sir; did you not of late days hear A buzzing of a separation Between the king and Katharine? 

First Gent.  Yes, but it held not: For when the king once heard it, out of anger He sent command to the lord mayor straight To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues That durst disperse it.

Sec. Gent.  But that slander, sir, Is found a truth now; for it grows again Fresher than ever it was: and held for certain The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal, Or some about him near, have, out of malice To the good queen, possess'd him with a s clerk That will undo her: to confirm this too, Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately As lord chamber, for this business. 

First Gent.  T is the cardinal; And merely to revenge him on the emperor For not bestowing on him, at his asking, The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

See. Gent.  I think you have hit the mark; but 's not cruel That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal Will have his will, and she must fall. 

First Gent.  We are too open here to argue this; Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.  

Cham.  'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well ridden, And furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took you from me: with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopped our mouths, sir.' I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.  

Enter, to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor.  Well met, my lord chamberlain. Cham.  Good day to both your graces. 

Suf.  How is the king employ'd?  

Nor.  I left him private, Full of sad thoughts and troubles.  

Cham.  What's the cause?  

Suf.  Cham.  It seems the marriage with his brother's Has crept too near his conscience. [wife 

Suf.  No, his conscience Has crept too near another lady. 

Nor.  'Tis so: This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal: That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, Turns what he list. The king will know him one day, Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else. Nor. How holly he works in all his business! And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league Between us and the emperor, the queen's great He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, Fears, and despair: and all these for his marriage: And out of all these to restore the king, A grade counsels a divorce; a loss of state That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years About his neck, yet never lost her lustre; Of her that loves him with that excellence That angels love good men with; even of her That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, Will bless the king: and is not this cause pains? Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true 

Sec. Gent.  These news are every where; every tongue speaks And every true heart weeps for 't; all that dare Look into these affairs see this main end, The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open The king's eyes that so long have slept upon This bold had man. 

Suf.  And free us from his slavery.  

Nor.  We had need pray, And heartily, for our deliverance:  

Sec. Gent.  Nor this We have need pray, or this: Who will work us all From princes into pages: all men's honours Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd Into what pitch he please. 

Suf.  For me, my lords, I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed: As I am made without him, so I'll stand. If the king please: his curses and his blessings Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in. I knew him, and I know him: so I leave him To him that made him proud, the pope.  

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Let's in;

The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business.

I would your grace would give us but an hour

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Your highness having lived so long with her, and she

And thank the holy conclave for their loves: [for,

And with some other business put the king

A woman of less place might ask by law:

So dear in heart, not to deny her that

You'll find me a fit fellow.

Excuse me;

This priest has no pride in you.

But this cannot continue.

Tell him, if I do.

Thou art a cure fit for a king. [To Camp.] You're welcome,

Sir, you cannot.

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

And your grace must needs deserve all strangers?

Of such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;

And his majesty has always loved her

And with some other business put the king

Suffer flesh to argue for her. [favour

Who's there? I say! How dare you thrust

Thou hast no need of any goodness,

Would it not be so sick though for his place:

To know your royal pleasure.

Ye are too bold:

Would you have me speak to you?

And you would have me speak to you?

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

A touch of your gentle hands, and I am

To know your royal pleasure.

I have your grace given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

May have any goodness,

That I speak of; I would not be so sick though for his place:

As your grace will give us but an hour

Of private conference.

We are busy: go.

This priest has no pride in you.

Not to speak of; I would not be so sick though for his place:

Your highness' hand [loves,

I tender my commission: by whose virtue,

Court of Rome commanding, you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant

In the impartial judging of this business.

The queen shall be acquainted

For whatthou comest. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law:

School's allowance freely to argue for her. [favour

Cardinal, Aye, and the best she shall have: and my

To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:

[Exit Wolsey.

Ro-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. [Aside to Gard.] Give me your hand: much

You are the king's now.

Gard. [Aside to Wol.] But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Lance

In this man's place before him?

Wol. [Aside.] Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. [Aside.] Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread

Even of yourself, lord cardinal. [then

Wol. How of me?

They will not stick to say you envied him,

Keep him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough: for living murrurers

Can answer to the crimes, which he committed: he is a

Cardinal, and a man of such worth and wisdom,

I was ever in his service; and a noble friend;

And let him be known as such. [Enter Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of

For such receipt of learning is Black-Friar's;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business.

God's will, my lord; I hope you will not come to

To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than

This is sweet at first to acquire;—after this process,

To give her the avont! It is a pity

Would move a monster.

Hearts of most hard temper

Melt and lament for her.

O, God's will! much better

She never had known pomp: though't be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce

It from the beauteous, it is a sufferance punging

As soul and body's severing.

Alas, poor lady!

She's a stranger now again.

So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,

Wear a golden sorrow.

Our content

Is our best having.

By my troth and maidenhead, I

Would not be a queen.

[Exit Wolsey.

Cam. How of me?

They will not stick to say you envied him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous;

Knew himself.

Gardiner.

This priest has no pride in you.

While he was living, he was a

Good and true cardinal; and a noble friend;

And let him be known as such. [Enter Gardiner.

[Aside to Gard.] Give me your hand: much

You are the king's now.

[Aside to Wol.] But to be commanded

If he would go on this course?

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be grieved by meaner persons.

[Exit Wolsey.

Wol. [Aside to Gard.] Give me your hand: much

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Gard. [Aside to Wol.] But to be commanded

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We live not to be grieved by meaner persons.

[Exit Wolsey.
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were’t worth
The secret of your conference? [to know
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking:
Our maids’ sorrows we were pity’d.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women; there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note’s
Tae’n of your many virtues, the king’s majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than the nobility of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should render;
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow’d, nor my wishes
More than with empty vanities; yet prayers and
wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Who in health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [Aside] I have perused her
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled [well]:
That they have caught the king: and who knows
But from this lady may proceed a gem
Yet to lighten all this isle? I’ll to the king,
And say I spoke with you. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.
Anne. My honour’d lord.
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier leggazy, nor could
Countenance betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here — fie, fie, fie upon
This compell’d fortune! — have your mouth till’d up
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? forty pence,
There was a lady once, ’tis an old story, [no.
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the men in Egypt; had you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O’ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands! honour’s train
Is longer than his forskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on’t. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you’ve heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A hall in Black-Friers.

Trumpets, serenets, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver swords; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincon, Ely, Rochester, and Sarum. on: next them, with some small dis-
tance, follow a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal’s hat; then two Priests, bear-
ing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-neither borne-
headed, wearing a soft helmet, and a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, a Bishop, the two Cardinals; and two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King
takes place under the cloth of estate; the two Cardinals sit
under him as judges. The Queen takes place some dis-
tance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them,
the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of
the Attendants stand in convenient order about the
stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

KING.
What’s the need?
Wol. It hath already publicly been read.
And on all sides the authority allow’d;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be’t so. Proceed.

Scrib. Say, Henry King of England, come into the
court.


KING. Here.
Scrib. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the
court.


[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair;
goes about the court, comes to the
King; and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pitty 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 frats; as, 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. [press,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven with
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

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As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted you, or, if I did,
Or if 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 derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been theft
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 say, any part with God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foulst 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 reck'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,
Who doth hear my wife, in this obsequy:
Wherefore I beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
humbly
Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, I the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

If 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 unsettle'd in the king.

Q. Kath. 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 produced and heard.

Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire;

Wol. Be patient yet. [fore]

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, be
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shew not by my judge: for it you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's due quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth,

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
[wrong: Or since woman's pow'r. Madam, you do me
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
[me
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it;

The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthy, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done with truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
It is highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
And to say no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak [mouth'd]
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is rampant as a transport of pride, and pride,
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Do not suffice to you, serve your will as 'tis please
Yourself pronounce your office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high professional: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[She curtseys to the King, and offers to depart.

Com. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disbelieve to be tried by 'tis not well.

She's going away.

King. Call her again, [the court.

Q. Kath. Call her again, Griz. Madam, you are call'd back. [your way:

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep
When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of your courts.

[Execut, Queen, and her Attendants.

King. Go thy ways, Kate;
That man 'tis the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commandings, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born;
And, like her noble birth, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, speak one the least word I that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you are ignorant; but make not known
Why they are so, but, like to village-cour,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excused;
But will you be more justified? you ever [shouted
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never de-
It to be go'd, but to turn it to bluid.
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
ACT III.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I.

London. The Queen's apartments.

Enter the Queen and her Women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles; sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the mountain tops that freeze, Bow themselves when he did sing: To his music plants and flowers Ever sprung; as sun and showers. There had made a lasting spring. Every thing that heard him play, Even the billows of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by. In sweet music is such art, Killing care and grief of heart. Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now! [dinals

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great car- waiting 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 their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour? I do not like their coming. Now I think on't, They should be good men; their affairs as righteous: But all heads make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house. I would be all, against the worst may happen. [wife. 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, of 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 'em, envy and base opinion set against 'em. 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 erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima. Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin; I am not such a traitor since my coming, As to not to know the language I have lived in. A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

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 absolved in English.

I hold her NUNNERY, 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 accusations, To taint that honour every good tongue blesses, Nor to betray you any way to sorrow. You have too good a 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.

[Exit.] To betray me,— My lords, I thank you both for your good wills; Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so! But how to make ye suddenly an answer, In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,— More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit, And to such men of gravity and learning, In truth, I know not. I was set at work Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking Either for such men or such business. For her sake that I have been,— for I feel The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces, Let me have (thine 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. [Fears: Q. Kath. In England But little for my profit: can you think, lords, That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, gains his highness' pleasure, Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends, They that must weigh out my afflictions, They that my trust must grow to, live not here: They are, as all my other comforts, far hence In mine own country, lords. 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 ye, You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye do both, in Is this your Christian counsel? o'ertake ye! [Rum. heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us. Wol. 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 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your counsel The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady, [Fort? A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd? I will not wish ye half my miseries; I have no more charity but say, I would ye; Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye. Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction; You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye And all such false professed! would you have me— If you have any justice, any pity: If ye be anything but churchmen's habits— Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me? Alas, he'll make me his holy lady, 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 lived thus long— let me speak myself, Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one? A woman, I dare say without vain-glory, Never yet branded with suspicion? Have I with all my full affections [him? Still met the king? loved him next heaven? they'd Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? Almost forgot my prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords. Bring me a constant woman to her husband, One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure; And yet the woman, madam, we'll set about, 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 negligent, To give up willingly that noble title Your master weal to: nothing but death Shall ever divorce my dignities. Pray, hear me. Wol. Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it! [earth. Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts. What will become of me now, wretched lady! I am the most unhappy woman living! Alas, poor wench, where are now your fortunes! Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity, No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me; Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily, That once was mistress of the field and flourisht, I'll hang my head and perish. Wol. If your grace Could but be brought to know our ends are honest, You 'll 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 of women, that much sorrow we say 'em For goodness' sake, consider what you do; How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this car. The hearts of princes kiss obedience, [riage. So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits They swell, and grow as terrible as storms. I know you have a gentle, noble temper, A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us [vants. Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser. Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues With the weak women's fears: a noble spirit, As yours was put into you, ever casts Ye; such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves 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, forgive me, If I have used myself unmanfully; You know I am a woman, lacking wit To make a severely 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.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE II. — Antechamber to the King's apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, And force them with a constancy, the cardinal Cannot stand under them: if you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise But that you shall sustain me new disgrace, With these you bear already.

Sir. I am joyful To meet the least occasion that may give me Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke, To be revoked on him.

Suf. Which of the peers Have uncontemned gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures: What he deserves of you and me I know; What we can do to him, though now the time Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot Bar his access to the king, never attempt Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not; His spell in that is out: the king hath found Matter against him that for ever mars The honey of his language. No, he's settled, Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sir. I should be glad to hear such news as this Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true: In the divorce his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded; wherein he appears As I would wish mine enemy.

Suf. How came His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Nor. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal’s letters to the pope miscarried, And came to the eye of the king; wherein was read, How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness To stay the judgment o’ the divorce: for if It did take place, 't do, quoth he, perceive My king is tangled in affection to A creature of the queen’s, Lady Anne Bollen.'

Suf. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sir. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts And hedges his own way. But in this point All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic After his patient’s death; the king already Hath married the fair lady.

Sir. Would he had!

Suf. May ye be happy in your wish, my lord! For, I profess, you have it.

Nor. Now, all my joy

Suf. Trace the conjunction!

Nor. My amen to’t! All men’s!

Suf. There’s order given for her coronation: Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left To some ears unaccounted. 'But, my lords, Sue is a gallant creature, and capable In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall In it be memorized.

Nor. But, will the king Digress this letter of the cardinal’s? The Lord forbid!

Suf. Marry, amen!

Nor. No, no;

Suf. There be more wasps that buzz about his nose

Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius Is stol’n away to Rome; hath ta’en no leave; Has left the cause o’ the king unhandled; and Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal, To second all his plot. I do assure you The king cried Ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him, And let him cry Ha! louder!

Nor. But, my lord, When returns Crammer?

Suf. He is return’d in his opinions; which Have satisfied the king for his divorce, Together with all famous colleges.

Nor. Almost in Christendom. I truly 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 Crammer’s A worthy fellow, and hath to 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 you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in’s 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 heed Was in his countenance. You he bade Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [Exit Cromwell.

[Aside.] It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon, The French king’s sister: she shall marry her.

Anne Bollen? No: I’ll go Anne Balleis for him: There’s more in’t than fair visage. Bollen! No, we’ll no Bollens. Speedily I wish To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! Nor. He’s discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king Does what his anger to him. Sharp enough,

Sir. Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [Aside] The late queen’s gentlewoman, a knight’s daughter, To be her mistress’ mistress! the queen’s queen! This candle burns not clear: ‘tis I must smit it: Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous And well deserving? yet I know her for A spleeney Lutheran; and not wholesome to Our cause, that she should lie i’ the bosom of Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up An heretic, an arch one. Crammer: one Hath crawl’d into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex’d at something.

Sir. I would ’twere something that would fret The master-cord on’s heart! [the string, Enter the King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king! King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated To his own portion! and what expense by the hour Seems to flow from him! How? If 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
Act III. King Henry VIII. Scene II.

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.

King. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in’s mind. This morning Papers of state he sent me to peruse; As he read them: and wot you what I found There.—on my conscience, but unwittingly? 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.

Nor. It’s heaven’s will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet, To bless your eye withal.

King. 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.

[King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!

King. Ever God bless your highness!

Good my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inven- Of your best graces in your mind; the which [tory You were now 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 it the state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which performe I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, Must give my tendance to.

King. 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!

King. ‘Tis well said again; And ’tis a kind of good deed to say well; And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you: He said he did; and with his death 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 pared my present havings, to bestow My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside] What should this mean?

Sir. [Aside] The Lord increase this business!

King. 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 this with myBinContent my own ends Have been mine so that evermore they pointed To the good of your most sacred person and The profit of the state. For your great graces Heap’d upon me, poor undeserver, I Can nothing render but aliegant thanks, My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,

Which ever has and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. A loyal and obedient subject is Therein illustrated: the honour of it Does pay the act of it: as, ’tis contrary, The foulishness 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, On you thus: so your hand and heart, [more Your brain, and every function of your power. Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As ’t were in love’s particular, be more To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess That for your highness’ good I ever laboured More than mine own; that am, have, and will be— Though all the world should crack their duty to you, And throw it from their soul; though perils did Abound, as thick as thought could make ’em, and Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding flood, Should the approach of this wild river break, And stand unshaken yours.

King. ’Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open ‘t. Read o’er this; [Giving him paper. And after, this: and then to breakfast with What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.]

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger’s this? how have I receiv’d it? He parted frowning from me, as if ruin 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: ’t is the account Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pependom, And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence! Fill 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 ‘t will stir him strongly; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune [Pope! Will bring me off again. What’s this? ’To the letter, as I live, with all the business I writ to ‘s holiness. Nay then the devil! 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.

Renter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king’s pleasure, cardinal: who cometh To render up the great seal presently [hands you Into our hands; and to confine yourself To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester’s, Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay: Where’s your commission, lords? words cannot Authority so weighty. [carry off. Who dare cross ‘em? Who dare cross ‘em? Bearing the king’s will from his mouth expressly? Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it, I mean your malice, know, officious lords, I dare and must deny it. Now I feel Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy: How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.—Act III., Scene ii.
ACT III.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE II.

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin! Follow your envious courses, men of malice; You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt, In time will find their fit rewards. That seal, You must sign for me. Pray, let me have 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-patents: now, who'll take it? Sur. The king, that gave it. Wol. I must be himself, then. Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest. Wol. Proud lord, thou liest: Within these forty hours Surrey burst better Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition, This talking lord can lay upon my credit, I answer, is most false. The like 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 in the way of loyalty and truth, Toward the king, my ever royal master, Dare mate a sonnder man than Surrey can be, And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul, [feel Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldest My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords, Can ye endure to hear this arrogance? And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely, To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward, And dare us with his cap like larks. All goodness Is poison to thy stomach.

Wol. Yes, that goodness Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion; The goodness of your intercepted packets [ness, You write to the pope against the king: your good- Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious, My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble, As you respect the common good, the state Of our despoiled nobility, our issues, Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen. Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles Collected from his cruell, I'll startle you Worse than the sanning bell, when the brown wench Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal. Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man, But that I am bound in charity against it! Nor. These articles, my lord, are in the king's. But, thus much, they are foul ones. [band. So much fairer And spotless shall mine innocence arise, When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you: But I thank my memory, I yet remember Some of these articles; and out they shall. Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal, You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir; I dare your worst objections: if I blush, It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want these 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 maintain a jurisdiction of all bishops. Nor. Then, that in all you write to Rome, or else To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex meus' Was still inscribed: in which you brought the king To be your servant.

Sur. 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 Cassado, to conclude, Without the king's will or the state's allowance, And league with him against Pope Gregory of Ferrara. Sur. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin. Sur. Then that you have sent innumerable sub- By what means got, I leave to your own conscience— To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways You have for dignities: to the mere undoing Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; Which, since they are of you, and odious, I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord, Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue: His faults lie open to the laws; let them, Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him So little of his great self.


Sof. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, Because all those things you have done of late, By your power legislative, within this kingdom, Fall into the compass of a premonitory, That therefore such a writ be sued against you: To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements, Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be Out of the king's protection. This is my charge. Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations: How to live better. For your stubborn answer About the giving back the great seal to us, you, The king shall know it: and, no doubt, shall thank So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honors thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripening, nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured, Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, This many summers in a sea of glory, But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride At length broke under me and now has left me, Weary and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me, Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye: I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours! There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have: And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Crom. Why, how now, Cromwell! I have no power to speak, sir. Wol. What, amazed At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep, I am fall'n indeed.
What and howtrue thou art: he will advance thee; 
Some little memory of me will stir him — 
I know his noble nature — not to let 
Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell, 
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide 
For thine own future safety. — O my lord, 
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego 
So good, so noble and so true a master? 
Bear 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 forced me, 
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom- 
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, 
[well; 
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 shamed 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 it? 
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate 
Corruption wins not more than honesty. 
[thee; 
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'dst a blessed martyr! Serve the king; 
And, — prithee, lead me in 
There take an inventory of all I have, 
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my rob - 
And my integrity to heaven, is all 
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell! 
Had I but served my God with half the zeal 
I served 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 I my hopes in heaven do dwell. 
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent. You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and 
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation? [behind Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last en- 
counter, 
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd 
This, general joy. [sorrow; 
Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens, 
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds — 
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—In celebration of this day with shows, 
Pageants and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater, 
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that con- 
That paper in your hand? [titans, 
First Gent. Yes; 'tis the list 
Of those that claim their offices this day 
By custom of the coronation.

502
THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of Trumpets.
2. Then, two Judges. [him.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Guar-
   ter, in his old dress of arms, and on his head a gilt
   copper crown.
6. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on
   his head a demi-cornonal 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.
7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coro-
   net on his head, bearing a long white wand, as
   high-servant. With him, the Duke of Nor-
   folk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on
   his head. Collars of SS.
8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports;
   under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair
   richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each
   side her, the Bishops of London and Win-
   chester.
9. Tho^rd Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,
   with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets
    of gold without flowers.
They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I
Who's that that bears the sceptre? [know:
First Gent. Marquess Dorset: And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.
Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should
The Duke of Suffolk? [be
First Gent. 'Tis the same; high-steward.
Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
First Gent. Yes. Sec. Gent.
Heaven bless thee! [Looking on the Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady;
I cannot blame his conscience.
First Gent. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports. [hear her.
Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are
I take it, she that carries up the train.
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars
And sometimes falling ones. [indeed;
First Gent. No more of that.
[Exit procession, and then a great flourish
of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.
First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you
been broiling?
Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the Abbey;
where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?
Third Gent. That I did.
First Gent. How was it?
Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.
Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared 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,—blew up; and had their faces
So well loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, This is my wife there; all were woen
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But, what follow'd?
Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces
Came to the altar; where she knee'd, and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which 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 paced back again
to York-place, where the feast is held.
First Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
Third Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
Third Gent. Stokelsey and Girdiner, the one
of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.
Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
Third Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend who will not shrink from him.
Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?
Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in so high 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.
Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.
Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the council; and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griff-
th, her gentleman usher, and Patience, her woman.
Griff. How does your grace?
Koth. O Griffith, sick to death! My legs, like laden branches, bow to the earth.
Willing to leave their burden. Betch a chair:
So: now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Griff. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Koth. Prithree, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily
For my example.
Griff. Well, the voice goes, madam: For after the stout Earl Northumberland An arrested him at York, and brought him forward, As a man sorely tainted, to his answer, He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Griff. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester, Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot, With all his covent, honourably received him; To whom he gave these words, 'O, father abbot, An old man, broken with the storms of state, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye; Give him a little earth for charity!' So went through; and, with this his weakness Pursued him still: and, three nights after this, About the hour of eight, which he himself Foretold should be his last, full of repentance, Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows, He gave his honours to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him! Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him, And yet with charity. He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion, Tied all the kingdom: simony was full-play His own was law: the presence He would say untruths; and be ever double Both in his words and meaning: he was never, But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: His promises were, as he then was, mighty; But his performance, as he is now, nothing: Of his own body he was ill, and gave The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble madam, Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water. May it please your highness To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith; I was malicious else.

Griff. This cardinal, Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle. He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; Excelling in the things spoken, he became: Lofty and sour to them that loved him not; But to those men that sought him sweet as summer. And though he were unsatisfied in getting, Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam, He was most princely: ever witness for him Those twits of our will, called arms, that ha' been you, Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him, Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; The other, though unmind'd, yet so famous, So excellent in art, and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. His own eye he found happiness in him; For then, and not till then, he felt himself, And found the blessedness of being little: And, to add greater honours to his age Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald, No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith, Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me, With thy religious truth and modesty, Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him! Pardon me, madam; and send me lower: I have not leisure to trouble thee. Good Griffith, Cause the musicians play me that sad note I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Sad and solemn music."

Griff. She is asleep; good wench, let's sit down quiet, For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.
ACT V.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I.

Pat. No, madam. [Giving it to Katherine.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cry. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his good
ness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;
The dew of heaven full thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breading,—
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved 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 'em.
The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:
It heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus,
These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cry. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord, Griffith, farewell. Nay, patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strang me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
And then lay me forth, although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

[Exeunt, leading Katherine.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A gallery in the palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with
a torch before him, and by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. 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 [Thomas!
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and let him at primero
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
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs, that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear [labour,
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She will with the labour end

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way: I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will never 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 remark'd in the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside of that in the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of most 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. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell you, I think I have
Incensed the lords of the council, that he is,
For so I know he is, they know he is,
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And prince: care foreseeing these fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convened. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good-night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good-nights, my lord: I rest your serv-

[Exeunt Gardiner and Page.

Enter the King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little; Charles; nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who returned her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desired your high-
Most heartily to pray for her. [Read

King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady! [Read

Say, God safely quit her of her barrenth, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good-night. [Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord. But 'tis a matter of terror. All's not well. [Aside]

King. Bring him to us.

Loc. [Aside] This is about that which the bishop
I am happily come hither. [Enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lowell seems to stay.] Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What! [Exit Lowell and Denny.

Cran. [Aside] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. [Aside]

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [Kneeling] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together; [hand]
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievances, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to, and be well contented [us,
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [Kneeling] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calamitous tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted.
In us, thy friend; give me thy hand, stand up:
Prichet, let's walk. Now, by my holocausts,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without inducement, further.

Cran. Most dread liege, The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands 't the world, with the whole world?


Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the council, prithee me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Who waits there? Sure, you know me? [Hear.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

[Enter Doctor Butts.

Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Cran. So.

Butts. [Aside] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I have been here before them; to communicate
Shall understand it presently. [Exit.}

Cran. [Aside] 'Tis Butts, The king's physician: as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! 'tis true, for he was not my equal; for certainly this is the first time I have told you why I hate me—

God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—

[make me]

To quench mine honour: they would shame to Wait else at door, a fellow-counselor. 'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleas—Must be full'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll shaw your grace the strangest sight—

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

King. 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.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do me one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honestly among 'em,

At last, 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 keep his door too, in a pew with jackets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close:

We shall hear more anon.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Council-Chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left vacated by him, as for Canterbury's seat. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at lower end, as valet-de-chamber. [Keeper at the door.

Cham. Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours.

Lord chancellor concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop:

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Cham. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

Crom. Enter the chamber and approaches the council-table.

Cham. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: but we are men, In our own natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh: few are angels: out of which frailty And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have inordinate 'ly yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your claps: For so we are inform'd, with new opinions, Affairs, Divers and dangerous: which are heresies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses Place 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle, But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur Till they obey the manager. If we suffer, 'em, Out of our easiness and childishness,

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 German, can dearly witness, Yet freshley ridded in our memories.

Crom. My good lords, hititherto, in all the progress Of both my life and office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching And the strong course of my authority Might go one way, and safely: and the end Was ever, to do well: nor is there living, I speak it with a single heart, my lords, A man that more defers, 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 Envy and crooked malice nonishment

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.

Sof. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be: you are a counsellor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more

moment,

We will be short with you. 'tis his highness' pleas—

And our consent, for better trial of you.

From hence you be committed to the Tower;

Where, being but a private man again, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly.

More than, I fear, you are provided for: [yon;

Crom. All, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you.

You are always my good friend; if your will pass, I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful: I see your end;

'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition;

Win straining souls with modesty again,

Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,

I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more.

But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,

That's the plain truth: you painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,

By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,

However faulty, yet should find respect.

For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty

To lead a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,

I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst

Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer

Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound, I say.

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.

Cham. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

[agreed, You be convey'd 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.

Cham. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other

Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cham. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

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ACT V.  KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE IV.

Gav.  Receive him, and see him safe to the Tower.

Crom.  I dare not. Stay, good my lords, a little yet to say. Look there, my lords! By virtue of that ring, I take my cause To the most noble judge, the king my master. Crom.  This is the king's ring.

Sar.  It is no counterfeit.

Nor.  Do you think, my lords, the king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?—Gav.  'Tis now too certain: How much more is his life in value with him? Would I were fairly out on it! Crom.  My mind gave me, In seeking tales and informations Against this man, whose honesty the devil And his disciples only envy at,

Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gav.  Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; [heaven Not only my good name, but my religious: One that, in all obedience, makes the church The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen That holy duty, out of dear respect, His royal self in judgment comes to hear The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King.  You were ever good at sudden conclaves, Bishop of Winchester. But now, I come not [fions, To hear such flattery now, and in my presence; They are too thin and bare to hide offences. To me you cannot reach, you play the spindie, And think with wagging of your tongue to win me; But, whatsoever thou takest me for, I am sure Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody. [prolemest To Cranmer.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee: By all thy holiness, he had better starve Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Nor.  May it please your grace,—Gav.  No, sir, it does not please me, I had thought I had had men of some understanding And wisdom of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man,—few of you deserve that title,— This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber-door; and one as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power as he was a counselor to try him, Not as a groomsman: there's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity. Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have while I live.

Cham.  Thus far, My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed Concerning his imprisonment, was rather If there be faith in men, meant for his trial, And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

King.  Well, well, my lords, respect him; Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him, if a prince May be draging to a subject, I Am, for his love and service, to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him; Barry, Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canter- I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism, You must be godfather, and answer for her. Crom.  The greatest monarch now alive may glory In such an honour: how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you?—King.  Come, come, my lord, you'll spare your son's? You have all but my lawful partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marchess Dor- set: will these please you? Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you, Embrace and love this man.

Gav.  With a true heart.

And brother-love I do it.

Crom.  And let heaven Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation. [heart:

King.  Good man, those joyful tears show thy true The common voice, I see, is verified [hnr: Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canter- A shrewd name; and he is your friend for ever.' Come, lords, we will trie the case with we 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 IV.—The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port.  You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping—[harder. With all your rude'y portrayer, I belong to the—

Port.  Belong to the gallow's, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these be but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and horse here, you rude rascals? [sible—

Mon.  Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impo- Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons— To scatter em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em. Port.  How got they in, and be hang'd?—

Man.  Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot— You see the poor remainder—could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port.  You did nothing, sir.

Mon.  I am not Sansom, or Sir Gun ; nor Colbrand, To mow 'em down before me; but if I scarce any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, uncalk or coddle-maker, Let me 'er hope to see a chin again; And that I would not for a cow, God save her! Within] Do you hear, master porter?—

Port.  We shall shew you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

Mon.  What would you have me do?—

Port.  What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian con- science, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together. Mon.  The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brassier by his face, for, 'tis my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other 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 bless us, and his wife's the wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked poiringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out 'Chuts!' when I might see from far some forty tramoneau to draw to her succour, which were the hoop e' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made
good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I debated 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and light for blithe boys; he that audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure, I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two bealettes that is to come.

Enter 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, felo- There's a trim rabble let in: are all these [loves? Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men: and what so many may do, Not being born at pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Chop round lines for neglect: ye are lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound; They're come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marashelsea shall hold ye play these two months. Port. Make way there for the princess.

Men. You great fellow, Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You t' the cannet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. – The palace.

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his wife, Sir John Suffolk, twelve Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly hobbled in a mantle, dr. train borne by Lady, then follow the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling] 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!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Gart. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord; [The King kisses the child. With this kiss take my blessing; God protect thee! Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal: I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth. This royal infant— heaven still move about her!— Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be — But few now living can behold that goodness — A pattern to all princes living with her, And all the world may be pleased. Shall succeed; 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 noble-minded thoughts; she shall be happy! She shall be loved and feared: her own shall bless Her fœs shake like a field of beaten corn, [her; 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 these 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 like her, As great in admiration as herself: So shall she leave her blessedness to one, [ness, When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark- Who from the sacred ashes of her honour Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fixed; peace, plenty, love, truth, terror, That were the servants to this chos'n 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 that Shalshet in Salsa, from his branches To all the plains about him: our children's children Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess: many days shall see her, And yet a day without a deed to crown it. Would I had known 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. King. O lord archbishop, Thou hast made me not a man! never, before This happy time, did I so consent: I give any thing: This oracle of comfort has so pleased me, That when I am in heaven I shall desire To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, And your good brethren, I am much beholding; I have received much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords: Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye, She will be sick else. This day, no man think 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 frightened with our trumpets: so, 'tis clear, They 'll say their imagination is so light, As it was near the city Abused extremely, and to cry 'That's witty!' Which we have not done neither: that, I fear, All the expected good we're like to hear For this play at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women; For such a beast as 'hope' we scarce smile, And say 't will do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for 'tis all hap, If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap. 509
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Dramatis Personae.

Priam, King of Troy.
Hector, his sons.
Troilus, Achilles, Menelaus, Ajax, Grecian princes.
Paris, Nestor.
Deiphobus, Diomedes, Patroclus.
Helens, Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
Margareon, a bastard son of Priam.
Trojan commanders.
Antenor, Achan, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
Calchas, uncle to Cressida.
Agamemnon, the Grecian general.
Menelaus, his brother.
Achilles, Pandarus, a Grecian prince.
Ajax, Helen, wife to Menelaus.
Servant to Troilus, Andromache; wife to Hector.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.
Helen, wife to Menelaus.
Cassandra, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.
Cressida, daughter to Calchas.
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

[For an analysis of the plot of this play, see page lix.]

Prologue.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
To ran'sack Troy, wherein those strong immures
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made;
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedes they come:
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helius, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

Act I.


Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

Troil. Ay, the grinding; but you must marry the Trojan.

Pand. Have I not tarried? [bolting.

Troil. I have not tarried? [leavening.

Pand. Ay, the grinding; but you must marry the Trojan.

Troil. Have I not tarried? [leavening.

Pand. Ay, the grinding; but you must marry the Trojan.

Troil. Still have I tarried.

Pand. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven and the baking; may you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troil. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Pand. So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she thence?

Troil. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Pand. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troil. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
ACT I.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE II.

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Barren high in Phrygia's heat:—
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's—well, go to—there were no more com-
parison between the women: but, for my part, she
is as a kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, to
praise her: but I would somebody had heard her
talk yesterday, as I did. I will not disparage your
sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus.—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathom's deep
They lie indrue'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,
Handest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st
As true thon tell'st me, when I say I love her; [me,
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.
Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she
be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-
thought of on her and ill-thought of on you; gone
between and between, but small thanks for my
labour. [me?

Pan. What art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with
Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not
so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she
would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday.
But what care I? I care not an she were a black-
ma'oo; 'tis all one to me.

Pan. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's
a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the
Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her:
for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more of the
Tro. Pandarus.—
Pan. Not 1.

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave
all as I found it, and there an end.
[Exit Pandarus. An alarm.]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clowns! peace, rule 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 starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy as he'd woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's sake,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India: there she lies, a pearl;
Between our Ilissum and where she resides,
Let it be said in whisper, having done good,
Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Eneas.

Ene. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer
For womanish it is to be from theece.
[sorts.

What news, Eneas, from the field to-day?
Ene. Troy, that Pandar is returned home and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Eneas?
Ene. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.

Ene. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-
day?—

Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?
Ene. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer,
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the
Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?
Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts
of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the
lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant:
A man into whom nature hath so crowded humours
That his valour is crushed into folly. His folly suceeds
with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that
he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attain't
but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy
without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath
the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of
joint that he is a gouty Briarvas, many hands and
none, one Sweeney and Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?
Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in
the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and
wailing.

Cres. Who comes here?
Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.
Alex. As may be in the world, lady.
Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.
Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid; what do you
talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you,
cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.
Pan. What were you talking of when I came?
Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium?
Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.
Pan. Even so: Hector was stirring early.
Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

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Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so: I know the cause too: he'll say about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he

Cres. So he is. [Exeunt.]

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end; well, Troilus, well; I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to 't: you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him: his own 'a better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece; Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. But say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised 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 much praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window.—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his 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 lilter?

Pan. But 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


Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, and 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll have it clearly kept before you.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens' 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 richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran over.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run over too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin. [Laughed too.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true: make no question of that.

Two and fifty hairs, quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck 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. [Think on't.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday;

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you, and weep a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an't were a nettle against May. [A retreat sounded.

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilum? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. Do your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above

Cres. Speak not so loud. [The rest.

Æneas passes.

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.

Antenor passes.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy, however, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a
brave man, niece, O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 't not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Pan. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, 'tis all one; by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

Paris passes.

Cres. Who's that?


Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Is it not? yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry? Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hemp! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more bloody 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

Cres. Here come more. [in boot.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. 'Well, well.' Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, art, such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what word you lie.

Cres. Look in my back, to defend my belly: upon my wit, to defend my wits: upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty: my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these words I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. I do not watch for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannotward what I would not have bit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow: unless it swell past hating, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord, he would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house: there he unbarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd. [Exit Pandar.]

SCENE III.—The Greek camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Scened. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief doth set the jaundice on your cheeks? The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begin on earth below

Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest reared,

As knots, by the confux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us

That we come short of our suppose so far

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand:

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not measure, be our aim,

And that unembodied figure of the thought

That gave't surprized shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,

And call them shames? which are indeed nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove

To find perpetually constancy in men:

The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all aligned and kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Pulling at all, winnows the light away:

And what hath mass or matter, by itself

Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

The latest words. In the reproved chance

Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,

How many shallow baulble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk!

But let the rufian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Theis, and anou behold

[cut.

The strong-rib'd bark through liquid mountains

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Bounding between the two moist elements, 
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat
Whose weak unlimber'd sides but even now
Cries, or, to the northward--(setting his sun)
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 
[Exeunt all but Ulysses]

Ulysses. Agamemnon,
The great commander, nerve and heart of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [To Agamemnon] most mightily for thy
place and sway, [out lie

[To Nest.] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should come with a bond of air, the daedalean
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agnan. Speak, Prince of Iliaca; and be 't of less
That matter needless, of importless burden, [expe-
Divide thy lips, than we are commanded
When rank Thersites orates his mastic jaws,
We shall hear munific, wit and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The tyrants viles fairly in the mask
The heavens themselves, the planets on this centre
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insistency, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and splashed
Amidst the other stars in catchable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and decimate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their mixture! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all just designes,
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerse from divisable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sequeires, laurels,
But by degree's violation荧?
Take but degree away, the string
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppignancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility
And the rude son should strike his father dead:

Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then equal things includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubtly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This current passion degree is suffocates,
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 man to him be both; so every step,
Examined by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 't is 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 piously hath Ulysses discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agnan. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The shrew and the foremost of our host,
Having the car full of his heart's good,
Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the etenlong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on,
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the seawallage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime-a-mending: with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this lusty stuff
The larval heroes, on his fiery frame,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent!' 't is 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 parable, as like as two peacocks, his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'T is Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth: to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gout,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall splitt all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact:
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Who, 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 proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; full on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A prince call'd Hector.—Prium is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is vastly grieved to see his trumpets cease,
And to this purpose speak, Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear.
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a body, fairer, firmer, 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;
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Eneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a more recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
And in my pantaloon put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his mistress chaste,
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Eneas. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Eneas, let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir,
Achilles shall have word of this intent:
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor!—
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain:
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This is:
Blind wedges river hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbuck us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
However it is spread in general fame,
[seems]
Relates in purpose only to Achilles...
[stance]
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain.
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As tanks of the colossus knows,
T is dry enough,—will, with great speed of judg-
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose [ment]
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else op-
That can from Hector bring his honour off. [pose.
If not Achilles? Though 'tis a sportful combat.
Yet in the trial much opinion doth swell;
For here the Trojans taste our dearst repute
With their best palate; and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
to their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The lady figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and cloth boil.
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, [part
What heart receives from hence the conquering
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.
Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lower of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A part of the Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites! Thersites!
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had boil'd? full,
al over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!
Ther. And those boil'd did run? say so; did not
the general run then? were not that a botchey core?

Ajax. Dog!
Ther. That would come some matter from him:
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
[Beating him] Feel, then.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak thou viewDEST heaven, speak!
I will beat thee into handlessness.

Ther. I shall sooner rai thee into wit and holiness:
but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an erration
than thou learn a prayer without book.
Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain on thy lade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou striketh me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool. I think.

Ajax. Do not, perpendive, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou dist itch from head to foot
and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee
the loathsomest scab in Greece.
When thou art forth in the incursions, thou striketh as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and raiest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cærbens is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bestark at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobbold!

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are

They? I see...

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt spurn of his eyes,
Should he escape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man:
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that pronder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ'd plucks 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 't were their bone.
[Exeunt.
ACT II. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. SCENE II.

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.
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 have that he: look you there.
Achil. O thou damned cur! I shall—
Ther. Will you set your wit to a fool's? [It.
Achil. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame
Patr. Good words, Thersites.
Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ther. The owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.
Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sives, or else there be lirs. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a were as good crack a rusty nut with no
Achil. What, with me too, Thersites? [Kernel
Ther. This is but a child's and old Nester, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfathers had nails on their toes, voke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.
Achil. What, what?
Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to
Achil. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.
Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!
Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach
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. [Exit. Patr. A good riddance. [Our host
Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare Maintain— I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.
Achil. Farewell. Who shall answer him?
Ther. I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise He knew his man:

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks: 'Deliver Helen, and all damage else— As honour, loss of time, travail, expense. [Summed Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is Condemned of hot digestion of this comorous war— Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?
Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than As far as toucheth my particular,
I Yet, dear Priam, There is no lady of more soft bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?' Than Hector is; the wound of peace is surety, Surely secure; but modest doubt is call'd The least of the worst, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every title soul, amongst many thousand dismes, Hath been as dear as Helen: I mean, of ours: If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten. What merit in that reason which denies The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother! Weigh you the worth and honour of a king So great as our dead father in a scale Of common houses? will you with counters sum The past proportion of his infinite? And buckler in a waist most fathomless With spans and much and thin the live; Ares and reasons? fie, fie godly shame! [sobs, Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reason, 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 slumber, brother priest; You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your kith and kin that intend you harm; You know a sword employ'd is perilous, And reason flies the object of all harm: Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds A Greekian and his father, whom he loved The very wings of reason to his heels And by like chidden Mercury from Jove, Or like a star disorder'd? Nay, if we talk of reason, Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour Should have bare-hearts, would they but bat their brains, With this crouch'd reason: reason and respect Make livers pale and lustful head dear.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 't is valued?

Hect. But value does not in particular will; It holds its estimate and dignity As well wherein 't is precious of itself As in the prize: 't is mad idolatry To make the service greater than the god; And the will does that is attributive To what infectiously itself affects, Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election Is let on in the conduct of my will; My will eunuch'd by mine eyes and ears, Two trained pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores Of will and judgment, who may I avoid, Although my will distaste what it elected, The wife I chose? there can be no evasion To blemish from this and to stand firm by honour: We turn not back the silks upon the merchant, When we have sold them, nor the remainder viands We do not throw in unrespective sties, Because we now the full. It was thought meet Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks: Your breath of full consent bellic'd 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 Greekian queen, whose youth and freshness Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale 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 a crown'd kings to merchandise. If you ' ll avouch ' t was wisdom Paris went — As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,— If you ' ll confess he brought home noble prize — As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands, and cried 'Inestimable!' why do you now The issue of your proper wisdons rate, And do a deed that fortune never did,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT II.

TROILUS. Why, what if I would enrich? We that have stol'n what we do fear to keep! But thieves, unthrifts, of a thing so stol'n, That in their country died them that disgrace, We fear to warrant in our native place! Cos. [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry! I. Prit. What noise? what shriek is this? Tro. 'Tis our true sister; I do know her voice. Cos. [Within] Cry, Trojans! Het. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cus. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes, And I will fill them with prophetic tears. [Sighs.]

Het. Why, brother Hector, We may not think the justness of each act Such and no other than event both torn 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 engaged To make it gracious. For my private part, I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons; And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us Such things as might offend the weakest spoke To fight for and maintain! Par. Else might the world convince of levy As well my understandings as your counsels: But I, the gods, ye gods, ye gods! Gave wings to my propension and cut off All fears attending on so dire a project. For what, alas, can these my single arms? What propinquity is in one man's valour, To stand the push and enmity of those Things excellest would excite? I protest, Were I alone to pass the difficulties And had as ample power as I have will, Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done, Nor faint in the pursuit.

Het. Paris, you speak Like one besotted on your sweet delights: You have the honey still, but these the gall; So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself The pleasures such a beauty brings with it; But I would have the soil of her fair rape Wiped off, in honouurable keeping her. What treason were it to the rashack'd queen, Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me, Now to deliver her possession up. On terms of base compulsion? Can it be That so degenerate a strain as this Shall pass the speech of that generous bosom? There's not the meanest spirit on our party Without a heart to dare or sword to draw When Helen is defended, nor none so noble Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unmanned Where Helen is the subject; then, I say, Well may we shrug our shoulders, we know well, The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Het. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well, And on the cause and question now in hand Have glozed, but superficially: not much Unlike the lute, that if the sot's idle thought Unit 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 given to the voice Of any true decision. Nature craves All dues be render'd to their owners: now, What nearer debt in all humanity Than wife is to the husband? If this law Of nature be corrupted through affection, And that such power, sister, sib, and friend, To their bended wills, resist the same, There is a law in each well-order'd nation To curb those raising appetites that are Most disobedient and refractory. If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king, As it is known she is, these moral laws Of nature and of nations speak aloud To have her back return'd: thus to persist In doing wrong extemates not wrong, But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion Is this in way of truth; yet nevertheless, Surely spirited brethren, I appeal to you In resolution to keep Helen still, For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence Upon our joint and several dignities. [Sign: Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our de... Wore it not glory that we more affected Than the performance of our heaving sails, I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector, She is a theme of honour and renown, A spurious and magnanimous deeds, Whose present courage may beat down our foes, And some in time to come can vie us. For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose So rich advantage of a promised glory As smiles upon the forehead of this action For the wide world's revenue.

Het. I am yours, You want offspring of great Priam's blood. I have a roisting challenge sent amongst The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits: I was advertised their general slept, Whilst emulation in the army crept: This, I presume, will wake him.


Enter Thersites, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rai at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rai'd me. 'Stoop, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful excursions. Then there's Achilles, a raw engineer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls shall stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darier of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine grace; and with the issue of the serpent, less than little little less than little little wit from them that have us! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without this, the vengeance on the whole camp; or rather, the house of Ajax, Lacon, Thersites, is the curse dependent on those that war for a
Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rally.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gift counter-feit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my con-templation: but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and igno-rance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse. I'll be sworn he and sworn upon 'shelnex-shrouded any but Lazarus. Amen. Where's Thersites?

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 do the Acharnians want?

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 knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest, Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I' ll decline the whole question. Agamem-non commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knowler, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rage.

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done. [sites. Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool. Derive this; come. [fool. Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the proper. It suf-fices me thon art. Look you, who comes here?

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 bless to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and leechery confound all! [Exit.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by 'Our appraittments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or we may not what we mean.

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 the cause.

A word, my lord. [Takes Agamemnon aside.


Ulyss. Ile.

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 com-posure 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 anything more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Ho! Hear you, Patroclus: We are too well acquainted with these answers; But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, In our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him. We come to speak with him: and you shall not sin, If you do say we think him over-prond 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, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His petitious lutes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him: but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report: • Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit. Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied; We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you. [Exit Ulysses. Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question. [is? Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he Agam. No, noble Ajax: you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. You, noble Ajax, and Ajax, and your virtues the father. He that is proud eats himself up: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the deed, doth the deed and the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-gaged brimm'd look. Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange? [Aside.

Nest. II.
ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE I.

Enter Ajax and Pandarus.

Ajax. Friend, I pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Pand. Sir, as he goes before me.

Ajax. You depend upon him, I mean?

Pand. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Ajax. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Pand. The Lord be praised!

Ajax. You know me, do you not?

Pand. Faith, sir, superficially.

Ajax. He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were of my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. 'Tis all should bear it so, a' should eat swords first; shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you 'd carry half.

Ulyss. 'Tis would have ten shares.

Ajax. I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warm; force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [To Ajax.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Ajax. You must procure to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him here is a man—but 'tis before his face; [sigh.] I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

Ajax. He is not envious, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus Would he were a Trojan! [sigh.] We.

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Ajax. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne—

Ajax. Or strange, or self-affected! [composure;

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck: Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice famed, beyond all emulation:

But be that disciplined thy arms to fight, Let Mars divide eternity in twain, And give him half: and, for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield To shewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom, Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor; Instructed by the antiquity times, He must, he is, he cannot but be wise: But pardon, father Nestor, were your days As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd, You should not have the eminence of him, But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Ajax. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the harts Achilles Keeps thickest. Please it our great general To call together all his state of war:

Axe. The fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow We must with all our main of power stand fast: And here's a lord,—come kithens from east to west, And call their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Ajax. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep: Light beats sail swift, though greater hulls draw deep. [Exeunt.]
ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE II.

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.


Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Young sir, we understand not one another: I am too curtly and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't indeed, sir; marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's 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 complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Solden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair he to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! presently to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.

Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Pan. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Well, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir.—

Pan. Ruie, in sooth: in good sooth, very rude.

Pan. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.

My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus: my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus.—

Helen. My Lord Pandarous: honey-sweet lord.—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commands 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

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn: that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarous.—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen? [night?

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to?

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 disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Pan. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Pan. I spy.


Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen. Lord Paris.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twin.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee 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' faith.

Pan. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [Sings.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O, love's bow

Shouts buck and doe;

Those Trojans valiant,

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 Sha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Pan. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begots hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds be 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 a-field to-day?

Pan. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Neleus would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarous.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You' ll remember your brother—

Pan. To a hair. [er's excuse?

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit. [l retreat sound.

Pan. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall.

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo To help umbr our Hector: his stubborn hucksters, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish shews: you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty—[Paris; Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines oursef.


Enter Pandarous and Troilus' Boy, meeting.


Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

How now, how now!

Boy. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Boy.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Boy. No, Pandarous; 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 transportation to those fields.
ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE II.

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the desirer! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Tro. Walk here in the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[exit.

Pand. She's making her ready, she'll come straight;
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fraught with a
spirit: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain she:
she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en spar-
row.

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 vessels at awares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

Pand. 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 in the
fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw
this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the
day, how faint you are to offend daylight! 'an't were
dark, you'd sit closer sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss
the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build
there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall
fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as
the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river; go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pand. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question. What, billing again? Here's
In witness whereof the parties interchangeably.

Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [Exit.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord? [thus!

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me
Cres. Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my
lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this
parity abruption? What too curious dreg castriz my
sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have
eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never
see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without
fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. No, but when we vow to weeps, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;
thinking it harder for our mistress to devise impos-
sition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty
imposed. This is the monstruous 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
never perform, whereby the perfection of ten and
dischargeless than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act
of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us
as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head
shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in
reversing the scale, or praise in praise: 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
say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what
truth can speak trust not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pand. What, blushing still! have you not done
talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedi-
sicate to you.

Tro. 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.

Pand. I'll give my word for her too: our kin-
dred, though they be long ere they are woed, they
are constant being woed: they are burs, I can tell
you; they'll stick where they are thrown. [heart.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day.
For many weary breaths.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it; in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blab'd! who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well, I wou'd you not;
And yet good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbliness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pand. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?
For this I wish till I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pand. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow's
morning.

Cres. Pray, you content, you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool and another's cow.
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak
so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise, 
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might: that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty well to lose a mind,
That death renew swifter than bloodstains,
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am already to such a height,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right?
True swains in love shall in the world come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantation to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
Yet, after all comparison, as truth's
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maidens in love,
Upon her forehead! even thus have said "as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Part to the kind, or stepdame to her son,'—
'Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressida.'

Pat. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it: I'll be the witness.
Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's.
If ever you prove false one to another,
since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name: call them all Pandars; let all combat with Troiluses, all false women Cressids,
and all brokers-between Pandars! say amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pat. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away! And God grant all tongues heard hereare Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [Exeunt.


Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor,
Ajax, Menelaus, and Cachas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have, like Troy, a Troy in passion,
Incurn'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And hence, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, five to come in my behalf.

Agn. What thought, then of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday here: this Ajax, his son unto Priam.
Oft have you — often have you thanks therefore
Desired 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 new alliance, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agn. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands '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 eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have decision medicable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
It may do good; pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agn. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else think finely to vary him, to carry
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agn. What says Achilles? would he be aught
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agn. The better.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day.


Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus! Achilles, good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Achil, good morrow.

Achil. Achil, and good next day too.

[Exeunt.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not
They Achilles? [bend.

Pat. They pass by strangely: they were used to
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their melancholy but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
There is no sure footing in such rich behaviour,
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 in me in such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.

ACT III.  TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  SCENE III.

Ulyss.  Now, great Thetis' son!
Achill.  What are you reading?

Ulyss.  A strange fellow here
Wants 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 shaming upon others
Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

This is not strange, Ulysses.

Achill.  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 of so fair a race, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travelled and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss.  I do not strain at the postition,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought
Till he behold them torn'd in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
And doth not know, but does immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heaven, what a man is there! a very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
Most abject in regard and dear in use! [there are
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the ruber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
And great Troy shrieking.

Achill.  I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss.  Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratiations; [your'd Thou dost play to this jest, which are doas
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monument mockery. Take the instant way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abroad: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge your friends, you'll lose your self of all,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear, [present,
And run and trampled on: then what they do in
Though less than yours, you must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner: welcome ever smiles, [seek
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue

Remuneration in the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To curious and calamulating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all the world's a stage, and all the men
As well as you that have and hold the stage,
To use it for my country's ornament,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More land than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the poets begin to worship Ajax:
Sence things is in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous composition of the gods themselves:
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achill.  Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss.  But against your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroidal:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achill.  Ha! known!

Ulyss.  Is that a wonder?

This providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Piatus' gold,
Finds below the pavement, and above the deeps,
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unweve in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery— with whom relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to;
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector but Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pityus now at home,
When fame shall in our island breed sound her trump,
And all the Grecish girls shall tripping sing,
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit Patroclus. Achilles, have I moved you:
To throw down Hector but Polyxena;
But it must grieve young Pityus now at home,
When fame shall in our island breed sound her trump,
And all the Grecish girls shall tripping sing,
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'

Achill.  Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
ACT IV.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE I. — Troy. A street.

Enter, from one side, Cresseid, and Servant with a torch; from the other, Ajax, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there? [Exit.

Do. It is the Lord Cresseid.

Eue. Is the prince there in person? Had I so good occasion to lie long? [Exit. As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-should rob my heart's mate of my company. [Cresseid. 

Do. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Par. A valiant Greek, Cresseid,—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,

[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. —

Do. The one and other Diomed embraces, Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health! But when contention and occasion meet, By love, I'll play the hunter for thy life With all my force, pursuit and policy.

professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arm. 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 pro- vide safe-conduct for his person of the magnificent and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

Par. Thanks, Patroclus. How so? [Enter, from the worthy Achilles.—

Ther. Ha! Par. What say you to 't? Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Par. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Par. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart,

Achil. Why, he is not in this time, is he? [Exit. No, but he's out o' time thus.

Ther. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make cat-

straight.

Eues. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Execut Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

ACT IV.

Euece. And thou shall hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward. In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome indeed! By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive move in such a sort The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Do. We sympathize: Jove, let Cresseid live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, A thousand complete courses of the sun! But, in mine envious honour, let him die, With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow! —

Euece. We know each other well.

Do. We do: and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despitable gentle greeting, The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. What business, lord, so early? —

Do. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not. [This Greek

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring To Calchas' house, and there to render him, For the enfeebled Antenor, the fair Cressid: 'Let's have your company, or, if you please, Haste the three 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 wherefo'rc: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Troilus. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

[Exit Good morrow, all. [Exit with Servant. Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the sound 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 soile.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She’s bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian’s life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer’d death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapsmen do,
Disparize the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We’ll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — The same. Court of Pandarus’ house.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troil. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cress. Then, sweet my lord, I’ll call mine uncle.
He shall unboil the gales. [down; Troil. 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!
Cress. Good morrow, good morrow, then.

Troil. I prithee now, to bed.

Cress. Are you a weary of me?

Troil. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cress. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cress. Pratehe, 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 with Philoctetes.]

Troil. It is your uncle.

Cress. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life!

[Exeunt Pandarus.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?
Here, you maid! where’s my cousin Cressid?
ACT IV.  

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

SCENE IV.

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. 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 Troys.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. Street before Pandaruss' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And 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. 

Cres. I know what 'tis to love in a true heart, And would, as I shall pity, I could help! Please you walk in, my lords.  

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. Pandaruss' house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Par. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in sense as strong As that which coucheth in me: how can I moderate it? If I could temporize it 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.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

Ah, sweet ducks! 


Par. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too! 'O heart, 'tis the godly saying is, — O heart, heavy heart, Why sigh'st thou without breaking? where he answers again, 'Because thou canst not ease thy smart By friendship nor by speaking,' There was never a true rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. Now how, lambs?

Tro. Cressit, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold this blow to their graces, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy 

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy? 

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Par. What? Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justices roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoicing, and with hearty vents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injuries of love can't be with a robber's haste Crams his rich thievish 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 scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears. 

Enter. [Within] Nay, my lord, is the lady ready? 

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die. Bid them have patience; she shall come anon. 

Par. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, my heart will be blown up by the root. 

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy. 

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks! When shall we see again? 

Par. Hark me, my love: be thou but true of 

Cres. Troilus! how now? what wicked deem is this? 

Par. Nay, we must use expositions kindly, For it is parting from us: I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee, For I will throw my glove to Death himself, That there's no maculation in thy heart; But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion In my sequent pretension; be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, 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 sentinals, 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 composed with gifts of nature, Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise: How novelty may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy — Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin — Makes me afeard. 

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 heark the high Havolt, nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtue all. [Exit. 

Par. To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg- But I can tell that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted. 

Cres. Do you think I will? 

Tro. No. 

Par. 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 changeable potency. 

Enter. [Within] Nay, good my lord,— 

Par. [Within] Brother Troilus! 

Tro. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you. 

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ACT IV.  

TRoILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

SCENE V.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Troy. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Wiles others with 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 AEneas, 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 your hand;
And I imagine I know who 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 Ilion.

Diom. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Please your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troy. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-sounding 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,
Through the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I’ll cut thy throat.

Diom. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged 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 priced; but that you say ‘be ’t so,’
I’ll speak it in my spirit and honour, ‘no.’

Troy. Come, to the port. I’ll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend! we our needful talk.

[Exit Troylus, Cressida, and Diomedes.]

Par. Hark! Hector’s trumpet.

Enter. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Patroclus. ’Tis Troylus’ fault! come, come, to field with Par.
Let us make ready straight. [him.

Enter. Yea, with a bridegroom’s fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector’s heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry.

[Exeunt.


Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and
Anticipate with starting courage [fair,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax: that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hate him hitter.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there’s my purse.
Now crack thy limbs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spherical brass check
Outswell the colic of Puff’d Aquilon: [blood;
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spit
Thou blow’st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. ’Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Castor’s daught,
Ulyss. ’Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; [ter?

He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
’Tis better she were kiss’d in general.

Nest. And very courteously: I’ll begin.

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I’ll take that winter from your lips, fair Achilles
Hide you welcome.

Lady: Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Petr. But that’s no argument for kissing now:
For thus pope’d Paris in his hard heart,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scars!
For which we lose our heads to gild his beams.
Petr. The first was Menelaus’ kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!
Petr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I’ll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you reader or receive?
Petr. Both take and give.

Cres. I’ll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I’ll give you boot, I’ll give you three for one.

Cres. You’re an old man; give even, or give none.
Men. An old man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know ’tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fill me o’ the head.

Cres. No, I’ll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why then for Venus’ sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when ’tis due.
Ulyss. Never’s my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word: I’ll bring you to your father.

[Exit with Cressida.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Pike, fie upon her!

There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks: her wan’ton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For shalit spoil’s of opportunity
And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans’ trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed; AEneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Hec. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector made as if.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Hec. He cares not; he’ll obey conditions.

Achil. ’Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
ACT IV.  

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

SCENE V.  

A little proudly, and great deal mistrusting  
The knight opposed.  

\textit{Exit.}  
If not Achilles, sir,  
\textit{Exit.}  
Therefore Achilles: but, whate’er, know  
In the extremity of great and little.  
\textit{[End of this:]}  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;  
The one almost as if it were 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:  
\textit{In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;}  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
The other knight, whom half Greek.  
\textit{Achilles.}  
A madcap battle, then? O, I perceive you.  

\textit{Re-enter Diomedes.}  
\textit{Ajax.}  
Here is sir Diomed.  
Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord \textit{Eneas}  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it; either to the utmost;  
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin  
Half aints their stroke before their strokes begin.  
\textit{Ajax and Hector enter the list.}  

Ulysses.  
They are opposed already.  
\textit{Ajax.}  
What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?  

Ulysses.  
The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,  
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds and deadless in his tongue;  
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calmed;  
His heart and hand both open and both free;  
For what he has lies given, what thinks he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath;  
Mandyl as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects, but he in heat of action  
Is more vindictive than jealous love:  
They call him Troilus, and on him e’er  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
Thus says \textit{Eneas}; one that knows the youth  
Even to his inches, and with private soul  
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.  
\textit{Ajax.}  
Hector and Ajax fight.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
They are in action.  

\textit{Nestor.}  
Now, Ajax, hold thy own!  

\textit{Hector.}  
H欧美on thee!  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Hs blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!  

\textit{Troilus.}  
You must no more.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Princes, enough: so please you.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
I am not warm yet; let us fight again.  

\textit{Dido.}  
As Hector please.  

\textit{Hector.}  
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 enunciation twist us twain:  
Were they connubial 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 Troy; my mother’s blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
‘Bounds in my father’s;’ by Jove multipotent,  
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
of his rank blood, but I will use just gods sayer  
That any drop thou borrow’dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain’d!  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Let me embrace thee, Ajax:  
By him that thunders, thou hast insty arms;  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:  
Cousin all honour to thee!  

\textit{Ajax.}  
I thank thee, Hector:  

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence  
A great addition earned in thy death.  

\textit{Hector.}  
Not Neoptolemus so miracle,  
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud’st Oyes  
Cries ‘This is he,’ could promise to himself  
A thought of ad-lead honor turn from Hector.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
There is expectancy here from both the sides,  
What further you will do.  

\textit{Hector.}  
We’ll answer it;  
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
If I might in entreaties find success—  
As said I have the chance—I would desire  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.  

\textit{Hector.}  
’Tis Agamemnon come to meet us here.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Eneas, call my brother Troilus to me,  
And signify this loving interview  
To the expectors of our Trojan part;  
Desire them home.  
Give me thy hand, my cousin;  
I will go eat with thee and see your eyes.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.  

\textit{Hector.}  
The worthiest of them tell me name by name;  
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one  
That would be rid of such an enemy;  
But that I would endure: understand more clear.  
What’s past and what’s to come is swrew’d with  
And formless ruin of oblivion;  
But in this extant moment, faith and truth,  
Strain’d purely from all hollow bias-drawing,  
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,  
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
I thank thee, most impious Agamemnon.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
[To Troilus]  
My well-famed lord of Troy,  

\textit{Mena.}  
No less to you.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Let me confirm my princey brother’s greet-  
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Who must we answer?  

\textit{Eneas.}  
The noble Menelaus.  

\textit{Hector.}  
O, you, my lord! by Mars his gauntlet,  
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;  
[thanks!  
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus’ glove;  
She’s well, but bade me not commend her to you.  

\textit{Mena.}  
Name her not now, sir; she’s a deadly theme.  

\textit{Hector.}  
I offend.  

\textit{Nestor.}  
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 Paros, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
Despise the fatal trophies and adulments,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in the air,  
Not letting it decline on the declined,  
That I have said to some my standers by  
For Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!  

\textit{Ajax.}  
And have I seen thee pace 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.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
I knew thy grandsire,  
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;  
But by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
Thou art the most of men;  
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
’Tis the old Nestor.  

\textit{Nestor.}  
Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,  
That hast so long walk’d hand in hand with time:  
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to claspe thee.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Hector, I would no man embrace thee!  

\textit{Ajax.}  
As they contend with thee in courtesy.  

\textit{Hector.}  
I would they could.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
Nestor!  

\textit{Hector.}  
By this white beard, I’ll fight with thee to-morrow.  
Well, welcome, welcome! — I have seen the time.  

\textit{Ulysses.}  
I have seen the time.  

\textit{Ajax.}  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.  

\textit{Hector.}  
I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.  

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Ah, sir, is there any Greek and Trojan dead?

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassage,

Ulysses, Sir, I forebode you then what would ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

For you flung walls, that perfectly fortify your town,

And that old common arbitrator, Time,

Will one day end it.

Ulysses. 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.

Achilles. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou.

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;

And quoted joint by joint.

Hector. Is this Achilles?

Achilles. I am Achilles.

Hector. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

Achilles. Behold thy ill.

Hector. Nay, I have done already.

Achilles. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,

As if I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hector. O, like a book of sport thou'rt read me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st,

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achilles. Tell me, you heavens, in what part of his body [there] shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or that I may give the local wound a name

And make distinct the very breach whereon Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

Hector. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,

To answer such a question; stand again;

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly As to prenominat in nice conjecture

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achilles. I tell thee, yea.

Hector. 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 force that stithed Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, over and over.

You wish to think that, Achilles, pardon me this brag;

His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,

Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident or purpose bring you to 't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hector. I pray you, let us see you in the field:

We have had pelting wars, since you refused

The Grecians' cause.

Ajax. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;

To-night all friends.

Hector. Thy hand upon that match.

Agamemnon. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my

There in the full convive we; afterwards, [tent;

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

Concur together, severally entreat him.

Beat loud the tabourins, let the trumpets blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.

Troilus. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulysses. 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.

Troilus. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,

To bring me thither?

Ulysses. You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me, of what honour was

This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there

That wals her absence?

Troilus. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was beloved, she loves; she is, and doth;

But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[Exeunt.
Scene II.—The same. Before Calchas’ tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Di. Who, are you up here, ho' speak.

Cal. [Within] Who calls?

Di. [Within] Calchas, I think. Where's your Cal. [Within] She comes to you. [daughter?]

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them, Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Di. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yes, so familiar!

Ulyss. She shall sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's not.

Di. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Di. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to Ther. Rognery! [jolly.

Di. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Di. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Di. What did you wear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Di. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed.—

Di. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Ther. O plague and madness! [pray you,

Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I

Lest your displeasure should enflame itself

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off;

You flow to great distraction: come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience: come, Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's ter-

I will not speak a word! [ments.

Di. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Ther. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth! Why, how now, lord! by Jove, I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Di. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you

Break out? [you go,

Ther. She storms his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word!

There is threat in me will and all offences

A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil, Luxury, with his fat rump
And potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

ACT V. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
ACT V. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. SCENE II.

Diom. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Diom. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ullyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognition of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now! Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ullyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well. He loves me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.
Diom. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Cres. As she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
Diom. Whose was it?
Cres. What, this?
Diom. Ay, that.
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 says memorial dainty kisses to it.
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Diom. I had your heart before, this follows, this.

Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you
I'll give you something else: [she snatches it.] shall not;
Diom. I will have this; whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Diom. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you
But, now you have it, take it. [will
Diom. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Diom. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Ther. Wert thou then the devil, and worsted it on thy
It should be challenged. [lorn.
Cres. Well, well, it is done; 'tis past: and yet it:
I will not keep my word. [is not;
Diom. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
But it straightens starts you.
Diom. I do not like this foolishness.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not
you pleases me best,
Diom. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come;—O Jove!—do come:—I shall
Diom. Farewell till then. [he plagued.
Cres. Good night! I prithee, come.

[Exit Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The 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.
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd where.'
Ullyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ullyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esparance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to enchanted.
Was Cressid here?

Ullyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.

Ullyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ullyss. Not mine, my lord; Cressid was here but
Ther. Let it not be believed for womanhood! [now.
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For deprivation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ullyss. Whom of truth she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers?

Ther. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she.
Ullyss. She, Diomed's?—no. For if they know,
It be not true of this, you, to-morrow
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparable
Divides more wider than the sky and earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle
As Arion's broken wod to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is nine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are shop'd, dissolved, and
With and another knot, five-finger-tied, [bosed;
The frictions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-caten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ullyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus; never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek; as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a couronne composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricane call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompt sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupiscent. [false!

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ullyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas. 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. Why, pray, you, prince. My courteous lord,
Farewell, revoluted fair! and, Diomed, [adieu.
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ullyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ullysses.
ACT V. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. SCENE III.

Hector. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would crack like a raven; I would bode, 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. Lechery, lechery; 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 urgently temeto stop his ears against admonishment? [per’d, 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.

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 slough—

Cas. O, ’tis true.

Hect. No! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me—

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows: They are polluted offerings, more abhor’d Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded! do not comit it holy To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, For we would give much to these 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 brave man Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean’st thou to fight to-day? And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; dost thy harness, I am to-day ’t the vein of chivalry: [youth; Let grow thy shews till their knots be strong, And temp’t not yet the brushes of the war. I warn 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 manytimes the captive Grecian falls, 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 mothers, And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom’d vengeance ride upon our swords, Spur them to ruthless work, rem them from ruth.

Hect. Fle, savage, fle!

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 truncheon my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o’ergulled with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

Pri. Thy wife hath dream’d; thy mother hath visions; Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly erupt To tell thee that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.

Hect. Echoes is a-field: And I do stand engaged to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect: but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitions girl Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector! Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale! Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth! Behold, distraction. frenzy and amazement, Like withers antsies, one another meet, And cry Hector! Hector! Hector’s dead! O Hector! Tro. Away! away! Cas. Farewell: yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave: Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit. Hect. You are amazed, 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. Abruums. Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe, I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Por. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Por. Here’s a letter come from your poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Por. A whomsever tisick, a whomsever rascally tisick 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 rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on’t. What say you thereto?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; The effect doth operate another way.

[Tearing the letter. Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. My love with words and errors still she feels; But edifies another with her deeds. [Exeunt severally. 533
SCENE IV.—Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Thersites.

Thers. Now they are chapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, he got that same scrawny dog's footish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm:

Thou bastard, then that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoresomely villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless coward. Of the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-caten 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 turn to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus following.

Tro. Fly not: for shouldst thou take the river I would swim after. [Styx, Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:

I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee! Ther. Held thy where, Grecian!—now for thy where, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [Excurs Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.

Enter Hector.


SCENE V.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid; Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her I have chastised theamous Trojan, And am her knight by proof. Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarenon, Hath Dobias prisoner; And stands coalescous-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pushed corses of the kings Epiphanus and Cedus: Polyeuces is slain, Amphimachus and Theos dead hurt, Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palaemos Sure hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers: haste we, Diommed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the small-sawed Ajax arm for shame. There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot, And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,

And there the strurdy Greeks, rife for his edge. Fall down before him, like the mower's swath: Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes, Dexterity so obeying appetite. That what he will he does, and does so much That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance; Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noneless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him. Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it, Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day 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.


Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou bov-an-thaler, show thy face; Know what it is to meet Achilles angry; Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thon coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.


Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor, And pay thy life thou owest 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. Tro. Come, both you googling Greeks; have at you both! [Exeunt, fighting.

Enter Hector.


Achil. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector! Hector. Pause, if thou wilt. Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan: Be happy that my arms are out of use. My rest and negligence befriended thee now, But thou anon shalt hear of me again; Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit. Hector. Fare thee well: I would have been much more a fresher man, Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too, Or bring him off: fate, hear me what I say! I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.
ACT V.  TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  SCENE X.

Enter one in exumption armour.

Hec. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a godly Noz; wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; [mark: I'll brush it and unlock the rivets all. But I'll master of it: wilt thou not, beast, abide? Why, then I'll hunt thee forthwith hide. [Exit.

SCENE VII. — Another part of the plains.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons! Mark what I say. Attend me where I walk! 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 fittest manner execute your aims. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye: It is decreed Hector the great must die. [Exit.

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Lo, Paris, 'lo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'Lo, Paris, 'lo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho! [Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Margareto.

Mar. Turn, slaye, and fight. Ther. What art thou?


Ther. I am an 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 quarrl's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore for a whore, he tempts indignation: forever, bastard. [Exit.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exit.

SCENE VIII. — Another part of the plains.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most perturbed core, so fair without, Thy godly 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.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Even with the vail and darkening of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hec. I am unarmed; forego this vantage, Greek. Achil. 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 bone. On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain: 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.' [Retreat sounded.

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part. [lord. Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my Achil. The dragon wing of night overspreads the And, stickler-like, the armes separates. earth. My half-sup'd sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. [Sheathes his sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; Along the field I will the Trojan trait. [Exit.

SCENE IX. — Another part of the plains.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that? Nest. Peace, drums!


CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Caio Marcius, afterwards Caio Marcius Coriolanus.
Titus Lartius, Generals against the Volscians.
Cominius, Menenius Agrippa, friend of Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, Tribunes of the people.
Junius Brutus, Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.

A citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.
Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus.
Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus.
Valeria, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.
Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Li-
ters, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Au-
fidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli
and the neighbourhood; Antium.

ACT I.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of
assumptions: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in
repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these?
The other side of the city is risen: why stay we
not appearing here? to the Capitol!
All. Come, come.
First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that
hath always loved the people.
First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the
rest were so!
Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?
where go you
With hats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray
you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the
senate: they have had indling this fortnight what
we intend to do, which now we shall show '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 neighbours.
Will you undo yourselves?
First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.
Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants.
Your suffering in this death, 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 impudence. For the death,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help, Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms of the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.
First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They
never cared for us yet: suffer us to furnish, and
their store-houses crammed with grain: make
effects for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily
any wholesome act established against the rich, and
provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up
and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Begin.

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale 't a little more.

[Enter Coriolanus.]

Ham. Well. I hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver. [Bers.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members Rebelled against the belly, thus accused it: That only like a gulf it did remain In the midst o' the body, idle and inactive, Still emulating the head, never bearing Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate, did minister Into the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answered—

First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus— For, look you, I may make the belly smile As well as speak—it tauntingly replied To the discontents of the idle, ambitious parts That envied his receipt; even so much litly As you malign our senators for that They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What! The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steel'd leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?

First Cit. Should it by the cormorant belly be re-

Who is the sink o' the body,— [strain'd,

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did con-

What could the belly answer? [plain,

Men. I will tell you.

If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. Ye're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

'Twas but a pleasing fable, my dear friends,' quoth he,

'That I receive the general food at first,

Which you do live upon; and fit it is,

Because I am the store-house and the shop Of the whole body: but, if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the heart, to the seat o' 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 says the belly, mark First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each,

Yet I can make my audit up, that all

From me do back receive the flour of all,

And leave me but the bran.' What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly, And you the mutinous members; for examine Their cómmissions and their cares, digest things rightly Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find No public benefit which you receive But it proceeds or comes from them to you

And no way from yourselves. What do you think, You, the great toe of this assembly? Whether you hear me?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: Thouascal, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage.

But make you play the gen'ral with hats and clubs: Rome and her rats are at the point of battle; The one side must have bale.

Enter Calcius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissatis-
factions rogues, That, rubbing the poor ritch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you cur's, That like nor peace nor war? the one all rights you, The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no, Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, That, lying in the sun, your virtue is To make him worthy whose offence subdues him And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-

ness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are

A sick man's appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends Upon your favours swins with fins of lead And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust With every minute, you do change a mind, [eye? And call him noble that was now your hate, Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter, That in these several places of the city You cry against the noble senate, who, Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else Would feed on another? What's their seeking? For corn at their own rates; whereof, they

The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!

Men. They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know

What's done in the Capitol: who's like to rise, Who thrives and who declines: side factions and give out

Conjectural marriages: making parties strong And feeding such as stand not in their liking Below their coiled shoals. They say there's 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; sigh'd forth provisions, That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat, That meat was made for months, that the gods sent Corn for the rich men only; with these shred's [not They vented their complaints; which being an-

swer'd, And a petition granted them, a strange one— To break the heart of generosity. [caps

And make bold power look pale—they threw their As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon, Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wis-

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ions,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus, 
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'sleath! 
The rabble should have first maro'd the city, 
Ere so prevaileth with me: it will in time 
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes 
For insurrection's arguing. 

_Men._ This is strange. 

_Mar._ Go, get you home, you fragments! 

_Enter a Messenger, hasty._ 

_Mess._ Where's Caes's Marcus? 

_Mar._ Here: what's the matter? 

_Mess._ The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms. 

_Mar._ I am glad on 't: then we shall have means to 

Our musty superstition. See, our best elders. 

_Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; 

Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus._ 

_First Sen._ Marcus, 'tis true that you have lately 
The Volscians are in arms. [told us] 

_Have they a leader, 

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't, 
I sin in envying his nobility, 
And were any thing but what I am. 
I would wish me only he. 

_Corn._ You have fought together. 

_Mar._ Were half to half the world by the ears and 

Upon my party. I'd revolt, to make 

_the only wars with him: he is a lion 

That I am proud to hunt. 

_First Sen._ Then, worthy Marcus, 

Attend upon Cominius to these wars. 

_Corn._ It is your former promise. 

_Mar._ Say, Sir, it is; 

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou 
_Shall see me once more strike at Tullus' face. 

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out? 

_Tit._ No, Caes Marcus; 

_I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other, 

Here stand behind this business. 

_Mess._ O, true, Marcus! 

_First Sen._ Your company to the Capitol; where. 

_Our greatest friends attend us._ 

[I know, 

_To Com._ Lead you on. 

_[To Mar._ Follow Cominius; we must follow you; 

Right worthy you priority. 

_Noble Marcus! 

_First Sen._ To the Citizens_ Hence to your homes; 

_Nay, let them follow; _be gone! 

_The Volscians have much corn; take these rascallion 

To gnaw their granaries. Worshipful manners, 

Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow. 

[Citizens steal away. _Enter all but 

Sicinius and Brutus. 

_Sic._ Was ever man so proud as this Marcus? 

_Bru._ He has no equal. [people— 

_Sic._ When were we chosen tribunes for the 

Info, Mark'd you his lip and eyes? 

_Sic._ Nay, but his taunts. 

_Bru._ Being moved, he will not spare to gird the 

_Sic._ Be-mock the modest moon. 

_Bru._ The present wars devour him; he is grown 

Too proud to be so valiant. 

_Sic._ Such a nature, 

Tickled with good success, disclaims the shadow 
Which he trends on at noon: but I do wonder 
His insolence can brook to be commanded 
Under Cominius. 

_Bru._ Fame, at the which he aims, 

Is to whom already he's well grace'd, can not 

Better be hold nor more attain'd than by 

A place below the first: for what miscarries 

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform 

To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure 

Will then cry out of Marcus' O, if he 

_Had borne the business! 

_Bru._ Besides, if things go well, 

Opinion that so sticks on Marcus shall 

Of his demerits rob Cominius._ 

_Bru._ 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. 

_Sic._ Let's hence, and hear 

How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion, 

More than his singularity, he goes 

Upon this present action. 

_Bru._ Let's away. [Exit. 

SCENE II.—Coriol. The Senate-house. 

_Enter Tullus Aufidius and certain Senators._ 

_First Sen._ So, your opinion is, Aufidius. 

_That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels 

And know how we proceed._ 

_Auf._ Is it not yours? 

_What ever have been thought on in this state. 

That could be brought to bodily act are Rome 

Had circumvention? _T is not four days gone 

Since I heard thence; these are the words; I think 

I have the letter here; yes, here it is. 

[known _Read._] 'They have press'd a power, it is not 

Whether for east or west: the earth is great; 

The people mutinous: and it is rumoured, 

Cominius, Marcus your old enemy. 

Who is of Rome worse lathed than of you, 

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman, 

These three lead on this preparation 

Whither 't is bent; most likely 't is for you: 

Consider of it.' 

_First 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 well'd till when 

They need not now show themselves; which in the 

battling. 

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery 

We shall be short'en in our aim, which was 

To take in many towns ere almost Rome 

Should know we were afoot. 

_Sec. Sen._ Noble Aufidius, 

Take your commission; lie you to your hands: 

Let us alone to guard Coriol: 

If they set down before's, for the remove 

Bring up your array; but, I think, you'll find 

They've not prepared for us. 

_Auf._ O, doubt not that; 

I speak from certainties. Nay, more, 

Some parcels of their power are forth already, 

And only hitherward. I leave your honours. 

If we and Caes Marcus chance to meet, 

'T is sworn between us we shall ever strike 

Till one can do no more. 

_All._ The gods assist you! 

_Auf._ And keep your honours safe! 

_First Sen._ Farewell. 

_Sec. Sen._ Farewell. 

_Alt. Farewell._ [Exit. 

SCENE III.—Rome. A room in Marcus' house. 

_Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down 

_on two low stools, and sear._ 

_Vol._ I pray you, daughter, sing: or express yourself 

_in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my 

husband, I should feeler rejoice in that absence 

wherein he won honour than in the embracements 

of his bed where he would show most love. When 

yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of 

my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all 

give his way when for a day of kings' entreaties a 

mother should not sell him an hour from her behold-
ing, 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 well aware that there was danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

[how then?]

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam?

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 thee and my good Marchus. 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. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methods I hear, either your husband's drum, See him pinch Aulidius down by the hair, As children from a bear, the Volscians shunning him: Metthink 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 thirst then washing, forth he goes, Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow Or all lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man Than gild his trophy: the breasts of Illeucba, When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood At Grecian sword, contenting. Tell Valeria. We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my bird from fell Aulidius! Vol. He'll beat Aulidius' head below his knee And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Vol. My ladies both, good day to you. Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Vol. How can you bear and make the manifest housekeepers. What are you seeking 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 schoolmaster.

Vol. O' my word, that's a mother's wish. I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty child. O' my word, I looked upon him? Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again: and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again; or whether his hand didn't hand it to his, he did set his teeth and tear it: O, I warrant, how he mammed

Vol. One on 's father's moods. [it!]

Vol. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Vol. Come, lay aside your stitches; I must have you play that the husband's face with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Vol. Not out of doors!

Vir. Well, she shall, she shall.

Vol. Indeed, no, by your patience: I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Vir. If you yourself could mould yourself to 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 spin in Ulysses' absence did but fill Thetis' full of moth. Come; I would your humble were sensible of your finger, that you might leave prick it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not.

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?

Vol. In earnest, it's true: I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volscians have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lentulus are set down between their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam: I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but dissemble our better birth.

Vol. In truth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prichie, Virginia, 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 more north.

Vol. Well, then, farewell. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with dress and colours, Marcius, Titus Lentulus, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have Lart. My horse to yours, no. [met.

Lart. 'Tis done.

Lart. Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy? Mess. They lie in view: but have not spoken yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies? Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their Tarum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pritchie, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tellus Aulidius, is he within your walls? [he,

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than That's lesser than a little. [Drums after off.] Hark! our drums Are-bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls, Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pin'd with black rushes: They'll open of themselves. [Drums after off.] Hark you, far off! There is Aulidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it! Lart. Their noise is our instruction. Ladders, ho! Enter the army of the Volscians.

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 fellows: He that retires, I’ll take him for a Volsces, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues Plaster you o’er, that you may be abhorred Further than been and one infect another Against the wind a mile! you souls of geese, That bear the shape of men, how have you run From slaves that apes would beat! Pinto and hell! All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued tear! Mend and charge home, Or, by the fires of heaven, I’ll leave the foe And make my wars on you: look to’t: come on: If you’ll stand fast, we’ll beat them to their wives, As they use to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds: ’Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like. [Enter the gates. First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I. Sec. Sol. Nor I. [Marcius is shut in. First Sol. See, they have shut him in. All. To the pot, I warrant him. [Alarum continues.

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius? All. [Shám, sir, doublet. First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, Clapped to their gates: he is himself alone, To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow! Who sensibly outdreses his senseless sword, And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Mar. A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art. [cins: Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier Even to Cato’s wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, Thou mindest thine enemies shame, as if the world Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy. First Sol. Look, sir. Lart. O, ’tis Marcius! Let’s fetch him off, or make remain alike. [They fight, and all enter the city.

SCENE V.—Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome. Sec. Rom. And I this. Third Rom. A murrain on’t! I took this for silver. [Alarum continues still after af.

Enter Marcius 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 doit, doublets that hangmen would Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves, Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them. And mark, what noise the general makes! To him! There is the man of my soul’s hate, Aurilius,

Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city; Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Coriniius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou blest’st; Thy exercise hath been too violent for A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not; My work hath yet not warn’d me: fare you well! The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me: to Aurilius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy opposers’ swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [Exit Marcius. Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place; Call thither all the officers o’ the town, Where they shall know our mind: away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Near the camp of Coriniius.

Enter Coriniius, as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands, Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs, We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck, By interims and conveying gusts we have heard The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods! Lead their successes as we wish our own, That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
May give you thankful sacrifice. [tiring,

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle: I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.

Com. [Thou speak’st truth, Methinks thou speak’st not well. How long is ’t?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord. [since

Com. ’Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums: How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's vender, That does appear as he were flayed? O gods! He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have Before I have seen him thus.

Mar. [Within] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor More than I know the sound of Marcius’ tongue From every meaner man.

Enter Marcius.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clap ye In arms as sound as when I went out, in heart As many as when our unfruitful day was done, And tapers burn’d to bedward! Plow of warriors, How is ’t with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man basted about deuces; Condemning some to death, and some to exile: Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other; Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,

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Scene VIII.—A field of battle.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcius and Ausilius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate Worse than a promise-breaker. [Thee]

Aus. We hate alike:

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first hugger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after! [Thee]

Aus. If I fly, Marcius,

Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And made what work I pleased: 'Tis not my blood Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Aus. Wert thou the Hector

That was the whip of your brag'd progeny,

Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of Ausilius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me

In your condemned seconds. [Exit.

Scene IX.—The Roman camp.


Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcius, with his arm in a scurf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,

Thou'ldst not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,

Where great patricians shall attend and shring,

'T is the end admire, where ladies shall be frightened,

And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribune

That, with the frosty plebeians, hate thine honours,

Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the gods

Our Rome hath such a soldier.'

Yet comest 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 caunussion:

Hadst thou beheld

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,

Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When she does praise me grieves me. I have done

As you have done; that's what I can; induced

As you have been; that's for my country;

He that hath but effected his good will

Hath o'er-ta'en mine act.

Com. Thou shalt not be

The grave of your deserving: Rome must know

The value of her own: 't were a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,

Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

Would seem but modest; therefore, becouse you—

In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they

To hear themselves remember'd. [Smart

Com. Should they not,

We'll make them faster against ingratitude,

And tempt themselves with death. Of all the horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of all

The treasure in this field achieved and city,

We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution, at

Your only choice.

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Coriolanus.

Marc. 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.

[Flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their eyes and laugh: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Marc. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
To the field prove fathers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing!
While steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My face, nor in a little fo'te'd some double wretch,—
Which, without note, here 's many cise have done;
You shou't me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical:
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you; more cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we' ll put you,
Like one that means his proper harm, in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
As to us as to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steel, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging: and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, I give,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus! Bear
The addition mildly 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 blest or no: now beit, I thank you,
I mean to strike your sied, and at all times
To under rest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send as 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
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

O, well begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.

I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The camp of the Volscians.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Aauf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good con-
Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volscian, be that I am. Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find
I the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: nine 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 yet potch at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Holder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fame nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embellishments all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom against
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 's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 't is held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go? [you—

Auf. I am attended at the eypress grove; I pray
'T is south the city walls—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

ACT II.


Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people,
Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The angerer tells me we shall have news
Brut. Good or bad? [to-night.

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teach's beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians
would the nolde Marcius.

Brut. He's a lamb indeed, that bares like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.

You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that
you two have not in abundance? [all.

Brut. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with
Sic. Especially in pride.

Both. 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 o'the
right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not
be angry?
ACT II.

CORIOLANUS.

Scene I.

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry with your party too: there's a man that, if you will make it a pleasure to you in being so, you blame Marcius for being proud.

Bra. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone: for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow so neat and matter your own party too, that you would be like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bra. What then, sir?

Men. Nay, then you should discover a brace of mannering, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sec. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous person, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of alloying Tiber in it; said to be something impetuous in your complexion; hoity and tinder-like upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: I think I utter, and spent my malice in my breath. Meeting two such worthmen as you are, I cannot call you Lycurgus; you give me tongue to touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worship's 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 reverend grave men: yet they encounter such that tell you 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 bison consequtencies gleam out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bra. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fop-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you have lost a bet between party and party, and if you chance to be pinched with the colic, 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 knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bra. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they are to disquiet the ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards: and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's jack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud: who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-dan to your worship's: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdmens of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius go aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, — and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler. — whither do you follow your eyes so fast?


Men. Ha! Marcus coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most proper application.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!


Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one out home for Balbus.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me!

[saw't.

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a list the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricke, and, to this preservative of no letter 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. No, do I too, if it be not too much; brings a victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too. I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so disdained for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubtfully.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, pow, pow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [To the Tribunes] God save your good worship's! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I, the shoulder! T, the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts to the body.

Men. One I, the neck, and two I, the thigh, — there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [Like shout and flourish.] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in's nerry arm doth lie: Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

Enter Cominius the general, and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcus did fight Within Corioli gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows Coriolanus. Welcome to home, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish. All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

Con. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition’d all the gods
For my prosperity! [Kneels.
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
Bright-achieving honour now bourned—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!
Cor. My gracious silence, hail! Now,
On’st thou have laugh’d? I had come coffin’ home,
That weep’d to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Coriol wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

MEN. Now, the gods crown thee! Cor. And live you yet? [To Valeria] O my sweet lady, pardon. [Home. Vol. I know not where to turn; O, welcome
And welcome, general, everywhere. All. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep
And I could laugh. I am light and heavy. Welcome.
A curse begin at very root on heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should do on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that
Will be blasted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle and
The taints of tools but folly.

Cor. Menenius ever, ever. Ever right.
Cor. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chants him: the kitchen maidkin pins
Her fittest lockram bout her necthe neck, [dows,
Cumbering the walls to ed and eave welcome all.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my wishes
And the buildings of my fancy; only
There’s one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than away with them in theirs.

[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
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malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flattering them for their love.

See. Off. He he had deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been ample and courteous to the people, bountied, without any further deed to have taken their Marcins Coriolanus. 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; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and relake from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A venet. Enter, with Lectors before them, CINCIUS the consul. Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volscs and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please Most reverend and grave elders, to desire [you, The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work performed By Caius Marcins Coriolanus, whom We met here both to thank and to remember With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Ciminius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us think Rather our state's defective for requital Than we to stretch it out. [To the Tribunes] Masters of the people, We do request your kindest ears, and after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convened Upon a pleasing meeting, and have hearts Inclined to honour and advance The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather We shall be blest to do, if he remember A kinder value of the people than He hath hereto prized them.

Men. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been silent. Please you To hear Cominius speak?

Lrr. Most willingly; But yet my caution was more pertinent Than the rebuke you give it. Men. He loves your people; But tie him not to be their bedfellow. Worthy Cominius, speak. [Coriolanus offers to go away.] Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear What you have nobly done. Cor. Your honours' pardon: I had rather have my wounds to heal again Than hear say how I got them.


When blows have made me stay, I died from words. You suffered not, therefore hurt not: but your love they as weigh. [people, Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head than the sun When their arms were stricken by that sit To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit. Men. Masters of the people, Your multiplying swarm how can be fatter —

That's thousand to one good one — when you now He had rather venture all his limbs to labour [see Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius. Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held That valour is the cheapest virtue, and Most dignified person is he that shews To give the people a good name: if he be, The man I speak of cannot in the world Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazons when he drov'd The bristled lips before him: he bestrid An o'er-press'd Roman and the consul's view Slew three oppressors: Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats, When he might act the woman in the scene, He proved best man if the field, and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea, And in the brunt of seventeen battles since He hurl'd all swords of the garland. For this last, Before and in Coriol, let me say, To gratify his noble service home: he stopp'd the fliers; And by his rare example made the coward Turn terror into sport: as weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp, Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd The mortal gale of the city, which he painted With shameless destiny: amidst came off, And with a sudden re enforcing struck Coriol like a planet: now all's his: When, by and by, the din of war gape pierce His ready senses: then struck his doubled spirit Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatiguate, And to the battle came he; where he did Run reckon o'er the lives of men, as if 'T were a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd Both field and city o'er, he never sued To ease his breast with painting.

Men. Worthy man! First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit The which we devise him. [honours Com. Our spoils he kick'd at, And look'd upon things precious as they were One common mark of the world: he covets less Than misery itself would give: rewards His deeds with doing them, and is content To spend the time to end it.


Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, art well pleased To make thee consul. I do owe them still My life and services. It then remains That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you, To me o'er-press that custom, for it can Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them, For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please That I may pass this doing. [you

Sic. Sir, the people Must have their voices; neither will they hate One lot of ceremony. 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.
ACT II.  

CORIOLANUS.  

Cor.  It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru.  Mark you that?

Cor.  To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the maching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men.  Do not stand upon 't.

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

Bru.  You see how he intends to use the people,
Without the least respect of them! He will require
As if he did consider what he requested [then,]
Should be in them to give.

Bru.  Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.  The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We will, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them: so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude: of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o’ the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead, but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, Sec. Cit. Why that way? [southward.

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get these a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come to him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

CITIZENS.  [Excit.]

All. Content. content.  

CITIZENS.  [Excit.]

Cor.  Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have done 't?

Men.  Most what must I say? 'Very sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a paece:—Look, sir, my wounds! I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roared and ran From the noise of our own drums.'  

Men.  You must not speak of that: you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor.  Think upon me! hang 'em! I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men.  You'll mar all.

Cor.  I'll leave you: pray, speak to 'em, I pray you, in wholesome manner.  [Exeunt.

Cor.  Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean.  [Re-enter two of the Citizens.]  So, here comes a brace.  [Re-enter a third Citizen.

You keep them out of the coarse, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought
Cor. Mine own desert.  

Men.  You to 't.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Third Cit. Ay, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How not your own desire?

Sec. Cit. No, sir; 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.  [ship?

Sec. Cit. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consul.

First Cit. The price is to ask it kindly.

Sec. Cit. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha' it: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall have 't, worthy sir.

Third Cit. A match, sir. There's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your arms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.  [Excit the three Citizens.

Re-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.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth 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 enmity 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 counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!  

Cor. Most sweet voices! Better it is to die, better to starve,

Next.  [Excit.]

Thane the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolish toge should I stand here,  
'Cause of Hob and Dick, that do appear,  
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't;  
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,  
The duty antique Rome would be unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly hearted  
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,  
Let the high office and the honour go  
To one that would do thus. I am half through;  
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;  
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear  
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six  
I have seen and heard of: for your voices have  
Done many things, some less, some more: your  
Indeed, I would be consul. [voices:  
Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go  
without any honest man's voice.  
Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods  
given joy, and make him good friend to the people!  
Six Cit. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!  
Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Cicinius.

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?  
Se. The custom of request you have discharged:  
The people do admit you, and are summon'd  
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?  
Se. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?  
Se. You may, sir.  
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself  
To repair to the senate-house, [again,  
Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?  
Bru. We stay here for the people.

Cor. Fare you well.  
[Exit Coriolanus and Menenius.

He has it now, and by his looks methinks  
'T is warm at 's heart.  
Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble  
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Cicinius.

Sec. How now, my masters! have you chose this  
First Cit. He has our voices, sir. [man?  
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.  
Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,  
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.  
Third Cit. Certainly  
He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech: he did not  
mock us.  
Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but  
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us  
His marks of merit; wounds received for 's country.  
Sec. Why, so he did, I am sure.  
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he  
could show in private;  
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,  
' I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,  
But by your voices, will not so permit me:  
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that.  
Here was I thank you for your voices: thank you:  
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,  
I have no further with you. Was not this mockery?

Sec. Why either were you ignorant to see 't,  
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness  
To yield your voices?  
Bru. Could you not have told him  
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,  
But was a petty servant to the state,  
He was your enemy, ever spake against  
Your liberties and the charters that you bear  
The body of the weal; and now, arriving  
A place of potency and sway o' the state,  
If he should still malignantly remain  
Fast foe to the plebeian, 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 meekness towards you into love,  
Standing your friendly lord.

Sec. Thus to have said,  
As you were fore-advise, had touch'd his spirit  
And tried his inclination: from him pluck'd  
Either his gracious promise, which you might,  
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;  
Or else it would have gald his surly 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 unexplored.  
Bru. Did you perceive  
He did solict you in free contempt  
When he did need your loves, and do you think  
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,  
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your  
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry  
Against the redorship of judgment?  
Sec. Have you  
Ere now denied the asker? and now again  
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow  
Your sued-for tongues?  
Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him  
Sec. Cit. And will deny him: [yet.  
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.  
First Cit. I twice five hundred and their friends  
To piece 'em. [friends,  
Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell these  
They have it that will consult that from them take  
Their liberties: make them of no more voice  
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking  
As therefore kept to do so.  
Sec. Let them assemble,  
And on a safter judgment all revoke  
Your ignominy election; enforce his pride,  
And his old hate into you; besides, forget not  
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,  
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,  
Thinking upon his services, took from you  
The apprehension of his present portance,  
Which most gimbly, 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.  
Sec. 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 you.  
How youngly he began to serve his country,  
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,  
The noble house of the Marcians, from whence came  
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,  
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
ACT III.


Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentlemen, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullius Aufidius then had made new head? Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which Our swifter composition. [caused Cor. So then the Volscæ stand but as at first, Read all, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon 's 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 Volscæ, for they had so villely Yielded the town: he is retired to Antiwm.

Cor. Spoke he of me? Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what? Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword; That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antiwm lives he? Lart. At Antiwm.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hated fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scenius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people, [them; The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise For they do prunk them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.

Scen. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that? Brut. It will be dangerous to go on: no further. Cor. What makes this change? Men. The matter? [mon? Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the con- Brutus: Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices? First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Brut. The people are incensed against him.

Cor. Stop, Or all will fall in brol.

Cor. Are these your herd? Must these have voices, that can yield them now And straight disdain their tongues? What are Your o'ffices? Hee! You being their mouths, why rule you not their Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of the nobility:

And presently, when you have drawn your number, Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all Rejoet in their election. [Exeunt Citizens. Brut. Let them go on; This mutiny were better put in hazard, Than stay, past doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refusal, both observe and answer The vantage of his anger.

Cor. To the Capitol, come: We will be there before the stream o' the people; And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own, Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.
Men. What, what! his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the mhimows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. O good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, 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 learn'd,
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, belted by your demands! The great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well, on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used
Sometime in Greece,—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
Power, the ruin of the state.
Brut. 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 assured
[war,
That he'er did service 't was: being press'd to the
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis. Being 't the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bison multitude digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: 'We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave your demands.' Thus we delude
The nature of our seats and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason, where gentry, title, wise
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
[dom, of general ignorance: it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
flows,
To mustable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it fol-

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
You that will be less fearful than discreet, [yon,—
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic;
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multituidinous tongue: let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.
Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bold tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Here. Manifest treason! This a consul? no.
Bru. The eddiles, ho!

Enter an Edile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [Exit Edile] in whose
name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Senators, &c. We'll surely hear him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy
Out of thy garments.

[Chorus of Citizens.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens (Plebeians), with the Eddiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here he's he that would take from you all your
Bru. Seize him, eddiles! [power.
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[They all hustle about Coriolanus, crying
'Tribunes! 'Patricians! 'Citizens!' 'What, ho! 'Sicinius! 'Brutus! 'Coriolanus! 'Citizens!'
'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay, hold, peace!'
Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people! Coriolanus, patience!

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace! Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom Fate have named for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! This is the way to knidle, not to quench.
First Sen. To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the rock to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

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ACT III.  
CORIOLANUS.  
SCENE I.

Brut. 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 theirs, Marcus is worthy  
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;  
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him.

Brut. Aidites, seize him!

Citizens. Yield, Marcus, yield!

Men. Hear me one word.

Beneath you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ed. Peace, peace!

Men. [To Tribunes] Be that you seem, truly your  
country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you would  
Thus violently redress.

Brut. 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, with-

Brut. Lay hands upon him. [draws awhile.

Com. Help Marcels, help,  
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!  
[In this outcry, the Tribunes, the Aidites, and  
the People, are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!  
All will be taught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Sec. Sen. Stand fast;  
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?  
First Sen. The gods forbid!  
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;  
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,  
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians — as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd — not Romans — as they are not,  
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol —  
Men. Be gone;  
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;  
One time will ove another.

Cor. I could beat forty of them.

Com. I could myself  
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two  
But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic: [tribunes;  
And mankind is call'd foedery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,  
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend  
Like interruptted waters and o'erbear  
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone;  
I'll try whether my old wit be in request  
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd  
With cloth of any colour.

Com. [Exit Coriolanus, Comites, and others.

A Patrician. This man has mar'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart's his  
month:  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.  
Here's goodly work!

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What the  
Could he not speak 'em fair?  
[vengeance!  
Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper  
That would depopulate the city and  
Be every man himself?  
Men. You worthy tribunes.—  
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock  
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial  
Than the severity of the public power  
Which he so sets at nought.

First Cæ. He shall well know  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on't.

Men. Sir, sir,—  
Sic. Peace!  
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but  
With modest warrant.  
[hunt

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have hope to make this rescue?

Men. As I do know the consul's worthiness,  
So can I name his faults,—  
Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Corioliunus.  
Sic. He consul?

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good  
people,  
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;  
The which shall turn you to no further harm  
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. For we are peremptory to dispatch  
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 enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!  
Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.  
Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease;  
Mortal, to cut it off: to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?  
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost —  
Which, I dare vouch, is more than he hath.  
By many an ounce — he drop'd it for his country;  
And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.  
[Exit.

Men. Merely awry: when he did love his country,  
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot  
Being once gangrened, is not then respected  
For what before it was.  
We'll hear no more.  
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.

One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unseamen'd swiftness, will too late  
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process;  
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Sic. If it were so,—  
Sic. What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?  
Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meat 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.

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sen. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Brut. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend
you there.
When, if you bring not Marcus, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
[To the Senators] Let me desire your company: he
must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels, 
[The 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.

A Patrician. 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 greats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

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
With striving less to be so: Jessor had been 
[Fire,
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

A Patrician. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough:
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. 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 fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the 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 yourself, hol's that it is worse or
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people: not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words.

Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!
Come, go with us: speak fair: you may save so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them.

Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry.

That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
That thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, the time confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than fill a bow in a bowry. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been 't the market-place; and, sir,
You make strong party, or defend yourself: 'tis fit
By raillery or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
ACT III.  
CORIOLANUS.  
SCENE III.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?  
Must I with base tongue give my noble heart  
A lie that it must bear?  
Well, I will do 't:  
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcus, they to dust should grind it  
And throw 'gainst the wind.  
To the market-place!  
You have put me now to such a part which never  
I shall discharge to the life.  
Come, come, we'll prompt you.  
Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.  
Cor. Well, I must do 't:  
Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies hills asleep! the smiles of knives  
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboy's tears take up  
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips, and my arm's knes,  
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't,  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth  
And by my body's action teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:  
To beg of thee, it is my more 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 valianciness was mine, thou suck'd it from me,  
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:  
Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Clog their hearts from them, and come home beloved  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;  
Command me to my wife. I'll return consul;  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattering further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Cor. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm  
To answer mildly: for they are prepared  
Yourself With accusations, as I hear, more strong  
Than are upon you yet.  
Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:  
Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!  
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people,  
And that the spoil got on the Antietes  
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Edile.

What will he come?  
[Exit.

Ed. He's coming.

[Enter.

How accompanied?

Ed. With old Menenius, and those senators  
That always favour'd him.

How have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procured  
Set down by the poll?

Cor. I have, 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Cor. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;

And when they hear me say 'Tis shall be so  
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it  
either.

For death, for fine, or punishment, then let them,  
If I say fine, cry 'Fines;' if death, cry 'Death.'  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,  
Let them come cease, but with a din confused  
Enforce the present execution  
Of what we chance to sentence.  
Vol. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,  
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Vol. Go about it. [Exit—Edile.  
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used  
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth  
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot  
Be reined again to temperance; then he speaks  
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks  
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

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 gods  
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among's!  
Thro' our large temples with the shows of peace,  
And not our streets with war!  
[First Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people. [I say!  
Vol. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace,  
[First. First, hear me speak.

Vol. Both Tri. Well, say, Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this  
Must all determine here?  
Sic. I do demand,  
If you submit to you the people's voices,  
Allow their officers and are content  
To suffer lawful censure for such faults  
As shall be proved upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:  
The warlike service he has done, consider; think  
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show  
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.  
Cor. Scratches with 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.

Men. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter?

That being pass'd for counsel with full voice,  
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour  
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.  
Take Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to  
From Rome all season'd office and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical;  
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Vol. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires? the lowest hell fold-in the people!  
Call me their traitor! Thon injurious tribune!
ACT IV.

CORIOLANUS. SCENE I.

Within thine eyes sat two thousand deaths, In thy hands clutched as many millions, in Thy living 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?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace! We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak, Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath Served well for Rome.—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your

Com. Know, I pray you,— [mother?

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my 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 power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: in the name o' the people
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In pernicious precipitation.
From off the rock Tarpeian never more
To enter our Rome gates: if the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away;
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Cor. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life.
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my lorns; then if I would
Speak that,—

Sic. We know your drift: speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banished as enemy to the people and his country: [ish'd.

It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so. [hate
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air. I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their phynes,
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!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!

Hoo! hoo! [Shouting, and throwing up their caps.

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despair:
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city. [come.

Citizens. Come, come; let's see him out at gates;
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the beast.

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother, We've lost your ancient courage? you were used To say extremity was the trier of spirits: That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, etc.

A noble cunning; you were used to load me With precepts that would make invincible The heart that comm'd them.

Vr. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman.—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in And occupations perish! [Rome, etc.

Cor. What, what, what! I shall be loved 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 saved Your husband so much sweet. Cominius, Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother;

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's, And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general, I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women Tis fond to wait inevitable strokes.
As 'Tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you not well My hazards still have been your solace: and Believe 't not lightly — though I go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his ten Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen — your Will or exceed the common or be caught [son With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son, Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius With thee awhile: determine on some course, More than a wild exposition to each chance That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst bear of us And we of thee: so if the time thrust forth A cause for thy reapel, 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 553
SCENE II. — The same. A street near the gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Adile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.

The nobility are vex'd, whom we have seen side by side in his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shown 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.

Sic. Why?

Brut. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your guard.

Enter Volumnia, Virginia, and Menenius.

Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the 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. [To Brutus] Will you be gone?

Vir. [To Sicinius] You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool,

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship To banish him that struck more blows for Rome Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what: yet go:

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,

His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. He'll make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country

As he began, and not unkind himself

The noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Vol. 'T would he had! 'T was you incensed the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth

As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone: [this]:—

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in Rome, so far my son —

This lady's husband here, this, do you see—

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Brut. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.

[Exeunt Tribunes.

I would the gods had nothing else to do:

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em

But once a-day, it would unclog my heart

Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home;

And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself,

And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go:

Leave this faint pulsing and lament as I do.

In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men.Fil, lie, lie!

SCENE III. — A highway between Rome and Antium. 

Enter a Roman and a Voice, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:

Your name, I think, is Adrius.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman: and my services are, as you are, against 'em; know you me yet?


Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patriots, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies gnawing: 'I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

[Nicanor.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. 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.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.
ACT IV.  
CORIOLANUS.  

SCENE IV.—Antium. Before Aufidius’s house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and mangled.

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 In pumy battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state. At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now hast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose house, whose friend, whose care, whose ease, Are still together, who twin, as ‘t were, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a dissension of a doit, break out To bitter enmity; so, fallest foes, Whose passions and whose plots have broke their To take the one the other, by some chance, Sleep. Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear And interjoin their issues. So with me:—friends 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 Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep.

[Exit.

Enter a second Servingman.


Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; Appear not like a guest. [But I

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here’s no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. Away! [Exit.]

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou’rt troublesome. [Exit.]

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I’ll have you talked with anon.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. 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! [Exit.

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou’rt troublesome. [Exit.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I’ll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow’s this?” First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o’ the house; prithee, call my master to him. [Retires.

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house. [Exit.

Cor. Let me but stand: I will not hurt your Third Serv. What are you?
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Aed.

O Marcus, Marcus! Each word thou spok hast spok wedded from my
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter [heart
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say 'T is true,' I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We lay an hundred thousand on that foot;
And I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brow,
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, listing each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-
Hud we no quarreI else to Rome, but that [eius,
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowls of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepareI against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor.

Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
The leading of thine own revenge, take [have
The one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcus, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!
[Exeat Coriolanus and Aufidias. The two
Servingenmen come forward.]

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration! [Scene V.
Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me
his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him; he had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought, well call'd how to bear it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were — would
I be hanged, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn he is simply the
best man I the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier
than he yet won.

Sec. Serv. Who, my master?
SCENE VI. — Rome. A public place.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; his remedies are tame 'tis the present peace, and quietness of the people, which before was of a wild hurry. Here do we make his friends, both there and within the town, and so we make ourselves.

Brutus to Sicinius. [Enter Mecenas.]

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of Both Tri. Hall, sir! [late. Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd, but with his friends; the commonwealth do stand, and so would, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better if he could have temporized. [ter, if you come near, I'll be sworn he is.] Sic. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his father nothing from him. [wife.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours. Men. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives and children, are bound to pray for you both. [four knees. Sic. Live, and thrive! Men. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Co. Had you love as we did! [diolanus


Sic. This is a happier and more comely time. Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying confusion. Men. Caesar Marcius was A worthy officer 'tis the war; but insolent, Overcome with pride, ambitions just all thinking, Self-loving, — And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance. Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should be by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth himself, found it so. Men. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him. [Exit.

Enter on Edile.

Ed. Worthy tribunes, there is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, the Volscians with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories, and with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before 'em. Men. 'Tis Aufidius, who, hearing of our Marcianus' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world: Which were in shell'd when Marcianus stood for Rome, and durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you Of Marcian? Men. Go see this rumourer whipped. It The Volscians dare break with us, [cannot be 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 we punish him. Here is the news heard, 'Lest you shall chance to whip your information And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded. Sic. Tell not me: I know this cannot be. Men. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The noblest men of great earnestness are going All to the senate-house: some news is come That turns their countenances.

Sic. Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his raising; Nothing but his report.

Men. The slave's report is seconded; and more, More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful? Men. It is spoke freely out of many months — How probable I do not know — that Marcus, Join it 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! Men. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish Good Marcus home again.

Sic. This is unlikely: He and Aufidius can no more atone Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate.

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcus, Associated with Aufidius, rages Upon our territories; and have already O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work! Men. What news? what news? Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughter To melt the city leads upon your pates, — toers and To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses, —


Men. Pray now, your news? You have made fair work. I fear me. — Pray, your news? — If Marcus should be joined with Volscians, — Com. He is their god: he leads them like a thing Made by some other deity than nature. That shapes man better; and they follow him, Against us brats, with no less confidence Than boys pursuing summer butterflies, Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work, You and your apron-men; you that stood so much Upon the voice of occupation and The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair

Brutus. But is this true, sir? [work Com. Ay; and you'll look pale Before you find it other. All the regions Do smilingly revolt; and who can resist Are mock'd for valiant ignorance, [him? And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless The noble man has mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it? The tribunes cannot do for shame; the people Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
ACT V.


Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, and others.

Men. No. I'll not go; you hear what he hath said. Which was sometime his general; who loved him in a most dear particular. He call'd me father:

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. — A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenant.

Afp. Do they still fly to the Roman? Lice. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but Your soldiers, use him as the grace 'tore meat, The talk at table, and their hands at end; And you are dark'n'd in this action, sir; Even by your own. Afp. I cannot help it now, Unless, by using means, I tune the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier, Even to the person, than I thought he would When first I did embrace him: yet his nature In that's no changeling; and I must excuse What cannot be amended. Lice. 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. Afp. 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 shows good husbandry for the Volscian state, Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone That which shall break his neck or hazard mine, Whence'er we come to our account. [To Hipp. Rome? Lice. Sir, I beseech you, think he'll carry. Afp. All places yield to him ere he sits down; And the nobility of Rome are his: The senators and patricians love him too: The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people Cittill as rash in the repeal, as had been To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature. First he was A noble servant to them; but he could not Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride, Which out of daily fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgment, To fail in the disposing of those chances Which he was lord of; or whether nature, Not to be other than one thing, not moving From the casque to the cushion, but commanding Even with the same austerity and garb [peace As he controll'd the war; but one of these — As he hath spices of them all, not all. For I dare so far free him — made him fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit, To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues Lie in the interpretation of the time; And power, unto itself most commendable, Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail; Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail. Come, let's away. When, Cains, Rome is thine, Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.


Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, and others.

Men. No. I'll not go; you hear what he hath said. Which was sometime his general; who loved him in a most dear particular. He call'd me father:

[Exeunt.

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:
ACT V.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE II.

I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we havebled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.  
Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have racker'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'tis to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.  
Men. Very well: Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends; his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'tis folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.  
Men. For one poor grain or two! I
I am one of those: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, were here the grains;
You are the musty chaff; and you are sweet
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sec. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-need'd help, yet do not
Uphold's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would have your country please by your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.  
Men. No, I'll not meddle.  
Sec. Pray you, go to him.  
Men. What should I do?
Sec. 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 discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unwik'dness? say 'tis so?  
Sec. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.  
Men. I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hang at good Cominius, made my heartbleed me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We sent upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls.
Then in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
Till he be dieted to my request,  
[him
And then I'll set upon him.  
Sec. 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.

SCENE II.—Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.  
Enter to them, Menenius.  
First Sen. Stay: whence are you?  
Sec. Sen. Stand, and go jack.  
Men. You guard like men: 'tis well: but, by your
I am an officer of state, and come  
leave, To speak with Coriolanus.  
First Sen. From whence?  
Men. From Rome.  
First Sen. You may not pass, you must return:
our general
Will no more hear from thence.  
Sec. Sen. You'll see your Rome embraced with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.  
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there. it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.  
First Sen. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.  
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled, happily amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Men. As his child is to his child, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing; therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.  
First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies
In his behalf as you have uttered words in your own,
you should not pass here; no, though it were as virgins
to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.  
Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
always factionary on the party of your general.
Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as
you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him,
mist say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.  
Men. Has he dined. canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.  
First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?  
Men. I am as they lie.  
First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he does,
Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very
defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front
his revenges with the easy grans of old women, the
virginal palms of your daughters, or with the pale
intervention of such a decayed dart 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,
our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.  
Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he
would use me with estimation.  
Sec. Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.  
Men. I mean, thy general.  
First Sen. My general cares not for you. Back,
I say; go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back,—that's the utmost of your having: back.  
Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow.—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.  
Cor. What's the matter?  
Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for
you: you shall know now that I am in estimation;
you shall perceive that a Jack gardant cannot
office me from my son Coriolanus; guess, but by my
entertainment with him, if thou standest not the
CORIOLANUS.

I and Deny but The O, [Kneels. then behold 
Thou Your O Only 
look state
ACT Korae, moved My myself And 
In there eral:
I Ou I fresh Thou Your Ou
I fresh
I fresh

Nay, Though AVas I I
Will Nor Shall I
say will have I
I shall have forsaken to this hour
Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied me access to thee.  
Cor. Away! Moth! How! away! Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone. 
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee, Take this along; I write it for thy sake.

[Gives a letter.
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak. This man, And this, Was my beloved in Rome; yet thou beholdest! Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.
First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius? Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way he speaks. First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?
Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another; let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are; long, and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [Eccid. First Sen.} A noble fellow, I warrant him. Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.  
Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.  
Auf. Only their ends 
You have respected; stopped your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.  
Cor. This last old man, 
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, Indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old love I have, Though I should sourly to him, once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse And cannot now accept; to grace him only That they did not more of their own will I have yielded to: 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.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.  
My wife comes foremost: then the honour'd maid Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curl'sy worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsorn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows; As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries ' Deny not.' Let the Volscians Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand, As if a man were author of himself And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband! Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome. Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say For that I forgave your courtesies, 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 virgilia 'tis e'er since. You gods! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsalted; sink, my love, the earth; [Knells. Of thy deep duty more impression show Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest! Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, I kneel before thee; and improperly Show duty, as mistaken all this while Between the child and parent. [Knells. Cor. What is this? Your knees to me? to your corrected son? Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds Strike the proud cedar, and the fiery sun; Murdering impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thon art my warrior; I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady? Cor. The noble sister of Publicola, 
The name of Rome, chaste as the icicle That's curdled by the frost from purest snow And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria! Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours, Which by the interpretation of full time May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers, With the consent of supreme Jove, inform Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove To shame unworthy, and stick i' the wars Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee!  
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy! Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you.  
Cor. I beseech you, peace: Or, if you 'll ask, remember this before: The things I have servers of great 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 To allay my rages and revenges with Your colder reasons.
Vol.  
O, no more, no more!  
You have said you will not grant us any thing;  
For we have nothing else to ask, but that  
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;  
That, if you fail in our request, may  
Mutilate our happenance; therefore hear us.  
Cor.  
Avidius, and you Volscs, mark; for we'll  
Hear nothing from Rome in private. 
Your request?  
Vol.  
Should we besilent and not speak, our rament  
And state of bodies would betray what life  
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself  
How much more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which  
Should [comforts,  
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with  
Constrain us weep and shake with fear and sor- 
Making the mother, wife and child to see [row; 
The son, the husband and the father tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
Thine eminence's most capital: than bair'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,  
Alas, how can we for our country pray,  
When they have come together with thy victory,  
Whereunto we are bound? slack, or we must lose  
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,  
Our comfort in the country. We must find  
An evident calamity, though we had  
Our wish, which side shall win: for either thou  
Must, as a foreign recruit, be laid  
With munacities thorough our streets, or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,  
And hear the palm for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,  
I purpose not to wait on fortune till  
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assay thy country than to tread  
Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world.  
Vir.  
Ay, and mine,  
That bronghly you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time.  
Young Mor.  
A' shall not tread on me;  
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.  
Cor.  
Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.  
I have sat too long. [Rising.  
Vol.  
Xay, go not from us thus.  
If it were so that our request did tend  
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy [us,  
The Volscs whom you serve, you might condemn  
As poisons of your honour: no; our suit  
Is, that you recognize them: while the Volscs  
May say 'This mercy we have show'd;' the Romans,  
'This we received;' and each in either side  
Give the all-hall to thee, and cry 'Be blest  
[son,  
For making up this peace!' Thon know'st great  
The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,  
That, if thou conquer Rome, the conqueror  
Which thou shalt hereby reap is such a name,  
Whose repetition will be dog'd with curses:  
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;  
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhorred.' Speak to me, son;  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?  
Think'st thou that he honorable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs? Daunger, speak you:  
He cares not for thy weeping. Speak thou, boy:  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than our reasons. There's no man in the world  
More bound to 's 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 hen, fond of no second brood,  
Has cluck'd thee up and safely home,  
Loaden with honour. Say my request unjust,  
And spur me back: but if it be not so,  
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,  
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which  
To mother's part belongs. He turns away:  
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.  
To his surname Corioli hangs 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'st  
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition: more strength  
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go:  
This fellow had a Volscen to his mother;  
His wife is in Corioli and his child  
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:  
I am husht 'til our city be a-fire,  
And then I'll speak a little. [He holds her by the hand, silent.  
Cor.  
'O mother, mother!  
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,  
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene  
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!  
You have won a happy victory to Rome;  
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.  
Avidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Avidius,  
Were you in my stead, would you have heard  
A mother less? or granted less, Avidius?  
Auy.  
I was moved withal.  
Cor.  
I dare be sworn you were;  
And, sir, it is no little thing to make  
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,  
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,  
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,  
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!  
Auy. [Aside] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy  
And thy honour  
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune.  
Cor.  
(The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.  
Ay, by and by;  
[To Volscenia, Virginia, &c.  
But we will drink together; and you shall bear  
A better witness back than words, which we,  
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.  
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you: all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace.  
[Exeunt.  
SCENE IV.—Rome. A public place.  
Enter Menenius and Sicinius.  
Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?  
Sic. Why, what of that?  
Men. If it he possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't: our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution,  
Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?  
Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub; This Marcus is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.  
Sic. He loved his mother dearly.
Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The t匠ness of his face stouts ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and strew ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.

Sin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of Sin. The gods be good unto you.

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us. Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune And hate him up and down, all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sin. What's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd.
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcus gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, Nor, not the expulsion of the Tarquins, Sin. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Never through an arch so hurried the blown tide As the reconforted through the gates. Why, hark you! [Trumpets: hautboys: drum boy: all together.
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and files, Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [A shout within. Men. This is good news! I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians, A city full; of tribunes, such as you, A sea and land full. You have praved well to-day: This morning for ten thousand of your throats I'd not have given a dobt. Hark how they joy! [Music still, with shouts.

Sin. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; Accept my thankfulness. [Next, Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all Great cause to give great thanks.

Sin. They are near the city?

Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sin. We will meet them, [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Antium. A public place.
Enter Burrus Audisius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here: Deliver them this paper: having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place; where I, Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse The city ports by this bath enter'd and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: dispute.

[Exeunt Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Audisius' faction.

Most welcome! First Con. How is it with our general? Auf. Even so As with a man by his own ahns empoison'd, And with his charity slain.

Sec. 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 can not tell: We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst T'wit 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 raised him, and I pawn'd Mine honour for his truth: who being so heightened He water'd his new plants with dew of flattery, Seducing so my friends; and, to this end, He bow'd his nature. never known before But to be rough, unseawayble and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness When he did stand for counsel, which he lost By lack of stooping,— That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd for't, he came unto my heart; Presented to my knife his throat: I took him; Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way In all his own desires; may, let him choose Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; served his designments 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 waged me with his countenance, as if I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord: The armv marvell'd at it. and, in the last, When he had carried Rome and that we look'd For no less spoil than glory,— There was it: For which by my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him. At a few drops of women's rheum, which are As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour Of our great action; therefore shall he die, And I' ll renew me in his fall. But, hark! [Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a And had no welcomes home; but he returns, [post, Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools, Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear With giving him glory; these people.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage, Ere he express himself, or move the people With what he would say, let him feel your sword, Which we will second. When he lies along, After your way his tale pronounced shall bury His reasons with his body.
Enter the Lords of the city.
All the Lords. You are most welcome home.

Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours; Commons being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led my 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 Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Aed. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!
Aed. Ay, traitor, Marcius! Marcius!

Aed. Ay, Marcius, Calus Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
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I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
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For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Saturninus, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.
Bassianus, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.
Lucius,
Quinius, 
x
Mutius,
Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.
Publius, son to Marcus the Tribune.
Sempronius,
Caius, 
Valentine,

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page Lx.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The tomb of the Andronicæ appearing; the Tribunes and Senators enter. Enter, from one side, Saturninus and his Followers; and, from the other side, Bassianus and his Followers; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms, And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successive title with your swords: I am his first-born son, that was the last That wore the imperial diadem of Rome; Then let my father's honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity. 

Bus. Romans, friends, followers, favours of my If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, [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 virtuous consecrate, To justice, continence and nobility; But let desert in pure election shine, And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. 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 accursed home From weary wars against the barbarous Goths; That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms. Ten years are spent since first he undertook This cause of Rome and chastised with arms Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In coffins from the field; And now at last, laden with honour's spoils, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us entreat, by honour of his name, Whom worthily you would have now succeed, And in the Capitol and senate's right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore, That you withdraw you and abate your strength; Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should, Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness. 

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my Bus. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy [thoughts! In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends, And to my fortunes and the people's favour Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Execute the Followers of Bassianus.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my I thank you all and here dismiss you all, [right, And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person and the cause.

[Execute 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.

Bus. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor. 

[Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol. 

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus, Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, Successful in the battles that he fights, With honour and with fortune is return'd From where he circumvailed with his sword, And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

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The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Croesus——
When Gotham's queen upon the tower stood:
To quell the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remained not, 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伐u to their sons.
[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 in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no eny swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

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, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus, attended.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpheer in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marc.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful
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 aspired to Solon's happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the very bones,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This pillanment of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be candidates then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I dom 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 led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. [perry.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-
Set. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right:

Patricians, draw your swords, and shew them the path.

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert ship'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturninus, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

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,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Sat. I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titus' rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. 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!'

Tit. [Aside] A long flourish till they come down.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness,
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here in sight of Rome and all the people,
King and commander of our commonweal,
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,
Men and the hands bound with my willing 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 scanty to me.

Tit. [To Tamora] Now, madam, are you prisoner
To an emperor:
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you mildly 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 cheer,
Thou constant to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princeely shall be thy usage every way,
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Damn you and your madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not, I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princeely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Raisonless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

[Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.

Bus. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Enters Lavinia.

Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bus. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withall
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. 'Sannun cuique' is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Trulues, avay! Where is the emperor's
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised! [guard?

Sat. Surprised! by whom?

Bus. By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[Exit Lucius, Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Enter 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!

Ban. Set me my way in Rome? [Stabbing Matins.


[During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go out and re-enter.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so,
In wrongfull 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 I with lawful promised love.
[Exit.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confedurate all thus to dishonour me.

Sat. There none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachfull words are these?

Sat. Go to thy ways; go, give that changing
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 the less thou fear'st, the more of Goths,
That like the stately Phæbus mogn's her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
I thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Tit. Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

Sat. I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near
And tapers burn so bright and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead unpois'd my bride along with me.

Tit. Then and here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, [swear,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. [company
Set. Ascend, fair queen, to that transcendent
Lords, accour, noble emperor to that lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortunate conquer'd
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

[Exit all but Titus.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power, Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bus. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own, My truth-betrothed love and now my wife? But let the laws of Rome determine all; While I am possess'd of that is mine. 

Sat. "Tis said, I am possess'd of that I am mine. But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you. 

Bus. My lord, what I have done, as best I may, Answer I must and shall do with my life. Only thus much I give your grace to know: By all the duties that I owe to Rome, This noble gentleman's son, and his laws, Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd; That in the refuge of Lavinia With his own hand did slay his youngest son, In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath To be controlled 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 loved and honour'd my own land! 

Tan. 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, mutiny! be dishonour'd openly, And basely put it up without revenge? 

Tan. Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome forfend 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; And while I live, if he be my friend, Or with sour looks afflicts his gentle heart. 

[Aside to Sat.] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at Dissemble all your grieves and contentations: [last; You are but newly planted in your throne; Rest, then, the people, and patricians too, Upon a just survey, take Titus' part, And so suppliant you for ingratitude, Which Rome repute to be a heinous sin, Yield at entreats; and then let me alone: I'll find a day to massacre them all And rage their faction and their family, The cruel father and his traitor sons, To whom I sued for my dear son's life, And make them know what 'tis to let a queen Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andonnicus; Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart, That dies in tempest of thy angry frown. 

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd. 

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord: These words, these looks, infuse new life in me. 

Tan. Titus, I am incorporator in Rome, A Roman now adopted him till Satunnus, And must advise the emperor for his good. This day all quarrels die, Andonnicus; And let it be mine honour, good my lord, That I have reconciled your friends and you. 

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize: God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! 

Bus. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more, Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.
ACT II.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE I. — Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aor. Now clombeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash;
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having girt the ocean with his beams,
Galileo the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucausus.
Away with lavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymf,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Satyrine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonwealth's
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grace'd;
And must, for aught thou know'st, be affected.
Chir. Demetrius, thou dost over-wen in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate;
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aor. [Aside] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chir. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Fell will shall thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Say I, boy, how ye so brave? [They draw.
Aor. [Coming forward] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound and we'll give you grace to journ.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and granery too.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]
ACT II.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. SCENE III.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste Than this Lavinia, Bassianus’ love. A speedier course than lingering languishment Must we pursue, and I have found the path. My lords; a solemn hunting is in hand; There will the lovely Roman ladies troop: The forest walks are wide and spacious; And many unfrequented plots there are Fitted by kind for rape and villany; Single you thither then this dainty doe, And strike her home by force, if not by words: This way, or not at all, stand you in hope. Commissions are ready with your armed wit To villany and vengeance concordate. Will we acquaint with all that we intend: And she shall file our engines with advice, That will not suffer you to square yourselves, But to your wishes’ height advance you both. The emperor’s court is like the house of Fame, The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears: The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull; There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns; That o’er your hunts, shadow’d from heaven’s eye, And rest in Lavinia’s treasury. O Chria. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice. Den. Sit fast aut nefas, till I find the stream To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits, Per Styrca, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A forest near Rome. 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 frolic walks are wide and the woods are green: Uncompe here and let us make a bay And wake the emperor and his lovely bride And rouse 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 attend the emperor’s person carefully: I have been troubled in my sleep this night, But nothing will on comfort him inspired. A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peel. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty; Madam, to you as many and as good: I promised your grace a hunter’s peal. Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lord; Somewhat too early for new-married ladies. Den. Lavinia, how say you? Lar. I say, no; I have been abroad awake two hours and more. Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have, And to our sport. [To Tamora] Madam, now shall Our Roman hunting. [Eye see Marcus] I have dogs, my lord, Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase, And climb the highest promontory top. Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game Makes way, and run like swallows o’er the plain. Den. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound, But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Are. 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 [Hides the gold. That have their arms out of the empress’ chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look’st thou sad, When everything doth make a glorious feast? The birds chant melody on every bush, The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun, The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind Compose the chase, and sweeten all the ground: Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds, Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns, As if a double hunt were heard at once, Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise; And, after conflict such as was supposed The wandering prince and Didon once enjoy’d, When with a happy storm they were surprised And curtail’d with a counsel-keeping cave, We may, each wreathed in the other’s arms, Our pastimes done, possess a golden sluicer; Whiles hows more, great empress sweet melodious birds Be unto us as a nurse’s song Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep. Are. Madam, though Venus govern your desires, Saturn is dominator over mine: What signifies my daily-standing eye, My silence and my cloudy melancholy? My decease of woolly hair that now uncurls Even as an adder when she doth unroll To do some fatal execution? No, madam, these are no venereal signs: Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand, Blood and revenge are hammering in my head. Har. Tamora, the empress’ voice did say Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee, This is the day of doom for Bassianus: His Phœnec must lose her tongue to-day, Thy sons make pilflage of her chastity And wash their hands in Bassianus’ blood, Swear thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee, And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll. Now question me no more; we are espied: Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty, Which dreadful not yet their lives’ destruction. Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life! Are. No, I speak not so great things; 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.

Lav. Who have we here? Rome’s royal empress, Unfurnished of her well-born hunting troop? Or is it Dian, habitèd like her, Who hath abandoned her holy groves To see the general hunting in this forest? Tam. Sausy controller of our private steps! As I the power that some say Dian had, Thy temples should be planted presently With horns, as was Actæon’s; and the hounds Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs, Unmaniered intruder as thou art! Are. Under your patience, gentle empress, I think you have a godly gift in horning; And to be doubted that you fear not; and you Are single forth to try experiments: Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day! ‘Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Are. Believe me, queen, your swarthy Chimeran Dost make your honour of his body’s live, Softned, detested, and abased. Why are you sequester’d from all your train, Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed, And wander’d hither to an obscure plot, 569
Companied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd eye
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Dos. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tom. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tom. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have blessed me hither to this place:
A barren deserted vale, you see it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and hateful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorr'd pit,
They seem'd to pluck my heart from out my breast:
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing
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.

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora:
For no name fits thy nature but thy own! 

Quin. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boy,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrust the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon heruptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Dem. Hark, she have the honey of thy desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, as both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
[sure.

Dem. That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou hear'st a woman's voice.

Quin. 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 her heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Quin. Dam! Demetrius. had the tiger's young ones teach the
The o'er, do not let her joy her colour that desire;
List the milk thouk'st'dst from her did turn to marble;
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[To Chiron] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not catch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion moved with pity did endure
To have the precious pears which we may pluck away:
Some say the raven feeder forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds finish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Dem. I know not what it means; away with her! Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake.
That green in fairest life, when we might have lain
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tom. Ha! hast 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 loved 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;
Poor I, and, alas! when Bassianus died,
I was no more:

Tom. What begg'dst thou, then? fond woman, let

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell: [more
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some leathernsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Dem. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Lav. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Quin. O, no womanhood! Ah, beastly crea-

Tom. The blind and vanous to our general name! [true.
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth. Bring thou
her husband;

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the
pit; then execr Demetrius and Chiron, dragging
off Lavina.

Tom. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeend, [sure.
Till all the Andronicus be made away,
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my shameful sons this trial defance.

[Exit.

Re-enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martinus.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better help before;
Straight will I bring you to the lastsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Qun. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you: were 't not for
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile. [shame.

[Stabs into the pit.

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole
is this?

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismalst object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [Aside] Now will I fetch the king to find them,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit.

Mar. 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.
Out, for the devil makes no compassionate
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold [heart
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.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embosomed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know T is he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument.
Doth bloody me, and the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath —
Out of this hell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytes' misty mouth. [out:
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee.
Or, warranting 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, I shall not enter into this place.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
Tell thee art here alott, or I below;
Thou cannot not come to me: I come to thee.

Enter Saturninus with Aaron. [falls in.
Sat. Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unbleak 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.
If thou say'st I may know he is alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.
Tam. Where is the throne of the two-layer? [grief
Sat. Here, Tamora, though grievéd with killing
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered. [wound:
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The compleot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturninus a letter.
Sat. [Reads] 'An if we miss to meet him hand-somely—
Swell the huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overslides the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
[To one of his men]
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.
Atr. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. [To Titus] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of
That have here benef't my brother of his life.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torment for them too.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
How easily murder is discovered! [hush!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accused, if the fault be proved in them—
Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up,
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not fail them: see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That can upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another part of the forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.
Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'tis was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee!
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe. [so
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.
[hands.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks. [wash;
Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hastst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.

Enter Marcus.
Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so
Cousin, a word: where is your husband? [fast!
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern mœurs the hands
I have lopp'd and head'ed, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep
And might not gain so great a happiness [in,
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a babbling fountain still with wind,
Both rise and fall between thy rosy lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Teresus hath decohered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titian's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud,
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to all the world to know
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Teresus, cousinn, in thy kind;
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off.
That could have better sew'd than Philomela.

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ACT III.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.


Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, weeping.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay! For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept; For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed; For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd; And for these bitter tears, which now you see Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks; Be pity shown to my extreme rogand. Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought. For two and twenty sons I never wept, Because they died in honour's lofty bed. [Exit; the Judges, &c. pass by him, and Exeunt.

For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears: Let my tears stain the earth's dry appetite; My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush. O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain, That shall distil from these two ancient urs; Than youthful April shall with all her showers; In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still; In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, And keep eternal spring-time on thy face, So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O reverence tribunes! O gentle, aged men! Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death; And let me say, that never wept before, My tears are now prevailing orators. Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain: The tribunes hear you not; no man is by; And you recount your sorrows to a stone. Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead. Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.— Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak. Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear, They would not mark me, or if they did mark, They would not pity me, yet plead I must; And boodless unto them. Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones; Whos, though they cannot answer my distress, Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes, For that they will not hear my own tale: When I do weep, they humbly at my feet Receive my tears and seem to weep with me; And, were they but attend'd in grave weeds, Rome could afford no tribune like to these. A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than A stone is silent, and oftentimes not, [stones; And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn? Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death: For which attempt the judges have pronounced My everlasting doom of banishment. Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee. Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive

That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers? Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey. But me and mine: how happy art thou, then, From these devourers to be banished! But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep; Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: I bring consuming sorrow to thine age. Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then. Marc. This was thy daughter. Tit. Come, Marcus, so she is. Luc. Ay me, this object kills me! Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her. Speak, Lavinia, what accursed band Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight? What foul hath add'd water to the sea, Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy? My grief was at the height before thou camest, And now, like Nitus, it disdaineth bounds. Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too; For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain; And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life; Than most boodless prayer have they been held up, And they have served me to effectless use. Now all the service I require of thee, Is that the one will help to cut the other. 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands; For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain. Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath marty'd thee? Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts, That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence, Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage, Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear! Luc. O, I have seen her, who hath done this deed? Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park, Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer That hath received some murecning wound. Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her Hath hurst me more than he'd kill'd me dead: For now I stand as one upon a rock Envior'd with a wilderness of sea, Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave, Expecting ever when some envious surge Will in his briny bowls swallow him. This was my life! my wretched sons are gone; Here stands my other son, a banish'd man, And here my brother, weeping at my woes: But that which gives my soul the greatest spur, Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. Had I but seen thy picture in this plight, It would have madd'd me: what shall I do Now I behold thy lively body so? Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears: Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee: Thy husband he is dead; and for his death Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this. Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her! When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

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Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill’d her husband; Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful, Because the law hath’en revenge on them. No, no, they would not do so foul a deed; Witness which tell that their sister shall makes. Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips; Or make some sign how I may do thee ease: Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius, And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain, Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks How they are scald’d, as meadow’s, yet not dry, With miry slime left on them by a flood? And in the fountain shall we gaze so long Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness, And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears? Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine? Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows Pass the remainder of our hateful days? What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues, Plot some device of further misery, To make us wonder’d at in time to come. [grief.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your sweet will, we write your sister signs and weeps. Lavinia, I will wipe thy checks. 

Tit. [Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.]

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother well I wot Thy naked cannot drink a tear of mine, For thou, poor man, hast drown’d it with thine own. Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy checks. 

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs: Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say That to her brother which I said to thee; His naked, with his true tears all bewet, Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks. O, what a sympathy of woe is this, As far as help from as Lamio is from bliss! 

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons, Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus, Or any one of you, chop off your hand, And send it to the king: he for the same Will send thee either both thy sons alive; And that shall be the ransom for their fault. 

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron! Did ever such a gentleman chide thee? That gives sweet tidings of the sun’s uprise? With all my heart, I’ll send the emperor My hand: Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off? Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine, That hath thrown down so many enemies, Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn: My youth can better spare my blood than you; And therefore mine shall save my brothers’ lives. 

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended And bear’d aloft the bloody battle-axe, [Home, Writing destruction on the enemy’s castle? O, none of both but in a high desert! My hand hath been but idle; let it serve To ransom my two nephews from their death; Then have I kept it to a worthy end. 

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along, For they die before their pardon come. 

Marc. My hand shall serve the purpose. Luc. By heaven, it shall not go! Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such witter’d herbs as these Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine. Luc. Well said, my lord: if I should lose my thy son, Let me redeem my brothers both from death. Marc. And, for our father’s sake and mother’s care Let now me show a brother’s love to thee. 

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand. Luc. Then I’ll go fetch an axe. Marc. But I will use the axe. 

[Exit Lucius and Marcus.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I’ll deceive them both: Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine. 

Aar. Lend me it if that be call’d deceit, I will be honest, And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: But I’ll deceive you in another sort, And that you’ll say, ere half an hour pass. 

[Exeunt. Aar.] 

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be is dis-Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand: [patch’d. Tell him it was a hand that warried him From thousand dangers; bid him bury it; More hath it merited; that let it have. As for my sons, say I account of them, As jewels purchased at an easy price; And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. 

Aar. I go. Andronicus: and for thy hand Look by and by to have thy sons with thee. [Exit. 

Tit. [To Lucius.] O, how this villain Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it! Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace, Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit. 

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven, And bow this feebile ruin to the earth: If any power pitied wretched tears, 

[Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.]

Tit. To that I call [To Luc.]. What, wilt thou kneel with me? To that I call! [To Lucius.] What, wilt thou kneel with me? Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers; Or with our sighs we’ll breathe the welkin dim, And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds When they have driven in their melting bosoms. 

Marc. O brother, speak with me, for possibility, And do not break into these deep extremities. 

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom? Then be my passions bottomless with them. 

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament. 

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries, Then into limits could I bind my woes; When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth overflow? If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad, Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face? And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? Or fix the sea; hark, how her winds blow! She is the deluge, the welkin, I the earth. Then must my sea be moved with her sighs; Then must my earth with her continual tears Become a deluge, overflow’d and drown’d; For why my bowels cannot hide her woes, But like a drunkard must I vomit them. Then give me leave, for losses will have leave To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou requir’d For that great harm wert thou and thy emperor, Here are the heads of thy two noble sons; And here’s thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back; Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock’d; That woe is me to think upon thy woes More than remembrance of my father’s death. [Exit. 

Marc. Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily, And be my heart’s hottest ever-morning hell! These miseries are more than may be borne. To weep with them that weep doth case some deal; But sorrow flipt at is double death. 

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound And yet detested life not shrink thereat! That ever death should let life bear his name, Where life hath no more interest but to breathe! 

[Lavinia kisses Titus.]
Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Marc. Now, farewell, Flatterer: die, Andronicus!
Titus, as that slumber: see, thy two sons’ heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish’d son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!
Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge’s cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And 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 hear your murmurs; ‘swell your voice,
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 employ’d: these arms!
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let’s kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[Exit Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia."

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The wofulst man that ever lived 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 liest here fast been!
But how nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and lative griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit."

SCENE II.—A room in Titus’s house. A banquet
set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius,
a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-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;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I think it fits duly to speak
[To Lavinia.] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk
in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole:
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drunk the brave tears from each other’s hearts.
Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dot already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
It were as if she strew’d some noble bosom
With her own daughter’s tears, and made them dry.
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o’er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how 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 martyr’d signs:
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew’d with whined water, and embitter’d upon her checks;
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 stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of old will witness all thy visage;
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.
Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire’s heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Marc. At that that I have kill’d, my lord; a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill’st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloud’d with view of tyranny;
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus’ brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.
Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill’d a fly.
Tit. But’s it not that if thy hand had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill’d
him.
Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour’d fly.
Like to the empress’ Moor; therefore I kill’d him.
Tit. O, O, O.
Then pardon me for repressing thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There’s for thyself, and that’s for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take Lavinia, go with me;
I’ll to thy closet: and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.
[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.


Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him, and she flies from her arm books under his arm. Then enter Titus and Marcus.

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Ah, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome
she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.
Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Lavinia turns over with her stampsthe books which Lucius has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means some book there is that she desires to see. [This is Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy. But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd: Come, and take choice of all my library, And so beguile thy sorrow, fill the heavens

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why does she on her arm some books thus?
Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she possesseth so?
Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorpho-
My mother gave it me. [See;

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she'd ill it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!

[Helping her. What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forced 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!
Fitter, rather, that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. 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 this ramp to sin in Lorenzo?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after name, when I have mine own
Without the help of any hand at all.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with feet and mouth.

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discovered for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with
her stamps, and writes.

Tit. O, do we read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Strumpur, Chloron, Demus.' 

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis secerat? tam lentus vides?
Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; 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 exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucius' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Gods,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And hulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a girdle of these words, and lay it by:
the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Silvay's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then? Boy, what say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both;
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
[course.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.
Lascivious Titis, Lavinia, and Young Luc.

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not resolve, yet I meekly beseech him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
Yet call just that he will not revenge,
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!  [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A room in the palace.

Enter, from one side, Aaron, Demetrius, and Chiron;
from the other side, young Lucius, and an Attendant,
with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandsire.

[Aside] and pray the Roman gods confound you

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

Young Luc. [Aside] That you are both declinder'd,
that's the news.

For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your sov'reign, shall set every need, I say,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so leave you both; [Aside] like bloody villains.

[Exeunt young Lucius and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see:

[Reads] 'Integer vitae, sederisque puriss.
Non eget Mauri jaehus, nec aren.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, jest; a verse in Horace: right, you have
[Aside] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! [It. Here's no sound jest; the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well abed,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her nest awhile.

And now, young lords, was not 't a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did not fail, let them therefore go.
To brave the tribune in his brother's bearing,

Dem. 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?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dukes
At such an hour, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [Aside] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[Trumpets sound within.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor 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,
Hope Aaron is; and which way, nurse now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and tumble in thine arms?

Nur. That, which I would hide from heaven's eye.

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd; lords; she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath
he sent her?


Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as lusty as toad

Amongst the trashy crew of Aaron's line:

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowze, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou castest not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Dem. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her hoathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point;

Nur. give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy brows up,

[Take the child from the Nurse, and draws.

Stay, murderers' villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my senator's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-limed dunces! ye atrophied scions,

Ceal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she have them hourly in the flood.

Tell them the stress from me, I am of use

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Will thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth;

This before all the world do I prefer;
This may the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your hearty bears:

Fie, treacherous line, that will betray with blushing

The close enactts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad framed of another kier;

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own.'

He is yet your brother, lords, see what he is.
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,

And from that womb where you imprison'd were

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Altho' my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aar. What shall we do with this empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice; save thou the child, so we may all be safe. 

AER. Then sit we down, and let us all consult. My son and I will have the wind of you: keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety. 

DEN. How many women saw this child of his? 

AER. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league, I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor, the chafed bourn, the mountain homes, 

the ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. But say, again, how many saw the child? 

AER. Cornelia the midwife, and my lord; and no one else but the deliver'd empress. 

AER. The empress, the midwife, and yourself: Two may know council when the third's away: Go to the empress, tell her this I said. 

[Exit. 

Weke, weke! so crie a pig prepared to the spit. 

DEN. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this? 

AER. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy; Shall she live to betray this guilty cubs, A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no: And how by this their child shall be advanced, Not far, one Mult live, my countryman; His wife but yeastnacht 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 advanced, And be received for the emperor's heir, And substituted in the place of mine, To calm this tempest whirling in the court; And let the emperor dandle him for his own. 

Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic, And you must needs bestow her funeral; The fields are near, and you are gallant groans: 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. 

DEN. For this care of Tamora, Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. 

[Enter Dem. and CHI. bearing on the Nurse's body. 

AER. Now to the Goths, as well as the Moors flies; There to dispose this treasure in mine 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 on curds and whey, and suck the goat, And cabin in a cave, and bring you up To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit. 

SCENE III.—The same. A public place. 

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius, Publius, Sempronius, Caius, and other Gentlemen, with bows. 

Tit. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the Sir boy, now let me see your archery; [way. Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight. Terras Aetnae reliquit: Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's dead. Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets; Happily you may catch her in the sea; Yet there's as little justice as at hand: No, sirs, you must not want for your work: 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade, And pierce the innermost centre of the earth: Then, when you come to Pluto's region, I pray you, deliver him this petition; Tell him, it is for justice and for all, And that it comes from old Andronicus. Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome, Ah, Rome! Well, well: I made thee miserable What time I threw the people's suffrages On him that thus doth tyrannize. Go, get you gone; and pray be careful, And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd: This wicked emperor may have ship'd her hence; And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice. 

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case, To see thy noble uncle thus distress'd? 

PUBL. This wrongs my lord, it nightly concerns By day and night to attend him carefully, And feed his humour kindly as we may, Till time beget some careful remedy. 

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy, Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude, And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine. 

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What, have you met with her? 

Marc. O, no, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word: If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall: 

But by the justice, she's no more, I think, He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else, So that performe 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 brutes, no-Hares we, No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size; But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back, [bear. Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell, We will solicit heaven and move the gods To send us justice for to wreak our wrongs. 

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus: 

[He gives them the arrows. 

'Ad Jovem,' that's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem.' 

'Ad Martem,' that's for myself: Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury: To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine; You were as good to shoot against the wind. To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid. Of my word, I have written to effect; There's not a god left unsolicited. 

[-court. 

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all y'ur shafts into the wall, We will all shoot the arrow you in his side. 

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, woe said, Lucius! Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas. 

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon; Your letter is with Jupiter by this. 

Tit. Ha, ha! 

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done? See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns. 

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot, The Dull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court; And who should find them but the empress' villain? She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose But give them to his master for a present. [joy! 

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it. 

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come. Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter? 

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged to the neck without some sentence. 

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? 

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life. 

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier? 

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ACT IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE IV.

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.
Tit. Why, diest thou not come from heaven?
Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there; Go, and should 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 betwixt my uncle and one of the emperor's men.

More. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor for thee.
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; meanwhile here’s money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?
Clo. Ay, sir.
Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I’ll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.
Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; [lit. For thou hast made it like an humble supplicant. And when thou hast given it the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.
Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen An emperor in Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confounded thus; and, for the extent Of equal justice, used in such contempt? My lords, you know, as know the mighteful gods, However these disturbers of our peace Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd, But every jot and tittle, against the will of Old Andronicus. And what an if His sorrows have so overweigh'd his wits, Shall we be thus affliicted 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 cesans Shall be no shelter to these outrages; But he and his shall know that justice lives In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep, He'll so awake as she in fury shall Cut off the proud contumacy for that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine, Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, Cane thee, and bear the faults of Titus’ age, The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, When he hath pierced him deep and scor’d his And rather comfort his distressed plight [heart; Than prosecute the meanest or the best.

For these contempt. [Aside] Why, thus it shall High-witted Tamora to glose with all: [become 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! wouldst thou speak with us? Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be em'- your peril.
Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.
Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good-den; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [Saturninus reads the letter. Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently. Clo. His life-blood to much money than to hang. Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.
Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded. Sat. Despicable and intolerable wrongs! Shall I endure this monstrous villainy? I know from whence this same device proceeds: May this be borne?—as if its traitorous sons, That died by law for murder of our brother, Have by my means been butcher’d wrongfully! Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege: For this time I will look in your behalf, Sirrah, To thy desire, and thee will I be thy slayer; Sly frantic wretch, that help'st to make me great, In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Èmilius.

What news with thee, Èmilius?
Èmil. Arm, arm, my lord;—Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil, They hither march amain, under conduct Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus:
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do As much as ever Coriolanus did.
Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths? These tidings nip me, and I hang the head As flowers with frost or grass beat down with Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach: [storms: 'Tis he that made you people so yourself; 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 you fear? is not your city strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius, And will revolt from me to succour him. [same.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy Sun is the summer’s, that guides do fly in it? 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 mayst 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-stalks to sheep, When as the one is wounded with the bait, The other rotted with delicious food.
Sat. But he will not entertain his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will: For I can come to him, and fill him With golden promises; that, were his heart Almost impregnable, his old ears dead, Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. [To Èmilius] Go thou before, be our ambassador: Say that the emperor requests a parley Of warlike Lucius, and alludes to the meeting Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius with an army of Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends, I have received letters from great Rome, Which signify what hate they bear their emperor And how desirous of our sight they are. Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness, Imperious and impatient of your wrongs, And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe, Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave step, spring from the great Andronicus, Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort; Whose high exploits and honourable deeds Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt, Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st, Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day Led by their master to the flowered fields, And be avenged on cursed Tamora, [him. All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all. But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I To gaze upon a ruinous monastery; [stray'd And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye Upon the wasted building, suddenly I heard a child cry underneath a wall. I made mine noise; when soon I heard The crying babe controll'd with this discourse; 'Peace, twainy slave, half me and half thy dam! Did not thy line bewray whose brat thou art, Had nature lent thee but thy mother's book, Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor: But where the bull and cow are both milk-white, They never do beget a coat-black calf. Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe.— 'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth; Who, when he knows thou art the emperor's bane, Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.' With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, Surprised 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 pleased your emperor's eye, And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey This growing image of thy head-like face? Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word? A haft, soldiers! hang him on this tree, And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood. Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl! A sight to vex the father's soul within. Get me a ladder. [A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend. Aar. Lucius, save the child, And bear it from me to the empress. If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things, That highly may advantage thee to hear: If thou wilt not, befall what may befall, I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!' Luc. Say on: if it please me which thou speakest, Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd. Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius, 'twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak: For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres, Acts of black night, abominable deeds, Complets of mischief, treason, villanies, Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd: And this shall all be buried 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? a thing I said, I did indeed, I do not; Yet, for I know thou art religious And hast a thing within thee called conscience, With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies, Which I have seen thee careful to observe, Therefore I urge thy oath: for that I know An idiot holds his hand to a god And keeps the oath which by that god he swears, To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow By that same god, what god seest thou it be, That thou adorest 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 insatiate and luxurious woman! Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. It was her two sons that murdered 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'ing? Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, And trimm'd sport for them that had the doing of it. Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself! Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them: That codding spirit had they from their mother, As sure a card as ever was in the sid: That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head. Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay: I wrote the letter that thy father found, And bid the gold without the letter mention'd, Confedurate 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 all the while my heart with extreme laughter: I pray'd me through the crevice of a wall When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Behold his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and
never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill my son, or threaten'd to deliver,
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 digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow's almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow's keep me from this doom!"

Tit. No, nor 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 wouldest talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-
son son's lines:

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well.

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Kate, am I not thy hand, and thou 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 wretched vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Rise, whieh makes the thunderer quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Luc. Yes. Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give me some assurance that thou art Revenge
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe,
Provide thee two proper palrets, black as jet,
To hide thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out innumerable in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaded with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Troit-like, a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea;
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rape and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they
call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder; therefore called so,
Causing them to wreak vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they
And you, the empress! but we worldly men [are!]
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [Exit above.

Tam. This closing with him fits his huncey,
Whatever I forg'd 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,
It'll make a poor man send for Lie and
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 last, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Tamora below.

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 to hang or to floor;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen alert,
It were convenient you had such a devil?
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?
Tit. What wouldst thou have me 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. [wrong, 
Tit. Show me a thousand that have done thee
And I will be revenged on them all. [Rome;
Tit. Look about thee, and call the nicked streets of
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's a ravisher.
Go thou with him; 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. [do.
Tit. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
And bid him encomi his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.
[Exit.

Tit. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to revenge but Lucius. 
Tit. [Aside to her son.] What say you, boys? will
While I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.
Tit. [Aside] I know them all, though they suppose
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here. 
Tit. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a compot to betray thy foes. 
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, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and others.
Pub. What is your will? 
Tit. Know you these two? 
Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and
Demetrius.
Tit. Pie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived; 
The one is Murder, Rape is the other name's
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And I said now! and this to be sure.
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. 
[Exit. 
Publ., &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius. 
Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.
Stop closing their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

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, 
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
This goosey 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; [sighs
Dear Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you have? should I 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 enthr your threats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad; 
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dame,
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 used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd;
And now prepare your threats, Lavinia, come,
He cuts their threats. 
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
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'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

SCENE III.—Court of Titus's house. A banquet sit out.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
[Meor.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
This ravenous tiger, this accurs'd 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
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
ACT V.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE III.

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within."

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Émilius, Tribunes, Senators, and others."

Sat. What, hath the forum more sums than one? Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?" Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break these quarrels must be quietly debated. [Purle; The feast is ready, which the careful Titus Hath ordain'd to an honorable end, For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome: Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your Sat. Marcans, we will. [Hounds 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 queen: Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius; And woe be mine, all: although the cheer be poor, T'will fill your stomachs: please you eat of it. Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus? Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertain your highness and your empress. Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus. Tit. And if your highness knew my heart, you were, My lord the emperor, resolve me this: Was it well done of rash Virginis To shay his daughter with his own right hand, Because she was enforced, stain'd, and derelov'd? Sat. It was, Andronicus. Tit. Thy reason, mighty lord? [Shame. Sat. Because the girl should not survive her 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. [Kills Lavinia. And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die! Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind? Tit. 'Kills her, for whom my tears have made me I am as woful as Virginus was. [Blind. And, thou a chosen and thought precise cause than he To do this outrage: and it now is done. Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed. Tit. Will ' thee please eat? will ' please your highness feed? [thus? Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter Tit. Not 1: 'twas Chiron and Demetrius: They ravish'd her, and eat away her tongue: And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong. Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently. Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; Whereof their mother dastily hath fed, Eating the flesh that she herself hath paved. 'T is true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. [Kills Tamora. Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accurser deed! [Kills Titus."

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father's bleed? There's need for need, death for a deadly deed! [Kills Saturninus. A great tempest, Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony."

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl [Rome, Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts, O, let me teach you how to knit again! This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf, These broken limbs again into one body; Lest Rome herself be tane unto herself; And she whom mighty kingdoms court sy to, Like a forlorn and desperate castaway, Do shameful execution on herself, But if my frosty signs and claps of age, Grave witnesses of true experience, Cannot induce you to attend my words, [ancestor, To Lucin, speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our When with his hecenn tongue he did discourse To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear The story of that baleful burning night When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy, Tell us what Simon hath bewitch'd our ears, Or who hath brought the fatal engine In that given blood she, once so tenderly wound. My heart is not compact of flint nor steel; Nor can I utter all our bitter grief, But floods of tears will drown my oratory, And break my utterance, even in the time When it should move you to attend me most, Lending your kind commiseration. Here is a captain, let him tell the tale; Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak. Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you, That cursed Chiron and Demetrius Were they that murdered our emperor's brother; And these two are they that make our sister, For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded; Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out, And sent her enemies unto the grave. Lastly, myself unhindly banished The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out, To beg relief among Rome's enemies; Who drown'd their eminence in my true tears, And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend. I am the turned forth, be it known to you, That have preserved her welfare in my blood; And from her unseen took the end of a point, Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body. Alas, you know I am no vaunter, 1; My scars can witness, dumb although they are, That my report is just and full of truth. But, soft! me thinks I do digress too much, Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me; For when no friends are by, men praise themselves. Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child: [Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant. Of this was Tamora delivered; The issue of an irreligious Moor, Chief among which she did found those woes: The villain is alive in Titus' house, And as he is, to witness this is true. Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience, Or more than any living man could bear. Marcus? Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro? Have we done aught amiss;—show us wherein, And, from the place where you behold us now, The poor remainder of Andronicus Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down, And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains, And make an unkin'd and sullen house. Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall, Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall. Emil. Come, come, then 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. [Exeunt Attendants. Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend. All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so, To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe! But, gentle people, give me aim awhile, For nature puts me to a heavy task: Stand all aloof: but, uncle, draw you near, To shed obsequious tears upon this face. O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [Kissing Titus. These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face, The last true duties of thy noble son! Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss, Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips; O, were the sum of these that I should pay Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them! Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well: Many a time he danced thee on his knee, Snug thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow; Many a matter hath he told to thee, Meet and agreeing with thine infancy; In that respect, then, like a loving child, Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring, Because kind nature doth require it so: Friends should associate friends in grief and woe; Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; Do him that kindness, and take leave of him. Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart Would I were dead, so you did live again! O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping: My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

Em. You sad Andronicus, have done with woes: Give sentence on this execrable wretch, That hath been breeder of these dire events. Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him: There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food: If any one relieves or pities him, For the offence he dies. This is our doom: Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth. Act. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury I am no baby, I, that with base prayers [dumb? I should repent the evils I have done: Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did Would I perform, if at might have my will: If one good deed in all my life I did, I do repent it from my very soul. [hence. Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor And give him burial in his father's grave: My father and Lavinia shall withthorn Be closed in our household's monument. As for that heinous tigress, Tamora, No funeral rites, nor man in mourning weeds, No mournful bell shall ring her burial: But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey: Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity; And, being so, shall have like want of pity. See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor, By whom our heavy laps had their beginning: Then, afterwards, to order well the state, That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.

Titus,—When will this fearful slumber have an end? Marcus,—Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus; Thou dost not slumber: see, thy sons' heads, Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here; Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I, Even like a stone image, cold and numb. Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs: Rend off thy silver hair, thy other habil'd go, Gone past thy teeth; and be this dismal sight The closing up of our most wretched eyes: Now is a time to storm; why art thou still? Titus.—Ha, ha, ha! Marcus.—Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour. Act III., Scene I.
ROME AND JULIET.

Dramatis Personae.

Esclus, Prince of Verona.
Pari, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
Montague, heads of two houses at variance with Capulet, each other.
An old man, cousin 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, Francisca.
Balchaser, servant to Romeo.
Sampson, servants to Capulet.
Gregory, servant to Juliet.

Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse.
Abraham, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; 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; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

Scene—Verona: Mantua.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page 593.]

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 misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Act I.

Scene I.—Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sampson. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gregory. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sampson. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Gregory. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sampson. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gregory. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sampson. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gregory. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.

Sampson. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Gregory. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sampson. 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.
Gregory. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sampson. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:
when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gregory. The heads of the maids?
Sampson. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
Gregory. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sampson. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Gregory. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sampson. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will knock thee.
Gregory. How! turn thy back and run?
Sampson. Fear me not.
Gregory. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sampson. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Gregory. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sampson. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Abraham. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sampson. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abraham. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Enter Benvolio.

Benv. Part, tools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[Beats down their swords.]

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hands? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Benv. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word. As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee; Have at thee, coward! [They fight.]

Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho! [sword?]

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a Cap? My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, and flushes 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 a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—[beasts, Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, 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 mistemper'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 thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave besecning ornaments, To wield old partisans, in bands as old, Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate: If every bird disturb our streets again, Your hands 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, upon pain of death, all men depart. [Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach? So, my nephew; were you by when it began? Benv. Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach; I drew to part them: in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared, Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears, Like swaying edge of his head and cut the grinds, Who nothing hurt withal hissed 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 either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to— Right glad I am he was not at this fray. [play?] Benv. Marliam, 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 nerved, 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're most alone, Pursued my humour not pursuing his, And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me. Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs; But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the furthest 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. Benv. My good master, shall I know the cause? Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him. Benv. Have you imparted him by any means? Mon. Both by myself and many other friends: But he, his own affections' counsellor, Is to himself—[I will not say how true— But to himself so secret and so close, So far from sounding and discovery. As is the bud bit 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.

Benv. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside; I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay, To hear true shift. Come, madam, let's away. [Exeunt Montague and Lady.}

Benv. Good morrow, cousin. Rom. Is the day so young? Benv. But new struck nine. Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long. Was that my father that went hence so fast? Rom. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours? [They shunt. Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes Benv. In love? Rom. Out— Benv. Of love? Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love. Benv. 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. 558
Why, then, 0 brawling love! 0 loving hate! 0 anything, of nothing first create!
0 heavy lightness! 0 serious vanity!
0 subtle, close-sighted, well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Jon. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Jon. 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 shown
Doth add more grief to too much grief of my own.
(Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, 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.
Jon. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Jon. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee this?
Jon. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Jon. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.
Rom. A right good mark-man: and she's fair I love.
Jon. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss; she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Diana'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 glide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
0, 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?
[waiste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
For beauty starved 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 it now.
Rom. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her,
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Jon. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Rom. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

SCENE II. — A street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well 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 it is you lived at odds so long,
But now, my lord, what is it 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. Yet think thou of our house than say mothers made.
Cap. And too soon married those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But wou, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
And she agrees, within her scope of choice,
Sometimes my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereeto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light;
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh femeale buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, and say;
And like the mildness whose kind must shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go, with me. [To Serv., giving a paper.] Go,
sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Serr. Find them out whose names are written here.
It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his cloth, the fisher with his pen, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find these persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned,—in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Jon. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddily, and be hold by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection in thy eye,
And the bleak person of the old will die.
Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.
Jon. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Jon. Why, Romeo, art thou mad? [is.
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and—God-dam, good fellow.
Serr. God's god—god-dam. I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serr. Perhaps you have learned it without book;
but I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Serr. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.
"Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the holy widow of Vitruvio; Signior Pecizzare and his lovely mother; vigna uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valerio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Hedena;"
A fair assembly: whither should they come?
Jon. Up with Whiter.
Serr. To supper; to our house.
SCENE III.—A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.


Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile.

We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again:—I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel. Thou know'st my daughter's fortune, and I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour. La. Cap. She's not fourteen. Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—And yet, to my mind it is spoken, I have but four,—She is not fourteen. How long is it now To Lammmas-tide? La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days. Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammmas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—Were of an age: well. Susan is with God; She was too good for me: but, as I said, On Lammmas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry: I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it.—Of all the days of the year, upon that day:—For I had then laid wormwood to my dog, Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall; My lord and you were then at Mantua:— Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said, When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my dog and felt it bitter, pretty fool, To bore it fetchy and fall out with the dog! Shake quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trod To bid me trudge; And since that time it is eleven years:— For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, She could have run and waddled all about:— For even the day before, she broke her brow: And then my husband—God be with his soul! A' was a merry man,—took up the child: Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou livest more wit; Wilt thou not, Juliet?' and, by my holidame, The pretty wretch left crying and said 'Ay.' To see now, how a jest shall come about! I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Juliet?'

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.' La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh, To think it should leave crying and say 'Ay.' And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone; A parous knock; and it cried bitterly: 'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age; That look in many's eyes doth share the same.' Jul. And stout thou too? Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed: An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish. La. Cap. Marry, that ' marry ' is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married? Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of. Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat. La. Cap. Wilt, think of marriage now; younger than you, Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother much upon these years. That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief: The valiant Paris seeks you for his love, Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man As all the world—why, he's a man of wax. La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower. Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower. La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gen-

This night you shall behold him at our feast; Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face And find delight writ there with beauty's pen; Examine every married lineament And see how one another lends content, And what obscured in this fair volume lies Find written in the margin of his eyes, This precious book of love, this mubonnard lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover: The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride For fair without the fair within to hide: That book in many's eyes doth bear 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 it looking liker move: But no more deep will I endure mine eye Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam the guests are come, supper served up, you can see 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. [Exit Servant.] Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exit.]

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ACT I.

SCENE IV.—A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Romeo. What shall I say this speech be spoke for our ex-Or shall we on without apology? [cuse? 

Benv. The date is out of such prolixity: We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; Nor no withoutlook prologue, faintly spoke After the promiser, for our audience; But let them measure us by what they will; We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 

Romeo. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling; Being but heavy, I will bear the light. 

Merc. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance. 

Romeo. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. 

Merc. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, And soothe with them a common bond. 

Romeo. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft To bear with his light feathers, and so bound, I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: Under love's heavy burden do I sink. 

Merc. And, to sink in it, should you burden love; Too great oppression for a tender thing. 

Romeo. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, Too tender by therules; and pricks like thorn. 

Merc. If love be rough with you, be rough with love; Prick love for prickling, and you beat love down. 

Give me a case to put my visage in: A visor for a visor! what care I 

What curious eye doth quote deformities? Here are the becket brows shall blush for me. 

Benv. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in, But every man betake himself to his legs. 

Romeo. A torch for me; let wantons light of heart Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels, For I am provok'd with a granshade phrase; I'll be a candle, holder, and look on. 

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done. 

Merc. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word. 

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire Of this shrive-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st up In the escort. Come, we burn daylight, ho! 

Romeo. Nay, that's not so. I mean: in delay We waste our lights in vain, like las'nes by day. Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits Five times in that ere once in our five wits. 

Romeo. And we mean well in going to this mask; But'tis no wit to go. 

Merc. Why, may one ask? 

Romeo. I dream'd a dream to-night. And so did I. 

Merc. Well, what was yours? 

Romeo. What I dreamers often lie. 

Romeo. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true. [you. 

Merc. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with 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 atonies 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 cords the weaver's twines in the trees, Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of him, 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, Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers, And in this state she gallys night by night Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of [straight, O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court sies O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees, O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are: Sometimes she gallys o'er a courtier's nose, And then dreams he of smoking out a suit; And sometime comes she with a lithe-pig's tail Tickling a parson's nose as a lies asleep, Then dreams he of another benediction: Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats, Of breathes, ambuscades, Spanish blades, Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes, And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two And sleeps again. This is that very Mab That plats the manes of horses in the night, And laces the elfocks in foul shittish hairs, Which once untangled much misfortune bodes: This is the lag, when maids lie on their lach, That presses them and learns them first to bear, Making them women of good carriage: This is she— Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing. 

Merc. True. I talk of dreams, Which are the children of an idle brain, Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, Which is as thin of substance as the air That needs no support, nor is sustained, But with the least wind ballets away. 

Romeo. Which once untangled much misfortune bodes: This is the lag, when maids lie on their lach, That presses them and learns them first to bear, Making them women of good carriage: This is she— Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing. 

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Romeo. Which once untangled much misfortune bodes: This is the lag, when maids lie on their lach, That presses them and learns them first to bear, Making them women of good carriage: This is she— Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! 

Romeo. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives Some consequence yet hanging in the stars Shall bitterly begin his fearful date With this night's revels and expire the term Of a despaired life closed in my breast By some unlooked for snare of fortune's web. But I'll, that hath the steage of my course, Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen. 

Benv. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher! 

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First 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 loves me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan. 

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber. 

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too, Cheery, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. 

Enter Capulet, with Juliet and others of his house, meeting the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Ah, has my mistresses! which of you all
Will tell me to dance? she that makes dainty,
Shall I wear, hath corns; and I come hither now?
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 done, 'tis done, 'tis done:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians,
A half, a half! give room! and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, you knaves: and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well.
Now say, sir, how many guests are Capulet?
For you and I are past our dancing days;
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By 't lady, thirty years.
Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio.
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.
Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you, tell me that?
Sec. Cap. His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [To a Serviceman] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of wonder knight?
Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove tropheo with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
For choly may his rapier, bow, What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead! I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

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;
Would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disapparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
How a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
'1l not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured: that, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
I shall the master here, or you? go to.
You shall 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.

Cap. Go to, go to; You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?
This trick may chance to sate you, I know what:
You must withdraw me; this intrusion is time.
Well said, my hearts! You are a prince; go:
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! For shame! I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience performe with wilful cholear meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

Rom. [To Juliet] If I profane with my unwor-thest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmer's too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thon, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

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.

Sec. Cap. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with

Rom. What is her mother? [you, sir.

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Jul. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so far; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trilling 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, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest.

[Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentle-

man?

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 Petrucio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would
dance nor dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: if he be married,
My grave is likely men; it is a wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what is this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal. [One calls within 'Juliet,' Nurse.

Anon. anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[Exeunt.]
ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gaps to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd it for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alas bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she stole love's sweet bait from fearful books:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

SCENE I.—A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall;
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjoin too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh;
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love!' and 'dove!'
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her parblind son and heir
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim.
When King Cophetua loved the beggar's,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he move;
The ape is dead, and I must conjoin
I conjoin thee by Rosaline's bright
By her high forehead and her sweet
By her fine foot, straight leg, and high
And the demesnes that thee:

Ben. An if he hear the

Mer. This cannot anger him.
To raise a spirit

Of some strange thing, surfacing there stand;
Till she%

That was my invocation
Is friends, and in his mistress' name
I must arise to raise him.

Lest, he hath hid himself among these
To be consorted with the humorous night;
Blind is his love and best fits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that I were, or that she were
An open et cetera, then a pox upon her!
Romeo, good night: I'll to my tracle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

Lactant.,

SCENE II.—Capulet's orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt;
Juliet appears above his heart.
But, soft! what light through yon window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious
Who is already sick and pale with g
That thou her maid art far more fair
Be not her maid, since she is envio.
Her vestal livery is but sick and g
And none but fools do wear it; c
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing

Her eye discourses; I will answer that
I am too bold. 'Tis not to say;
Two of the fairest stars in heaven,
Having some business, d
To twinkle in their splendour return.
What if her eyes were dark in her head?
The brightness of her's makes shams those stars
As daylight doth

Wondrous bright streams so bright
That birds would wring their pinIONS but were not night.
See, how her eyes bespotic upon her hand!
O, that I were a fly on that hand,
That I might alight on check!

Jul. Ah me! she speaks,
O, speak like a mad angel! for thou art,
As I am sure I shall speak
As I am sure I shall speak
O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Thee father and refuse thy name;
If thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
[This is]

Rom. [Aside]. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at

Jul. Is but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is not hard, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a name. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all my self.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforward I never will be Romeo.
[night

Jul. What man art thou that dost bescreen'd in

Rom. So stubblist on my counsel? By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My mistress hath not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art.
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
ACT II.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE III.

Rom. With love’s light wings did I o’erleap these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
That strong love’s breaths can charge his icy埼.
Therefore thy children are no loss to me.

Jull. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Ache! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jull. I could not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. Have I night’s cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate.

Jull. Than death protracted, wanting of thy love.

Rom. By whose direction found’st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no plot; yet, wert thou as fair
As that vast shore wash’d with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jull. Thou know’st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek.
For that thou hast heard me speak to-night,
Faith would I dwell en form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say ‘Ay,’
And I may thine words: yet, if thou swearst, I
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers’ perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think’st I am too quickly won,
I’ll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my ‘haviour light,
But trust me, gentlemen, I’ll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange. I must confess,
But that thou overheardst, ere I was ware,
My true love’s passion: therefore pardon me,
And not imprint this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
O, lady, that by yonder moon be constant
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Methinks that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jull. Do not swear at all; Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I’ll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart’s dear love—

Jull. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis’d, too sudden.
To till the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say ‘It lightens,’ sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer’s ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jull. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love’s faithful vow for mine.

Jull. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jull. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! sweet Montague, be true.
Stop a little, I will come again. [Exit above.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jull. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night in-
If that thy bent of love be honourable, [deed.
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I’ll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I’ll lay.
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within] Madam! Madam!

Jull. I come, anon.—But if thou mean’st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [Within] Madam!

Jull. By and by, I come—

To case thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jull. A thousand times good night! [Exit, above.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jull. Hiss! Romeo, hiss! O, for a falconer’s
To lure this tassel-gentle back again! [voice.
Beneath is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo’s name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers’ tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jull. Romeo! Romeo! My dear?

Jull. At what o’clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jull. I will not fail: it is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jull. 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.

Jull. ’Tis almost morning: I should have thee
And yet no farther than a line’s breadth: I gone:
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jull. Sweet, so would I.

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sor-
That I shall say good night till it be morning. [row,

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father’s cell.
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.
Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite! What earl tongue so sweet saluted me? Young son, it argues a distemper’d head So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed: Care keeps his watch in every old man’s eye, And where care lodges, sleep will never lie; But where unbruised youth with unstuff’d brain Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign: Therefore thy earliness doth me assure. Thou art up-roused by some distemperance; Or if not so, then here I hit it right. Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night. 

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine. 

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?—Romeo. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no, I have not eaten of mine own heart’s love. 

Fri. L. 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 one hath wounded: both our remedies Within thy help and holy physic lies, I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo, My intercession likewise steads my foe. 

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift; Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. 

Rom. Then plainly know my heart’s dear love is On the fair daughter of rich Capulet: Isset As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine; And all combined, save what thou must combine By holy marriage: when and where and how We met, we woul’d and made exchange of vow, I’ll not see as we pass; but this I pray, That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is Is Rosaline, whose thou dost love so dear, There! So soon forsaken? young men’s love then lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. Jesus save thee, so full of light’s love! Hath wash’d thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! How much salt water thrown away in waste, To season love, that of it doth not taste! The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, Thy old gums ring yet in my ancient ears; Lo, how they flow! cry to the sky, and say 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: then, And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence Women may love not, where it is not strength in men.

Rom. Thou child’st me off for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad’st mee bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave, 

To try the world, and 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. L. 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 will not hold thee to thy word: For this alliance may so happy prove, To turn your households’ rancour to pure love, 

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

SCENE IV.—A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Come he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father’s: I spoke with his man. 

Mer. Ah, is that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, 

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father’s house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it. 

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter’s master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench’s black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy’s buttock-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minims rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a dullist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the 

Pen. Which was the Iest? 

Mer. The box of such antic, hisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! ‘By Jesus, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!’ Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandison, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these perdonia-m’s, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Pen. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. 

Mer. Without his rod, like a dried herion; O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flew in: Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-zyrne her: Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a million; Helen a holy: all their habits and harlots: Thisbe a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there’s a French sulution to your French sop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. Who counterfeiteth the slip, the slip; can you not conceive?
Act II.

Romeo and Juliet.

Scene IV.

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams. Rom. Meaning, to court'sy. Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it. Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Mer. Pink for flower.

Rom. Right.

Mer. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness! [fauls. Mer. Come between us, good Bonvolio; my wits 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 day's than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose? Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou was not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Why, this is a very bitter sweating; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose? Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, 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 growning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his halfe in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there. [the hair. Mer. Thou desirdest me to stop in my tale against Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Rom. O, thou art deceived: I would have made it shorter; I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no.

Rom. Here's goodly gear. [longer.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Nurse. A sail, a sail!

Rom. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Rom. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Rom. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good-den?

Rom. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to marry.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to marry'; 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 out 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 too, I' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Rom. She will invite him to some supper.

Nurse. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found thine? Nurse. No bare, sir; unless a bare, sir, in a leuten pie, that is something stale and hour ere it be spent. [Sings.

An old bare hear, And an old bare hear, Is very good news; But a bare that is hour 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.


Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropey?

Rom. A gentleman. Nurse. That loves to hear himself talk, and will peep more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. And I speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an' a were bolder than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knife! I am none of his shift-gills; I am none of his shade-man, and I will stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

Peter. 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 mine.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knife! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady made 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 deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I will come at heart in. Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest: which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Did her devise Some means to come to shiff this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell Be shirved and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to: I say you shall. [there.

Nurse. The afternoon, sir? well, she shall be. Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; Which to the high top-gallant of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains: Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! I thank you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse? Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear Two may keep counsel, putting one away? [say. Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing:—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris,
that would dain thy knife aside; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the proper man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the verset world. Dost not rosemary andromeo begin both with a letter?
情景。Ay, nurse: what of that? both with an R.
Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sentences of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.
情景. Commend me to thy lady.
Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.] Peter! Pet. Anon?
Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and pace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the
In half an hour she promised to return. [nurse; Perchance she cannot meet me; that's not so.
O, she is late! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times fatter glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highest hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Hast she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball:
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Jul. Honey nurse, what news?
Peter. He's not with me; I sent 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 shamesst the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sorry a face.
Nurse. I am a weary, give me leave awhile:
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!
Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.
Nurse. 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 heart good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, no; not he;
though his face be better than any man's, yet
his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot,
and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet
they art past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy,
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.
Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you
dined at home?
Jul. No, no; but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head
have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side; O my back, my back!
Bear bawd your heart for sending me about.
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my
love?
Nurse. O your love says, like an honest gentleman,
and a courtier, 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 repliest!
'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 poltice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to thistoy-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then lie he you hence to Friar Laurence.
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.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the sun's beams.
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go: I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow she endure not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death doth what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume; the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness.
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer;
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor. [both.
Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Come, copyright, and let us hence unknown in words,
Bags of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.
Fri. L. Girl, come with me, and we will make
Short work:
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Mer. Pray, let's meet. I am heartily tired with this heat; and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. I am like such a fellow?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast; thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg if full of meal, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun; didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling.

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter Tybalt and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us. couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and I will give my word as good as yours.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discord: here’s my fiddlestick: here’s that shall make you dance. "Zounds, consort!"

Ben. We talk here in the public humour of men: Either withdraw unto some private place, And reason coldly of your grievances.

Or else depart: here all eyes gaze on us. [gaze]

Mer. Men’s eyes were made to look, and let them I will not budge for no man’s pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man. [cry:]

Mer. But I’ll be hang’d, sir, if he wear your livery. Marry, go before to field, he’ll be your follower; Your worship in that sport may call him by name. 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 That such a greetings wilt am I none. Therefore hear one: I see thou hast bestow’d on 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 injured 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 dear as I received it of my mother,— Merc. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! Alla stoecata carries it away.

Tyb. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Rom. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-heat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his picher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.]

Rom. Gentile 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 Forbidden brawling in Verona streets: Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio! [Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio, and flies with his followers.]

Mer. I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses! I am sped. Is he gone, and hath nothing? [Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much. Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough. I'll serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a brag- gart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house. Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, And somaily too: your houses shall be cursed.

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince’s near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf: my reputation stain’d With Tybalt’s slander.—Tybalt, that an hour Hath been in my kinsman! O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate And in my temper soot’d valour’s steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio’s dead! That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth. Rom. This day’s black fate on more days doth de- cline, This but begins the wo’e, others must end. [head] Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, my soul!—and let it be! And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter Tybalt.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gavest me: for Mercutio’s soul Is but a type of mine; that崔 now is gone. Staying for thine to keep him company: Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him, 
Shalt with him hence. [Exeunt.]

Rom. This shall determine that. [They fight; Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone! 
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain. 
Stant not amazed; the prince will doom thee death, 
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away! 
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool! 
[Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens, &c.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio? 
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? 
Ben. There lies that Tybalt. 
Up, sir, go with me; 
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, 
Their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginers of this fray? 
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all 
The unheky manage of this fatal brawl: 
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, 
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child! 
O prince! O cousin! In blood! O, the blood is as silt 
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, his thou art true, 
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. 
O cousin, cousin! 
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray? 
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay: 
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink 
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal 
Your high displeasure: all this uttered 
With gentle breath, calm look, leaves humbly bow'd, 
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen 
Of Tybalt dealt to peace, but that he fills 
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast, 
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, 
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats 
Cold death aside, and with the other sends 
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity 
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud, [tongue; 
"Hold, friends! part!" as swifter than his 
His agile arm beats down their fatal points, 
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm 
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life 
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled; 
But by and by comes back to Romeo, 
Who has his kinsman's heart in revenge, 
And to 't they go like lightning, for ere I 
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain, 
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly. 
This is the truth, or let Benvolvo die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague; 
Affection makes him false: he speaks not true: 
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, 
And all those twenty could but kill one life, 
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give; 
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. 
Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; 
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe? 
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend. 
His fault concludes but what the law should end, 
The life of Tybalt. 

Rom. [aside.] And for that offence 
We immediately do exiles him hence: 
I have an interest in your hate proceeding, 
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding; 
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 
That you shall all repent the less of mine: I will neither patch nor repair your breaches; 
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our abuses; 
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste. 

Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 
Bear hence this body and attend our will: 
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop space, you fiery-footed steeds, 
Towards Phæbus' lodging; such a waggoner 
As Phæbus would whip you to the west, 
And bring in cloudy night immediately. 
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, 
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo 
Leapt to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen. 
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites: 
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind, 
It best agrees with night. 
Come, civil night, 
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, 
And learn me how to lose a winning match, 
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmanned blood, bathing in my cheeks, 
With th'black mitable; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty. 
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night; 
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night 
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. [night. 
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd 
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die, 
Take him and cut him out in little stars, 
And he will make the face of heaven so fine 
That all the world will be in love with night 
And pay no worship to the garish sun. 
O, I have bought the mansion of a love, 
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold, 
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day 
As is the night before some festival 
To an impatient child that hath new robes 
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse, 
And she brings news: and every tongue that speaks 
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. 

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? 
the cords 
That Romeo bid thee fetch? 

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. 
[Throws them down.

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands? 
[dead! 

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's 
We are undone, lady, we are undone; 
Alack the day! It's my dearest friend; he's dead! 
Jul. Can heaven be so envious? 

Nurse. Romeo can, 
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo! 
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo! 

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me? 
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. [Itthus 
Hast Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,' 
And that bare word 'I' shall poison more 
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice; 
I am not I, if there be such an I; 
Or those eyes shut, that may the answer 'I.' 
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no; 
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe. 
[eyes,— 

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine 
God save the mark! — here on his maine breast; 
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse; 
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed with blood. 
Ain god so bold? it's wounded at the sight. 
Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at 
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty! [once 
Vile earth, to earth resign: end motion here: 
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 

Nurse. [weeping.] Thrice hath the day for thee. 
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman! 
That ever I should live to see thee dead!


Romeo and Juliet. Scene III.

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearest lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

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 flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! foul unkind angel!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of distainest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bow'r the spirit of a friend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

"Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissembler.
Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitae;
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Sume to 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!

"Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your friend?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband;
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband;

All this is comfort: wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fast;
But, O, it presseth to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Thy'll be dead, and Romeo —banish'd,'
That 'banish'd,' that one word 'banish'd,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybals. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if you woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow not, when she said, 'Tybalt's dead,'
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banish'd,' to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, till dead. 'Romeo is banish'd,'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

"Nurse. Wakening and waiting over Tybalt's corpse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wilt thou thy wounds with tears; mine shall be spent.
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords; poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid—die maiden-widow'd.
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

"Nurse. He to his chamber; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you! I wot well where Juliet
Hath said she 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.

Exeunt Romeo.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What doth this passion crave acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not? [Fri. L.* Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

[Fri. L. * A gentle judgment vanish'd from his Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death,'
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death; do not say 'banishment.'

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banish'd:
Be patient: for the world is wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banish'd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: then banish'd,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st thy head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives: and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In currant-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banish'd:
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banish'd.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hast thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-hand knive,
No sudden mean of death, though he'er so mean,
But 'banish'd' to kill me? —'banish'd'?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word —'banish'd'?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak A word; To comfort thee, though thou art banish'd.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT III.

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Fri. L. Where there is no breath of heart-sick groans, Mist-like, intold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Lark, how they knock! Who's there?

Fri. L. There go my study. And by and by! God's will, What simplicity is! I come, I come!

Fri. L. Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [Kneels] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand; I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case, Just in her case! O woful sympathy! Piteous preachment! Even so lies she, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man: For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand; Why should you fall into so deep an O? Romeo. Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end Romeo. Spakest thou of Juliet? is she what is with her? Doth she not think me an old murderer, Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood removed but little from her own? Where is she? and how doth she? and what says My conceal'd lady to our cancel'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 down falls again.

Fri. L. As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me, In what vile part of this anatomy Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack The hateful mansion.

Fri. L. [Drawing his sword.] Art thou a man? thy form cries out thy art: Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast: Unseemly woman in a seeming man! Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! Thou hast done this deed; by my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper'd. Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady too that lives in thee, By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Fri. L. Have not thou on thy thirst, the heaven, and earth? Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet In thee at once: which thou at once wouldst lose. Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit; Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all, And wast not in that true use indeed Which shouldst with true occupation dye, thy wit, thy noble shape is but a form of wax, Disgressing from the valour of a man; Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury, Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish; Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, And in the dis-shape of the ornament, Tho' like powder in a skillless soldier's flask, Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance, And thou dismember'd with thine own defence. What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive, For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead; There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slew'st Tybalt: there art thou happy too: The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: A pack of blessings lights upon thy back; Happiness courts thee in her best array; But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench, Thou pout'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 hundred thousand times more joy Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. Go before, and tender welcome to thy lady; And bid her hasten all the house to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto: Romeo is coming.

Fri. L. [night] Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come. Rome. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide. Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir: He you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit. Rome. How well my comfort is revived by this! Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands

SCENE IV.—A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily, That we have had no time to move our daughter: Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly, And so did I: — We, we were born to die. "Tis very late she 'd 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.

Lou. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to- night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desparate tender Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled In all respects by me; ay, more, I doubt it not.
Scene V. — Capulet’s orchard.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above, at the window.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, what envious streaks
Do lash the airy simples with th’ irrepressible
Night’s candles burnt out and jocund day
Stands tip-top on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need’st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta’en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I’ll say thou art not the morning’s eye,
’Tis but a pale redness of Cytherea’s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vanity heen so high on 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: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasant sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and o’erhead toad change eyes;
O, no, nor those who have exchanged voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt’s-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse? [Ber: Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your cham-
The day is broke: be wary, look about.]
Nurse. What shall I say to her, my lord, when she shall have lived out life?
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I’ll de-
send.
Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend?
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
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
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
[Serve Jul. O God, I have an ill-dining soul!
Methinks I see thee now, thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look’st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Addien, addien! [Exit.
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long;
But send him back.
La. Cap. [Within] No, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is ‘t that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom’d cause procures her litter?
Enter Lady Capulet.
La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin’s death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love.
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou wwest not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter’d him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
Jul. [Aside] Villain and he be many miles asun-
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart; [ber.—
And yet no more than doth relieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
[Hands: Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my Would none but I might venge my cousin’s death!£
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
Jul. then kid.
Then weep no more. I’ll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish’d runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom’d dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied:
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex’d:
Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter’d him! [a man.
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I’ll find such
But now I’ll tell thee joyous tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they? I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, [child;
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect’st not nor I look’d not for.
Act III.

Romeo and Juliet.

Scene V.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday

morn.

The gallant, young and noble gentleman,

The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,

He shall make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate.

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. There comes your father; tell him so

yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son

It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;

For still those eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do eb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!

Have you deliver'd her to your decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none; she gives you

thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you,

wife.

How! Dost she still she none? dost she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? dost she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chlop-logic! What is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'

And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,

Think me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds.

But betake your fine looks against Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carri'on! out, you baggage!

You tallow-face! 

La. Cap. Pie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what; get thee to church, o' Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

Myingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest

That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hiding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossip; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye godden.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad:

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company; still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Studd'd, as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mannet, in her fortunate tender,

To marry, 'tis I ne'er will wed; I cannot cure,

I am too young; I pray you, get me on me,

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:

Look to, 't think on 't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is hear; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An ye be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets.

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good;

Trust to 't, betheouk: I 'till not be forsworn.

[Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument were Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit. 

Jul. O God! - Nurse, howshall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send me it from heaven

By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.

Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;

Or, if he do, needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.

O, he's a deadly gentle gentleman.

Romeo is dared out to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first; or if it did not,

Your first is dead; or 'twas as good he were,

As living, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse.

And from my soul too;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse.

What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,

To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath praised him with above compare

So many thousand times? Go, console me:

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. 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. L. You say so: do not know the lady's
Unveil the course, I like the thing. [jum: ;
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venn's smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much away,
And in his wisdom busies our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much mindi'd by herself alone,
May be put from her by society;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [Aside] I would I knew not why it should
be slow'd.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, 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. [report.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I speak, I speak it to my face. [lit.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd
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? [now.

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I reseüe;
Tell Capulet to hear; and keep this holy kiss. [Exit.

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It straitens me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest 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 on our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall stay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me a speedy and effectual end.
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 speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to say thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
Some thing like death to choke away this shame,
That course with death himself to escape from it;
And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thieves' ways; or bid me hurk
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 chappless skulls;
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.
[Jul. To live an unstaíd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give con-
To marry Paris; Wednesday is to-morrow: [sent
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou with this view beauty and soul,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but successe:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thon livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pay ashes, thy eyes' windows fall.
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridgroom in the morning comes
To rear 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 beard that base analytics
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell me not of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and pros-
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed [perons
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [Exit.

SCENE II.—Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two
Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.
Sec. Sere. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try
if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?
Sec. Sere. 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, be gone. [Exit Sec. 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 dosome good on her; A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is. Nurse. See where she comes from shift with merry look. Enter Juliet.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where have you learn'd me to repent the sin Of course of oppos'd立志: To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you. Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this; I'll have this knot knelt up to-morrow morning. Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell; And gave him what became love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up: This is as 't should be. Let me see the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him. Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful utensils. As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough. [to-morrow. Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church. [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 then 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 prisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behovful 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.


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 I do here? My dismal scene I needs must act alone. Come, viat. What if this mixture do not work at all? Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

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 but what yet, no Trumpet shall not, For he hath still been tried a holy man. 410 If, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point! Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault? To whose cold mouth no halitose air breathes in, And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? Or, if I live, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place,— As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, Where, for these many hundred years, the bones Of all my buried ancestors are puck'd; Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, Lies festering in his shroud: where, as they say, At some hours in the night spirits resort; — Alack, alack, is it not like that I, So early thinking, what with kingly smells, And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth, That living mortals, bearing them, run mad: — O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environd 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 bane, As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay! Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee. [She falls upon her bed, within the curtaine.

SCENE IV. — Hall in Capulet's house.

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 laked meats, good Angelica: Spare not for cost. Nurse. Go, you cotquee, go, to get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow For this night's watching. Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick. La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time; But I will watch you from such watching now. [Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse. Cap. A jealousy-hood, a jealousy-hood! Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, logs, and baskets. Now, fellow, What's there? First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what. Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit First Serv.] Sirrah, fetch drier logs: Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are. Nurse. Sir, I have yet meat in my hand that will find out legs, And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, la! Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day: The county will be here with music straight,
ACT IV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE V.

For so he said he would: I hear him near. [Music within.

Nurse! Wife! What! ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, and go trim her up; I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste, Make haste; the bridgroom he is come already: Make haste, I say. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she: Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you sing-a-bed! Why, love, I say! madam! sweetmeat! why, bride! What, not a word? you take your pennycworths 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 must needs 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? [Undresses the curtains.

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again! I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady! Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead! O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.


Nurse. What is the matter? Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day! La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life, Revive, look up, or I will die with thee: Help, help! Call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come. [the day! Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead. Cap. Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold; Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff; Life and these lips long been separat'd: Death lies on her like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. Nurse. O lamentable day! La. Cap. [Exeunt Capulet, La. Cap.

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. L. 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 him with thy wife. There she lies, Flower as she was, deflowered by him. Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir; My daughter he hath wedded: I will die, And leave him all: life, living, all is Death's. Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's And doth it give me such a sight as this? [face. Nurse. Accursed, unhappier, wretched, hateful, Most miserable hour that ever time saw [day! 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!
beaut you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dag-ger. Answer me like men:
‘When grieving grief the heart doth wound,
I And doleful damps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound’—
why ‘silver sound’? why ‘music with her silver sound’?
What say you, Simon Catling?’
First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
Sec. Mus. I say ‘silver sound,’ because musicians sound for silver.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantu. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rome. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom’s lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think.—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess’d,
When but love’s shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar, boatel.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar! Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar? How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill. If she be well.
Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capel’s monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred’s vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Rome. Is it so? then I defy you, stars! Thou know’st my lodging: let me in, and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
Balth. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rome. Tush, thou art deceived:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Balth. No, my good lord.
Rome. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I’ll be with thee straight.
[Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will live with thee to-night.
Let’s see for means: O mischief, thou art swift To enter in the thoughts of desperate men! I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabout he dwells,—which late I noted In tatter’d weeds, with overwhelming brows, Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones: And in his needily shop a tortoise hung, An alligator and stinking skins,
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds, Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses, Were thinly scatter’d, to make up a show.
Noting this penny, to myself I said ‘An if a man did need a poison now,

ACT V.

SCENE II. —Friar Laurence’s cell.

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo? [John.
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out, One of our order, to associate me,
Here in thy province visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal’d up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay’d.
Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar’s shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rome. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there are forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired.
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon’s womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua’s law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rome. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear’st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world’s law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, sir, doth not wish me;
Rome. But why poverty, and not thy will?
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off: and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Rome. There is thy gold, worse poison to men’s souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor poisons that thou sayst not sell.
I sell thee poison: thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet’s grave: for there must I use thee.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.
ACT V.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE III.

Not get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
I he let he full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I 'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Fri. L. Now must I go to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will bestrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Muntua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!—[Exit.

SCENE III.—A churchyard; in it a tomb 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. [Aside:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all alone,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall not boy!
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whist! then to me,
As signal that then hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [Aside] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

Retires.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones:—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Page whispers.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wandereth this ways to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch? muttle me, night, awhile. [Retires.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning [iron
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st 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 was bade not to intend to do,
By heaven, I will fare thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shall thou show me friendship. Take
thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Balt. [Aside] For all this same, I 'll hide me here—
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [about:

Retires.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou wond'ring of death,
Gorged 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 dieth;
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Stop thy mallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head;
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone: live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Will thou provoke me? then have at thee,
[They fight.

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [Exit.

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. 

[Dies.

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me pursue this face.
Mercerio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betrothed 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 wanteth? O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in such misfortune's book!
I 'll bury thee in a triumphal grave:
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.

[Enters Paris in the tomb.

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,
What was it then, mothers, that didst EUR
Thou art not conquer'd: beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
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?
Forbear 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
Thine ills to wet with his unwholesome tears?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee:
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke ofUSB.

Balth. [Aside] For all this same, I 'll hide me here—
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [about:

Retires.

Rom. Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
ACT V.  

ROMEO AND JULIET.  

SCENE III.

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 churchyard, Friar Laurence,  
with a lantern, crown, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?  
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows  
you well. [friend.

Fri. L. BeIsrael upon you! Tell me, good my  
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument. [iter.  
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my mas-  
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?  
Bal. Romeon.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?  
Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. 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. [iter me:  
Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes  
Of much, I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeon! 

[Advances.  

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discoulour'd by this place of peace? [Enters the tomb.

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steel'd in blood? Ay, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
The lady stirs, [Juliet wakes.  

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet [Noise again], I dare no  
longer stay.  

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. [Exit Fri. L.

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.  
O charmer all, and left no friendly drop  
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips:  
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.  
Thy lips are warm.  

First Watch. [Within] Lead, boy; which way?  

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy  
Doctor! [Switching Romeo's dagger.  
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.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about  
the churchyard:  
Go, some of you, who'er you find attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.  
Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets;  
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:  
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these pitious woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him  
in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince  
come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with Friar Laurence.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,  
and weeps;  
We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he went coming from this churchyard side,  
First 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?  

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,  
Some say some Paris and some Paris, and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument. [ears.  

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our  
First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County  
Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Wormed and new kild,  

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul  
murder comes.  

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;  
With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs. [Bleeds.  

Cap. O heaven! O wife, look how our daughter  
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, le, his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom,—  
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.  

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,  
To see thy son and heir more early down.  

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:  
What further woe conspires against my age?  

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.  

Mon. O thou untaught! 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 misgivings.  
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 mischance be slave to patience.  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.  

Fri. L. 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 excused.  

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in  
this.  

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of  
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.
Romeo and Juliet.

ACT V.

Scene III.

Romeo and Juliet.

I married them; and their stol’n marriage-day
Was Tybalt’s dooms-day, whose untimely death
Bann’d the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth’d and would have married her perforce
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor’d by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this late night,
To help to take her from her borrow’d grave,
Being the time the potion’s force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay’d by accident, and yesternight
Return’d my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I conveniently to take her from her kindred’s vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
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 seemed, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
I was privy: and, if caught in this
Misdemeanor by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, 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?

Benvolio. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Benvolio. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lassiness.
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav’st me; for Mercutio’s soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Saying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tybalt. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Romeo. This shall determine that.—Act III., Scene 1.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PÆRSONÆ.

Timon, of Athens.
Lucius, Lucullus, flattering lords.
Sempronius, Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends.
Alciobidas, an Athenian captain.
Apemantus, a curtilish philosopher.
Flavius, steward to Timon.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian, Flamininus,
Lucullus, servants to Timon.
Servilius, servants to Timon's creditors.

Phrynia, Timandra, mistresses to Alciobidas.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE—Athens, and the neighbouring woods.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page xxi.]

ACT I.


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Tay. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Poet. Ay, that's well known: but what particular rarity? what strange, which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; 'tis other's a jeweller. 

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed as it to an untirable and continuant goodness: [were, He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray let's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but for that— Poet. [Reciting to himself] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile, It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking at the jewel.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedi- To the great lord. [citation Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gun, which ooze's From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire? the flint Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself and like the current flies Each bound it chases. What have you there? Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your look forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.
ACT I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE I.

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd;
Whom do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whose Fortune with her fiery hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'T is conceived to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lords lillies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Ay, marry, what of these?

When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns 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.

'T is common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows or For.
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every author: a Messenger from Ven
ditius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: live talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait;
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Venitius! 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 will pay the debt, and free him.
Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Command me to him; I will send his man;
And being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

[Exeunt.

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
Tim. Attendeth he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service. [creature.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and fair;
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levioly's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Tim. Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be miss-
call the gods to witness, I will choose
-ing, 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,
This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bold in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Paw me not this your honour, she is his. [promise.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my

Luc. Humly I thank your lordship; never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you your there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome. The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find it like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Joc. What, my lord! despair?

Tim. A mere satire of commendations.

Joc. I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Joc. 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 moral the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. What mock'd.

Mrr. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be child?

Enter Apemantus.

Joc. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mrr. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow:
I'm honest. [ honest.

When the art Timon's dog, and these knives
Tim. Why dost thou call them knives? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Joc. You know me, Apemantus? name.

Apem. Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by thy

Thou art prond, Apemantus. [Timon.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like
Tim. Whether art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains,

69.
ACT I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Scene I.

Timon. That's a deal thou'lt die for. [law.
ApeM. Right, if doing nothing be death by the
Timon. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
ApeM. The best, for the innocence.
Timon. Will the lie not well that painted it?
ApeM. He wrought better that made the painter;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.
ApeM. Thy mother's of my generation: what's
she, if I be a dog?

Timon. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
ApeM. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will
not cost a man a doit.
Timon. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
ApeM. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet?
Poet. How now, philosopher?
ApeM. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
ApeM. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
ApeM. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
ApeM. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,
where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.
ApeM. Yes. he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee
for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy
o' the flatterer. Heaven's, that I were a lord!
Timon. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
ApeM. 'E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord
with my heart.
Timon. What, thyself?
ApeM. Ay.
Timon. Wherefore?
ApeM. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.

Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
ApeM. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it. [thee
ApeM. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tem. What trumpet's that?
Mess. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.
Timon. Pray, entertain them: give them guide to
[Exeunt some Attendants.
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence.
Till I have thank'd you; when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

ApeM. Most welcome, sir!

Mer. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these
sweet knives,
And kill this cowtease? The strain of man's bred out
Into bishop and monkey.
Alcibi. Sir, you have saved my hunger, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Timon. Right welcome, sir!

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?
ApeM. Time to be honest.
First Lord. That time serves still.

ApeM. The more accrued thou, that still omit'st
it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
ApeM. Ay, to see meat fill knives and wine heat
Timon. Shall he not well that paints thee there.
ApeM. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?
ApeM. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I
mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

ApeM. Why shouldst do nothing at thy bidding:
make thy requests to thy friend.
Sec. Lord. Away, unpeacable dog, or I'll spurn thee
hence!
ApeM. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in.

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness. [gold.
Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Not tenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man. [we in?
Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
First Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hunting playing loud music. A great banquet served in;
Flavius and others attending: then enter Lord Timon
Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then
comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly,
like himself.

Ten. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's
And call him to long peace. [age,
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 derived liberty.

Timon. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever: and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

Ten. A noble spirit!
Timon. [They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.
Ceremony was but devised at first.
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown; [none.
But where there is true friendship, there needs
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.
First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.
ApeM. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you
Timon. O, Apemantus, you are welcome. [not?
ApeM. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [there
Timon. Fei, thou'rt a charl; ye've got a humour
Does not become a man: 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but your
man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by
himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is he
fit, indeed, for it.
ApeM. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon: I
come to observe: I give thee warning on 't.
Timon. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.
ACT I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE II.

Apen. I scorn thy meat; 'tis would choke me, for I should never flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em 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, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him; So fall to 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.

[Triad.]

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go.

Apen. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which 'ne'er man of the hire:

This and my food are equal; there's no odds: Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANUS' 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 asleep; Or a keeper with my freedom; Or my friends, if I should need 'em. And ladies, though Old Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Exit, and drinks.

Much good dity thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alecbidas, your heart's in the field now.

Aleib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Aleib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apen. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em.

First Lord. Mighty but we have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeal, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told you of myself to you than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we never have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many; like brothers, commending one another's fortunes. O joy, you have made my heart so full! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apen. Thou wcepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes And at that instant like a babe sprung up. [Hard.

Apen. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that bebe a base. Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apen. Much! [Tucket, within.

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what can their wills? Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all That of his bounties taste! The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron: and come freely To gratulate thy plentiful bosom: th'ear, Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance: Music, make their welcome! [Exit Cupid. First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Ape- muns, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apen. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes They dance! they are mad women. [this way! Like madness is the glory of this life. As this part of the world, and church of a little oil and root. We make ourselves fools, to disjoint ourselves; And spend our flatteries, to drink those men Upon whose age we void it up again, With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves? Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves Of their friends' gift? I should fear those that dance before me now Would one day stamp upon me: 'tis been done; Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies.

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, Which was not half so beautiful and kind; You have added worth unto 't and lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for 't.

First Lord. My lord, you take us even at the best. Apen. "Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me. Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord. [Exit Cupid and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius. Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet! [Escn. There is no crossing him in's humour; Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should. When all's spent, he'll be cross'd then, an he could. "Is pity charity had not eyes behind? That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [Exit. First Lord. Where be our men? 611
SCENE I.—A Senator’s house.

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore.

He owes nine thousand: besides my former sum, Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not. If I want gold, steal but a beggar’s dog, And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold. If it 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 found his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say!

ACT II.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

TIm. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it. [that, Sec. Lord, With more than common thanks I will Third Lord. O, he’s the lordliest of beauty! Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave

Much wrong, you hate too much of your own merits: Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. [receive it. Sec. Lord. Ay, and with several thanks I will

Enter Flavius, with the casket.

Flav. O my friends, [lord, I have one word to say to you: look you, my good
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it, Kind my lord.

First 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
Nearly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech you your honour, Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then, another time I’ll hear thee:
I prithee, let’s be provided to show them entertain- Flav. [Aside] I scarce know how. [melt.

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp’d in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the presents Be worthily entertain’d.

Enter a third Servant.

How now, what news?

Third 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 received, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffers.
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes For every word: he is so kind that he now Pays interest for ’t; his land’s put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forced out!
Hapker is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do en’d enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit. Tim.

You do yourselves

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon.

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial, nor then silenced when—
‘Command me to your master’—and the cap Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of my own; I know no days and times are past
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have snit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my hand to heal his finger;
Immediate are my necks, and my relief
Must not be tuss’d and turn’d to me in words,
But find supply immediate. O you gone?
Put on a most importunate aspect,
ACT II.  

TIMON OF ATHENS.  

SCENE II.  

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.  

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flood 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 unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunt.  

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.  

Caph. Good even, Varro: what  
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?  
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?  
Isid. Serv. It is so.  
Caph. Would we were all discharged!  
Var. Serv. I fear it.  
Caph. Here comes the lord.  

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c.  

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?  
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.  
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?  
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.  
Tim. Go to my steward,  
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month:  
My master is awaked by great occasion  
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit  
In giving him his right.  

Tim. Mine honest friend,  
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.  
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—  
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.  
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—  
Isid. Serv. From Isidore:  
He humbly prays your speedy payment, [wants—  
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's  
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeit, my lord, six  
And past.  
weeks  
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.  
Tim. Give me breath.  
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;  
I'll wait upon you instantly.  

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.  

Flavi. Pray, draw near.  

[Exit.  

[Exit Alcibiades and Lords.  

Flavi. Come hither: pray you,  
How goes the world, that I am thus enquirer'd  
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,  
And the detention of long-since-dues debted,  
Against my honour?  

Flavi. Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is inrecognizable this business;  
Your importunity cease till after dinner,  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.  

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.  

Flavi. Fray, draw near.  

[Exit.  

Enter Ape man tus and Fool.  

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape man tus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.  
Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.  
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!  
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?  
Apea. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?  
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.  
Apea. No, 'tis to thyself. [To the Fool] Come away.  
Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your back already.  
Apea. No, thou stand'st single, thou rt not on  
Caph. Where's the fool now? [him yet.  
Apea. He last asked the question. Poor rogues,  
and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!  
All Serv. What are we, Ape man tus?  
Apea. Asses.  
All Serv. Why?  
Apea. That you ask me what you are, and do not  
know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.  
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?  
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool; how does your mistress?  
Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such  
chickens as you are. Would we could see you at  
Apea. Good! gramerce. [Cornith!  

[Exit Pal.  

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.  
do you in this wise company? How dost thou,  
Ape man tus?  
Apea. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I  
might answer thee profitably.  
Page. Prithee, Ape man tus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is  
which.  
Apea. Canst not read?  
Page. No.  
Apea. There will little learning die then, that  
day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this  
to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and  
thou 'rt a bawd.  
Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt  
shame a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.  

[Exit.  

Apea. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I  
will go with you to Lord Timon's.  
Fool. Will you leave me there?  
Apea. If Timon stay at home. You three serve  
three usurers?  
All Serv. Ay; would they served us!  
Apea. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.  
Fool. Are you three usurers' men?  
All Serv. Ay, fool.  
Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?  
Apea. I could render one.  
Apea. Do it then, that we may account thee a  
whore-master and a knave; which not withstanding,  
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 't appears like a lord;  
sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosophe,  
with two stones more than 's artificial one: he  
is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all  
shapes that man goes up and down in from four-score  
to thirteen, this spirit walks in.  
Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.  

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ACT II.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE II.

Unwarily, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack?
To whom shall I lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would breach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings: for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius;
to Lord Lucillus you: I limited with his honour to-day: you, to Scampronius: commend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have forced time to use you towards a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flamin. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [Aside] Lord Lucillus and Lucinus? H'm! Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing— but 'tis send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold—

For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do so on their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at full, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would: are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wished— they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench— would all were well—'tis pity:

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving knots
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! Prithée, man, look cheerly.
These old fellows have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold; it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius. [To Flav.] Prithée,
be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak.
No blame belongs to thee. [To Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd into a great estate: when he was poor,
Inimick'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
But him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents [Exit Serv.]. [To Flav.] That had,
give 't these fellows
To whom 't is instant due. Never speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes mong his friends can sink.
Flav. I could I could not think it: that thought
Is bounty's foe:
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exit.}
Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Flam. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Luc. Here’s my lord.

Serv. Lucullus. [Aside] One of Lord Timon’s men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits 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 Serv.]

Luc. And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? His health is well, sir. [ter? Luc. 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.

Luc. Flam. la, la, la! nothing doubting, says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman ’tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha’ 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 ha’ told him on’t, but I could ne’er get him from it.

Enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have note thee always wise. Here’s to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well; good parts in thee. [To Serv.] Get you gone, sirrah [Exit Serv.]. Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord’s a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here’s three solitudes for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawst me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is’t possible the world should so much differ, and we alive that lived? Fly dammed baseness, To him that worships thee! [Throwing the money back.]

Luc. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit.

Flam. May these add to the number that may say so! Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods, I feel my master’s passion! this slave, Unto his honour, has my lord’s meat in him: Why should it thrive and turn to nutrient, When he is turn’d to poison? O, may diseases only work upon’t! And, when he’s sick to death, let not that part of Which my lord paid for, be of any power (nature To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord; and which I hear from common rumour: how Lord Timon’s happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord; that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urged extremely for’t and showed what necessity belonged to’t, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. Well, a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on’t. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in’t. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trinkets, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mislooked and sent to me, I would ne’er have denied his occasion to so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Luc. Sec. See, by good hap, yonder’s my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord,

[To Lucius. Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Sec. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent— Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much enfeebled to that lord; he’s ever sending; how shall I thank him, thickest thou? And what has he sent now?

Sec. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents. Sec. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius? Sec. Upon my soul, ’tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to diminish myself against such a good time, when I might ha’ shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and made a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast. I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness: but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done’t now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship: and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest affections, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Sec. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I’ll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that’s once denied will hardly speed. [Exit.

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.
First Stron. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece. Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been the lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse. Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet—O, see the monstrouness of man When he chair in an unmeetable shape!— He does deny him, in respect of his, What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stron. Religion groans at it.

First Stron. For mine own part, I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend: yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue
And honourable carriage,

Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have returned to him,
So much I love him: but, I perceive,

Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon.

Serv. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—

Love others!
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too.
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Own their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Serv. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three—hum!
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physici-
ans, [me?

Thrive, give him over; must I take the cure upon
Has much disgraced me in 't: I 'm angry at him,
That might have used him, but I see no sense in't,
But his occasions might have wodd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll require it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent me to first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villains of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul:

Takes virous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. — The same. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, waiting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine

Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phl. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

Luc. Serv. What do you think the hour?

Phl. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phl. Serv. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phl. I wonder on 't: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with
You must consider that a prodigal course, [him;
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 't is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet

Find little.

Phl. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. — Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels, And send for money for 'em. [noses:
Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can wit,
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than theft.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand
Crowns; what's yours, mine's five thousand.

Luc. Serv. And mine's five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sun,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
 Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him; he knows you are too diligent.

[Exit.

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay.

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough.

Why then prefer'st thou 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 the interest into their glutonium,
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up; [maws.
ACT III.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE V.

Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flar. \[If not serve, 'tis not so base as for you;
For I serve no knaves. [Exit.

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship matter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and
that's revenue enough. Who can speak broader
than he that has no house to put his head in? such
may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some
answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for,
take 't of my soul, my lord leant wondrously to dis-
content: his comfortable temper has forsok him;
he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not
And, if it 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 answer, sir: [lord!
Flam. [Within] Servilius, help! My lord! my

Enter Timon, in a rage: Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my pas-
Have I been ever free, and must my house [sage]
Be my retentive enemy, my gaud?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Fla. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tim. Mine, fifty talents.

Tit. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you! [Exit.

Hor. \[Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their cares at their money: these debts may well
be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius. [Exit.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
Creditors?—devils! [slaves.

Flar. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flar. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

[Flar. Here, my lord.

Tim. So litly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flar. O my lord, You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be 't not in thy care; go, I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. The senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it: the
Bloody: 'tis necessary he should die: [fault's
Nothing emboldens sin so much as fear.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, with Attendants.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the
First Sen. Now, captain? [senate

[Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Thath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heel, do plunge into 't.

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 foe:

And with such sober and unmoved passion
He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
\[servile

To make an ugly deed look fair.
Your words have took such pains as if they honour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born;

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs
[lesely,

His outsides, to wear them like his ruin'd, care-
And ne'er 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?

Alcib. My lord,— [look clear:

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.

Why do foul—and yours themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the toes quietly cut their threats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Londen with iron 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, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedemon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient brier for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:

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First. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here’s so. What would he have born to the world?

First. Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First. Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare you?

First. Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than a dilly.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harmoniously to the trumpet’s sound; we shall to’t presently.

First. Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty mess.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you. [senger.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am even such a father, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so fortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on’t, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it notumber your better remembrance.

[The banquet brought in.] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. A covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What’s the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished! [It?] Third Lord. Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. If you pray, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I’ll tell you more anon. Here’s a noble feast to Lord.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will ’t hold? will ’t hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will— and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be as all the gods, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lead to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of 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 latches of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
SCENE I.—Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall, That girldest in those wolves, dive in the earth, And hence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent! Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And murdered in their steads! to general filth; Convert o’ the instant, green virgins, Do’t in your parents’ eyes! bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters’ throats! bounders, steal! Large-headed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law. Maid, to thy master’s bed; Thy mistres is o’ the brother! Son of sixteen, Pluck the linnit crust from thy old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold scatista, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt, As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth, That ’gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I’ll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too; with multiplying bams! Timon will to the woods; where he shall find The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind. The gods confounded—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.

SCENE II.—Athens. A room in Timon’s house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where’s our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Timon. Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords! [fury?
Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon’s
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.
First Lord. He’s but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewell: other
day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: did you
see my jewel?
Third Lord. Did you see my cap?
Sec. Lord. Here ’t is,
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.
First Lord. Let’s make no stay.
Sec. Lord. Lord Timon’s at.
Third Lord. I feel’t upon my bones.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Scene IV.

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, [you?
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall’n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion throw into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick’d; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn’d poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin’d house,
Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon’s
Iivery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: lea’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 shall share amongst you,
Whenever we shall meet, for Timon’s sake,
Let’s yet be fellows; let’s shake our heads, and say,
As ’twere a knell unto our master’s fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would 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 hisvarnish’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!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still men,
My dearest lord, bless’d, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief affections. Alas, kind lord!
He’s flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to

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Suppose his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out.
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
While I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Woods and cave, near the see-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humility: below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividum, touch them with several fortunes;
The greater storms the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores by siege, can bear great fortune,
But by the hand of fortune. Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lords the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
In purity of mankind stand upright,
In darts, and say 'This man's a flatterer'? if one be,
So are they all; for every grace of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden food: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd:
All feast, societies, and throes of man!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction tangle 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, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's plow's from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the lees leprous adored, place thieves
And give mean titles, and great titles,
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the sphial-house and unclest sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, dammed earth,
Thou common receptacle of every odds
Among the routs of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [March after off.] Ha! a drum?
That? no't.
But yet I'll hurry thee: thou'll go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
For showing me again the eyes of man! [heart.
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to
That art thyself a man? [thee,
Tim. I am Misanthropeus, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou werst a dog,
That I might love thee something. [know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I
know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules: gules:
Religious canons are cruel: Then
What should war be? This tell where of thine

Athen.

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Plen. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Athen. 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 sums to borrow of.

Athen. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
if thou wilt not promise thee, thou mayst be,
For thou a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou an art a man!

Athen. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou sawst them, when I had prosperity.

Athen. I see them now: then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots;

Timon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
Voiced so regardly? [world

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Tim. Yes. [use thee;

Tim. Be a whore still; they love thee not that
Give their diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-checked youth
To the tab-fast and the diet.

Timon. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Bardon 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 band: I have heard, and grieved,
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 prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. Do thy best to pity him whom thou dost
I had rather be alone. [trouble?

Alcib. Why, fare thee well;

Hast some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Athen. When I have laid proud Athenes on a heap,—

Warr'st thou 'gainst Athenes?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have course.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thou art not, what thy least conquer'd!

Alcib. Why, me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vice city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword slip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself is a vawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trident sword; for those milk-kaps,
That through the window-laws bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity write.

[babe,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the
Whose dipped smiles from fools exhaust their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle [mercy;
Not doubly pronounced, thou that halt cut.
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maidens, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding.
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large the confusion, and thy prey spent.
Confounded be thyself. [Speak not, be gone.
Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me, Not all thy counsel. — [upon thee! Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse Phr. and Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more? Tim. Enough to make a whore forsware her trade, And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts, Your aprons mountant: you are not oatable. — Although, I know, you'll swear; terribly swear Into strong slanders and to heavenly augurs The immortal gods that hear you. — spare your hearts, I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still; And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And the notturncoat; yet may your pains, six months, Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs With barthens of the dead; — some that were hung'd. [still; No matter: — wear them, betray with them: where Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: A box of wrinkles! Phr. and Timon. Well, more gold: what then? Belive 't, that we'll do any thing for gold. Tim. Consumptions sow In hollow bones of men; strike their sharp shins, And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice, That he may never more be pleaded. Nor sound his quilletts shrilly: hear the flamen, That scolds against the quality of flesh, And not believes himself: down with the nose, Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away Of him that, his particular to foresee, Smells then the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald! And let the unscurr'd braggarts of the war Derive some pain from you: plague all; That your activity may defeat and quell The source of all erection. There's more gold: Do you damn others, and let this damn you, And ditches grave you all? Phr. and Timon. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon. Tim. More whores, more mischief first; I have given you earnest, — Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Fare-Timon. If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. Timi. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more. Alcib. I never did thee harm. Tim. Yes, thou spakest well of me. Alcib. Call'st thou that harm? Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take Thy beggles with thee. Alcib. We but offend him. Strike! [Drum beats. Excit. Alcibiades, Phrygia, and Timandra. Tim. That nature, being sick of man'sunkinness, Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou. [Digging. Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast, Teens, and feeds all: whose self-same mettle, Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is put'd, Engenders the black toad and adder blue, The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm, With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, From forth thy plentiful bosom, one poor root! Enseare thy fertile and conceptions womb, Let those beget following thy begetings! Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears; Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face Hath to the marbled mansion all above, Never presented! — O, a root. — dear thanks! — Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas; Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts And morsels unmets, greeches his pure mind. That from it all consideration slips! Enter Apemantus. More man? plague, plague! Apem. I was directed hither: men report Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them. Tim. 'T is, then, because thou dost not keep a dog, Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee! Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected; A poor unnam'd melancholy sprouting From change of fortune. Why this spindle? this place? This slave-like habit? and these looks of care? Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, he soft; Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods, By putting on the cunning of a carper. Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee, And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe, Blow off thy cap: praise his most vicious strain, And call it excellent; thou wast told thus: Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bad welcome To knaves and all approachers: 'Tis most just That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again, Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness. Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself. Apem. Then, thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself; A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain, Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss’d trees, That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels, And skip me thou point'st out? will the cold brook, Candiad with ice, cadle thy morning taste, To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures Whose naked natures live in all the spit, Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks, To the conflicting elements expose, Answer mere nature; but then flatter thee; O, thou shalt find — A fool of thee; depart. Apem. I love thee better now than 'er I did. Tim. I hate thee worse. Apem. Why? Tim. Thou flatterst's misisy. Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a craftiff. 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, 't were well; but thou Dost it cuforced; thou 'lst courtier be again, Wert thou not beggar. Willing misisy Outlives incessant pomp, is crown'd before: The one is filling still, never complete; The other, at high wish: best state, contentless, Hath a distracted and most wretched being, Worse than the worst, content, Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable. Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable. Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm With favour never clasped; but bred a dog. Hidst 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. Thyself command, thou wouldst have plunged 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,
ACT IV.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE III.

The months, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, love with one winter’s brush
Pelt with their boughs and bat the maples bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in suffering, time
Hath made thee hard in’t. Why shouldst thou hate
men?

Thou, flatter’d thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hast not been born the worst of men,
Thou must not have a bean and flatterer.
Art thou proud yet?

Apem. Ay, that I am not thee.

Tim. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I’d give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

Offering him a root.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the tick
of thine.

Tim. ’Tis not well mended so, it is but bodd’l
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thou wouldst have a 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 liest o’ nights, Timon?

Tim. Under’s that’s above me.

Apem. Where feed’st thou o’ days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it. [Mind!

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The muddled 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 knowest
none, but art despised for the contrary. There’s
a meedler for thee. eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a meedler?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hast hated meddlers sooner,
shouldest have loved thyself better now. What
man didst thou ever know unthrift that was
beheld after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hast some means
to keep a dog.

What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the
things themselves. What wouldst thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the con
fusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant
thee! attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox
would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox
would eat thee! if thou wert the fox, the lion
would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused
by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dizziness
would torment thee, and still thou livest but as
a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy
greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst
hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn,
pride and wrath would confound thee and
make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert
thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse:
when thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by
the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german
to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were jurors
on thy life: all thy safety were remotion and thy
defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that
were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art
already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to
me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the
commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou
art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter:
the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to
catch it and give way; when I know not what else
to do, I’ll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou
shalt be no more; away! I had rather be a beggar’s dog
than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon?

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. That is well; thou art an imbecile but what thou speakst.

Tim. If I name thee.

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 swound to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee.

[Throws a stone at him.

Beast!

Slave!

Tooth!

Rogues, rogues, rogues!

I am sick of this false world, and will love none.

But even the mere necessities upon’t.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lye where the light foam of the sea may heat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thee epitaph,
That death in me at others’ lives may laugh. [vorc
[To the gold! O thou sweet king-killer, and dear dis
Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright deliver
Of Hymen’s purest bed! thou valiant Mars! Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth flow the consanguineous
That lies on Dian’s lap! thou visible god,
That sober’st close impossibilities,
That tongue, and makest them kiss! that speakest with every
to every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would ’t were so!

But not till I am dead. I’ll say thou’st gold:
Thou wilt be throng’d to shortly.

[Exit Apemantus.

Tim. Throng’d to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. [Exit Apemantus.]

I am quit.

Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder; the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is hoised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he cheat not, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall’s get it?

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. ’Tis his description.

Third Ban. Here is he.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women’s sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her fullness before you. Want! why want? We cannot live on grass, on berries, As beasts and birds and fishes.

[Enter Timon.]

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con That you are thieves profess’d, that you work not In hollow shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves. Here’s gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o’ the grape, Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so ‘scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob; take wealth and lives together: Do villany, do, since you protest to do’t. Like workmen. I’ll example you with thievish: The sun’s a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea; the moon’s an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun; The sea’s a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears; the earth’s a thief, That feeds and breeds by a compository stolen From general excrement: each thing’s a thief: The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have unchecked’d theft. Love not yourselves: away, Rob one another. Cut throats: All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go, Break open shops; nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it; steal no less for this I give you; and gold confound you howso’er! Amen.

[Exit Banditti.]

First Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

Sec. Ban. ’Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I’ll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens; there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

Enter Flavius. [Excit Banditti.]

Flav. O you gods! Is your despised and ruined man my lord? Full of decay and failing? O monument! And seeds of goodly growth dead? What an alteration of honour Has desperate want made! What viler thing upon the earth than friends Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends! How rarely does it meet with this time’s guise, When man was wish’d to love his enemies! Grant I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me than those that do! Has caught u by his mind, and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? What dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou wantest thou art a man, I have forgot.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours. [Exit.

Tim. Then I know thee not: I never had honest man about me, I; all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness, You did put me in trust to thee.

Tim. For his undue lord than nine eyes for you.

Flav. What dost thou weep? Come nearer. Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim’st Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give But thorough lust and laughter. Pity’s sleeping; Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of 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 yet so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature mild. Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man Was born of woman.

Flav. Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim One honest man, and I will mistake not—it, but one; No more, I pray— and he’s a steward.

Tim. How fair 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 opposing and betraying me,

Thou mightst have sooner got another service: For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord’s neck. But tell me true— For I must ever doubt, though ne’er so sure— Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, Not a usual kindness and a rich men deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late: You should have fear’d false times when you did Suspect still comes where an estate is least: [feast; That which the flaxen bow, is merely love, Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living; and, believe it, My most honour’d lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope or present, I’ll exchange For this one wish, that you had power and wealth To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, ’tis so. Thou singly honest man, Here, take: the gods out of my misery Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy; But thus condition’d: thou shalt build from men; Hate all, curse all, shew enmity to none, But let the fanatical deed slide from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs What thou deny’st to men; let prisons swallow ‘em, Debts wither ‘em to nothing; be men like blasted woods, And may diseases lick up their false bloods: And so farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,

And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hast curses, Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free: Ne’er see thee then, and let me ne’er see thee.

[Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.

ACT IV.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE III.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The woods. Before Timon's cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better: You that are honest, by being what you are, Make them best seen and known.

Poet. He and myself Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts, And sweetly felt it. Tim. Aye, you are honest men.

Poet. We are hither to offer you our service. Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Poet. [Aside] Tim. Good honest men! Thon drawst a com Best in all Athens: thou 'rt, indeed, the best; Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Tim. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travaill 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: or I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, led him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Tim. Good as the best. Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

[Timon comes from his cave, behind.]

Tim. [Aside] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulence.


Poet. Nay, let's seek him: Then do we sin against our own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Tim. [Aside] When the day serves, before black-corner'd night, Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. Come.

[Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold.

That's worship'lld in a barren temple

Than where sinne feed! [foam,
'Tis thou that rigit'st the bark and plough'st the
Settest admir'd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship!' and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them. [Coming forward.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Tim. Our late noble master!

Poet. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Tim. Sir, Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the wisps of heaven are large enough:

What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover

The monstrous talk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

---

First Sen. Bring us to his cave: It is our part and promise to the Athenians To speak with Timon. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus; time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fruits of his former days.
The gentleman may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flour. Here is his cave.

TIMON comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be hanged!
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as puncturing to the root of the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Tim.
Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entirely give back to Athens: who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recaster, feeling in itself.
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense, withal
Of its own fault, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'sd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram:
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Even to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears;
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beween these comforts, worthy senators.
First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
[As
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild.
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shak's his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.
First Sen. Well, sir I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of corruption, lastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not.
While you have threats to answer; for myself,
There's not a whistle in the murkly camp.
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st threat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flour. Stay not, all's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and beauty now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejects in the common wreck,
As common ruin doth put it.

First Sen. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumph
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them, and tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whose please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.
Flour. Trouble him no further; thus you shall still
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent shafts shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss plague and infection meant!
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

Retires to his cave.

First Sen. His discontentments are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his
As full as thy report? [Exeunt.

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

First Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
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 't the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful sounding
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the shame. [Exeunt.
SCENE III.—The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place. Who's here? Speak, ho! No answer! What is this? Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span; Somewhat reard 'tis; 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 IV.—Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpest sound, Enter Alcibiades with his powers. 

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 traversed arms and breathed Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush, When crouching marble in the bearer strong Cries of itself. Now breathless wrong Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease, And pury insolence shall break his wind With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young, When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, Ere thou hast'd power or we had cause of fear, We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm, To wipe out our ingratitude with loves Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city's love By humble message and by promised means: We were not all unkind, nor all deserve The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours Were not erected by their hands from whom You have received your griefs; nor are they such That these great towers, trophies and schools should For private faults in them. [Fall Sec. Sen.

Nor are they living Who were the motives that you first went out: Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord, Into our city with thy banners spread: By decimation, and a tithed death— If thy revenge hungre for that food Which nature loathes—take then the destined tenth, And by the hazard of the spotted die Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended; For those that were, it is not square to take On those that are, revenges: crimes, like hands, Are not inherited. Then, dear countrypeople, Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage: Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall With those that have offended: like a shepherd, Approach the fold and call the infected forth, But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt, Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile Than hew to't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot Against our rampart gates, and they shall ope; So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before, To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove, Or any token of thine honour else, That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress And not as our confusion, all thy powers Shall make their harbour in our town, till we Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alec. Then there's my glove; Descend, and open your uncharged ports: Those enemies of Timon's and mine own Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof Fall and no more: and, to tone your fears With my more noble meaning, not a man Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream Of regular justice in your city's bounds, But shall be render'd 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 Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead; Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea; And on his grave-stone this inscription, which With wax I brought away, whose soft impression Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alec. [Reads the epitaph.] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked califiis left! [Fate: Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits: Though thou alibadi'st in us our human griefs, Scorn'dst their brain's flow and those our droplets which From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead Is noble Timon: of whose memory Hereafter more. Bring me into your city, And I will use the olive with my sword, Make war beed peace. make peace stint war, make Prescribe to other as each other's leech. [Each Let our drums strike. [Exit.

3d Bandit.—Let us make the assay upon him.—Act IV., Scene iii.

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Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Com- moners.

Flav. Hence! home, idle creatures, get you Is this a holiday? what! know you not, [home: Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou? First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, sir, what trade are you? Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobler.


Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou scurvy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we


[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page LXXI.]
ACT I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE II.

Flourish. Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cas. Calpurnia!


Cas. Calpurnia! Cal. Here, my lord.

When he doth run his course.安东尼

Ant. Caesar, my lord?

Cas. Forget not, in thy speed, Antony, To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shall shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Caesar says 'do this,' it is performed.

Cas. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Flourish.

Sooth. Caesar!

Cas. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cas. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry Caesar! Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. What man is that?

Brut. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cas. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Brut. What say'st thou to me now? speak once

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; pass.

[Scenic. Exit Casca and Brutus.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Brut. I am not gome; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have;

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Brut. Cassius, Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,

Conquering them, though I thereof

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour;

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect;

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forget the shows of love to other men.

Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion:

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brut. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

Cass. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have not such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye.

That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

Except immortal Caesar, speaking of Brutus

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brut. I am heavy, Cassius, and I do not lead me. Cassus. That you would have me seek into myself [sius, For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, 1, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughar, or did use

To state with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protestor; if you know

That I do fawn on men too hard,

And after scandal them, or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Brut. What means this shouting? I do fear, the

Choose Caesar for their king.

Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not, Cassins; 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 an intent towards the general good,

Set honour in one eye and death in the other,

And I will look on both indifferently.

For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cass. 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 a dog and wallow in the

Dirt; as to be a man and wear my heart in my sleeve.

I was ever a liberal and a free man;

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cesar said to me: 'Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,

Accorded as I was, I plunged in

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy:

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,

Cesar cried: 'Help me, Cassins, or I sink!'

1, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Died from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder.

The old Aeneid bears, so from the waves of Tiber

Did J. H. T. Pope, and a man whose name is

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: his coward lips did tremble

That same eye whose bend doth awe the world

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried: 'Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And before his strength himself should make the world
And him: it makes me weep to see a man
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they beheld a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what to fear. It is no matter to me,
Cæsar on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou thinkest of him.

[Curtain. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, but Cæcina.

Cæcina. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you

Speak with me?

[Day.

Brut. Ay, Cæcina: tell us what hath chance'd to
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Cæcina. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brut. I should not then ask Cæcina what had chance'd.

Cæcina. What if there was a crown offer'd him:
And being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus:
And then the people fell a-shouting.

Brut. What was the second noise for?

Cæcina. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shout'd thrice: what was the last cry
Cæcina. Why, for that too. [Exit.

Brut. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Cæcina. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other, and at every putting by nine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Cæcina. Why, Antony.

Brut. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Cæcina.

Cæcina. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere folly: I did not mark it.

I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; - yet 'twas not a crown neither; - it was one of these coronets: - and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time: and still as he refused it, the rabbleshoot bought and clapped their clapped hands and threw up their sweetly night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swomend and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, wilt, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swomend?

Cæcina. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brut. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I

And honest Cæcina: we have the falling sickness.

Cæcina. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the rag-tag people did not clap him and kiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am to true man.

Brut. Who can he be that useth himself?

Cæcina. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. And I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I could not have been among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three
or four wenchers, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts; but there's no need to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 

Brut. And after that, he came, thus sad, away? 

Casca. Ay. 

Cas. Did Cicero say anything? 

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek. 

Cas. To what effect? 

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll never look you in the face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. 

Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca? 

Casca. No, I am promised forth. 

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow? 

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating. 

Cas. Good, I will. I will respect you. 

Casca. Do so, Farewell, both. [Exit. 

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! 

He was quick medal when he went to school. 

Cas. So is he now in execution 

Of any bold or noble enterprise. 

However he puts on this fearful form. 

This rudeness is a spice to his good wit, 

Which gives men stomach to digest his words 

With better appetite. 

Brut. And so it is. For this time I will leave you: 

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, 

I will come home to you; or, if you will, 

Come home to me, and I will wait for you. 

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world. 

[Exit Brutus.] 

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, 

Thy honourable metal may be wrought 

From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet 

That noble minds keep ever with their likes; 

For who so firm that cannot be seduced? 

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 at his windows throw, 

As if it came from several corners seen 

Writing all tending to the great opinion 

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely 

Cesar's ambition shall be glanced 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. 

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, 

Cassius, with his sword drawn, and Cicero. 

Cic. Good even, Cassius: brought you Caesar home? 

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so? 

Cas. Are not you moved, when all the sway of 

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, earth 

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds 

Have rived the knotty eaks, and I have seen 

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, 

To be exalted with the threatening clouds; 

But never till to-night, never till now, 

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 

Either there is a civil strife in heaven, 

Or else the world, too scanty with the gods, 

Incenses them to send destruction. 

Cic. Why, is this the nature of our times? 

Cas. A common slave—you know him well by sight— 

Hold up his left hand, which did flame and burn 

Like twenty torches John'd, and yet his hand, 

Nor sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. 

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword— 

Against the Capitol I met a lion, 

Who glared upon me, and went surly by, 

Without annoying me. But several women were drawn 

Upon a man with a hundred ghostly women, 

Transformed with their fear: who saw they saw 

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 

And yesterday the bird of night did sit 

Even at noon-day upon the market-place, 

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies 

Do so come in my met, it is not men: 

'These are their reasons: they are natural: 'tis, 

For, I believe, they are portentous things 

Unto the climate that they point upon. 

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: 

But men may construe things after their fashion, 

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 

Ces. Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow? 

Cicero. He doth: for he did bid Antonius 

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow. 

Cic. Good—night then, Cassia: this disturbed sky 

Is not to walk in. 

Cassia. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero. 

Enter Cassius. 

Cas. Who's there? 

A Roman. 

Cas. Who? 

Cass. Caesar, by your voice. 

Cas. Caesar. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is 

Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men. [this! 

Cas. Who ever knew the heavens menace so? 

Cees. Those that have known the earth so full of 

Fomiyart, I have walk'd about the streets, [faults. 

Submitting me unto the perilous night. 

And, thus unbraced, Cassia, as you see, 

Have hared my bosom to the thunder-stone; 

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 

The breast of heaven, I did present myself 

Even in the aim and very flash of it. [heavens? 

Cass. But wherefore did you go so much to tempt the 

It is the part of men to fear and tremble, 

When the most mighty gods by tokens send 

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us. [life 

Cas. You are dull, Cassia, and those sparks of 

That should be in a Roman you do want, 

Or else you use not. You look pale as 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 fool and children calculate, 

Why all these things change from their ordinance 

Their natures and preformed 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 shall I, Cassia, most do thee a man 

Most like this dreadful night, 

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars 

As doth the lion in the Capitol, 

A man no mightier than thyself or me 

In personal action, yet prodigiously 

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are. 

Cas. Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassia? 

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now 

Have thaws and limbs like to their ancestors; 

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead, 

And we are governed with our mothers' spirits; 

Our valiant fathers, fathers' honor, and 

Cassia. 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;
ACT II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.

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 lacks power to dismiss itself. If I know this, know all the world besides; That part of tyranny that I do bear I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still. 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 hinds. Those that with haste will make a mighty fire Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome, What publish and what off, when it serves For the base matter to illuminate So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief, Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this Before a willing bondman; then I know My answer must be made. But I am arm'd, And dangers are to me indifferent. Cass. You speak to Cassius, and to such a man That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand: Be factious for redress of all these griefs, And I will set this foot of mine as far As who goes farthest. Cas. There's a bargain made. Now know you, Cassius, I have moved already Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans To undergo with me an enterprise Of honourable-dangerous consequence; And I do know, by this, they stay for me In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night, There is no stir or walking in the streets; And the complexion of the element In favour's like the work we have in hand, Most bloody, airy, and most terrible. [haste. Case. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait; He is a friend. Enter Cinna. Cinna, where haste you so? Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber? Cas. No, it is Cassca: one incorporate To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna? Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this! There's two or three of us have seen strange sights. Cin. Am I not stay'd for? tell me. Cas. Yes, you are. O Cassius, if you could But win the noble Brutus to our party — Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper, And look you lay it in the praetor's chair, Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this In at his window; set this up with wax Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done, Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us. Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there? Cin. All but Metellus Cimber: and he's gone To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, And so bestow these papers as you bade me. Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [Exit Cinna. Come, Cassius, you and I will yet ere day See Brutus at his house: three parts of him Is ours already, and the man entire Upon the next encounter yields him ours. Cass. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts: And that which would appear offence in us, His countenance, like richest alchemy, Will change to virtue and to worthiness. Cin. Him and his worth and our great need of You have right well conceived. Let us go, [him For it is after midnight, and ere day We will awake him and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Rome. Brutus's orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho! I cannot, by the progress of the stars, Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say! I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius! Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord? Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here. Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit. Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personal cause to spur him on; But for the general. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder; And that craves wary walking. Crown him!— And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, [that— That at a stroke he may so danger with. The abuse of greatness, is, when it disjuncts Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, That lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereto the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back, Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend. So Caesar may, Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would run to these and these extremities: And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischief—And kill him in the shell. [tous,

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure, It did not lie there when I went to bed. [Gives him the letter. Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day, Is not to-morrow, boy, the 1st of March? Luc. I know not, sir. Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word. Luc. I will, sir. [Exit. Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air, Give so much light that I may read by them. [Opens the letter and reads. 'Brutus, thou sleepest: awake, and see thyself. Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! Brutus, thou sleepest: awake!']

Such insatieties have been often dropped Where I have took them up.
ACT II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out: Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king, 'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee prom- If the redress will follow, thou receivest [ise; Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [Knocking within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Exit Lucius. Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar, I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream: The Genius and the mortal instruments Are then in council; and the state of man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are men with him.

Brut. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their And half their faces buried in their cloaks, [ears, That by no means I may discover them By any mark of favour.

Brut. Let 'em enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O conspiracy, Shamest thou to show thy dangerous bower by night, When evils are most free? O, then by day Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, confound it in smiles and affability: [spiry; For if thou path, thy native semblance on, Not Erebus itself were dim enough To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you? Brut. I have been up this hour, awake all night. Knows these men, upon a trust with you? Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here But honours you; and every one doth wish You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, and Trebonius. They are all welcome. [Imber.


Dec. Here lies the east: dost not the day break Casca. No, [here? On, O, pardon, sir, it doth; and you gray lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day. Casca. You shall confess that you are both de- Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises. [ceived. Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence up higher toward the north He'll fight his lilies and bright east Stands, as the Capitol, directly here. 

Brut. Give me your hands all over; one by one. Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Brut. No, not an oath; if not enough face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,— If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am your debtor, be but half your oath To kindle cowards and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen, What need we any spur but our own cause, To prick us to redress? what other bond Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not pull their petty fire other oath Than honesty to honesty engaged That this shall be, or we will fall for it? Swear priests and cowards and men cautious, Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits, To think that or our cause or our performance Did need an oath: when every drop of blood That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several last day, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cas. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion And buy men's voices to commend our deeds: it shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands; Our youth and wildness shall no whit appear; But all be buried in his grave vastness. If he will not, let him: for he will never follow any thing That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar? Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar, Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means, If he improve them, may well stretch so far As to annoy us all: which is Antony and Caesar fall together. 

Juli. Our course will seem too bloody, Cains Casca. To cut the head off and then hack the limbs, Like wrath in death and envy afterwards; For Antony is but a limb of Caesar: Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cains. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar: And in the spirit of men there is no blood: O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wantonly; Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not lye him as a carcass fit for hounds: And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their servants to an act of rage, And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make Our purpose necessary and not envious: Which is reflecting to the eye itself, We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do more than Caesar's arm When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him; For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar —

Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should do, for he is given
To sports, to wilderness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die; For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

But it is doubtful yet, Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no; For he is superstitions grown of late, Quite from the main opinion he held once Of fantasy, of dreams and visionary pomp: It may be, till these apparitions succeed The unaccustom'd terror of this hour, And the persuasion of his augurers, May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved, I can o'er-sway him; for he loves to hear That unicorns may be betray'd with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils and men with flatterers; But when I tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work; For I can have 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 fall not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, Who rais'd 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; Seal him but hither, and I'ill fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily; Let not our looks put on our purposes, But that it be our earnest intent, With untired spirits and formal constancy: And so good Morrow to you every one.

[Exit all but Brutus.

Por. Brutus, what mean you? whereto raise you? It is not for your health thus to commit [now? Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper, You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, Musing and sighing, with your arms across, And when I ask'd you what the matter was, You stared upon me with ungentle looks; I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head, And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot; Yet insisted, yet return'd, yet ask'd,

But, with an angry warrant of your hand, Gave sign for me to leave you; so I did; Fearing to strengthen that impatience Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal Hoping it was but an effect of humour, Which sometime hath his bizar with every man. It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,

And could it work so much upon your shape As it hath much prevail'd on your condition, I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? Or is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick, And will he steal out of his wholesome bed, To dare the vile contagion of the night, And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? Yet, though your friends, You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of: and, upon my 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 what men to-night Have had resort to you: for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted I should know no secrets That appertain to you? Am I yourself But, as it were, in sort or limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife, As dear to me as are the rugged drops That visit my sad heart. [secret.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife: I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you she may not stand with me, Being so father'd and so husband'd? Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
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, Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knocking within.

Por. Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile; And by and by thin besom shall partake The secrets of my heart.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. Lig. You've safe guarded sorrow from a feeble tongue. Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Lucius, To wear a kervich! Would you were not sick! Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans now before, I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

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Brave son, derived from honourable Joins! Thou, like an exerciser last conjured up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible; Yea, get the better of them. What's to do? Brum. A piece of work that will make sick men whole. 

Jul. But are not some whole that we must make? Brum. That must we also. What it is, my Cæsars, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-fired I follow you, To do I know not what: but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.

Brum. Follow me, then. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night: Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out, 'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice And bring me their opinions of success. 

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.

Cæs. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk You shall not stir out of your house to-day. [forth? Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threat'nd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cæs. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Reconcils most horrid sights seen by the watch. A house hath whelped in the streets; And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead: Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds, In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol: The noise of battle hurtled in the air, Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan, And ghosts did shriek and wail when you had passed about the streets. O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods? Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cæs. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear; Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers? 

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to Phæren the entrails of an offering forth, [day. They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice: Cæsar did not by a beast be without a heart. If he should stay at home to-day for fear, No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions litter'd in one day, And I the elder and more terrible: And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord, Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence. Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear That keeps you in the house, and not your own. We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house; And he shall say you are not well to-day: Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well; And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar: I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, To bear my greeting to the senators And tell them that I will not come to-day: Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser: I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius. Cæs. Say he is sick.

Dec. Shall Cæsar send a lie? Have I in conquest stretch'd my arm so far, To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth? Decius, tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause, Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come; That is enough to satisfy the senate. But for your private satisfaction, Because I love you, I will let you know: Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts, Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans Came smoking, and did bathe their hands in it: And there they did apply for warnings, and portents, And evils imminent; and on her knee Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted; It was a vision fair and fortunate: Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smil'd Romans bath'd, Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood, and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance. This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Dec. And this way have you well expounded it.

Cæs. And this way have I expounded it to-day: And now I must, as I before said, give you that I can say: And know it now: the senate have concluded To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar. If you shall send them word you will not come, Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock Apart to be render'd, for some one to say 'Break up then the senate till another time.' When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams? If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 'Lo, Cæsar is afraid?' Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this; And reasons to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal? I am ashamed I did yield to them. [Punish! Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me. Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius. What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? Good morrow, Cæsar. What, Ligarius? Cæsar was never so much your enemy As that same jugurth which hath made you lean. What is 't o'clock?
**ACT III.**

**Cæsar.**

**SCENE I.**

**Cæsar.** It is strucken eight.  
Ces. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.  

**Enter Antony.**

Sce! Antony, that reveals long o' nights,  
Is not withstand ing up. Good morrow, Antony.  
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.  
Ces. Bid them prepare within;  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.  
Now, Cæsars: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!  
I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me to-day:  
Be near me, that I may remember you.  
Trebol. Cæsar, I will; [Aside] and so near will I be,  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.  
Ces. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.  
Brut. [Aside] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar.  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [Exit.]

**SCENE III.**—A street near the Capitol.

**Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.**

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cæsius: come not near Cæsar; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Camden; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus. Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this,  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.]

**SCENE IV.—Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.**

**Enter Portia and Lucius.**

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?  
Luc. To know my errand, madam.  
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.  
O constancy, be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'twixt my heart and tongue!  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
Art thou here yet?  
Luc. Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
And so return to you, and nothing else? [well,  
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look  
For he went sickly forth; and take good note  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?  
Luc. I hear none, madam.  
Por. Prithee, listen well;  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray.  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.  
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. [Enter the Soothsayer.  
Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou  
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady. [been?  
Por. What is 't o'clock?  
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.  
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?  
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.  
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?  
Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me.  
I shall beseech him to betrust himself,  
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended  
Towards him?  
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I  
Fear may chance.  
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of practioners, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.  
Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!  
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit  
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
Say I am merry: come to me again;  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exit severally.
ACT III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tr. Fle'd to his house amazed:

Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As if it were daybreak.

Cas. Fates, we will know your pleasures!

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time

And death doth always out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Cas. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stope,

And let us bathe our bloody hands in Caesar's blood:

Up to the elbows, and between our swords:

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

'Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!''

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages

Shall this our loft'ry scene be acted over?—

Hence in states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Cas. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along

No worthier than the dust?

Cas. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say I love Brutus, and I honour him:

Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him and loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolved

How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Caesar more;

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus.

Thorough the hazards of this untold state

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

I never thought him worse;

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,

Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind

That fears him much; and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cesar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.

I know not, gentle Cesar, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank,

And levelled with the dust?

If I myself am not, let it be told me here;

As Cesar's death hour, nor any instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard

Now, whilst your purpled hands are fresh and smoke,

Fulfil your cursed business. In ten thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:
ACT III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE II.

Knowing you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

By your pardon; I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reasons of my Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest:
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cos. I know not what may fail: I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, how Caesar's body,
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit wherein I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy:
Many a pity shall henceforth come
Like naked flames from thee out of earth,
Not to the earth again, but to the heaven:
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!—

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee away and weep;
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those heads 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
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:
He hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men:
According to which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. [Exit with Caesar's body.

SCENE II. — The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citzens. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
Cassius, go you into the other street. [friends.

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ACT III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.

And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. If I shall hear Brutus speak. [reasons, Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus

goes into the pulpit.

Third 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 de-
mand 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 live
by the rule of a slave, 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 ambi-
tions, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy
for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death
for his ambition. Who因而 who base that would
be a husbandman? If any, speak: for him I have of-
denied. Who is here so rude that would not be a
Roman? If any, speak: for him have I offended.
Who is here so vile that will not love his country?
If any, speak: for him have I offended. I pause for
a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brut. Then none have I offended. I have done no
more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The
question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his
glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor
his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony:
who, though he had no hand in his death, shall re-
ceive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com-
mmonwealth; 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.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live! [honour.

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his
Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Brut. My countrymen,—
Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
First 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.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, I go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[ Goes into the pulpit.

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

First Cit. This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We were taught that Rome is rid of him. [say.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can

Ant. You gentle Romans,—


Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears;—
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.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art neglected in thy griefs,
And men must die; and their deaths must needs
Be like to theirs that love not men.
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.—

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cesar had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not
take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dare abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping. [Antony.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to

Act. sure, yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have spread against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a pamphlet with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the Commons hear the sentiment
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,
Yet, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
ACT III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE III.

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark. All. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will. And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad. Pursue your patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad. To such a sudden flood of mutiny, They that have done this deed are honourable: What private griefs they have, alas, I know not. That made them do it: they are wise and honourable, And will not, with nor words, nor worth, 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 that nor words, nor worth, Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, To stir men's blood: I only speak right on; I tell you that which you yourselves do know: Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths, And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue In every wound of Caesar that should move The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. All. We'll mutiny. First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus. Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators. Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak. All. Peace, ho! hear Antony. Most noble Antony! Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what, Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves? Alas, you know not: I must tell you then: You have forgot the will I told you of. [the will. All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear. Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal. To every Roman citizen he gives, To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. Sec. Cit. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his Third Cit. O royal Caesar! [death. Ant. Hear me with patience. All. Peace, ho! Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbours and new-planted orchards, On this side Tiber: he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! when comes such another? First Cit. Never, never, Come, away! we'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. Take up the body. Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire. Third Cit. Pluck down benches. Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything. [Exeunt Citizens with the body. Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, then art afoot, Take thou what course thou wilt! Enter a Servant. How now, fellow? Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome. Ant. Where is he? Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house. Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him: he comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us anything. Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome. Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people, How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cia. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar, And things unlike charge my fancy: I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.
ACT IV.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE II.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.
Proceed; directly.
Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd. [Hidus?]
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lep.
Lep. I do consent,—
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. [him.]
Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some change in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: it is fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct.
So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his cars,
And graze in commons.
Oct.
You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and trained and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On sheaves, o'ats and barley, which, out of use
And staled by other men, begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore the brilliance be combined.
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,

How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils most answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Dread. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin.

Bru. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Pin.

Bru. He is not doubted, a word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Lucil. 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.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sink and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses not at hand,
Can make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? [ter'd;
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered.
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [Bru.

Bru. Mark! he is arrived.
[Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
ACT IV.

SCENE III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my nirth, yea, for my daughter, When you are waspish. 

Cas. You say you are a better soldier, Is it come to this? 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. You wrong me every way: you wrong me, I said, an elder soldier, not a better: [Brutus; Did I say 'better'? If you did, I care not. Cas. When Caesar lived, he durst not thus have moved me. [him. Brut. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted Cas. I durst not! Brut. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Brut. For your life you durst not. Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for. Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no teyror, Cassius, in your threats, For I am armed so strong in honesty That they pass by me as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you denied me: For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wrench From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash By any indirection: I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius? Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so? When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts; Dush him to pieces! Cas. I denied you not. Brut. You did. Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart: A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me. Cas. You love me not. Brut. I do not like your faults. Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults. Brut. A flatterer's would not, though they do As huge as high Olympus. [Appear Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come, Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, For Cassius is awary of the world; Hated by one he loves; braued by his brother; Cheek'd like a bondman; all his faults observed, Set in a note-book, learn'd, and comm'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: Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know, When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovest him Than ever thou lov'dest Cassius. [better Brut. Beate thy 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 carrieth anger as the flint bears fire; Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark, And straight is cold again. Cas. Hath Cassius lived To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him? Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too. 141
ACT IV.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCENE III.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too. [hand.

Cas. O Brutus!

Brutus. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me, When that rash humour which my mother gave me Makes me forgetful?

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, When you are over-ceremonious with your Brutus, He'll think your mother child, and leave you so.

Poet. [Within] Let me go in to see the general.

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet They be alone.

Lucilius. [Within] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! What's the matter? [mean? Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye. Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely falls this evil rhyme! Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence! Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Brutus. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these juggling fools? Companions, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [Exit Poet.

Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala Immediately to us. [with you

Lucilius. [Exeunt Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. How's the state? O Brutus, I do not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Brutus. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so? O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Ivy. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death That things came:—with this she fell distract,
And her attendants absent, swoln'd her fire.

Cas. And died so?

Ivy. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucilius with wine and taster.

Lucilius. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of
In this I bury all unkindness. Cassius, [wine.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucilius, till the wine over-swell the cup; I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Brutus. Come in, Titinius! [Exit Lucilius.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taster here, And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Ivy. No; 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.

Messala. Myself have letters of the same tenour. Brutus. With what addition?
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered: You said the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions: It proves not so: their battles are at hand; They mean to warn us at Philippi here. Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content To visit other places; and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare, you, generals: The enemy comes on in gallant show: Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I: keep thou the left. Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

Dram. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army: Lucilius, Titinius, Messalla, and others.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Mark. Antony, shall we give sign of battle? Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Brut. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen? Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do. Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!' Cass. Antony, The posture of your blows are yet unknown; But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Brut. O, yes, and soundless too.

Villains, you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony, And very wisely threat before you sting. [Exeunt Messenger, Octavius, and some of his army.]

Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turned down Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition. It comes upon me. Art thou any thing? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare? Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brut. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee how thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Brut. Well; then I shall see thee again.

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brut. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[Exit Ghost.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
I'll spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. Boy, Lucius! Vanish! Cæsius! Sirs, awake! Clau. Luc. The strings, my lord, are false. [Dies! Brut. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?


Brut. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Cæsius! [To Var.] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Brut. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep? Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Brut. Why?

Clau. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord. I saw nothing.

Clau. No, my lord.

Brut. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius; Bid him set on his powers betimes before, And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.}
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst dann'd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank you self:
This tongue had no offend past so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, come the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look I draw a sword against conspirators: When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds Be well avenged; or till another Cassius Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brus. Cassius, thou canst not die by traitors' hands, Unless thou bring'st at them with thee.

Oct. So I hope; I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brus. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honours.
Join'd with a masker and a reveller! [our, Ant. Old Cassius still!]

[Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brus. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you. Lucilius.

[Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.

Cas. Messala!


Cas. This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epaminondas strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do pressage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consortus us
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mrs. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may betake
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Brus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
When conspired a world, and turn'd it not now,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Brus. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Ro-
That ever Brutus will go bonnet o' Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

Brus. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might
The end of this day's business ere it come! [know
But it suffice that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The same. The field of battle.

Alarums. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Brus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord;
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, for all on.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again: that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[Exit. Pindarus ascends the hill.

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?


Cas. What news?

Pin. [Above] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet bet spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light, O, he lights too.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

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Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah; in Parthia did I take thee prisoner; and then I swore thee, saving of thy life, That whatsoever I did bid thee do, 
That shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine faith. Now be a freeman: and with this good sword, That thou dost through our Caesar's bowels this bosom, Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilt! And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabat him.] Caesar, thou art revenged, Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius. 

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All consolate, with Pindarus his bondman, on this hill. Is not that he that lies upon the ground? Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart! Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala, but Cassius is no more. O setting sun, As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night, So in his red blood Cassius' day is set. The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone; Clouds, dews, and glangers come; our deeds are done! Mistrust of my success hath done this deed, Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. Of grateful error, melancholy's child, Why dost thou show to the unthoughts of men The things that are not? O error, soon conceived, Thou never comest unto a happy birth, But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee! Tit. What, Pindarus? where art thou, Pindarus? Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it: For piercing steel and darts envenomed Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala, and I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, [shorts] And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything! But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Brutus, come, come, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part: Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Kills himself.

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these? The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever in our times Should brend thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears To this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius. I shall find time. Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body: His funerals shall not be in our camp, But, as it discomfits us, Lucilius, come, And come, young Cato; let us to the field. Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on: 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet crevich We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Brut. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads! Cato, What bastard dast not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field: I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend; I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! Brut. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [Exit.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius; And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First 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.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner! Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en. [general.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord. Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough: I dare assure thee without no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself. Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you, A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe; Give him all kindness I had rather have Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How everything is changed. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock. Clit. Statilius show 'd the toil-light, but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain. Brut. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispers.

ACT V. JULIUS CÆSAR. SCENE V.

Enter. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief;
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Brutus. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato. Thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony.
By this vile conquest shall attain unto
So fare you well at once: for Brutus's 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.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Will thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.]

Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [Dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony,
Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.

Octavius. What man is that? [master?]

Messala. My master's man. Strato, where is thy

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,

Brutus, That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How did my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Octavius. Then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a 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!'

Octavius. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.
MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of Scotland.  
Malcolm, j his sons.  
Donalbain, } noblemen of Scotland.  
Macbeth, j generals of the king's army.  
Banquo,  
Macduff,  
Lennox,  
Ross,  
Menteith,  
Angus,  
Caithness,  
Fleance, son to Banquo.  
Siward, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.  
Young Siward, his son.  
Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.  
Boy, son to Macduff,  
An English Doctor.  
A Scotch Doctor.  
A Soldier.  
A Porter.  
An Old Man.  
Lady Macbeth.  
Lady Macduff.  
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.  
Hecate.  
Three Witches.  
Apparitions.  
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.


ACT I.

SCENE I.—A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where is the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin! 
Sec. Witch. Fachlock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and fiery air.  [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! 
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou dost leave it.

Sec. Doubtful it stood:
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied:
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon his battlements!

Sec. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful breakers 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
Commeil'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage,
With furnish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sec. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. [wounds:
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.

[Exit Sergeant, attended.]

Who comes here? Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look
That seems to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the king!
Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Belona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm against arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

ROSS. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;—
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disburse at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. So more than that Cawdor shall desire
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

ROSS. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

SCENE III.—A heath near Forres.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

FIRST WITCH. Where hast thou been, sister?


FIRST WITCH. Sister, where thou? 

SECOND WITCH. A sailor's wife had breastnuts in her
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—'Give me,' quoth I:

'Argh! thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries,
Her husband's as to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thatther sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

SECOND WITCH. I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH. Thou 'rt kind.

SECOND WITCH. And I another,

FIRST WITCH. I myself have all the other,
And the very parts they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I'll shipman's card,
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man abroad;
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwell, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be temper-tost.

Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH. I'll give thee a drum.

FIRST WITCH. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Dixon within.

SECOND WITCH. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

MACBETH. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BAN. How far is 'call to Forres? What are
So wither'd and so wild in their attire, [these
That look not like the habitants o' the earth,
And yet are not in 't? Live you or are you aught?
That bear aAth to those who seem to understand
By each at once her chappy finger laying [me,
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

MACBETH. Speak, if you can: what are you?

FIRST WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
Of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
Of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be
king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? your noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

FIRST WITCH. Hail!

SECOND WITCH. Hail!

THIRD WITCH. Hail!

FIRST WITCH. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH. Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH. Thou shalt get kings, though then
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! [be none:

FIRST WITCH. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak. I charge you.

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 seems corporal
Melted as breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. For such things as these do we speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king,

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame words and names. Who's

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonder is with his praise doth follow:
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan 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,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. 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.

Ang. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
In borrow'd robes? [dress me
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserveth to lose. Whether he was combined
With those o' Norway, or did like the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
Act I. Macbeth. Scene V.

But treasons capital, confess’d and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus]
Thanks for your pains. [Kings, To Ban.] Do you not hope your children shall be
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Macb. 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 trials, to betray’s
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen.
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unpaint 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 surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner’s rapt.

Macb. [Aside] It chance will have me king,
why, chance may crown me,
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,
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
wronged
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
And kindnesses, I conjure you, accept;
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The laterin having weigh’d it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Think then, enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. — Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Ban. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return’d?

Macb. 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,
Implored your highness’ pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As ’twere a careless trifle.

There’s no art
To find the mind’s construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of reconquest is slow
To overtake thee. Would in deathless deserved,
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.

Ban. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee; and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That host no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Macb. My worthy Cawdor!

Ban. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I’ll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The bearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Macb. [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! what
is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o’erleap,
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.

Ban. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let’s after him.
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

Scene V. — Inverness. 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 perfectest 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 rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me “Thane of Cawdor;” by
which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with
“Hail, king that shalt be!” This have I thought
good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness,
that thou mightst not lose the dues of redcing,
by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell;’
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without [highly]
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongingly win: thou’ld have,
great Glamis.
That which cries ‘Thus thou must do, if thou have
And that which rather thou dost fear to do [it;
 Than wishest should be undone.' He thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear; And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impede thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd with.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Lady M. Then 'tis mad to say it: Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, Would have inform'd for preparation. [coming: Mess. So please you, it is true: our flame Is one of my fellows had the speculum in him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending; He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.

That creaks the fatal encountering of Duncan Under my battlements. Come, ye 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 visitings of nature Shall strike my fell purpose, nor keep pace between The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers, Wherever in your sightless substances You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell. That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, To cry ' Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! 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 't. He that 's coming Must be provided for: and you shall put This night's great business into my dispatch; Which shall to all our nights and days to come Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear; To alter favour ever is to fear: Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses.

Dum. This guest of summer, The temple-haunting martlet, does approve, By his low-travelling, that the heaven's breath Smells wooingly here: no jot, fryce, Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird

Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle: Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed, The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! The love that follows us sometime is our trouble. Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you How you shall bid God 'bless 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 You may now load our house: for those of old, And the late dignities heap'd up to them, We rest your heritits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor? Weoursed 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 holf him To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess, We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in comp't, To make their amit at your highness' pleasure, Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand; Conduct me to mine hoste: we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a sewer, and divers servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere It were done quickly: if the assassination Well could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this knak and shooal of time, We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases We still have judgment here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, and9d, blood to the sword, To plague the inventor: this even-handed 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 will be murder'd, at 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, horsed 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'ercasts itself And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost sup'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no 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.

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ACT II.

MACBETH.

SCENE I.—Court of Macbeth’s castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy? Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve, Fle. I take ’t, ’tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There’s husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A hearty 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!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

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 unprepared, Our will became the servant to defect; Which else should free have wroght.

Ban. All’s well. I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: To you they have show’d some truth.

Macb. I think not of them: Yet, when we can entertain an hour to serve, We would spend it in some words upon that business, If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind’st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when’t is, It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none in seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchised and allegiance clear, I shall be counsel’d.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exit Banquo and Fleance.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me. The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Art thou 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 of 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 is ’t the one half-world Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain’d sleep; witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate’s offerings, and wither’d murder, Alarum’d by his sentinel, the wolf.

Whose howl’d his watch, thus with his stealthy pace, With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear Thy very stones prophane of my whereabouts. And take the present harvest from the time, Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives: Words to the heat of deeds too cold blood gives.

[“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.

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Lady M. We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we’ll not fall. When Duncan is asleep— Wherefore the rather shall his day’s hard journey Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so converse That memory, the warden of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon Theunguarded Duncan? what not put upon His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only; For thy unainted mettle should compose Nothing but makes. Will it not be received, When we have mark’d with blood these sleepy two Of his own chamber and used their very daggers, That they have done it?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and chamour roar Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with fairest show; False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.

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 it account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem’st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting ‘I dare not’ wait upon ‘I would,’ Like the poor cat I the adage?

Macb. Prityye, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was ’t, then, That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man: And, to be more than you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does make you. You 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?
SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.
Hark! 'Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about
The doors are open; and the surfeit'd groans [*it: Do mock their charge with sunrise: I have drug'd
their possets.
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked.
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth.

Lady M. I have done the deed. Didst thou not
hear a noise? [cries]
Macb. [Within] Who is there? who's there? who's there?
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cried 'Murder!' [Within: that they did wake each other: I stood and heard
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen'
the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Macb. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' ['Amen']
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After so many ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more;' 'Macbeth shall sleep no more.'
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, why,
worthy thane,
You do unbid your noble strength, to think
So brazenly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why dost thou mock these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.
Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.

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 shane
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking within.] I
hear a knocking
At the south entrance: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [Knocking within.] Hark!
more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your parts.
Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know
myself. [Knocking within.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst!
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning
the key. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock!
Who 's there, 'tis the name of Beelzebub! Here's a
farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of
plenty: come in time; have nappins know about
you; here you'll sweat for it. [Knocking within.] Knock,
knock, knock! Who 's there, in the other devil's
name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could
swear in both the scales against either scale; who
committed treason enough for God's sake, yet
could not equivocate to heaven and hell;
[Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's
there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither,
for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor;
here you may roast your goose. [Knocking within.] Knock,
knock, never at quiet! What are you? But this place
is too cold for hell. I 'll daintily set it on no further:
I had thought to have let in some of all
professions that go the primrose way to the ever-
lasting bonfire. [Knocking within.] Anon, anon!
I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

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
Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it
provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance;
therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivoco-
cator with lechery: it makes you drunk, it makes
you mad; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it
persuades him, and dishonours 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, I the very threat on me:
but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being

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too strong for him, though he took up my legs some-
time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macb. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awakened him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both. Len. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet. Len. He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him. Len. 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.

Macb. I'll make so bold to call, For 'tis my limited service. [Exit. Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so. Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimney's were blown down: and, as they say, Lamentings was heard, if the air; strange screams of And prophesying with accents terrible [death, Of dire combustion and confused events New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird Glamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth Was feverous and did shake. Len. Macb. 'Twas a rough night. Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. O horror, horror! Tongue nor Cannot conceive nor name thee! [heart

Len. What's the matter?

Macb. Confusion now hath made his master-Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope [piece! 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? [sight

Macb. Approach the chamber, and destroy your With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.

Banquo and Donalbain! Macbeth! awake! Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason! Banquo and Donalbain! Macbeth! awake! Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, And look on death itself! up, up, and see The great dooms image! Macbeth! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites, To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business, That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Len. 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.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our royal master's murder'd! Lady M. Woe, alas! What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where. Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived 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 't: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd. Macb. Your royal father's murder'd, Mal. Wherefore did you so? Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, tempestuous and fu-
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: [rious, The expedition of my violent heart. Here lay Duncan, His silver skin laced with his golden blood; And his gash'd stabbs look'd like a breach in nature For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, Steepp'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unmannerly breaoch'd with gore; who could refrain, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho! Macb. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Why do we hold our tongues, That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [Aside to Mal.] What should be spoken here, where our fate, Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us? Let's away; Our tears are not yet breed'd.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion, Don. Look to the lady: Lady Macbeth is char'd out.

And when we have our naked fruitless 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 hence Against the undivulged pretence I fight Of treasonous malice. 

And so do I. So all.

Macb. All. Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, And meet i' the hall together.

Well contented.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with To show an unfuel sorrows is an office [them: Which the false man choses 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.

Mal. 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 shift away: there's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

SCENE IV.—Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well: Within the volume of which time I have seen

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ACT III.

MACBETH.

SCENE I.—Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all.
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play’st most foully for ’t: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches 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.

Sonnet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king, Lady Macbeth, as queen, Lennox, 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-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I ’ll request your presence.

Ban. Let thy 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 advices.
Which still hath been both grave and preserons,
In this day’s council; but we ’ll take to-morrow.
Is ’t far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
’Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or two.

Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow’d
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parriade, filling their hearers

Ross. Is’t known who did this more than bloody
Macb. Those that Macbeth hath slain. [deed?
Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?
Ross. They were suborn’d:
For those things Duncan have I murder’d;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who ’s there?

With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When we’re about, we shall have cause of state
Cruising my joints. Ile you to horse: adieu.
Till you return at night. Goes Flamme with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon’s.
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 all but Macbeth, and an attendant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend these men
Our pleasure?

Att. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing:
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear’d: ’tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, to make him,
My Genius is rebelled: as, it is said,
Mark Antony’s was by Caesar. He child the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bore them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail’d him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grave,
Thence to be wrench’d with an unhand lead,
No son of mine succeeding. If ’t be so,
For Banquo’s issue have I filed my mind:
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder’d;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who ’s there?
MACBETH.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Reenter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**First Mur.** It was, so please your highness.

**Macb.** Well then, now I have considered of my speeches: Know that it was 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 instruments, [ might Who wrought with them, and all things else that to half a soul and to a notion crazed Say 'Thou did'st Banquo?'

**First Mur.** You made it known to us.

**Macb.** I did so, and went further, 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?

**First Mur.** Most truly, we are men, my liege. Making the catalogue ye go for men: Ashounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Sconugs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are cleft All by the name of dozes: the valued file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, The housekeeper, the hunter, every one According to the gift which bounteons nature Hath in him closed: 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, Not 't the worst rank of manhood, say 't; And if we can find that business in your veins Whose execution takes your enemy off, Grapples you to the heart and love of us, Who wear our health but sickly in his life, Whose in which his death were perfect.

**Sec. Mur.** I am one, my liege, Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world Have so incensed that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

**First Mur.** And I another So weary with disasters, 't was with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance, To make all, or be rid on't.

**Macb.** Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

**Both Mur.** True, my lord.

**Macb.** So is he mine; and in such bloody distance, That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near'st of life: and though I could With brawnied 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 wai his fall Who I myself struck down: and thence it is, That I to your assistance do make love, Masking the business from the common eye For sundry weighty reasons.

**Sec. Mur.** We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us.

**First Mur.** Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at last I will advise you where to plant yourselves: Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, The moment on 't: for 't must be done to-night, And something from the palace: always thought That I require a clearness: and with him — To leave no rules nor itching in the work — Fleetec 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.

**Both Mur.** We are resolved, my lord.

**Macb.** I'll call upon you straight; abide within. [Exit Murderers.

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight, If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

SCENE II. —The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

**Lady M.** Is Banquo gone from court?

**Serv.** Aye, madam, but returns again to-night.

**Lady M.** Say to the king, I would attend his For a few words.

[Aloud.]

**Madam, I will.** [Exit.

**Lady M.** Nought 's had, all ' s speak, Where our desire is got without content: It ' s safer to be that which we destroy Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Hating the thoughts which should indeed have died With them they think on? Things without all remedy Should be without regard: what ' s done is done. **Macb.** We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it: She ' ll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep In the afflication of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly: better be with the dead, Whom we cannot outlive; than to be 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 among your guests to-night.

**Macb.** So shall I, love; and so I pray, be you: Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:

Present him honour, 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 scrupulous heavy mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives. **Lady M.** But in them nature's copy's not eternve. **Macb.** There's comfort yet: they are assasalable; Then be thou jovial: ere the sun hath florn His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons The shrouded-beart heeleth with his drowsy hams Hath rung night's yawning bell, 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 applaud the deed. Come, seeing night, Start up the tender eye of pitiful day; And with thy bloody and invisible hand Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond Which keeps me pale! Light thickenes; and the Makes wing to the rocky wold; [crow Good things of day begin to droop and drowse: While night's black agents to their preys do verse. Thou marv'lest at my words: but hold thee still:

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SCENE III.—A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he
Our offices and what we have to do
[delivers
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the latest traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are 't the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.
[They set upon Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [by!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much
is done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down:
And last the hearty welcome. [at first
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best our
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
For my heart speaks they are welcome. [friends;

First Murderer appears at 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 north; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaching the door.] There 's
Blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
him. [he's good

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet
That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonceare.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is escap'd. [perfect,

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:
Now but I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. [Thanks for that.
Then the grave serpent lies: the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear, ourselves, again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often touch'd, while this is thinking,
"Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in
Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your high-
To grace us with your royal company. [hess
Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What 's that moves your
highness?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentleman, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is it even thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare lock on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool. [say you?

Macb. Prithhee, see there! beheld! look! lo! how

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If chamber-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Pie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, I the olden
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal; [true,
Ay, and since too, murderers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

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ACT III.

MACBETH.

SCENE VI.

THUNDER. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Sancie and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or show the glory of my 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 there the morning: thither he Will come to know his destiny: Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms and everything beside. I am for the air: this night I'll spend Unto a dismal end: that is my part. 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 distil'd by magic sleights Shall raise such artificial sprites As by the strength of their illusion Shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear: And you all know, security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away, &c.]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Exit. First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.

SCENE VI. — Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts; Which can interpret further: only, I say, [Duncan Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead: And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late; Whom, you may say, if 't please you. Fleance kill'd, For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill their gracious father? damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight In pious rage the two delirients tear, That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep? Why do not that nobly done? 

Lord. For 't would have angered any heart alive To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think That had he Duncan's sons under his key — [find As, an't please heaven, he shall not — they should What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear [fall'd. Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan.

Len. From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, Lives in the English court, and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the meavoleance of fortune nothing
SCENE I.—A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.


First Witch. Round about the cauldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw. Toast, that under cold days and nights has thirty-one Sweater'd venom sleeping got, Boil thou first i' the charmed pot. All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble. Sec. 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. Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, Witches' mummy, maw and gulf Of the ravin's salt-sea shark, Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark, Liver of blaspheming Jew, Gall of goat, and slips of yew Sliver'd i' the moon's eclipse, Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips, Finger of birth-stangled babe Ditch-deliver'd by a draught, Make the gueul thick and slat: Add thereto a tinger's chandron, For the ingredients of our cauldron. All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble. Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood, Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to 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, Live elves and fairies in a ring, Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c. [Hecate retires.

Sec. 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? [Hags! 658

ACT IV.

MACBETH.

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' The cloudy messenger turns me his back, And huns, as who should say 'You'll rue the time You'd urge me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel Fly to the court of England and unfold His message ere he come, that a swift blessing May soon return to this our suffering country Under a hand accused!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him. [Exeunt.
ACT IV.

MACBETH.

SCENE II.

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 o' the sword His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls Whose traces arm in arm. Now is my soul a beast 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. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none: His flight was madness: when our actions do not, Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes, His mansion and his titles in a place From whence himself does fly? He loves us not; He wants the natural torch: for the poor wren, The most dimmitive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is the fear and nothing is the love: As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz, I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband, He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The hits o' the season. I dare not speak much further; But cruel 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's he is, and yet he's fatherless. Ross. 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.

Ross. 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 hast never fear the net The pitfall nor the gin. [her line.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how will thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith, With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged in line. [lie?

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macb. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macb. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you heavily: if you will take a homely man's advice, be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To flught you thus, methinks, I am too savage; to do worse to you were felt cruelly, which is too high your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.

[Exit. L. Macb.]

Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where to do harm is often laudable, to do good sometime accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, do I put up that womanly defence, to say I have done no harm?

Enter murderers.

What are these faces?
First M. Where is your husband?
L. Macb. I hope, in no place so unsanctified.
Where such as thou mayst find him.
First M. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!
First M. What, you egg?
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother: Run away, I pray you! [Dies.]

Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!' Exeunt murderers, following her.

SCENE III.—England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macb. Let us rather hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men Bestride our down-fall'n birthplace: 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 yeild'd out Like syllable of doleour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wait, What know believe, and what I can retress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoit, it may be so perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have loved him well: He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb To appease an angry god.

Macb. I am not treacherous.

Mal. Parthuce 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 jealousy be your dishonours, But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, Whatever I shall think.

Macb. Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny! Lay thou thy basis sure, [wrogs: For goodness dare not check thee: weare thou thy The title is affier'd! Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou think'st For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp, And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended: I speak not as in absolute fear of you. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds: I think it will Had 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.

Macb. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know All the particulars of vice so grafted That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compared With my confinless harms.

Macb. Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody, luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, Sudden, malicious, snacking 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'erbear That did oppose my will: better Macbeth Than such an one to reign.

Macb. Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings, the pride thereof, To take upon him what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seem cold, the time you may so bhoodwink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclined. With this there grows In my most ill-composed affection such A stanchess avarice that, were I king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands, Desire his jewels, and this other's house: And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more: that I should forge Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.

Mal. This avarice Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear; Scotland hath foissos to fill up your will, Of your mere own: all these are portable, With other graces weight'd.

Mal. But you hope none: the king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
ACT IV.

MACBETH.

SCENE III.

I have no relish of them, but abom'd
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour out my blood in milk of concord into hell,
Upbraided the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Mac'd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak
I as I have spoken.

Mac'd. Such was Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From ever-credulous baseness; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own extirpation, here ablaze
The taints and blains I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight.

Mal. Such welcome and unwelcome things
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you.

Doc't. My 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 his hand—
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Mal. What's the disease he means?

Mac'd. '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 swoon 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 has a back-valve of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Mal. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman: but yet I know him not.

Mac'd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes re-

The means that makes us strangers! [move

Ross. Sir, amen.

Mac'd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Mac'd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age dost hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Mal. How does my wife?

Mal. Why, well.

Ross. And all my children?

Mal. Well too.

Ross. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Mal. Do not still a riddig of your speech: how
Ross. Why, 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. Be'th their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Sward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be how'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Mal. What concern they?

Ross. The general cause? or is it a feé-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Perceiveth to you alone.

Mal. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despire my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all

Ross. That could be found.

Mal. And I must be from thence!

Ross. My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Mal. He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Ross. Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mac. Dispute it like a man.

Mac. 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
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I can,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine. [now!
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them
Mac. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, curate it.

Macduf. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And bragart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

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 slacking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may:
'Tis long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.}

ACT V.


Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doc. I have two nights watched with you, but
impossible to trace 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, told
it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and
again return to bed; yet all this while in a most
fast sleep.

Doc. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!
In this slumber agitation, besides her walking
and other actual performances, what, at any
time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc. You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor anyone; having no wit
ness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lady. Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand
close.

Doc. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her
continually; 'tis her command.

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but her sense is shut.

Doc. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an acenstomated 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.

Doc. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.

Lady M. O, damned spot! out, out, I say!—One:
two: why, then 'tis time to do.—'Tis hellish lurkly!—
Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? What
need we fear who knows it, when none can call our
power to account?—Yet who would have thought
the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doc. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is
she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?
—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you
mar all with this starting.

Doc. Go to, go to; you have known what you
should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am
sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the

SCENE II.—The country near Dunsinane.

Dunsinane. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Mal-
his uncle Siward and the good Macduff: [colun,
Revenues burn in them: for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his
brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Macbeth. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortiies:
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.

Angus. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-brach;
Doct. Macbeth 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 Thames fly from me. Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast The water of my land, find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, The would applaud thee to the very echo. That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.— What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug. Would scour those English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. I will not be afraid of death and bane, Till Birnam wood come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, Lord Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mel. Consins, I hope the days are near at hand That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sic. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam. Mel. Let every soldier Hew him down a bough And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host and make discovery Err in report of us.

Soldiers. We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before 't.

Mel. It is 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.

Macb. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.

Sic. The time approaches That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: Towards which advance the war. [Exit.}

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up: [ours. Were they not forced with those that should be We might have met them careful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home.

[Aside] What is the cry of women within?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit. Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears: The time has been, my senses would have cool'd To bear a most at-shriek; and my fell of hair Would at a small treatise rise and stir As life were in 't; I have supp'd full with horrors; Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me...
ACT V.  

MACBETH.  

SCENE VIII.  

Re-enter Seyton.  

Wherefore 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 comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.  

Mess.  Gracious my lord,  

I should 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!  

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 famine cling 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 do appear,  

There is no flying hence nor tarrying here,  

I gin to be aweary of the sun,  

And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.  

Ring the alarm-ball! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  

At least we'll die with harness on our back.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE VI. — Dunsinane. Before the castle.  

Deav and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward,  

Macduff, and their Army, with bagues.  

Mal.  Now near enough; your leafy screens throw  

down  

And show like those you are.  You, worthy uncle,  

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  

Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we  

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  

According to our order.  

Sic.  Fare you well.  

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  

Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.  [all breath,  

Macd.  Make all our trumpets speak; give them  

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE VII. — Another part of the field.  

Alarums. 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. Sic.  What is thy name?  

Macb.  Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.  

Yo. Sic.  No: though thou call'st thyself a hotter  

Than any is in hell.  

My name's Macbeth.  

Yo. Sic.  The devil himself could not pronounce  

More hateful to mine ear.  

[Exeunt.  

Yo. Sic.  Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my  

I'll prove the lie thou speakest.  

[Exeunt.  

Macb.  They were born of woman.  

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  

Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born.  

[Exit.  

Alarums. Enter Macduff.  

Macd.  That way the noise is.  Tyrant, show thy face!  

If thou be'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 hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,  

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  

I shall take again undeeded.  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.  

Alarums.  

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.  

Sic.  This way, my lord; the castle's gently  

render'd:  

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  

The day almost itself professes yours,  

And little is to do.  

Mal.  We have met with foes  

That strike beside us.  

Sic.  Enter, sir, the castle.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE VIII. — Another part of the field.  

Enter Macbeth.  

Macb.  Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  

Do better upon them.  

Enter Macduff.  

Macd.  Turn, hell-hound, turn!  

Macb.  Of all men else I have avoided thee:  

But get thee back; my soul is too much charged  

With blood of thine already.  

Macd.  I have no words:  

My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain  

Than terms can give thee out!  

[Exeunt.  

Hon.  As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  

With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:  

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  

To one of woman born.  

Macd.  Despair thy charm;  

And let the angel whom thou still hast served  

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  

Untimely ripp'd.  

Macd.  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 believed,  

That palter with us in a double sense;  

That keep the word of promise to our ear,  

And break it to our hope.  'I'll not fight with thee.'  

Macd.  Then yield thee, coward.  

And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  

We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  

Painted upon a pole, and underwritten,  

'Here may you see the tyrant.'  

[Exeunt.  

I will not yield,  

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  

And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

[Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Sic. 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.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Sic. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sic. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Sic. Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sic. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes never comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Mal. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail, King of Scotland!

Al. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves: [Junet,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen—
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That dêd the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his head-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Claudius, King of Denmark.  
Hamlet, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.  
Polonius, lord chamberlain.  
Horatio, friend to Hamlet.  
Laertes, son to Polonius.  
Voitimand,  
Cornelius,  
Rosencrantz,  
Guildenstern,  
Osric,  
A Gentleman,  
A Priest.  
Marcellus, officers.  
Bernardo, officers.  
Francisco, a soldier.  
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.  
Players.  
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.  
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.  
A Captain.  
English Ambassadors.  
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.  
Ophelia, daughter to Polonius.  
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.  
Ghost of Hamlet’s Father.

SCENE — Denmark.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see page LIXIV.]

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.


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. [cold, 

Fran. For this relief much thanks: ’tis bitter cold. 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.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, he! Who’s there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground, 

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [Exit.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo! 

Ber. Say, What is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, hast thou any thing appear’d again to thee: I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says ’tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him. Touching this dreadful sight, twice seen of us: Therefore I have entrereated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night; That if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes and speak to it. 

Hor. Tush, tush, ’t will not appear. 

Ber. Sit down awhile; And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When yond same star that’s westward from the pole Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, The bell then beating one. —

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

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. [wonder

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and horror. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that wast usurp’st this time of Together with that fair and warlike form [night, In which the majesty of buried Denmark Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, Mar. It is offended. [speak! 

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [Exit Ghost. 

Mar. ’Tis gone, and will not answer. [pale

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look: Is not this something more than fantasy? What think you on’t? 

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe Without the sensible and true avouch Of mine own eyes. 

Mar. Is it not like the king?
Act I. Hamlet. Scene II.

Hor. As thou art to thyself: Such was the very armour he had on When he the ambitious Norway overcame; So round'd he once, when, in an angry parle, He smote the sledged Polackes on the ice.

'Tis strange. [hour.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. [Sake.] Shalt I speak at it when my part is done? But in the gross and scope of my opinion, [not] This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows, Why this same strict and most observant watch So imprisonment of the subject doth contain; And why such daily cast of brazen cannon, And foreign mart for implements of war; Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task Does not divide the Sunday from the week; What might be toward, that this swary haste Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day: Who 's that can inform me? 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 emulat prize; Dared this assault in which our valiant Hamlet— For so this side of our known world esteem'd him— Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact, Well ratify'd 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 moiety competent Was gaged by our king; which had return'd To the inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he been vanquish'd; as, by the same covenant, And carriage of the article design'd, His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras, Of quenched blood yet hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute, For food and diet, to some enterprise That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other As it doth well appear unto our state— But to recover of us, by strong hand And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands So by his father lost: and this, I take it, Is the main motive of our preparations. The source of this our watch and the chief head Of this post-haste and romage in the land. [Barr'd. I think but to so: Well may it sort that this portentious 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 pulpy state of Rome, A little the most mightiest he fell. The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets: As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood, Disasters in the sun; and the moist star Upon whose Influence Neptune's empire stands Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse: And even the like precurse of fierce events, As harbingers preceding still the fates And prologue to the omen coming on, Have heaven and earth together demonstrated Unto our calamities and countrymen.— But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion! If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, Speak to me: It is the duty that is set thee. What none good thing to be done, That may to thee do ease and grace to me, Speak to me:

[Cock crows. If thou art privy to thy country's fate, Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid. O, speak! Or if thou hast upheaved in thy life Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus. Hor. Mar. 'T is here! [Exit Ghost. We do it wrong, being so majestic, 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. Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding strain Awake the god of day; and, at his warning, Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, The extravagant and erring spirit hies To his confine: and of the truth herein This present object must make manifest. Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock. Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, The bird of dawning singeth all night long: And then, they say, no spirit dares abroad; The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it. But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of you high eastward hill: Break we our watch; and by my advice, Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needful in our loves, fitting our duty? Mar. Let 's do 't, I pray; and this morning know Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—A room of state in the castle.

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's The memory be green, and that it us besitt'd [death To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom To be contracted in one brow of woe, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of our own. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial jointress to this warlike state, Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,— With an auspicious and a dropping eye, With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dole.— Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along. For all, our thanks. Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposal of our worth, Or thinking our late dear brother's death Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, Colleagued with the dream of his advantage, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, To our most valiant brother so worth for him. Now for ourself and for this time of meeting: —

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Thus much the business is: we have here writ To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,— Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress His further gait herein; in that the levies, The lists and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject: and we here dispatch You, good Cornelius, to him, and to young Polonius, 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 debated articles allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty. [Exit Voltaian and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes, That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laert. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France:

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation,

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France

And how them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow By laboursome petition, and at last

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you? Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much 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 vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

That thou dost think thee dead, that all lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee? 'T seems,' Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'Twould be alone my mirth, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspension of forced breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the Visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shapes 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 passion show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father:

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: but to perserve

In obstinate compliance is a course

Of infinite hardiness, and utter vanity;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and un schoold: For what we know must be and is as common As any the most vulgar thing to sense;

Why should we in our peevish opposition Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd: whose common theme Is death, not grief, and our desire that such A weep which hath this cried, From the first corse till he that died today. 'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father: for let the world take note, You are the most immediate to our throne;

And with that nobility which is your own,

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.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;

Be as our father, Denmark; Denmark, come:

This gentle and unforeord accords of Hamlet.

Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruif again,

Re-sounding earthy thunder. Fare away.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.

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! God! How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fie on't! ah fie! it is an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!

But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven

To 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—Fruity, thy name is woman—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old

With which she follow'd my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she

O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,

Would have 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 unriехouteous tears

Had left the flint in her galled eyes,

She married. O, most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!

It is not nor it cannot come to good:

But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself. Ever.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? Marcellus?
Act I.

Hamlet. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. Encourage me, and fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. Would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perechance 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. It is not all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue:

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd: farewell;

And sister, as the winds give benefit

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

Opf. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trilling of his favour,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,

A violet in the youth of privity nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute;

No more.

Opf. 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 inward service of the mind and soul

Grows wide within. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no soil nor cantle doth besmirch

The virtue of his will: but you must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth;

He may not, as unvalued persons do,

Carve for himself: for on his choice depends

The safety and health of this whole state;

And therefore must his choice be circumscribed

Unto the voice and yielding of that body

Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it

you, for

As he in his particular act and place

May give his settling deed, which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs,

Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open

To his unstammer'd importunity.
ACT I.

HAMLET.

SCENE IV.

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 leastest maid is prodigal enough, If she unmask her beauty to the moon; Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes: The emptiest babbler, as being still young, Too oft before their buttons be disclosed, And in the morn and liquid dew of youth Contagions blastments are most imminent. Be wary then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself rebels, though none near, The vastness of the matter and the lesson, As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, And reck not his own rede. 

Laert. 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! abroad, abroad, for shame! The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, And you are stay'd for. There! my blessing with And these few precepts in thy memory: [tbe! See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportion'd thought his act, Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel; But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unledged comrade. Beware Of council but of friends; theirs is the voice, Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice; Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy; For the apparel oft proclaims the man, And they in France of the best rank and station Are of a most select and generous chief 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 Polonius.]

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you? Oph. No business, something touching the Lord. 

Pol. Marry, well bethought! 

[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 bountiful, If it be so, as so 'tis put on me, 

[teous; And that in way of caution, I must tell you, 

You shall not understand yourself so clearly As it behoves my daughter and your honour. What is between you? give me up the truth. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders Of his affection to me. 

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think. 

Pol. Ophel. I do not, my lord, what I should think. 

Pol. I shall teach you: think yourself a baby; That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay. Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or — not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Running it thus — you'll tender me a fool. Oph. I have been importuned with love in honourable fashion. 

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to. Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven. [know, Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter, Giving more light than heat, extinct in both, Even in their promise, as it is a-making, You must not take for fire. From this time Be somewhat scatter'd of your maiden presence; Set your entertainments at a higher rate Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet, Believe so much in him, that he is young, And with a larger tether may he walk Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia, Do not believe his vows for they are brokers, Not of that dye which their investments show, But mere importers of unholy suits, Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, The better to beguile. This is for all: I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth, Have you so slender any way, as to take words 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.

Hor. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. 

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air. 

Hor. What hour now? 

Hor. No, it is struck. 

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near. 

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. 

[4 flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord? 

Rouse. The clocks doth wake to-night and take his keepers's soul, and the swaggering up-springing reeds; And, as he drains his draughts of Rhinensis down, The kettle-drums and trumpet thus bray out The triumph of his pledge. 

Hor. Is it a custom? 

Hor. Ay, marry, is 't: But to my mind, though I am native here And to the manner born, it is a custom More honour'd in the breach than the observance. This heavy-headed revel east and west Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations: They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase Soil our addition: and indeed it takes From our achievements, though perform'd at height, The pith and narrow of our attribute. So, oft it chances in particular men, That for some vicious mole of nature in them, As, in their birth — wherein they are not guilty, Since nature cannot choose his origin — By the o'er-growth of some complexion, 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 mean the stamp of one defect, Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,— Their virtues else — be they as pure as grace, As infinite as man may undergo — Shall in the general censure take corruption From that particular fault: the dram of eale.
Act I.

Hamlet. Scene V.

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

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 comest in such sacred attitudes as I,
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 canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their sarcofagum; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter’d,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What 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?

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartation did desire
To be 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 lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o’er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathom’s to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.

Go on; I’ll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nevan’s hump’s nerve.

Still am I call’d. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I’ll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on; I’ll follow thee.

[Exit 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 Den.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let’s follow him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I’ll go
Ghost. Mark me. [no further.

Ham. I will.

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. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
Ham. What? [hear.

Ghost. I am thy father’s spirit,
Doom’d for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
Thy knitted and conical locks to part [spheres,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou dost love thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
Ham. Murder! [murder.

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know ’t, that I, with wings as
Of mediation or the winds of love, [swift
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt:
And dullest shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldest thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a thing of God is there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretched whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine; canst thou, by charity,
As if never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link’d,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garlish
But, soft! me thinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be—Sleeping within my 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 my ears did pour
The leperous distillation: whose effect
Hath such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth possess
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter hawk’d about,
Most lazur-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother’s hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch’d:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel’d, disappointed, unanel’d,
ACT II.

HAMLET. SCENE I.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou best nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A conch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursueth this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge.
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gin to pale his effectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

[Exeunt Hamlet, Ophelia, and other attendants.

HAMLET. Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. How is 't, my noble lord?

Ham. O, wonderful! What news, my lord?

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once
But you'll be secret? [think it?

Hor. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's me'er a villain dwelling in all Den-
But he's an arrant knave. [mark

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
To tell us this. [the grave

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man has business and desire.
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray. [lord.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my

[Exeunt.

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. [hast.

Pol. You shall do marvellously wise, good Rey-
Before you visit him, to make inquire [hast,
Of his behaviour.

Reyn. My lord, I did intend it. [sir,

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you,
Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what’s the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted

Pol. With what, i’ th’ name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul’d,

Ungarter’d, and down-gyved to his ankle;

Tale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so pitious in purport

As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And, with his other hand thus o’er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stay’d he so;

At last, a little shaking of mine arm

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,

He raised a sigh so pitious and profound

That it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being: that done, he lets me go;

And, with his other hand over his shoulder turn’d,

He seem’d to find his way without his eyes;

For out o’ doors he went without their help,

And, to the last, bend’d their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstacy of love.

Whose violent property bestows itself

And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven

That does afflict 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 trifle,

And meant to wrench thee; but, beshrew my jealous nature!

To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions

As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:

This must be known; which, being kept close, might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Moreover that we much did long to see you, [stern] the need we have to use you did provoke

Our hasty sending. Something have you heard

Of Hamlet’s transformation; so call it, sith nor the exterior nor the inward man

Resembles that it was. What it should be

More than his father’s death, that thus hath put

So much from the understanding of himself, [him]

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,

That, being of so young days brought up with him,

And sith so neighbour’d to his youth and haviour,

That you within your life you must stay here in our court

Some little time: so by your companies

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,

So much as from occasion you may glean,

Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,

That, open’d, lies within our remedy. [you;

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk’d of
ACT II.

HAMLET.

SCENE II.

And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom be more others. If it will please you
To show us so much bounty that we may
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope.
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Such as my majesties shall give me leave,
That both your majesties may have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Gaut. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
The ambassadors from Norway, my good

Queen. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guilden-

Quea. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosen

And I beseech you instantly to visit [crantz:
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Av, amen ! [Exit Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good
Are joyfully return'd, [lord, Thon still hast been the father of good
news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And think, or use this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
in. [Exit Polonius.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's disenter.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our overhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cor
nellus.

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Pol. Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack:
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness; whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which, he, in brief, obeys;
Receives reliefs from Norway, and in fine
Makes vows to for his uncle never more.

Pol. To give the assay of arms against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[Giving a paper,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. If it be commend'd, it likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.

Meantime we thank you for your well-looked labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home! [Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste 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 is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis is 'tis a foolish figure;
But farewell it. for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend, I have a daughter — have while she is nine —
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[Reads.

That to the celestial and my soul's idol, the most bea-
tiiful Ophelia,

That's an ill name, a vile phrase; 'beautiful' is a vile phrase, but you shall hear. Thus:

[Reads.

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Come this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[Reads.

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;

'Doubt that the sun doth move;

'Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my griefs; but that I love thee best, O most, best, believe it. Alas! Thine evermore, and everlastingly, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet,This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think?

When I had seen this hot love on the wing—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me — what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be; and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messenger, receive no tokens,
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, requited — a short tale to make —
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Then to a lightness, and, by this declension, into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.
Do you think 'tis this? [that—]

It may be, very likely. — I'd fain know

That I have positively said 'Tis so,

When it proved otherwise?

Not that I know.

[Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

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?

You know, sometimes he walks four hours

Here in the lobby.

[Together

Do so he does indeed.

At such a time I'll loose my daughter to be:

You and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter: if he love her not

And be from his reason fall'n thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm and carters.

We will try it.

But, look, where sadly the poor wretch

comes reading.

I'll board him presently.

[Exit King, Queen, and Attendants.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

O, give me leave:

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Well, God-a-mercy.

Do you know me, my lord?

Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Not I, my lord.

Then I would you were so honest a man.

Honest, my lord!

Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes,

is to keep one's pickPocket out of ten thousand.

That's very true, my lord.

For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog, being a god kissing carriion,—Have you a
daughter?

I have, my lord.

Let her not walk 'tis the sun: conception is

a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive.

Friend, look to 't.

[Aside] How say you by that? Still harping

on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he

said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone:

and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity

for love; very near this, I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my lord?

Words, words, words.

What is the matter, my lord?

Between who?

I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here

that old men have grey beards, that their faces

are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber

and plum-tree gun and that they have a plentiful

lack of wit, together with most weak hands: all which,

though I most powerfully and potently believe,

yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down,

for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab

you could go backward.

[Aside] Though this be madness, yet there

is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my

lord? Into my grave, and find [lord?]

or 'tis an air. [Aside] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness

that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity

could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will

leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of

meeting between him and my daughter.—My hon-

orable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of

you.

You cannot, sir, take from me any thing

that I will more willingly part withal: except my

life, except my life, except my life.

Fare you well, my lord.

These tedious old fools!

Eenter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

You go to seek the Lord Hamlet: there he


My honoured lord!

My most dear lord!

My excellent good friends! How dost thou,

Ah, Rosencrantz! Good hails, how do ye both?

As the indifferent children of the earth.

Happy, in that we are not over-happy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Nor the soles of her shoe?

Neither, my lord.

Then you live about her waist, or in the

middle of her favours?

' Faith, her privates we.

In the secret parts of fortune? O, most

true: she is a strumpet. What's the news?

None, my lord, but that the world's grown

happier.

Then is doomsday 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?

Prison, my lord!

Denmark's a prison.

Then is the world one.

A goodly one; in which there are many

conines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one

of the worst.

We think not so, my lord.

Why, then, 'tis use to you; for there is

nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it

so: to me it is a prison.

Why then, your ambition makes it one;

'tis too narrow for your mind.

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.

Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the

very substance of the ambitions is merely the shadow

of a dream.

A dream itself is but a shadow.

Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and

light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Then are our beggars bodies, and our mon-

archs and outstretched heroes the beggar's shadows.

Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot

reason.

We'll wait upon you.

No such matter: I will not sort you with

the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an

honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But,

in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at

Elsinore?

To visit you, my lord: no other occasion.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in

thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends,

my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not

sent for? Is it your own inclination? Is it a true

visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come:

come: nay, speak.

What should we say, my lord?

Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You

were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in

your looks which your modesties have not craft

enough to colour: I know the good king and queen

have at your heart.
Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure by the most sacred pledges of our fellowship, by the constancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withall, to be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [Aside to Claud.] What say you?

Ham. [Aside] Nay, then. I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Claud. My lord, we are sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipa-
tion prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather. I have of late but half an hour—no, lest 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 sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical 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 faculty! 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: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said ‘man delights not me’?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lewd entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and litter are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o’t he sere; and the lady shall say her mind trebly, or the blank verse shall halt for’t. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better be at home always.

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 follow’d?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically coddled 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 they children? who maintains ‘em? how are they educated? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can slug? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to call them actors, it is for want? as their means are no better— their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. ‘Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for their plays: and, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is’t possible?

Gaut. O, there has been much throwing about of

Ham. Do the boys carry it away? [brawls.

Ham. What do they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred duets a-piece for his picture in little. Look you, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets within.

Gaut. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome and ceremony which we owe you, shall be done to you in order: for we shall comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Gaut. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well he with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Mark you, Guildenstern, and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily he’s the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players: mark it. You say right, sir: o’ Monday morning: ‘twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. But, buzz.

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure habes thou?

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why, ‘One fair daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.’

Pol. [Aside] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not? the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why, ‘As by lot, God wot,’ and then, you know.

‘It came to pass, as most like it was,— the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to be heard in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By ’r lady, your face is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all wel-

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of. We'll e'en to't 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.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million: 'twas cavilare to the general: but it was—as I was—repealing, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might fit the author of affectation: but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Aeneas' tale to Didon; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin this line: let me see, let me see—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Illyrian beast,'—it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay encompass the enchanted horse,
How countless and bewildering his composure smoulders With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules; hideously trick'd!
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impastied with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light To the lord's murder: toasted in wrath and fire;
And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. For God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellions to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repealing to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
Rouseth the whist and whine with his fell sword
The unminded father falls. Then senseless li-
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top [mum,
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! its sword,
Whipping the milk of his milky head
Of reverence, Priam seem'd i'the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
a silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Jove's armour forged for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strangler, Fortuné: All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the earth!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.

Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or tale of basely,
or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mob-

Hecuba. 'The mobbed queen?'

Pol. That's good; 'mobbed queen' is good.

First Play. Run barefoot up and down, threatening
Times With bissone rhenus: a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her neck and all o'er-teemed joints,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state's base treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless thyself or mine player bet at all,
Would have made null the burning eyes of
And passion in the gods.'

Ham. It's well; I'1l have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they 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 due;

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should scarce 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.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to morrow. [Exit Polonius with all the players but the First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and lock you mock him not. [Exit First Player.] My good friends, I'1l leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi'ye: [Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] Now I am alone. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not better to endure the ills we have than fly to others which we know not of? 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 wann'd, Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suitting With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing! For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears And cleave the general ear with horrid speech, Make mad the guilty and appall the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, uppregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dearest 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 the throat,

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ACT III.

HAMLET.

SCENE I.—A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen-Grantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance, 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. Guild. 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. Guild. 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-ranged 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 content me To hear him so inclined. Good gentlemen, give him a further edge, And drive his purpose on to these delights. Ros. We shall, my lord. [Exit. Rosenrantz and Guildenstern.

Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither, That he, as 't were by 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 behaved, It 't be the ambition 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. Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently They have prochlin'd their misdeeds; For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks; I 'll ent him to the quick: if he but blech, I know my course. The spirit that I have seen May be the devil: and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps Out of my weakness and my melancholy, As he is very potent with such spirits, Abuses me to damn me: I 'll have grounds More relative than this: the play 's the thing Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.

ACT III.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you, We will bestow ourselves. [To Ophelia] Read on this book; That show of much an exercise may colour Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,— 'T is too much proved— that with devotion's visage And pious action we do sugar o'er the devil himself. [Asself] O, 'tis too true! [science] How smart a hush that speech doth give my con- The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it Than is my deed to my most painted word; O heavy burthen! Pol. I hear him coming; let 's withdraw, my lord [Exit King and Polonius

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question: Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep; No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, 't is a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep:— To die, to sleep: 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 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 despised 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 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? That for a very Philips son of a Philips 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? That for a very Philips son of a Philips 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? That for a very Philips son of a Philips 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?
ACT III.

HAMLET.

SCENE II.

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 of such a strain as that which o'er his O'er which his melancholy sits on brood; [soul, And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose Will be some danger: 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 expell This something-settled matter in his heart, Wherein his brains still beating puts him thus From fashion of himself. What think you on't? Pol. It shall do well for you. 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 up, after the play Let your quick mother all alone entreat him To show his grief: let her be round with him; And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear Of all their conference. If she find him not, To England send him, or confine him where Your wisdom best shall think.

Ham. It shall be so. Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

SCENE II.—A hall in the castle. [Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and 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 your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do I swear the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow pass a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but theillusory, the overdone, the improvident, and noised I would have such a fellow whipped for thus profaning Tereant; it out-heroids Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action: with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the mask slip, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that either having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man. have so struttèd and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Player. Some, we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

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 spec-
Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a soul there. Be the players ready?
Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience. Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me. 
Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
Pol. [To the King.] O, ho! do you mark that?
Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[Exeunt Players.
Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.
Ham. Bid the players make haste. [Exit Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them?
Ros. We will, my lord.

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.
Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.
Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As 'er my conversation coped within.
Hor. O, my dear lord.—
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter; For what advancement may I hope from thee That no revenue hast but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp, And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what wild step 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 pricked, when thou sawest that act afore, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his occul'ted guilt Do not itself unkeenel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's sifthy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And after we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

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King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; the theme you slip.

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Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a Ham. What did you enact? [good actor.
Pol. I did enact Julius Cesar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a soul there. Be the players ready?
Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience. Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me. 
Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
Pol. [To the King.] O, ho! do you mark that?
Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
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Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.
Ham. Bid the players make haste. [Exit Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them?
Ros. We will, my lord.

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.
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Pol. I did enact Julius Cesar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.
Make us again count o’er ere love be done! But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, So you from a state of former great health, That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, Discomfit you, my lord, it nothing must: For women’s fear and love holds quantity; In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know; And as my love is sized, my fear is short: Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. [shortly too;]

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and My operant powers their functions leave to do: And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour’d, beloved; and hapy one as kind For husband shall thou —
P. Queen. O. confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: In second husband let me be accurst! None wert the second but who kill’d the first.

Ham. [Aside] Wormwood, wormwood. [move
P. Queen. The instances that second marriage Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: A second time I kill my husband dead, When second husband kisses me in bed. [speak: But what we do determine oft we break. Purpose is but the slave to memory, Of violent birth, but poor validity: Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree; But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be. Most necessary ’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 enacts with themselves destroy: Where joy most renews, grief doth most lament; Grief joy, joy griefes, on slender incident. This world is not for aye, nor ’tis not strange That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For ’t is a question left us yet to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love. The great man down, you mark his favourite flies; The poor advanced makes friends of enemies. And hitherto doth love on fortune tend; For who not needs shall never lack a friend, And who in want a hollow friend doth try, Doth by seasons his heart, this engine try. But, orderly to end where I begun, Our wills and fates do so contrary run That our devices still are overthrown; [own: Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our So think thou wilt no second husband wed; But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
P. King. No earth to me give food, no 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! Enchanted eyes that blanks the face of joy Meet what I do 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! P. King. ’T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me Here, in the garden, with my my wife. My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]
P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain; And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play? Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks. Ham. 0, but she’ll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? No offence in ’t? Ham. No, they do but jest, poison in jest, offeuce i’ 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 and see anon; ’t is a curious piece of work: but what o’ 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 must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pax, leave thy triable faces, and begin.
Come: ’tis the creaking raven doth bellow for revenge;
Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and P. time agreeing;
Confederate treason, else no creature seeing; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected, With Hecate’s ban three blasts thrice inflamed, Thy natural magic and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pour the potion into the sleeper’s ears.
Ham. He poisons him! the garden for estate.
His name’s Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago’s wife.
Oph. The king rises.
Ham. What, frightened with false fire!
Queen. How fares my lord?
P. Give o’er the play.
King. Give me some light: away!
All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep, The hart ungalled play; For some must watch, while some must sleep: So runs the world way.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feather—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a crew of players, sir?
Hor. Half a share.
Ham. A whole one, 1.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very—pajock.
Hor. You might have rhymed.
Ham. O good Horatio, I’ll take the ghost’s word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, before, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Gui. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
[you.
Gud. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Gud. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered,
Ham. With drink, sir?

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Pol. By the mass, and 1 is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They feel me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [Exit Polonius.]

Leave me, friends. [Exit all but Hamlet.]

Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and specters walk their rounds.
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother,
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Xerxes enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A room in the castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Gud. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many minds that are 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 noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a 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 mortised and adjoint'd; which, when it fails,
Each such small piece of it in consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Died the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will letters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will haste us.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in
shape of a camel?

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For we will letters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will haste us.
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 something strange in our proceedings?
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 forstalled ere we come to fall?
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up:
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?
That cannot be: since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world:
Offence's gilded hand may show by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so far:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the verylenth 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 engaged! Help, help, poor assay! A
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of
Steel, be soft 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 revenged: That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, 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 revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No!
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the farthest prospect of revenge:
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereeto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

King. [Treading] My words fly up, my thoughts re-
main below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home
him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood be-
under him.

Ham. [Within] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. [Within] I'll warrant you, Bear me not: withdraw. I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides behind the arras.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of

fenced.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much of
fenced.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so; You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll act those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the utmost part of you.

Queen. What will thou do? thou wilt not murder
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind?] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. [Drawing] How now! a rat? Dead, for a
ducat, dead! [Makes a pass through the arras.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word,

[Flits up the arras and discovers Polonius.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Call's virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blaster there, makes marriage-vows

As false as dier's oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet religion makes

A ransom 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.

Ay me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, 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 the very body of the deed, for what fol-

Here is your husband: like a mildew'd ear, [low's:

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love; for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
Hamlet.

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 asleep and in a kind of suspended state,
Nor sense to ecstasy was 'er so thrill'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at goodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight.
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so move. O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellions hell, if thou canst muthe 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:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tint.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enshamed 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;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precent lord; a vice of kings;
A eutpurse of the empire and the rule.
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches.—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hovers e're me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious
Queen. Alas, he's mad! [figure?]

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets 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, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you.
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
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 an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Wheresoe'er you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjinion'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you refer 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 habit as he lived!
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 pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gamboled from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering触动 to your soul.
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the merciless place,
Whilst rank corrup'ssion, unseen, shall
Infests unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Recollect what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Queen. Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That tepidly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lead a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either... the devil, or throw him out.
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[Pointing to Polonius, I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow such words and such a mile
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the blow king tempt you again to bed:
Pinch watch on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or puddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to revel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a pock'd, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, it words he made of
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said long.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so conclude on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work; For 't is the sport to have the engine Host with his own petar; 't shall go hard But I will delve one yard below their mines, And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet, When in one line two craftz directly meet. This man shall set me packing:

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room. Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor is now most still, most secret and most grave, Who was in life a foolish prating knave. Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you. Good night, mother. [Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 't is fit we understand them.
Where is your son?
Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet? Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, whan both con-join. Which, when he's in his lawless fit, [end Behind the arras hearing something stirr,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!' And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen old man.
King. O heavy deed! It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be kild to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he had kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.
King. O Gertrude, come away! The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We mouth with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. No, Guildenstern!
Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him:
Let see him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's unadorn'd done.
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
'As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.
Ros. [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
ACT IV.

HAMLET.

SCENE V.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, or for some frontier? Cap. 'Tis much to speak, and with no addition, we go to strive for a little patch of ground. That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole.

A maker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it. Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd. [ducats]

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace, that inward breaks, and shows no cause without: why the heat's so hectic, I do not know, but this I do, I will freely thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir.

Ham. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt all except Hamlet.]

How all attendances do inform against me, and spur my dull revenge! What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure, he that made us with such large discourse, looking before and after, gave us not that capability and god-like reason to fast in us unused. Now, whether it be bestial oblivion, or some craven scuffle of thinking too precisely on the event, [from A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wise—] And ever three parts coward, I do not know why yet I live to say 'this thing's to do'; Sith I have cause and will and strength and means To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me: Witness this army of such mass and charge Led by a gentle and tender prince, whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd Makes mouths at the invisible event, Expressing what is mortal and sure 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, Excitements of my reason and my blood, And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see The imminent death of twenty thousand men, That, for a fantasy and trick of fame, Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot Where each man Winner is but he that causes 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.—Elsewhere. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distinct: her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have? Gent. She speaks much of her father: says she hears [her heart:] There's tricks 'i the world; and hems, and beats Spurros enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt, That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing, Yet the unshap'd use of it doth move all the collection: the collection, the collection at it, And both the words up fit to their own thoughts; Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them, [thought.] Indeed would make one think there might be Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily. Why, there's good she was spoken with; for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

End.
ACT IV.

HAMLET.

SCENE V.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, Each hour in his exchange must be a grief: So full of artless jealousy is guilt, It spills itself in fearing to be split.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

[Song] How should I your true love know
From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?


[Song] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Song] While his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [Song] Larded with sweet flowers;
Whoso to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'lil you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let 's have no words of this: but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Song] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dipp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never depart'd more.

King. Pretty Ophelia! [end on t:

Oph. Indeed, 1a, without an oath, I'll make an
[Song] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cook, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you troubled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I '1 done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch. I pray you. [Exit Horatio.

O, this is the poison of deep grief: it springs All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude, When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions. First, her father slain; Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove; the people maddened, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whisper.

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but In hunger-monger to inter him; poor Ophelia Divided from herself and her fair judgment, Without whose witty 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 pleasant speeches of his father's death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our person to arrange In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a murdering-piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. [Aside. 

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter? 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'erears your officers. The rabble call him lord; And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The rafters 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 harshenter, you false deliverant! 

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danses following.

Lac. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all 
Danses. No, let's come in. [without.

Lac. I pray you, give me leave. 
Danses. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door. 

Lac. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile Give me my father! 

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes. 

Lac. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard.

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsullied brow Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person: There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would, Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude. 

Danses. When.

Lac. Where is my father? 

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him. 

Lac. Let him demand his fill. [with:

King. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled To hell, allegiance! yows, 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 revenged Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you? 

Lac. My will, not all the world; 

And for my means, I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes. 

Lac. None but his enemies. 

King. Will you know them then? 

Lac. To his good friends thus wile I'll que my Like the kind life-rendering pelican, [arms; Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
ACT IV.

HAMLET.

SCENE VII.

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment piece
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within] Let her come in.

Laco. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale 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. [Sings]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey nonny nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:—
Fare well now, my dove! [revenge.

Laco. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
It could not move thus. [Sings]

Oph. [Sings] You must sing a down-a down-a,
An you call him a down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
That stole his master's daughter.

Laco. This nothing 's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray, love, remember; and there is pausies, that's for thoughts.

Laco. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines;
there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violet's, but they withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end,—

[Sings] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laco. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [Sings] And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy dead husband:
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All haxen was his pohl:
He is gone, he is gone,
And God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' ye. [Exit.

Laco. Is it so? have you 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.

Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation—

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exit.

SCENE VI. —Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Servant. I do not know from what part of the world I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir. [Aside. 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 means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: 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 thon to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear which shall make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the beauteous matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-crantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that knowest thine, HAMLET.'

Come, I will make 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 castle.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laert. It well appears; but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to our public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slight and slender for so large a shaft,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laert. And so have I a noble father lost;
ACT IV.

HAMLET.

SCENE VII.

A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age.
For her perfection; but my revenge will come.

King. Break not thy sleep for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shock with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourselves;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.
King. From Hamlet! who brought them?
Mess. Sailors, my lord; they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudius: he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leaves us. [Exit Messenger.

[Reads.] High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I be leaf to see your kindy eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Lear. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked!'
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'
Can you advise me?

Lear. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didst thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?
Will you be ruled by me?

Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule 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 another plot, now ripe for 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.

Lear. My lord, I will be ruled;
This rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Lear. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riland 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, [since,
Importing health and graveness. Two months
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had his chariot: in it, he drew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpored and demi-natured
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.

King. A Norman was't?

Lear. A Norman.

Lear. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Lear. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried thou, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could catch you: the skirmers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.

Now, out of this,—

Lear. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Lear. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your
But that I know love is begun by time; [father;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of vick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at like a youth's good will;
For goodness, growing to a plurality,
Dies in his own too much: that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this 'would'
And hath abatements and delays as many [changes
As there are tongues, are lands, are accidents;
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Lear. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize:
[ites.
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Learer—Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put up those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little singling you may choose
A sword untied, and in a pass of practice
Require him for your father.

Lear. I will do 't:
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

I bought an union of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gill him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail, [ance,
And that our drift look through our bad perform-
T'were better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager on your Cummings:
I ha' t:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I' ll have prepared him
ACT V.

HAMLET.

SCENE I.—A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spears, &c.

First C.) Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation? Sec. C.) I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crown'er hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First C.) How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence? Sec. C.) Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.—First C.) Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. C.) But is this law? First C.) Ay, marry, is 't: crown'er's quest law. Sec. C.) Will you have the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First C.) Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but garderons, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. C.) Was he a gentleman? First C.) He was the first that ever bore arms. Sec. C.) Why, he had none.

First C.) 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—

Sec. C.) Go to.

First C.) What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter? Sec. C.) The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First C.) 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

Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes; As one incapable of her own distress, Or like a creature native and indelude Unto that element: but long it could not be Till that her preparations, heavy with their drink, Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay To muddied death.

Lear. Alas, then, she is drown'd? Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Lear. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia, And this thy mirth, and this thy jocund joy: 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 shall burn blazes, But that this folly douts 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.
First Clo. [Sings] A package, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.
Ham. There's another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quills, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the scounce with a dirty shovell, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Ham! This fellow might be in'time a great layer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his actions, and his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?
Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.
Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?
Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.
Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in them, and will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?
First Clo. Mine, sir.
[Shakes the skull.]
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.
Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.
First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.
Ham. Thou dost liie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.
First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.
Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?
First Clo. For no man, sir.
Ham. What woman, then?
First Clo. For none, neither.
Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?
First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.
Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken a note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.
Ham. How long is that since?
First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.
Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?
First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.
Ham. Why?
First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; that thou art mad as he.
Ham. How came he mad?
First Clo. Very strangely, they say.
Ham. How strangely?
First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.
Ham. Upon what ground?

Enter Horatio, Hamlet, Laertes, and the mourning clergy of Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years. [rot?]

First Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten in the earth, as we have many pokey corpses now that will scarce hold the laying in — he will some eight years or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?
First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while: and your water is a sore discoverer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?
First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: who do you think it was?
Ham. No man, I think not.
First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rheinish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.
Ham. This?
First Clo. E'en that.
Ham. Let me see. [Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here are the jester's lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Frithere, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Ham. What's that, my lord?

First Clo. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion? the earth?
Ham. E'en so.

First Clo. And smelt so? pah! [Puts down the skull.

Ham. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead us thither, thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried. Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loaf; and why of that loaf, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away; O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall 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? And with such maine rites? This doth betoken The corse they follow did with desperate hand Forsoo it's own life: 'tis of some estate. Couch we awhile, and mark.

Hor. [Retiring with Horatio.

Ham. That is Laertes, A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A merry grave-makers' order.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A merry grave-makers' order.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A merry grave-makers' order.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A merry grave-makers' order.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A merry grave-makers' order.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.  [Exit.]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet 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 other;
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mortises in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves as well,
When our deep plots do pull; and that should teach
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
As rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabinet,
My sea-gown scar'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unsel
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery! — an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, did she not, each bug and goblin in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus bet-netted round with villainies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play — I sat me down,
Devising a new commission, wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'twixt their anities,
And many such-like 'As's 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 shriving-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,
Subscribed it, gave 't the impression, placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now: the next day
Was on the 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 employment;  
They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
Does by their own misinination grow:  
'Tis dangerous when the base nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.  

Hor. Why, what a king is this!  

Ham. Does it not, thinks 'tis thee, stand me now upon—  
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother,  
Populous between the election and my hopes,  
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such covenage,—'tis not perfect conscience,  
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damm'd,  
To let this canker of our nature come  
In further evil? [and  

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from Eng—  
What is the issue of the business there.  

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;  
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forget myself;  
For, by the image of my cause, I see  
The person of his: 'twill court his favours;  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a torrowing passion.  

Hor. Peace! who comes here?  

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to  
Denmark.  

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?  

Hor. Sir, my good lord.  

Ham. That state is the more gracious; for 'tis a  
vicen 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 impart a thing to you from his majesty.  

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of  
spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for  
the head.  

Osr. Thank your lordship, it is very hot.  

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is  
portentous.  

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.  

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot  
for my complexion.  

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord: it is very sultry,—as  
'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty  
led 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 mine ease, in good  
faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes;  
believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most  
excellent differences, of very soft society and great  
showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is  
the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find  
in him the continent of what part a gentleman would  
see.  

Ham. Sir, his deformity nothing pernicious in you;  
though, I know, to divide him inventorially  
would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet  
but yawn neither, in respect of his quick sail. But,  
in the verity of exultation, I take him to be a soul  
of great article; and his infusion of such dæth and  
thriving, to make true division of him, his semblable  
is his mirror; and who else would trace him,  
his unchangeable, nothing more.  

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.  

Ham. The concurrence, sir? why do we wrap  
the gentleman in our more raver breath?  

Osr. Sir?  

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another  
tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.  

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?  

Osr. Of Laertes?  

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden  
words are spent.  

Osr. Of him, sir.  

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—  

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you  
did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?  

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence  
Laertes is—  

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should  
compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man  
well, were to know himself.  

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon: but in the  
imputation laid on him by them, in his need he's un-  
followed.  

Ham. What's his weapon?  

Osr. Rapier and dagger.  

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.  

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six  
Barbary horses against the which he has imposed,  
as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards,  
with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three  
of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy,  
very responsive to the hills, most delicate carriages,  
and of very liberal conceit.  

Ham. What call you the carriages?  

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent  
ere you had done.  

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.  

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the  
matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I  
would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six  
Barbary horses against six French swords, their  
assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's  
the French bet against the Danish. Why is this  
'imposted,' as you call it?  

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen  
passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed  
you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine;  
and it would come to immediate trial, if your  
lordship would vouchsafe the answer.  

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?  

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your  
person in trial.  

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please  
his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with  
me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing,  
and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him  
an I can: if not, I will gain nothing but my shame  
and the odd hits.  

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?  

To this effect, sir; after what flourish  
your nature will.  

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.  

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osric.] He does well  
to commend it himself; there are no tongues else  
for 's turn.  

Hor. Thislapwing runs away with the shell on  
his head.  

Ham. He did comply with his digg, before he  
sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the  
same levy that I know the distress'd dotes on, so  
only got the time of the time and outward habit of  
encounter; a kind of yeasty collection, which  
carries them through and through the most fond  
and winnow'd opinions; and do but blow them to  
their trial, the bubbles are out.  

Enter a Lord.  

Lord. My lord, his majesty commanded him to  
you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that  
you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if  

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HAMLET.

ACT V. SCENE II.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen yea both; But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.  
Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.  
Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [They prepare to play.  
Osr. Ay, my good lord.  
Ham. I wish the mom's wine upon that table.  
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordinance fire;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
And in the cup an union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannonner without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,  
Now the king drinks to Hamlet,' Come, begin:  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.  
Ham. Come on, sir.  
Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.  
Ham. One.  
Laer. No.  
Ham. Judgment.  
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.  
Laer. Well; again.  
King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl  
Here's to thy health;  
Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.  
Come. [They play.] Another hit: what say you?  
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.  
King. Our son shall win.  
Queen. He's fat, and scent of breath.  
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:  
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.  
Ham. Good madam! Gertrude, do not drink.  
Queen. I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon me.  
King. [Aside] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.  
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.  
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.  
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.  
King. I do not think 't.  
Laer. [Aside] And yet 'tis almost against my conscience.  
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes; you bat daily;  
I pray you, pass with me your best violence;  
I am not only a youth, but a man of mettle;  
Laer. Say you so? come on. [They play.  
Osr. Nothing, neither way.  
Laer. Have you at now! [Leeates wounds Hamlet; then, in succession, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.  
King. Part them; they are incensed.  
Ham. Nay, come, again. [The Queen falls.  
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!  
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my  
Queen. [Aside] Is it? Laertes?  
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery. [Osric;  
Ham. How does the queen?  
Queen. She swoons to see them bleed.  
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, the—O my dear  
Hamlet,—  
The cup I drink! I am poison'd!  
[Dies.  
Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd!  
Treachery! Seek it out.  
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;  
No medicine in the world can do thee good;  
In thee there is not half an hour of life;  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unsheathed and envenom'd: the foul practice  
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,  
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd!  
I can no more: the king's the blame.
**Act V.**

**Scene II.**

**Hamlet.** The point! — even venom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work.  
[Stabs the King.  
All. Treason! treason!  
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

**Hamlet.** Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?  
[Dane, Follow my mother.  
[King dies.  

**Laer.** He is justly served;  
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me!  

**Ham.** Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time — as this fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest — O, I could tell you —  
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

**Hor.** Never believe it:  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:  
Here's yet some liquor left.

**Ham.** As thou 'rt a man,  
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.  
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind  
If thou dost ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absert thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story.  

**Osr.** Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from  
To the ambassadors of England gives  
[Poland, This warlike volley.

**Ham.**  
O, I die, Horatio:  
The potent poison quite o'er-crowns my spirit:  
I cannot live to hear the news from England;  
But I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the occurrences, more and less,  
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.  

**Hor.** Now cracks a noble heart. Good night,  
sweet prince;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither?  

**Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors,  
and others.**

**Fort.** Where is this sight?
KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lear, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloucester.
Edgar, son to Gloucester.
Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester.
Curan, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.
Doctor.
Fool.

Oswald, steward to Goneril.
A Captain employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.
Goneril, Regan, daughters to Lear.
Cordelia,  

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—King Lear's palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am bailed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle eye 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.

Glou. 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 knave came something suddenly into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edmu. No, my lord.

Glou. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edmu. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edmu. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Servet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy.

Glou. I shall, my liege. [Gloucester, Lear.  

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Confering them on younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd shall wander toward our death. Our son of Cornwall: And you, our no less loving son of Albany, [Wall, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long have our heart have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughter, Since now we will divest us, both of rule, [ters,— Interest of territory, cares of state,— Which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty: ye extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter; Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rations or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour; As much as child e'er loved, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [Aside] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [This, Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. Sir, I am made Of the self-same metal that my sister is, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short: that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses; And in my dear highness' love.
Cor. [Aside] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so: since, I am sure, my love's
More hearty than their hand's.
Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure.
Than that confer'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although 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 will come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am. I cannot leave
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
Lest it may mar your fortunes. [little, Cor.
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall weal,
That is the time that maketh to my heart
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 thy heart with this?
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 operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me [Scythian,
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
as thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent! Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I love her best, and thought to set my last
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give [stirs? Her father's heart from her! Call France; who
Call Burgundy, Cornwall and Albany,
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 [course,
That troup with majesty, Ourself, by monthly
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you. [Giving the crown.
Kent. [Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my kind
Loved as my father, as my master, lov'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 heart where heat may be Kent unmannerly.
When Lear is mad. What will thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that do'st ad to speak,
When power to flattering bow's? To plainness hon-
our's bond.
When majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check [ment,
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Revers no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent, Thou swarest thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant! [Laying his hand on his sword.
Alb. ] Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. ] Kent Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
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 sough't 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 we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd shall be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death! Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked. [appear.
Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[To Cordelia] The gods to their dear shelter take thee.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
[To Regan and Goneril] And your large speeches
May your deeds approve,
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. (Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, 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 dow'r with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Burgundy. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If sought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pleased,
And nothing more, may fitle like your grace,
She there, and she is yours.
Burgundy. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriend'd, new-adopted to our hate, [sooth,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
take her, or leave her?
Burgundy. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

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KING LEAR.

ACT I.

Scene II.

LEAR. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [To France] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avoid this fault of a more worthy way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge her.

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 beloved, dearest, should in this time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch’d affection
Fall’n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. Yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I’ll do’t before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No misuse nor rottenness nor dis honest 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
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR. Better than [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 unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love’s not love
When it’sungiled with favors that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bar. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which you yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bar. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!

LEAR. Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what’s cast away. [neglect
Gods, gods! It’s strange that from their colds
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
But I’ll darewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Then lost here, a better where to find.
[for we
LEAR. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine;
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.

COME, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. Exeunt all but France, Gonewill, Regan, and Cordelia.

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 loath to call
Your fathers sons, though named. Use well our father:
To your professed 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.

Reg. Prescribe not our duties.

Gon. Let your study
To be content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune’s alma. You have obedience scant
And well are worthy the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. [Exit. Come, my fair 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 we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but seldom known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that inform and cholerous years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we 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’s hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend.

Reg. We shall further think on’t.

Gon. We must so do something, and I the heat.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Earl of Gloucester’s castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam’s issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baselessness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, staid, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fools,
Got ‘twixt asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your hand;
Our father’s love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glov. Kent banish’d thus! and France in choler
piered!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!
Confirmed to exhibition! All this done;
Upon the god! Edmund, how now! what news?
Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.

Glov. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
Edm. I know no news, my lord.

[letter?}
Edg. 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 faint think it were not.

Edm. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft 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.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, base, 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, missing his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Glou. 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.

Glou. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself in a wise resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you...
ACT I.  

KING LEAR.  

SCENE IV.  

I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you; I have told you what I have seen and heard: but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.  

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?  

[Exit Edgar.  

A credulous father! and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy! I see the business.  

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
With all with's me that I can fashion fit.  

[Exit.  

SCENE III. — The Duke of Albany’s palace.  

Enter Goneril, and Oswald, her steward.  

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?  

Osw. Yes, madam.  

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I’ll not endure it:  
His knights grow riotous, and himself upriseth us  
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,  
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:  
If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well; the fault of it I’ll answer.  

Osw. He’s coming, madam; I hear him.  

[Exit.  

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows; I’ll have it come to quest  
If he dislike it, let him to our sister.  
[Exeunt.  

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities  
That he inith given away! Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again; and must be used  
With checks as flattering,—when they are seen  
Remember what I tell you.  

Osw. Well, madam. [Exit.  

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.  

SCENE IV.—A hall in the same.  

Enter Kent, disguised.  

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech define, my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raved my likeness. Now, banish’d Kent,  
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn’d,  
So may it cope, thy master, whom thou lov’st,  
Shall find thee full of labours.  

[Exeunt.  

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.  

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready.  

[Exit an Attendant.] How now! what art  

Kent. A man, sir.  

Thou?  

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 he is.  

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 as to dote on her for anything: I  
have years on my back forty eight.  

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where’s my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.  

[Exit an Attendant.  

Enter Oswald.  

You, you, sirrah, where’s my daughter?  

Osw. So please you.  

Lear. What’s this fellow there? Call the chaplains here.  

[Exit a Knight.] Where’s my fool, ho? I think the world’s asleep.  

Re-enter Knight.  

How now! where’s that mongrel?  

[well.  

Kent. He says, my lord, your daughter is not  

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?  

Kent. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.  

Lear. He would not!  

Kent. My lord, I know not what the matter is;  
but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained  
with that ceremonious affection as you were wont;  
there’s a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the  
duke himself also and your daughter.  

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?  

Kent. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I  
be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I  
think your highness wronged.  

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect  
of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own  
jealous curiosity than as a very prejudice and  
purpose of unkindness: I will look further into it.  
But where’s my fool? I have not seen him this  
two days.  

Kent. 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.  

[Exit an Attendant.] Go you, call him here.  

Lear. Do you handy looks with me, you rascal?  

[Striking him.  

Osw. I’ll not be struck, my lord.  

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball  

player.  

[Tripping up his heel.  

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and  
I will love thee well.  

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I’ll teach you  
differences: away, away! If you will measure your  
blackest length again, tarry; but away! go to;  
have you wisdom? so.  

[Pushes Oswald out.
ACT I.  

LEAR.  Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [Giving Kent money.

Enter Fool.

Fool.  Let me hire him too? here's my coxcomb.

LEAR.  How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?  Fool.  Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT.  Why, fool?  Fool.  Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an thou cast not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, sirrah! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

LEAR.  Why, my boy?  Fool.  If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR.  Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool.  Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out. What! Lady the brach may stand by the fire and sink.

LEAR.  A pestilent gall to me!  Fool.  Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR.  Do.

Fool.  Mark it, sirrah: Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest, Lead less than thou owest, Ride more than thou goest, Learn more than thou trowest: Leave thy drink and thy where, And keep in-door, And thou shalt have more Than two tens to a score.

KENT.  This is nothing, fool.

Fool.  Then 'tis like the breath of an unfei'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, sirrah?

LEAR.  Why, no boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

[To Kent] Prithée, tell him, so much the rest of his hand comes: he will not believe a fool.

LEAR.  A bitter fool.

Fool.  Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

LEAR.  No, lat; teach me.

Fool.  That lord that counsel'd thee To give away thy land, Come place him here by me, Do thou for him stand: The sweet and bitter fool Will presently appear; The one in motley here, The other found out there.

LEAR.  Dost thou know the fool, boy?

Fool.  All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou was born with.

KENT.  This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool.  No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be matching. Give me an egg, sirrah, and I'll give thee two crows.

LEAR.  What two crows shall they be?

Fool.  Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crows of the egg. When thou clowest thy crow' in the middle, and gavest thyself thy bones, thou art ass on thy back over the dirt: thou hastt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Singing] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year; For wise men are grown foppish, They know not how their wits to wear, Their manners are so aspish.

LEAR.  When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool.  I have used it, sirnecle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

[Singing] Then they for sudden joy did weep, And I for sorrow sung.

That such a king should play bo-peep, And go the fools among.

Prithée, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR.  An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool.  I marvel what feel thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou hast me whipped for lying; and sometimes I was whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast paled thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the pairings.

Enter Goneril.

LEAR.  How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Me-thinks you are too much of late i' the brown.

Fool.  Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hast'd no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [To Gon.] Yes, forsooth. I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum.

LEAR.  Be that keep nor cut nor cram, Weary of all, shall want some.

[Pointing to Lear] That's a shealed peascod.

GON.  Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, But other of your insolent retaines Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allegiance; which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep, Which, in the tender of a wholesome yeal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool.  For, you traw, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow and the cuckoo so long, That it's had it head bit off by it 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, Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away These dispositions, that of late transform you From what you rightly are.

FOOL.  May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

LEAR.  Doth any here know me? This is not Lear. Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his Either his notion weakens, his discernings [eyes] Are lethargied — Ha! waking? 'tis not so. Who is it that can tell me who I am?

FOOL.  Lear's shadow.

LEAR.  I would learn that: for, by the marks of sovereignty and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

FOOL.  Which they will make an obedient father.

LEAR.  Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON.  This admiratio' sir, is much o' the favour

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Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes, 
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out, 
And cast you, with the waters that you lose, 
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this? 
Let it be so; yet 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 wolfsish 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. 
[Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants. 
Gon. Do you mark that, my lord? 
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril, 
To the great love I bear you.— 
Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho! 
[To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than fool, after 
your master. 
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take 
the fool with thee. 
A fox, when one has caught her, 
And such a daughter, 
Should sure to the slaughter, 
If my cap would buy a kilter: 
So the fool follows after. 
[Exit. 
Gon. This man hath good counsel:— a hundred 
knaves! 
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep 
At point a hundred knaves; yes, that, on every 
Each being his fancy, each complaint, dislike. 
He may enguar his dotage with their powers, 
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say! 
Alb. Well, you may fear too far. 
Gon. Safer than trust too far: 
Let me still take away the harms I fear, 
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart. 
What be hath utter'd I have writ my sister: 
If she sustain him and his hundred knights, 
When I have shewn't the unfitness,— 
Re-enter Oswald. 
How now, Oswald! 
What, have you writ that letter to my sister? 
Osw. Yes, madam. 
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse: 
Inform her full of my particular fear; 
And thereto add such reasons of your own 
As may not meet it more. Get you gone; 
And hasten your return. [Exit Oswald.] No, no, 
my lord, 
This milky gentleness and course of yours 
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon, 
You are much more attain'd for want of wisdom 
Than praised for the wantonness of valour. 
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell: 
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well. 
Gon. Nay, then— 
Alb. Well, well; the event. 
[Exeunt. 
SCENE V. — Court before the same. 
Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool. 
Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. 
Acquaint my daughter no further with any 
things ye know than comes from her demand out of 
the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, 
I shall be there afore you. 
Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have deliver'd your letter. 
[Exit. 
Fool. If a man’s brains were in’s heels, were’t not in danger of knewes? 
Lear. Ay, ho! 
Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall 
ne’er go slipseshed. 
Lear. Ha, ha, ha! 
Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee 
kindly: for though she’s as like this as a crab’s 
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
ACT II.

KING LEAR.

SCENE I. — The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter Edmund, and Curan meets him.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this 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 do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.]

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! This weaves itself perfide into my business. [Dest! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work! Brother, a word; descendent, brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night; Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, 'tis the night, 'tis the haste, And Regan with him; have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.


[Exit Edgar.]

Some blood drawn on me would begot opinion [Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. Father, father! Stop, stop! No help.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain? [out. Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glo. But where is he?
Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.
Corn. Now how 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?
Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's split asunder!
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?
Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riuosous
That tend upon my father? [knaves
Corn. When not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.
Edw. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well informed of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sejourn at my house,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edw. 'Twas my duty, sir.
Glou. He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?
Glou. Ay, my good lord.
Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obdience 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.
Edw. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, moreover else.
Glou. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some pique,
Where 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 dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your own security to our business,
Which craves the instant use.
Glou. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Before Gloucester's castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.
Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend; art of this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I the more.
Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Osw. Why then, I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee for care for me.
Osw. What dost thou use me thus? I know thee
Kent. Fellow, I know thee. [not.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knife; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, threesuit ed, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knife; a lively-sword, action-taking knife, a threepence, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one
trunk-inheriting slave; one that would be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knife, beggarly, threesuit ed, and the son and heir of a monkey bite; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.
Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,
thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor known to me?
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou,
deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you; draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, you murthering knave.
Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.
Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbuncle your shanks; draw, you rascal; come your ways.
Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!
Kent. Strike, you slake; stand, rogue, stand;
you neat slake, strike. [Beating him.
Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, with his riper drawn. Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.
Edw. How now! What's the matter?
Kent. With you, Goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.
Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?
Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives: He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?
Reg. The messengers from our sister and the
Corn. What is your difference? speak. [king.
Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.
Kent. No marvel, you have so bestowed your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disowns in thee: a tailor made thee. —[a man?
Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make
Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter
could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.
Corn. Tell me, how grew your quarrel?
Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
suspected at suit of his grey beard,—
Kent. Thou whoreson ruffian! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbidled villain into mortar, and dub the wall with him, sir. Farewell, my beard.
Corn. Peace, sirrah! — [you wagtail? You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.
Corn. Why art thou angry? — [swords
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a
Who wears no honesty. Such sinning rogues as
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain — [these,
Which are too intrinsick t' unuse: smooth every
That in the natures of their lords' rebel; — [passion
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale, and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visages! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'll drive ye cackling home to Camelot.
Corn. What. What, thou art mad, old fellow?
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave. — [his offence?
Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
Kent. His countenance likes me not. — [nor his,
Corn. He may be shame, does unhappier,
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands upon any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Cor. This is some fellow, who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite to his nature; he cannot flatter. He
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
As they will take it, so: if not, he's plain. [Exit
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
Labour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observers
Think to match their stuff alone.
Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phæbus' front.—

Cor. What mean'st by this? Kent. To go out of my dialect, which not to discom-
mand so much. I know, sir. I am no flatterer: he
That beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain
knave; which for my part I will not be, though I
should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Cor. What was the offence you gave him? Kent. I have never gave him any.
It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the flesheum of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Cor. Fetch forth the stocks! You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Cor. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life
And honour,
There shall he sit till noon.
[too,

Reg. 'Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night
Kent. Why, madam, if you were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Cor. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks!
[Stocks brought out.

Glou. Let me beseech your grace to close
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't; your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilgrimages and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should I have him thus restrain'd?

Cor. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

Come, my good lord, away,
[Exit all but Gloucester and Kent.

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rul'd nor stop'd: I'll entreat he, thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watched 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! Glou. The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill

[Exit.

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
Thou out of heaven's beneficence comest
Saw, to the warm sun: he cannot flatter. He
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 obscure course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'erwatch'd,
To take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy
wheel!
[Sleeps.

SCENE III.—A wood.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free: no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to bestial: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary:
And with this horrid object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic fans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlgyod! poor Tom! That
's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

SCENE IV.—Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart
From home.
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purport in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha! Ha! Ha!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha! ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place missing?—To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she; Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no, they would not.
Kent. Yes, by heaven.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.
Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage;
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightstst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

**Kent.** My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reckoning post,
Saying 'twas my haste, half breathless, pouncing forth
From General his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The vessels of their agent; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so sanguine against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

**Fool.** Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly
that way,
Fathers that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.
But, for all this, 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!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! Where is this daughter?

**Kent.** With the earl, sir, here within.

**Lear.** Follow me not: Stay here.

**Kent.** Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

**Lear.** None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

**Fool.** An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that
question, thou hast as well deserved it.

**Lear.** Why, fool?

**Fool.** We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that
follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell of 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 knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, percy.

**Kent.** Where learned you this, fool?

**Fool.** Not i' the stocks, fool.

**Re-Enter Lear with Gloucester.**

**Lear.** Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travelled all the night? Mere flesches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

**Glou.** My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fixed he is
In his own counsel.

**Lear.** Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

**Glou.** Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

**Lear.** Inform'd them! Dest thou understand me, Glou. Ay, my good lord.

**Lear.** The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

**Reg.** Would with his daughter speak, commands her ser-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood! Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well.
Infamity doth still neglect all office
Whereo'er our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And as I fall in with my master reader will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore

**Looking on Kent.** Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this renouncement of the duke and her
Is practicable. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'll speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

**Glou.** I would have all well betwixt you.

**Lear.** O, me, my heart, my rising heart! but, down,

**Fool.** Cry to it, numbe, as the cockney did to the
eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knap-
ked 'em o' the coaxcombs with a stick, and cried
'Down, wantsons, down!' 'Twas her brother that,
in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

**Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Ser-
vants.**

**Lear.** Good morrow to you both.

**Corn.** Hail to your grace!

**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,
Sepulchring an adultress. [To Kent] O, are you
Some other here for that?—Beloved Regan. [Fre?]
Thy sister's taught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:

**Points to his heart.** I can scarce speak to thee: thou 'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

**Reg.** I pray you, sir, lake patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scent her duty.

**Lear.** Say, how is that?

**Reg.** I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fall her obligation: if, sir, perseverance
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 mired 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; [Kneeling. Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg That you'll vouchsafe me rainment, bed, and food.'  
Rey. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks: Return you to your sister.  

Lear. This's never, Regan: She hath alighted not half my train; Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue, Most serpent-like, upon the very heart: All the stored vengances of heaven fall On her ingrateful top. Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness!  

Rey. Fie, sir, fie!  

Lear. You nimble 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!  
Rey. O the best gods! so will you wish on me, When the rash mood is on.  

[curse:  
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my Thy tender-hefted 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 bendy hasty words; to count my sizes, And in conclusion to oppose the bolt Against my coming in: thou better know'st The offices of nature, bond of childhood, Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude; Thy half o' the kingdom last thou not forgot, Wherein I thee endow'd.'  
Rey. Good sir, to the purpose.  

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?  

[Trumpet within.  

Corn. What trumpet's that?  
Rey. I know't, my sister's: this approves her That she would soon be here.  

[better.  

Enter Oswald.  

Is thy 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 on'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! [To Gon.] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard? O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?  

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I All's not offence: that indiscretion finds [offended] 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 Deserved much less advancement.  
Lear. You! I did you?  
Rey. 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 entertaining.  
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd? No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose To wage against the enmity of the air; To be a coward with the wolf and owl.— Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her? Why, the boldest men, that darest not take Our youngest born, I could as well be brought To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg To keep base life about. Return with her? Persuade me rather to be slave and minister To this detested groom.  

[Pointing at Oswald.  

Gon. At your choice, sir.  

Lear. I prithee, 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 the time they lives, my blood, my daughter; Or rather a disease that's in my flesh, Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil, A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle, In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee; Let shame come when it will, I do not call it: I do not know but the thunder's ever shook it. 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, And my hundreds knights.  

Rey. Not altogether so: I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister: For those that mingle reason with your passion Must be content to think you old, and so — But she knows what she does.  

Lear. Is this well spoken?  

Rey. I dare avouch it, sir; and yet, 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 Should many people, under two commandis, [house, Hold unity? 'T is hard: almost impossible.  

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendances From those that she calls servants or from mine?  
Rey. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you, We could control them. If you will come to me,— For now I spy a danger, I entreat you To bring but five and twenty: to no more Will I give place or notice.  

Lear. I gave you all—  

Rey. 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? Rey. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.  

[ramour'd.  

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well— When others are more wicked; not being the worst Stands in so dismal rank. [To Gon.] I'll go with thee; 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 two so many Have a command to tend you?  
Rey. What need one?  

Lear. O, reason not the need: our poorest beggars Are in the poorest thing superfluous: Allow not nature more than nature needs, Man's life as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady; If only to go warm were beggars? Why, nature needs not what those gorgeous wear'st, Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—  

Heavens, give me that patience, patience! I see you 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, And let not women's weapons, water-drops, Drawer 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,—
ACT III.

KING LEAR.

SCENE II.

Re-enter Gloucester.

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 heads him—

Glo. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Ack, the night comes on, and the bleak

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 what they may incense him to, being apt

To have his ear abused—wisdom hides fear.

Night. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A heath.

Storm still.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquiet.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king? [Elyy.

Gent. Contending with the trestful element;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curdled waters' bore the main,[hair.

That things might change or cease; tears his white

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man to out-burn

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch.

This night, wherein the cab-drawn bear would

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry, mummified 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 note,

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

Throned 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 smellies and packings of the dukes,

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

Against the old kind king; or something deeper;

Whereof perchance these are but 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

In some of our best ports, and are at point

To show their open banner. Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far

To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report

Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow

The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;

And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer

This office to you.

Kent. I will talk further with you.

Gent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more

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For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.  

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing.  

Kent. Who's there?  
Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.  

[Enter Kent and Fool.]

Kent. Aha, sir, are you here? things that love  

Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies  

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,  

And make them keep their caves; since I was man,  

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  

Such groans of roaring wind and rain. I never  

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry  

The afflication nor the fear.  

Lear. Let the great gods,  

That keep this dreadful pother over our heads,  

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  

That last within this teemed crimes;  

Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;  

Thou perjured, and thou simian of virtue  

That art incestuous: calf, to pieces shake,  

That under covert and conception seeming  

Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,  

Rive your concealing continents, and cry  

These dreadful stormers grace. I am a man  

More sin'd against than sinning.  

Kent. Alack, b劳ed-headed!  

Graceless my lord, hard by here is a noble;  

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;  

Repose you there: while I to this hard house —  

More harder than the stones whereof 'tis mixed;  

Which even but now, demanding after you,  

Denied me to come in — return, and force  

Their scant ed courtesy.  

Lear. My wits begin to turn.  

Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?  

I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?  

The art of our necessities is strange; [hoyled]  

That can make vile things precious. Come, your  

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  

That's sorry yet for thee.  

Fool. [Shaking] He that has and a little tiny wit, —  

With he'y, ho, the wind and the rain. —  

Must make content with his fortunes fit,  

For the rain it raineth every day.  

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to  

And let us sit and look on. [Enter Lear and Kent.  

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtzan.  

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:  

When priests are more in word than matter;  

When brewers mar their malt with water;  

When nobles are their tailors' tatters;  

Not velvet burn'd, but wench's suits;  

When every case in law is right;  

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  

When slender do not live in tongues;  

Nor outpurses come not to thongs;  

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;  

And beds and widows make churches build;  

Then shall the realm of Albion  

Come to great confusion;  

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,  

That going shall be used with feet.  

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before  

his time.  

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Gloucester's castle.

Gloucester, Lear, Kent, and Fool.  

Gloucester. Alack, alack, Edward, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity them, 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.

Edg. [Within] Most savage and unnatural!  

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There's a division betwixt 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 bosom; these injuries the king, therefore, will be revenged home; there's part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily 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. Though 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.  

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.  

Kent. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke  

Instantly know; and of that letter too;  

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  

That which my father losses; no less than all:  

The younger rises when the old doth fall.  

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.  

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,  

The tyranny of the open night's too rough [enter:  

For nature to endure.  

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.  

Lear. Will break my heart?  

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.  

[Ignis storm.]

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this content  

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  

But where the greater malady is fix'd,  

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'st slain a bear;  

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,  

Thou 'st meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind  

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  

Doth from my senses take all feeling else  

Save what beats there. Final ingratitude!  

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  

For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home:  

No, I will weep no more. In such a night  

To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.  

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!  

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all, —  

O, that we wise lies; let me shun that;  

No more of that.  

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.  

Lear. Pray thee, go in thyself; seck thine own case;  

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  

On things would hurt me more. But I 'll go in.  

[to the Fool] Aha, boy; go first. You houseless  

poverty. —  

Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.  

[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wherefore se' ye here?  

That hide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,  

Your loof'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  

Too little care of this! Take physic, pourp;  

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  

That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  

And show the heavens more lust:  

Edg. [Within] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!  

[The Fool runs out from the hovel.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.  

Help me, help me!  

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?  

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.  

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there? the straw? Come forth.
Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Hush! to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this!—

Edg. To become so poor Tom! whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, and through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath lied under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-arched bridges, to course his own shallows and intermerest; live there, run here, a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: there could I have him now,—and, there and there again, and there. [Storm still.

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them law. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed, fair Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pestilential plague, God blazed women's light on thy daughter! Kent. He hath no daughters, sir. Kent. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued To such a lowness but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discards fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Juristic punishment! It was this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pilktock sat on Pilktock-hill: Hallow, hallow, hoo, too! Foot. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. A reckless heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that cursed my hairy; wore gloves in my rap; served the least of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I speak 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 body of hand: log in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the cracking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of packets, thy pen from leaders' books, and defy the foul fiend! Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says snam, mum, ha, no, nouncy. Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by. [Storm still.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the least no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you leadings! come, unbutton.

[Fur. Prithee, name me, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old leecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Filibartiwigbiet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. S. Withold tootled thrice the old; He wore the night-marle, and her nine-fold; Bid her alight, And her troth plight, And, aroutin thee, witch, aroutin thee! Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he here?—Kent. 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 saflets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tilting to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear; But mice and rats, and such small deer, Have been Tom's food for seven long year. Beware the following. Peace, Sunklin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath thy grace no better company? Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Mote he 's call'd, and Mahu. Kent. Glo. Our flesh and blood is green so vile, my lord, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands. Though their injustice be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready. Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder? [House. Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned What is your study? [Thee.

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned What is your study? [Thee.

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin. Lear. Let me ask you one word in private. Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord; His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. What, hast thou blamed him? [Storm still. Edg. His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent! He said it would be thus, poor lanish'll 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 loved him, friend; No father's son dearer: truth to tell thee, The grief hath craze'd my wits. What a night's this? I do beseech your grace.—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company. Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee 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 their fellow.

Glo. Take heed you on. Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us. Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came, His word was still.—Fie, toil, and tum. I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

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ACT III.

KING LEAR.

SCENE V.—Gloucester's castle.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter 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 duness.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you may have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. And this comforting the king, it will stuff 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. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glou. 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 have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness!

[Exit Gloucester.

Edg. Fratetetta calls me; and tells me Nero is an anger in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithree, unnec, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Edg. 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.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spires Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, a whore's oath. Lear. It shall be done: I will arraign them straight. [To Edgar] Come, sit thou here, most learned justice. [She foxes!]

[To the Fool] Thou, spicent sir, sit here. Now, you Fool. You look, where he stands and glares! Wantest thou my joint trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak

Why she dare not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Dog-dance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Creak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed? Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions? Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evildoer.

[To Edgar] Thou robed man of justice, take thy [To the Fool] And then, his yeoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side: [To Kent] you are o' the con- sit you too. [Mission,

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sickest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd? Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy miniskin mouth, They sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraing her first; 'tis Gonerielle. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is you name Gon-

Lear. She cannot deny it. [Exit Fool. Lear. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stead.

Fool. And here's another, whose wap'rd looks proclaim What store her heart is made on. Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place! False justice, why hast thou let her scape? Edg. Bless thy five wits, sir, thou hast not.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [Aside] My tears begin to take his part so They'll mar my counterfeiting. [much, Lear. The little dogs and all, Tom, Blanche, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me. Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avant, you curs!

By thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons it if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, or whelp or lynx,

Or bobtail tickle or trundle-tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

De de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomicize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [To Edg.] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper this morning. So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone. Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms; I have overheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't, [meet And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou shouldst daily half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: take up, take up, And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard ware. [To the Fool] Come, help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.

[Exit all but Edgar.

Edg. When we our better see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries are ours.
Who alone suffers suffers most in the mind,

Leaving free things and happy shows behind:

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
ACT III.  

KING LEAR.  

SCENE VII.  

Glou., I have a letter guessingly set down.  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one opposed.  
Corn.  

Reg.  

And false.  

Corn.  

Where hast thou sent the king?  

Glou. To Dover.  

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged  

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer  

Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the  

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?  

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails  

Pinch out his poor old eyes: 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 endured, would have buoy'd  

And quench'd the stell'd fires.  

Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.  

If wolves had at thy gate how'd I that stern time.  

Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, turn the key,'  

All cruels else subscribe: but I shall see  

The winged vengeance overtake such children.  

Corn. See 't shall thou never. Fellows, hold the  

Upon those eyes of thine I'll set my fowr [chair.  

Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,  

Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods!  

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.  

Corn. If you see vengeance.—  

First Serr. Hold your hand, my lord:  

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;  

But better service have I never done  

Than now to bid you hold.  

Reg.  

First Serr. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?  

Corn. My villain!  

[They draw and fight.  

First Serr. Nay, then, come on, and take the  

chance of anger.  

Thus!  

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up  

[Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.  

First Serr. O, I am shame! My lord, you have  

one eye left.  

To see some mischief on him. O!  

[Dies.  

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!  

Where is thy lustre now?  

[Edmund?  

Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son  

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature.  

To quell this horrid act.  

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!  

That call'd on him that hates thee: it was he  

That made the overthrow of my treasons to us;  

Who is too good to pity thee.  

Glou. O my follies! then Edgar was abused.  

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!  

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell  

His way to Dover. [Exit one with Gloucester.] How  

is't, my lord? how look you?  

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: follow me, lady.  

Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave  

Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleace apace.  

Untimely comes this hurt; give me your arm.  

[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.  

Sec. Serr. I'll never care what wickedness I do,  

If this man come to good.  

Third Serr.  

If she live long,  

And in the end meet the old course of death.  

Women will all turn monsters.  

[Bedlam  

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness  

Allows itself to any thing.  

Third Serr. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and  

whites of eggs  

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!  

[Exeunt severally.

How light and portable my pain seems now.  
When that which makes me bend makes the king  
He chid'd as I father'd: Tom, away!  

Bow. Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray,  

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles  

thee,  

In thy just proof, repeals and reconcile thee.  

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!  

Lark, lark.  

[Exit.  

SCENE VII.—Gloucester's castle.  

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and  

Servants.  

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband:  
show him this letter: the army of France is landed.  

Seek out the villain Gloucester.  

[Exeunt some of the Servants.  

Reg. Hang him instantly.  

Gon. 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 most destinate preparation: we are  

bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and  

intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:  

farewell, my lord of Gloucester.  

Enter Oswald.  

How now! where's the king?  

[Exhence.  

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him  
Some live or six and thirty of his knights,  

Hot quarestirs after him, met him at gate:  

Who, with some other of the lords dependants,  

Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast  

To have well-amended friends.  

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.  

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.  

Corn. Edmund, farewell.  

[Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.  

Go seek the traitor Gloucester.  

Pinion 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?  

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three.  

Reg. Ingratiate fox! 'tis he.  

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.  

Glou. 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.  


Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.  

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt  

find —  

[Regan plucks his beard.  

Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  

To pluck me by the beard.  

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!  

Glou.  

Naughty lady,  

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,  

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:  

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours  

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?  

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you from France?  

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.  

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the  

traitors  

Late footed in the kingdom?  

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic  

Speak.
**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I.—The heath.**

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemned,
Than still contemned and chatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord. I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glos. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts do me no good at all;
Their may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumble when I fall oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects,
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. Here! How now! Who's there?

Edg. [Aside] O gods! Who 'tis can say 'tis 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 goes? Glou.

Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glos. 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 since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [Aside] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angrily and others. — Bless thee, master!

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glos. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt 'treat us, hence a mile or twain,
'T the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.
Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel' that I have,
Come on 't' will.

Glos. Sirrah, naked fellow.— 

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [Aside] I cannot daub
it further.

Glos. Come hither, fellow. 

Edg. [Aside] And yet I must. — Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good
wits; bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!
Like fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of last
as Obidicut; Hobbiddiances prince of dullness;
Mahn, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibberti-
gibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since pos-
esses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless
thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dictated man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not see it, and the eye seeth more quickly
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know

Edg. Ay, master. 

Dover? 

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me before the very brink of it.

Edg. And I will repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm.

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exit.

**SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's palace.**

Enter Goneril and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord! I marvel our mildness
Not met us on the way.

Edm. [Aside] Then shall you go no further.
It is the coward terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes in 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, feel his 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;
I will give thee a favour. 

Decline your head; this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy wits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester! 

Oscar. Madam, here comes my lord.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albany.

Duke. O Goneril! You are not worth the dist which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contains its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself:
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perfere must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

KING. Hearken! to the vile seem vile;
Filius savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters! What have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
All whose reverence even the head-hagg'd bear would
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 the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,

Hereafter, perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. That bear's a check for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that know'st
Fools do these villains pity who are punish'd?
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noisless land;
With plumed helm thy sayer begins threats;
When thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and erst
'Alack, why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the field
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool! - shame,
Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing, for
Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: however thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now -

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news? [read;]
Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
Shin by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with revenge.
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, threat'ning enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath practis'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justices, that these our neter crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside.] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy plumc
Upon my hateful life: another way;
The news is not so tart - I'll read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his
Mess. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness? [him;]
Mess. Ay, my good lord; I was inform'd against
And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
Might have the freer course.

Mess. Gloucester, 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. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. A tent.

Enter, with drum and colours, Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, was he met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crownd with rank furrier and furrow-weeds.
With bur-locks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth; Search every acre in the high-grown field, And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.] What can man's wisdom In the restoring his bereaved sense? He that helps him take all my outward worth. Doct. There is means, madam: Our foster-nurse of nature is repose, The which he lacks; that to provoke in him, Are many simples operative, whose power Will close the eye of anguish. Cor. All best secrets, All you unpublislh'd virtues of the earth, Spring with my tears! be abait and remedeiate In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him; Lest his ungodv'n rage dissolve the life That wants the means to lead it. 

Enter a Messenger. 

Mrs. News, madam; The British powers are marching litherward. Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands In expectation of them. O dear father, It is thy business that I go about; Therefore great France My mourning and important tears hath pitted, No blown ambition doth our arms incite, But love, dear love, and our aged father's right: Soon may I hear and see him! [Exeunt. 

SCENE V. — Gloucester's castle. 

Enter Regan and Oswald. Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth? Osir. Ay, madam. Reg. Himself in person there? Osir. Madam, with much ado: Your sister is the better soldier. Reg. Lord Edmund speak not with your lord at home? Osir. No, madam, [him] Reg. What might import my sister's letter to Osir. 1 know not, lady. Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter. It was great ignorance, Gloucester'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 dispatch His nighted life: moreover, to desery The strength of the enemy. [Letter. Osir. 1 must needs after him, madam, with my Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with the ways are dangerous. [us; Osir. I may not, madam: My lady charged my duty in this business. Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you Transport her purposes by word? Beilike, Something — I know not what: I'll love thee much, Let me mislead the letter. Osir. Madam, I had rather — Reg. 1 know your lady does not love her husband; I am sure of that: and at her late being here She gave strange oaths and most speaking looks To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom. Osir. 1, madam? Reg. I speak in understanding: you are, I know 't; 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 chuse to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. 

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should What party I do follow. [Show Reg. Fare thee well. [Exeunt. 

SCENE VI. — Fields near Dover. 

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a peasant. 

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that same hill? [bourn. 

Eng. You do climb it up it now: look, how we la- Glou. Methinks the ground is even. 

Eng. Horrible steep. 

Hark, do you hear the sea? 

Glou. No, truly. 

Eng. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect By your eyes' anguish. 

Glou. So may it be, indeed: Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st In better phrase and matter than thou didst. 

Eng. You're much deceived: in nothing am I But in my garments. [changed, Glou. Methinks you're better spoken. 

Eng. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! The crows and choughs that wing the midday air Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down Hangs one that gathers shamphre, dreadful trade! Methinks he seems no bigger than his head: The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark, Diminu'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge, That on the unnumber'd dle pebbles clashes, Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more; Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong. Glou. Set me where you stand. Eng. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the moon Would I not leap upright. 

Glou. Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel. Well worth a poor man's taking; fairies and gods Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off; But me farewell, and let me hear thee going. Eng. Now fare thee well, good sir. Glou. With all my heart. Eng. Why do I trifle thus with his despair Is done to cure it. 

Glou. [Kneeling] O you mighty gods! This world I do renounce, and, in your sights, Shake impatiently my great affliction off! If I could bear it longer, and not fall To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff and leathir'd part of nature should Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him! Now, fellow, fare thee well. [He falls forward. Eng. 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? Ha, you sir! friend! Here you, sir! speak! Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives. What are you, sir? 

Glou. Away, and let me die. Eng. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathered, So many fathom down precipitating, jery, air, Thou'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe Hast heavy substance; blest'st not; speak'st art Ten masts at each make not the altitude [sound. Which than hast perpendicularly fell: Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again. 

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Glon. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dredgeament of this chalky bourn,
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glon. Alack! I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness depr'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm: Up! How is 't? Feel you your legs? You
Glon. Too well, too well. [stand.

Edg. This is above all strangeness,
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glon. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Lear. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses.
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enrigged sea;
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them hence-
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee. [exits
Glon. I do remember now: henceforth I' ll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak
I took it for a man; often 't would say [of,
'The fiend, the head;' he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who
comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coinage; I
am the king himself.

Edg. O, the 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 gambol; I'll
prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown hills. O,
well bow'd, bird! 't the clout, 't the clout: hewgh!
Give the word,

Edg. Sweet marigoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glon. I hum that voice.

Lear. Ha! General, with a white beard! They
flattered 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 that I said!—
'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When
the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to
make me clatter; when the thunder would not
peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I
smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men' o' their
words; they told me I was every thing;'t is a lie, I
am not awake-proof.

Glon. The trick of that voice I do well remem-
ber that 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 v turn goes to; and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'twixt the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pel-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold the vong simpitzer of eyes,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head.
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.

[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 nature of fortune. Use me well:
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridgework. What! I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that.

Gent. Sir, I am sure you are my lord, and we obey you. Lear. Then there's life in 't. Nay, if you get it, you shall get it with running.  

[Exit running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, Past speaking of a king! Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hall, gentle sir. Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward? Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.

But, by your favour, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy front; the main descent Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is Her army is moved on.  

[Here, Edg.]

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[Exit Gent.]

Glow. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from Let not my worse spirit tempt me again [me: To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glow. Now, good sir, what are you? [blows; Edg. A most poor man, made tame to 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.

Glow. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven To boot, and boot!  

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glow. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to 't.  

[Edgar interposes. Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant, Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence; Lest that the infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without further 'casion. Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor valiant pass. A cloud ha' bin锌aggered out of my life, 't would not ha' bin so long as 't is by a Vortnight. Nay, come near then th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Osw. On, daughgill!  

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter, vor your foins.  

[They fight, and Edgar knocks him down. Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body: [purse: And give me the letters which thou had'st about me To Edmund Earl of Gloucester: seek him out. Upon the British party: O, untimely death! [Dies. Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain; As duteous to the vices of thy mistress As badness would desire.

Glow. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry

Had he 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 you will want, time and place will be faithfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goad; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

'Your — wife, so I would say —

'Affectionate servant, 

'Goneril, 

'O undistinguish'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 strive the sight Of the death-practised duke: for him 't is well That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glow. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense, That I stand up, and have ingenuous feeling Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract: And should my thoughts be sever'd fearfully, my griefs, And woes by wrong imaginations lose The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:

[Drum afar off. Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum: Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—A tent in the French camp. Lear on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentleman, and others attending.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how shall I live and work, To match thy goodness? My life will be too short, And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid. All my reports go with the modest truth; Nor more nor less.'d, but so.

Cor. Be better suited: These weeds are memories of those worser hours: I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; Yet to be known shortened my made intent: My boon I make it, that you know me not Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord. [To the Doctor] How does the king?

Doctor. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods, Cure this great break in his abused nature! The tumult and jarring senses, O, wind up Of this child-changed father!

Doctor. 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.

Doctor. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him; I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well, [there!  

Doctor. Please you, draw near. Londer 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 challenged pity of them. Was this a face

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To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog.
Though he had hit me, should I have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn
In short and mystic straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doc. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest [majesty]?
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fay's your
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound [grave:
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scale like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Lear. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair
daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en 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 assured
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir, and hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me; I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
Of 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.

Lear. And so I am, I am.

Cor. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith. I pray, weep
When 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. Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doc. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even over 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 you now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish. [Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.

Gent. [Aside] Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall
was so slant?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with
the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look
about: the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitration is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.
ACT V.  

KING LEAR.  

SCENE III.  

Edm. The enemy’s in view; draw up your powers. Here is the guess of their true strength and forces By diligent discovery; but your haste Is now urgent on you.  

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love; Each jealous of the other, as the stung. Are of the adorer. Which of them shall I take? Both one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy’d, If both remain alive: to take the widow Exasperates, makes me all her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my scheme. Her husband being as myself, and then we’ll use His countenance for the battle; which being done, Let her who would be rid of him devise His speedy taking off. As for the mercy Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia, The battle done, and they within our power, Shall never see his pardon; for my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate.  

[Exit.  

SCENE II.—A field between the two camps.  

Enter Edgar within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage; and censed.  

Enter Edgar and Gloucester.  

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree For your good host: pray that the right may thrive: If ever I return to you again, I’ll bring you comfort.  

Glou. Grace go with you, sir!  

[Exit Edgar.  

Enter Edgar and retreat within. Enter Edgar.  

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away! King, Lear, and his daughters, and his hand to�:  

Give me thy hand; come on.  

Glou. No farther, sir; a man may rot even here.  

Edg. What, in all thoughts again? Men must endure Their going hence, even as their coming hither; Hapiness is all: come on.  

Glou. And that’s true too.  

[Exit.  

SCENE III.—The British camp near Dover.  

Enter, in conference, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, etc.  

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard, Until their greater pleasures first be known That are to censure them.  

Cord. We are not the first Who, with best meaning, have incurred the wrong. For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false fortune’s frown. Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters? Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let’s away to prison: We two alone will sing like birds in the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I’ll kneel down, And ask of thee forgiveness: so we’ll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news: and we’ll talk with them too, Who loses and who wins; who’s in, who’s out; And take upon it the mystery of things, As if we were God’s spies: and we’ll wear out, In a wall’d prison, packs and sets of great ones, That cebb and flow by the moon.  

Edm. Take them away.  

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordella, (thee?) The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught Her that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven, And give us hence like foxes. Wise thine eyes: The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell, 

ere they shall make us weep: we’ll see ‘em starve first.  

Come,  

[Exit Lear and Cordelia, guarded.  

Edm. Come,ither, captain; hard.  

Take thou this note [giving a paper]; go follow them to prison:  

One step I have advanced thee: if thou dost As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men Else as he is: to be tender-minded Do not become a sword: thy great employment Will not bear question; either say thou ‘tis don’t, Or thrive by other means.  

Capt. I’ll do’t, my lord. 

Edm. About it: and write happy when thou hast Marks, I say, instantly; and carry it so done. As I have set it down. Now show  

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats; If it be man’s work, I’ll do’t.  

[Exit.  

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, another Captain, and Soldiers.  

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain, And fortune led you well: you have the captives That were the opposites of this day’s strife: We do require them of you, to use them As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine.  

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit To send the old and miserable king To some recommendation and appointed guard; Whose age has charms in it, whose title more, To pluck the common bosom on his side, And turn our impress’d lances in our eyes [queen, Which do command them. With him I sent the My reason all the same: and they are ready To-morrow, or at further space, to appear Where you shall hold your session. At this time We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend; And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cured By those that have their sharpness. The question of Cordelia and her father Requires a litter place.  

Alb. Sir, by your patience, I hold you but a subject of this war, Not as a brother.  

Reg. That’s as we list to grace him. Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded, Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers; Bore the commission of my place and person; The which immedialcy may well stand up, And call itself your brother.  

Not so hot: In his own grace he doth exalt himself, More than in your addition.  

Reg. By me invested, he compeers the best.  

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.  

Gon. Hollo, hollo! That eye that told you so look’d but a-squint.  

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer From a full-flowing stomach. General, Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony; Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine: Witness the world, that I create thee here My lord and master.  

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?  

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will, And he by himself.  

Reg. [To Edmund] Let the drum strike, and prove my thine.  

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee On capital treason: and, in thine attaint, Thisgildedserpent [pouncing to Gon.], Foryourclaim, I hear it in the interest of my wife: fair sister, Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord, And I, her husband, contradict your bans. 

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ACT V.  

KING LEAR.  

SCENE III.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,  
My lady is besoke.

Gon.  

An interlude!  [pet sound;  

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester; let the trump  

If none appear to prove upon thy head  

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  

There is my pledge [throwing down a glove]; I'll  

prove it on thy heart,  

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Edg.  

Sick, O, sick!  

Gon. [Aside] If not, I'll never trust medicin.  

Edm. There's my exchange [throwing down a  

glove] what in the world he is  

That names me traitor, villain-like he hes:  

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,  

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain  

My truth and honour firmly.  

Alb. A herald, ho!  

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!  

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue: for thy soldiers,  

All levied in my name, have in my name  

Their discharge.  

Trio.  

My sickness grows upon me.  

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.  

[Exit Edgar, tel.  

Enter a Herald.  

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—  

And read out this.

Cpt. Sound, trumpet!  

[A trumpet sounds.  

Her. [Reads] If any man of quality or degree  

within the lists of the army will maintain upon  

Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is  

a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound  

of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound!  

Her. Again!  

[First Trumpet.  

Her. Again!  

[Second Trumpet.  

[Third Trumpet.  

[Trumpet answers within.  

Enter Edgar, at the third sound, arm'd, with a  

trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears  

Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her.  

What are you?  

Your name, your quality? and why you answer  

This present summons?  

Edm.  

Know, my name is lost;  

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:  

Yet am I noble as the adversary  

I come to cope.  

Alb.  

Which is that adversary?  

Edm. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of  

Gloucester?  

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?  

Edg.  

Draw thy sword,  

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.  

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,  

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 heart, 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 below thy foot,  

A most toad-spotted traitor.  Say thou 'No,'  

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent  

To prove upon thy heart, whereeto I speak,  

Thou heed.  

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;  

But, since thy 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-hatted lie o'whelm 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!  

[Trumpets. They fight. Edmund falls.  

Alb. Save him, save him!  

Gon.  

This is practice, Gloucester:  

By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer  

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,  

But cozen'd and beguil'd.  

Shut thy mouth, dame, or with this paper shall I stop it:  

Hold, sir:  

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:  

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.  

[Give's the letter to Edmund.  

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:  

Who can arraign me for't?  

Alb. Most monstrous! oh!  

Know'st thou this paper?  

Gon. Ask me not what I know.  

[Exit.  

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.  

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have  

I done.  

And more—much more; the time will bring it out:  

'T is past, and so am I. But what art thou  

That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,  

I do forgive thee.  

Edg.  

Let's exchange charity.  

I am no less in blood than thou art. Edmund;  

If more—more than thou hast weighed in me.  

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son,  

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  

Make instruments to plague us:  

The dark and vicious place where thee he got  

Cost him his eyes.

Edg.  

Thou hast spoken right; 't is true;  

The wheel is come full circle; I am here.  

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy  

A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:  

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever  

Did hate thee or thy father.  

Edg.  

Worthy prince, I know 't.  

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?  

How have you known the miseries of your father?  

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;  

And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst!  

The bloody proclamation to escape;  

That foul, that so near—O, our lives' sweetness!  

That we the pain of death would hourly die  

Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift  

Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance  

That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit  

Met I my father with his bleeding rings.  

Their precious stones new lost: became his guide,  

Led him, begg'd for him, saved 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 face, his heart,  

Alack, too weak the conflict to support!  

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  

Burst smilingly.  

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,  

And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;  

You look as you had something more to say.  

Alb. If there be more, more would I 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 too extremely.  

Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,  

Who, having seen me in my worst estate,  

Shun'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding  

Who 't was that so endured, with his strong arms  

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  

As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;  

720
Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

What kind of help?

Edg. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

KENT. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister

By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edg. I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

Enter Kent.

KENT. O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment

Which very manneres urges.

KENT. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night:

Is he not here?

KENT. Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's

See'st thou this object, Kent? [Cordelia?

The bodies of Goneryll and Regan are brought in.

KENT. Alack, why thus?

Edg. Yet Edmund was beloved:

The one, the other poison'd for my sake,

And after slew herself.

Edg. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edg. 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:

Now send in time.

Edg. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath the office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edg. Well thought on: take my sword,

Give it the captain.

Edg. Has he thee, for thy life.

[Exit Edgar.

Edg. 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 for'd herself.

Edg. The gods defend her! Bear him hence

While.

[Edmund is borne off.

Re-enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms;

Edgar, Captain, and others following.

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men

Of stones!

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so

That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for

I know when one is dead, and when one lives: [ever!

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 promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

KENT. Fall, and cease!

LEAR. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows

That ever I have felt.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Brabantio, a senator. Clown, servant to Othello.
Other Senators. Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio. Emilia, wife to Iago.
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio. Bianca, mistress to Cassio.
Othello, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state. Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.
Cassio, his lieutenant. Seniors.
Iago, his ancient. Senators.
lago. Moorship's counter-caster.
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman. —

SCENE — Venice: a sea-port in Cyprus.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see page Lxv.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. Sblood, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me. [Exit.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certs,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?

Forsoth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinner; unless the bookish theoretic
Wherein the jogged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds.

Christian and heathen, must be kee'd and cal'md
By debitor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be; [scent.
And I — God bless the mark! — his Moorship's an-

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman. [service.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the curse of
Preferment goes by letter and affection;
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
OTHELLO.

ACT I.


Brabantio appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons? What is the matter there?

Iago. Signior, is all your family within?

Bra. Are your doors lock'd?

Iago. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Bra. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown.

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tapping your white ewe. Arise, arise;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell;

Or else the devil will make a grandise of you.

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?


Iago. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome: I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

But thou must needs be sure

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee.

Bra. Patience, good sir,

What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is

My house is not a grange.

[Venice.

Iago. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courser for cousins and gennets for Germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the feast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. Thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

[You.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,

As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,

Transported, with no worse or better guard

But with a knife 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 saucy wrongs;

But if you know not this, my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe

That, from the sense of all civility,

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence;

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger

Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:

If she be in her chambers your house,

Let loose on me the justice of the state

For thus defiling you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper! call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! light! [Exit above.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:

It seems not need, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produced—as, if I say but none.

Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,

However this may gall him with some chcek,

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 fathoms they have none,

To lead their business: in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love, [find him,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;

And what's to come of my distracted time

Is sought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,

Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!

With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!

How dost thou know 'tis she? O, she deceives me

Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers.

Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are. [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. Is there not curius

By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo;

Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!

Some one way, some other. Do you know

Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please

To get good guard and go along with me. [call;

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll

May command at most. Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo! I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience. [then,
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service; nine or ten times
I had thought to have yeeld'd him here under the
Oth. 'Tis better as it is. [ribbs.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such surly and provoking terms

Against your honour

That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,

Are you fast married? Be assured of this,

That the magnifico is much beloved.

And hath in his effect a voice potential

As double as the duke's; he will divide 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 signior
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,

I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being

From men of royal siege, and my demerits

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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
[on?] For the sea’s worth. But, look! what lights come
Iago. Those 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 maniﬁed me righteously. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Ofﬁcers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is the hour of heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another’s heels,
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke’s already: you have been hotly
called for;
When, being late at your lodging to be found,
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 to-night hath bearden a land
carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he’s made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He’s married.

Cas. To whom?

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.

Iago. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Rodrigo, and Ofﬁcers
with torches and weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Br. Down with him, thief! [They draw on both sides.
Iago. You, Rodrigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dolt
will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Br. Or thou foul thief, where hast thou stow’d
my daughter?
Damm’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 curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardance 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,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion: I’ll have’t 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 inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my eye to ﬁght, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bro. To prison, till ﬁt time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisﬁed,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

Bro. ’Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke’s in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bro. 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 many others of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as it were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

SCENE III.—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.

First Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion’d;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

Sec. Sen. And mine, two hundred.

But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
’Tis o’ft 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.


First Ofﬁc. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what’s 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?

First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay 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 and Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
This, that Rhodes is dress’d in: if we make thought of
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him ﬁrst,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger proﬁtless.

Duke. Nay, in all conﬁdence, he’s not for Rhodes.

First Ofﬁc. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes.
Have there injointed them with an after ﬂeet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you
guess?
Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his true duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe in him.
Duke. It is certain, then, for Cyprus.
Marcus Luciecios, is not he in town?
First Sen. He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.
[Moor.
First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant
Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.
Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
Against the general enemy Ottoman. [You
To Brabantio] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signor;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bro. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general
Take thought on me, for my particular grief. [care
Is of so flood-gate and ocean-bearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrow.
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter? 
Bro. My daughter! O, my daughter!
Duke and Sen. Dead? 
Bro. Ay, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines brought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.
Duke. What is it 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, yet, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bro. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.
Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for't.
Duke. [To Othello] What, in your own part, can you say to this?
Bro. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent grace, and reverend signors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true: true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude and I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tender field,
And little of this great world can I speak.
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver [patience,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.
Bro. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit; every thing.
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment main'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some drain conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.
First Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you know indirek and forced purses
Subdue and poison this young lady's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.
[Exeunt Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ear I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it, Othello,
Oth. Her father loved 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 instant that he made me tell it;
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field, [breach,
Of hair-breadth escapes if the imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And pertinace in my travels' history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, [heaven,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
Was my hint to speak, — such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
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 parcels she had something heard,
But not intuitively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some disgrace, and 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;
'T was pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful: [strange,
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She love me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I love her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 

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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.

Oth. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the woorer,
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?

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him, My downright violence and storm of fortunes May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued Even to the very quality of my lord;

Duke. 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 rites for which I love him are befel me, And I a heavy intern shall support.

By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voices, Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not, To please the palate of my appetite, Nor to comply with heat— the young affects To me in due season — your presence, But to be free and bounteous to my 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 seal with Wanton dullness Your speculative and offered instruments, That my discords corrupt and taint my business, Let housewives make a skille of my helme, And all indigne and base adversities Make head against my estimation!

Oth. Be it as you shall privately determine, Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste, And speed must answer her.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet Othello, leave one officer behind, [again: And he shall our commission bring to you; With such things else of quality and respect As doth import you.

Oth. So 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. [To Brabant. And, noble If virtue no delightsily lack, [signior, Your son-in-law is far more fair than black. [well.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona.

Oth. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see: She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest fago, My Desdemona must I leave to thee: I prithee, let thy wife attend on 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.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Rad. Iago.—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart? Rad. What will I do, thinkest thou? Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep. Rad. I will incontinently drown myself. Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman in mind. Rad. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.
Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found but that knowledge did love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a gullish hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond: but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness, or manifold 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 oppose another of sensuality, the blood and base-ness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitld lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or accon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Draw thyself! draw cats and blind puppies. I have pressed me thy friend and I confess me thus to thy deserving with cables of pernicious toughness: I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an unserved beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long confine her love to the Moor, — put money in thy purse, — nor he his to her: it was a violent com- mencement, and thou shalt see an answerable se- questration; — put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills: — till thy purse with money; — the food that to him now is as luscious aslocusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coqueluntna. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice: she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst; if sanctimoney and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is I who have told thee so often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be de- livered. Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed; I'll go sell all my land.

[Exit.]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my soul my purse: For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane, If I would times expend with such a snipe, But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor; And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets He has done my office: I know not if it be true; But I, for mere suspicion in that kind, Will do as if for surety. He holds me well; The better shall my purpose work on him. Cassio's a proper man: let me see now: To get his place and to plume up my will In double knavery — How, how? — Let's see: — After some time, to abuse Othello's ear That he is too familiar with his wife. He hath a person and a smooth dispose To be suspected, framed to make women false. The Moor is of a free and open nature, That thinks men honest that but seem to be so, And will as tenderly be led by the nose As asses are. I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

First Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main, [blood; Desecrily a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land; A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements: If it hath rul'd him so upon the sea, What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this? Sec. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet; For do but stand upon the foaming shore, The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds; The mad-shaked surge, with high and monstrous wave, Seems to cast water on the burning bear, And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole; I never did like medestation view On the engulfed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet

Be not unshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd; It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done. The desperate tempest hath so bung'd the Turks, That their designament halts: a noble ship of Venice Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

Third Gent. The ship is here put in, A Veronesa; 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.

Third 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 heavens he be; For I have served him, and the man commands

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Like a full soldier. Let’s to the seashore, ho!
As well to see the vessel that’s come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let’s do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you, 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 approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[Act II. Scene I.]

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo, and Attendants.

O, behold,
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. I thank you, valiant Cassio,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arrive’d: nor know I aught
But that he’s well and will be shortly here,
Des. Oh, but fear! How hast thou lost thy company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship—But, hark! a sail.

[Enter a fourth Gentleman.]

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour.
Our friends at last.

Sec. Gent. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who ’tis that is arrived.

Sec. Gent. I shall.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wive?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Sec. 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. [To Emilia] Wel-
come, mistress:
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; ’tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

Iago. Sir, would you give her so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You’ll 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.

Emil. 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 kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
Des. O, he upon thee, slanderer! [doors.

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to it:
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay. There’s one gene to the
Iago. Ay, madam. [harbour?

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I thought it best, but I am about my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime deceives from frize:
It plucks out brains and all; but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver’d.

If she be fair and wise, and fairness and wit,
The one’s for use, the other useth it.

Iago. With what?—: so.

Des. Well praised! How she be black and
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She’ll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly helped her to her heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i’ the alehouse. What miserable praising heath you for her that’s foul and foolish?

Iago. There’s none so foul and foolish therunto.
But doth foul pranks which fair and wise ones do,
Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a
Des. A deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice 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 anger’d, her revenge being high,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so fruitful
To change the cuckoos head for the sullen’s tail,
She that could think and never disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O, but fear! How hast thou lost thy company? Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.
How say you, Cassio? is he not a most pro-
fane and liberal counsellor?
Cus. He speaks hone, madam; you may refresh him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside] He takes him by the palm; ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed; if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenant, 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 cyster-pipes for your sake!

[Trumpet within.] The Moor! I know his trumpet.


Des. Lo, where he comes! Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior! Des. My dear Othello! Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death! And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas Olympos-high and thick again as low As hell & heavy! If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should increase, Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content: It stops me here; it is too much of joy; And this, and this, the greatest discords be [Kissing her.

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [Aside] O, you are well tuned now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music, As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle? Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them. O my I prattle out of fashion, and I dole [sweet, In my own congealing. I pray, my good Iago, Go to the bay and disembark my officers; Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona, Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[Exit Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the haven. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-morrow watches on the court of guard;—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her father,—'tis apt and of great credit; The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great an sin, But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am come within him 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, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the lip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. ‘T is here, but yet confused:
Knavery’s plain face is never seen till used. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A street.

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello’s pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. 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 have 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 outsport discretion.
Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to’t.
Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest Let me have speech with you. [To Desdemona] 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 Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants. Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; ’t is not yet ten o’ the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona: who 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 she’ll play the full of game, [tune.
Cas. Indeed, she’s a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation. [modest.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right.
Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm?
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 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 credibly qualified too; and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the incontinence, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
Iago. What, man! ’t is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door: I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I’ll do’t; but it dislikes me. [Exit.
Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With this provocation, and he drinks to-night already, He’ll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress’ dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turn’d almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused Potations pot-de-lau; and he drinks to-night;
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 drinking cups,
And they watch too. Now, ’mongst this flock of cowards,
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 Gentleman; Servants following with wine.
Cas. ’Fore God, 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! [Sing] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
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! [Cas. ’Fore God, 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.

Iago. ’S is your Englishman so expert in his drink?
Cas. Why, he drinks you, with facility, our Dane dead drunk; he swears not to overthrow your Alcmeon; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.
Cas. To the health of our general! [tace.
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 lown.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
’Tis his own that pull the country down;
Then take thine and cloath about thee.

Some wine, ho! [Other.
Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.
Iago. Will you hear’t again?
Cas. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God’s above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.
Iago. ’Tis true, good lieutenant.
Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saved.
Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.
Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let’s have no more of this; let’s to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins! — Gentlemen, let’s to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient, this is my right hand; and this is my left: I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.
Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.
Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let’s set the watch.
OThello, the Moor of Venice. — Act ii., Scene iii.
Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
"Tis to his virtue a just emulation,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some old 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 hordego 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. [Aside to him] How now, Roderigo! I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit Roderigo.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of such an ingrate infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. [Aside] Not I, for this fair island:
I love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil — But, hark! 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 knife teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knife into a twiggen bottle.

Rrod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prise, rogue?

[Striking Roderigo.

Nay, good lieutenant;

[Staying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. I'm drunk! [Exit Roderigo.

Iago. [Aside to Roderigo] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny.

[Exit Roderigo.

Nay, good lieutenant,— alas, gentlemen; —
Help, ho! — Lieutenant,— sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch indeed!

Who's that which rings the bell? — Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold!
You will be shamed for ever.

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

[Polites.

Oth. Hold, for your lives! — gentleman,—

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,— sir,—Montano,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!

[This? Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
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 is next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, masters?

Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; but I am very much
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom [now,

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now —
As if some planet had unwitted men —
Swords out, and lifting one at other's breast,
In opposition blazon'd, —

Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it! —
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forget?

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: that's the matter,
That you unkee your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-drummer? — here's an 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
By me that 's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, leaving my best judgment collie'd,
Assays to lead the way in bloody 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 approved in this offence
Though he had sworn with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. — What? in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts breathing 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 ailed, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general;
Montano and myself being now agreed,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determined sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour some villain fall 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 fill 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 cannot I report:
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
They honesty and love doth mine this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!
I 'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?
Oth. All 's well now, sweet Dream: come away to bed. 
Sic. For your hurts, myself will be your surgeon; 
Lead him off. 
Iago. Montano, who is he led off. 
Com. Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life To have their halny slumbered waked with strife. 
Iago. What are you hurt, lieutenant? 
Com. Ay, past all surgery. 
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! 
Com. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation! 
Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving; you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repulse yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offendeless dog to afford an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours. 
Com. 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 squabble! swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name, to be known by, let us call thee devil! 
Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you? 
Com. I know not. 
Iago. Is 't possible? 
Com. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, and nothing wherefore. O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! 
Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered? 
Com. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one imperfection shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. 
Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands. I could heartily wish this had not beenfallen; but, since it is as it is, mends it for your own good. 
Com. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many months as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unbloshed 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. 
Com. I have well approved it, sir. I drink! 
Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our good man is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath that look and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness, to do more than she is requested: this broken joint between two friends, the 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. 
Com. You advise me well. 
Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness. 
Com. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desolate of my fortunes if they check me here. 
Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch. 
Com. Good night, honest Iago. 
[Exit. 
Iago. And what's he then that says I play the When this advice is free I give and honest, [villain? Probal 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 framed as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor — were 't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfefted to her love, That so, as I will make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, * Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will the blackest sin put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shows, As I do now: for whiles this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes And she for him pledges strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, That she repels him for her body's lust; And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch, And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all. 
Re-enter Roderigo. 
Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well engaçd; and I think the issues will be I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice. 
Iago. How poor are they that have not patience! What would did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time. Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio: Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe: Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning; Pleasure and action make the hours seem short. Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Roderigo. ] Two things are to be done: My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on; Myself the while to drive 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.—Before the castle.

Enter Cassio and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here; I will content your pains;
Something that's brief; and bid 'Good morrow, general.' [Music.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak 't' the nose thus?

First Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

First Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tale, sir.

First Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir.

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

First Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

First Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away; go; vanish into air; away!

[Exeunt Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prittle, keep up thy quictets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentleman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: will thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. [Exit Clown.

Enter Iago.

Iago. 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.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [Exit Iago.] 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 sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,
That he who hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you, but he protests he loves you
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
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's tale.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exit Clown.

ACT III.

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 senate:
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The garden of the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband.
As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt,
But I will have my lord and you again
[Cassio, As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know it: I thank you. You do love my lord.
You have known him long; and be you well assured
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.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Emil. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Until for mine own purposes.

Cas. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That err in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled.
ACT III.

OTHELLO.

Scene III.

That he hath left part of his grief with me, To suffer with him. Good love, call him back. Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time. Des. But shall't not shortly. Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you. Des. Shall't be to-night at supper? Oth. No, not to-night. Des. To-morrow dinner, then? Oth. I shall not dine at home; I meet the captains at the citadel. [Exeunt Desdemona and 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;

Not other harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed! [in that?] Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! 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 Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean some- thing: I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that, When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like? And when I told thee he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!' And didst contract and purish thy brow together, As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me, Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. And for I know thou'st full of love and honesty, And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath, Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more: For such things in a false disloyal knave Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just They are close delusions, 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, let them seem none! Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem. Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this: I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings, As thou dost runmate, and give thy worst of the worst of words. 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. [false; Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and As where 's that palace whereinto foul things Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure, But such as uncleanly apprehensions * Keep leets and hay-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 makest 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 off my jealousy Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet, From one that so imperfectly conceits, Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble Out of his scattering and unsure observance. It were not for your quiet nor your good, Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom, To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [lord, Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thou- But he that riches me from my good name [sands; Bids me of that which enriches him And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand; Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha! 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, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger; 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 finite 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? Iago. 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 much exsufflicate and blown surmises, fons
Matching thy inference, 'T is not to make me
Say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For her I have no cause, nor chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!—

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With a bounder 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-beauty, be abused; look to 't;
I know your country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven be saved the pranks
They dare not show their husbands' they; their best con-
science
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so? I do believe her father, marrying you;
And when she seemed to shrike and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did. Iago.

Why, go to then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To see her father's eyes up close as an owl—
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to
Humblly 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.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved:
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts attain not at. Cassio's my worthy
My lord, I see you've moved. [Friend

Oth. No, not much moved: I do not think but Desdemona's honest. [Think so! Iago.
Long live she so! and long live you to
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point: as — to be bold with
Not to affect many proposed matches [you
Of her own choice, complexion, and degree.
Where things nature tends
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, recoil'd to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more than dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago. Iago. [Going My lord, I take my leave. [doubtless
Oth. This is now my marriage with great suspicion
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfold.
Iago. [Returning My lord, I would I might ent-
treat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For, as I tell you, this honest creature
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfold.
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile.
You shall by that perceive him and his means:

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my cares —
As worthy cause I have to fear I am —
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more make my leave. [Exit.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistler 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 declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much —
She's gone, I am abused; and my belief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Praegnotive are they less than the base;
We die unshannable, like death; —
Even then this forked plague is fatal to us
When we do quicken.

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

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 do you speak so faintly?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Tis with watching; 't will away
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour [again:
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[He puts the handkerchief 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.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. 'T will have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing —

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. That handkerchief?

Iago. Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stol'n it from her?

Emil. No, 'tis 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 't, that you have been
To have me filech it?

[so earnest

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Iago. [Snatching it.] Why, what's that to you? 

Oth. If it be not for some purpose of import, Give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknowledged; 'tis I have use for it.

Go, leave me. [Exit Emilia.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, And with this find it. 'Tis 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 when a little獲得 the blood, Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so: Look, where he comes!

Re-enter Othello.

Not poppy, nor mandragora, Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep Which thou owest yesterday. 

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that. Oth. Avante! be gone! thou hast set me on The swear 'tis too much abused [rack: Than but to know 't a little. 

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust? I saw 't not, thought it not, it harmed 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 stol'n, Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp, Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body, So she had been mine. O, now, for ever Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! Farewell the necking steed, and the shrill trump, The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing life, 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 't possible, my lord? Oth. Vellon, be sure thou gave my love a whore, Be sure of it; give me the collar proof; Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul, Thou hadst better have been born a dog Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove That the probition bear no hinge nor loop [It, To hang a doubt on; or oven 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 her heart worse, all earth amazed; For nothing canst thou to damnation add Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me! 

Are you a man? have you a soul or sense? God be with you; take mine office. O wretched fool, That livest to make thee keep his family! 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, sith love breeds such offence. Oth. Vellon, be sure thou hast no money Oth. Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool And loses that it works for.

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 Dion's visage, is now begrimed and black As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives, Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied! 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, That lead direct to the door of truth, Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't. Oth. Give me a living reason she's 'disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office: But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love, I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately; And, being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleep. There are a kind of men so loose of soul, That in their sleep's will mutter their affairs: One of this kind is Cassio. In sleeping Othello, 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 phrack'd up kisses by the roots That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then cried 'Curse'd fate that gave thee to the Moor!' Oth. O monsters! monstrous! 

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream. Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion: 'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream. Iago. This may help to thicken other proofs That do demonstrate thy woman. Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces. Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done: She may be honest yet. Tell me but this, Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand? Oth. I gave her such a one: I was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief— I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,— Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers, It speaks against her with the other proofs. Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives! One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago; All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven. Iago. What, exchange? Arose, 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 aspies' tongues! 

Oth. Ye shall have that. 

Iago. Ye shall have that. Yet be content. Oth. O, blood, blood, blood! 

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic 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 revenue
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,

[Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He's a soldier, and for one 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.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. 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 mine own throat.

Clo. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on 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?

Emil. I know 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.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was

Drew all such humours from him. [Emilia.

Look, where he comes. Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio

Be call'd to him. Enter Othello.

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [Aside] O, hardness to dissemble!

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. This yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer.

Much castigation, excision devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A bloody hand! the hearts of old gave

But our new healthy is hands of hearts. [Hands;


Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read [kept it,

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she

'T would make her amiable and sublime my father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sum to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic forgery sew'd the work;

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful

Conserved of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well,

Des. Then would to God that I had never seen 't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash? Oth. Is't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the Des. Heaven bless us! [way?

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Now!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit;

Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind mis-

Des. Come, come; [gives.

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shared dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit. Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

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They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband!

Enter Cassio and Iago.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must do 't.
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit; I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd,
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune:
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in honour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! you must awhile 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?

Des. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother: — and can he be angry?

Des. Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prithee, do so. [Exit Iago.

Enter Cassio and Emilia.

Iago. Will you think so?

Cas. Think so, Iago!

Iago. To kiss in private?

Cas. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be kissed with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Cas. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so, [heaven.

Des. The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
And no conception nor no jealous toy

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Iago. 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.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's

Iago. Lady, amen. [Exit Iago.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[Exit Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

Enter Othello.

Cas. How is it with you, my best fair Bianca?
I faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Enter Othello.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Enter Othello.

Cas. Eight score eight hours! and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?

Bian. O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this scope of absence. Sweet Bianca.

[Give her Desdemona's handkerchief.

Bian. 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 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!

Bian. Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth.

Cas. From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this thing 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 — [her.
As like enough it will — I 'll have it copied.
Take it, and do 't; 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.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Bian. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here; but I 'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

[Exit Bianca.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Cas. Think so, Iago!

Iago. To kiss in private?

Cas. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be kissed with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Cas. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

Iago. They that mean virtuously, and yet do so, [heaven.

Des. The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
And no conception nor no jealous toy

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But I shall, in a more continue time,
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[Give her Desdemona's handkerchief.

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Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend;
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is 't come to this? Well, well.

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Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Bian. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you;
For I attend here; but I 'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

[Exit Bianca.
ACT IV.

OTHELLO.

Scene I.

Iago. Ay, what of that? 

Oth. That’s not so good now.

Iago. If I had said I had seen him do you wrong? What, or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad, who having, by their own importunate suit, or voluntary doting of some mistress, convinced or supplied them, cannot choose but they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing? 

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured, no more than he’ll unswear. 

Oth. What hath he said? 

Iago. ’Faith, that he did— I know not what he. 

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, they believe her. Lie with her! that’s subsome.—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and he hanged for his labour;—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowy 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, and many worthy and chaste dames even thus. All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord! My lord, I say! Othello! 

Enter Cassio.

Iago. How now, Cassio! 

Cass. What’s the matter? 

Iago. My lord is fall’n into an epilepsy; this is his second fit; he had one yesterday. 

Cass. Rub him about the temples. 

Iago. No, forbear; the lethargy must have his quiet course: if he not, he foams at mouth and by and by breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs: do you withdraw yourself a little while, he will recover straight: when he is gone, I would on great occasion speak with you. 

[Exit Cassio.]

Iago. How is it, general? have you not hurt your head? 

Oth. Dost thou mock me? 

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven. Would you not be his forbearance like a man! 

Oth. A horned man’s a monster and a beast. 

Iago. There’s many a beast in heaven, and many a civil monster. 

Oth. Did he confess it? 

Iago. Good sir, be a man; think every bearded fellow that’s but yoke! 

May draw with you; there’s millions now alive that nightly lie in those who are not confessors. 

Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better, ’tis the spite of hell, the fiend’s arch-mock, to tip a wanton in a secure couch, and to suppose her chaste! No, let me know; and knowing what I am, I know what she shall be. 

Oth. O, thou art wise; ’tis certain. 

Iago. 

Oth. Stand you awhile apart; 

Confine yourself but in a patient list, 

Whilst you were here overwhelmed with your grief— 

A passion most unsuiting such a man— 

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away, and hid good sense upon your estate, 

Bade him anon return and here speak with me; 

The which he promised. Do but enrage yourself, and mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns, that dwell in every region of his face: 

For I will make him tell the tale anew, 

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when 

He hath, and is again to cope your wife: 

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience; 

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen, 

And nothing of a man. 

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago? 

Iago. I will be found most cunning in my patience; but—dost thou hear?—most bloody. 

Oth. That’s not amiss; but yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw? 

[Othello retires.]

Now with I question Cassio of Bianca. 

A housewife that by selling her desires \[Speaking hoar.\] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca’s heart, quickly should you speed! 

[Power.]

Cass. Alas, poor cautif! 

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! 

Iago. I never knew woman love man so. 

Cass. Alas, poor rogue! I think, I faith, she loves 

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. 

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio? 

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it over; go to; well said, well said. 

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her; 

Do you intend it? 

Oth. Ha, ha, ha! 

Iago. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? 

Cass. I marry her! what’s a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha! 

Oth. So, so, so, so—they laugh that win. 

Iago. ’Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry 

Cass. Prithee, say true. 

Iago. I am a very villain else. 

Oth. Have you scented me? Well, 

Cass. This is the monkey’s own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise. 

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the story. 

Cass. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day walking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the hauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck— 

Oth. Crying ‘O dear Cassio!’ as it were: his gesture importune! 

Cass. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! 

Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. 

Cass. Well, I must leave her company. 

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes. 

Cass. ’Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one. 

Enter Bianca.

What do you mean by this haunting of me? 

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work.—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx’s token,
and I must take the work? There; give it your hobby-horse; whereasover you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now; my sweet Bianca! how now! how now, my lady?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [Exit.

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street 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. Prithew, come; will you? [Exit Cassio.

Iago. How shall I murder him, Iago? Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his

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. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Iago. O, a thousand thousand times: and then,
of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it.

Iago. O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near me.

Oth. I will chop her into messes; cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Iago. With mine other!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her; lest her body and beauty unprovoke my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [A trumpet within.] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico.

[Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants. Ld. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the letter, and reads. Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. [reads] 'This fail you not to do, as you

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much

To tone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone! My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter moved him;

For, as, I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Oth. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Des. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello,—

Oth. [Striking her] Devil!

Des. I have not deserved this.

[Venice, Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in

Though I should swear I saw 't: it is 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?

Des. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on. [turns: 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. [Exeunt.

[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
Monkeys. [Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full coven
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid vir
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance, [tie.
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's 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
And his own courses will denote him so [him,
That I may save my speech: do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

[Exeunt.
SCENE II. — A room in the castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out 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 dart, 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 have put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither; go. [Exit Emilia.]

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet base and key of villainous secrets;

And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, clench, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure then?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [To Emilia] Some of your function, mistress;

Leave procurers alone and shut the door;

Cough, or cry 'hem,' if any body come;

Your mystery, your mystery: nay, dispatch. [Exit Emilia.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech

I understand a fury in your words. [import]

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 do double

Swear thou art honest. [blam'd]

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as

hell. [I false?]

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am

Oth. O Desdemona! away! away! away! away.

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive 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 pleased heaven

To try me with affliction: had they rain'd.

All kinds of sores and shame 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 place of my soul

A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his low unmoving finger at!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well;

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads [there,

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—

Ay, there 's look grum as hell!]

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicke even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hastad

never been born!]

Des. 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 etchers burn up modestly,

Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets

Is hush'd within the hollow value of earth,

And will not hear it. What committed!

Indulgent stropnet! By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other 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't 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. [Raising his voice]

You, mistress,

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your pains:

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel.

[Exit.]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my

Des. With who?

[lord?]

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Prithhee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed! [Exit.]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.

How have I been behaved, that he might stick

The smallest opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't

with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks: [habes

He might have 'd me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so 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?
ACT IV.

OTHELLO.

SCENE III.

Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Iago. He called her whore: a beggar in his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Des. Why did he do this? Where? What? -

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Des. How hath she forsook so many noble matches,

Her father and her country and her friends,

To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't! How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know,

Iago. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,

Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cunning, covetous slave, to get some office,

Have not devised this slander: I 'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Iago. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

[pats?]

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her com-


The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurril fellow,

O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lead the rascals naked through the world

Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Des. O, file upon them? Some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

It's ever my will did trespass against his love.

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;

Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divortion—love him dearly,

Comfort forswearing, when making him my slave.

And his unkindness may defeat my life,

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

And I pray you, be content: 'tis but his humour:

The business of the state does him offence,

And he does chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.

[Trumpets within.]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat:

Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

[Exit Desdemona and Emilia.]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo! Iago.

Des. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Roderigo. Every day thou dost me with some de-

vice, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now,

keest from me all convenience 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?

Roderigo. Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

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Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jests you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have extirpated a vatorist; you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well! go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is my custom: I say, no; I think it is scurrv, and begin to find myself fooled in it.

Rod. Very well.

Iago. I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my foolish action; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's matter in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Iago. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and yet I condescend not with wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following en-

joy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treason and devise engines for my life.

Rod. 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.

Iago. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Iago. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and yet I condescend not with wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following en-

joy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treason and devise engines for my life.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Rod. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and 'tuther will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exit.

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. I'll pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

Des. My lord?
Act V.

Scene I. — Cyprus. 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.

Roderigo. I have at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

Iago. I have no great devotion to the deed; and yet he hath given me satisfying reasons; 'tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

If I court thee women, you'll coach with me men.—

So, get thee gone: good-night. Mine eyes do itch; doth that bode weeping?

Emilia. Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind?

Emilia. If there be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the Emilia. Why, would not you? [world?] Des. No, by this heavenly light! Emilia. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:

I might do 't as well 't the dark.

[world?]

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the Emilia. The world's a huge thing: it is a great

For a small vice.[price]

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emilia. In troth, I think I should: and 'tis, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world.

Emilia. Why, the wrong is but a wrong! 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.

Emilia. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties, and pour our treasures into foreign laps, or else break out in peevish jealousies, throwing restraint upon us: or say they strike us, or scant our former having in despite:

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace, yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know their wives have sense like them: they see and smell, and have their palates both for sweet and sour, as husbands have. What is it that they do, when they change us for others? Is it sport? I think it is: and doth affection breed it? I think it doth: is 't frailty that thus errs? It is so too: and have we not 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 so. [send,

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [Exeunt.}
Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he. — Villain, thou diest! [Makes a pass at Cassio.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed, But that my coat is better than thou know'st: I will make proof of thine.


Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word. Rod. O, villain that I am! Oth. [Enter Lodovico and Gratiano. It is even so. Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! These may be counterfeits: let's think 'tis unsafe To come in to the cry without more help.


Enter Iago, with a light. Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Whose's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Rod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry? Gra. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What's the matter? Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it. Rod. The same indeed: a very valiant fellow. Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously? Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help. (To Cassio. Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout. And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! What are you there? come in, and give some word. [To Lodovico and Gratiano.


Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt. [Exit.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried? Iago. Who is 't that cried! Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! [pect Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you sus- Who they should be that have thus mangled you? Cas. No. [Seek you. Iago. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.


[Asi.s and Roderigo are borne off. Iago. Cassio and Roderigo are borne off. Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress? Do you perceive the gavesty of her eye? Nay, if you scare, 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 scaped: He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, poor Cassio! alas, good Cassio! Iago. This is the fruit of whooping. Prithhee, Emilia, Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night. [To Bianca.] What, do you shake at that? Bian. He supped at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet! Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! fie! fie upon thee! Iago. Kind gentlewomen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale. Emilia, run you to the citadel, And tell my lord and lady what hath hap-p'd. Will you go on? I pray. [Aside] This is the night That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exit.]

SCENE II. — A bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed asleep; a light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,— Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! —
ACT V.

OTHELLO.

SCENE II.

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood; Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, And smooth as monument alabaster. Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men. Put out thy light, and then put out the light: If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can again thy former light restore, Should I repent me: but once put out thy light, Thou cunningst pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Promethean heat [rose, That can thy light reframe. When I have pluck'd thee, I cannot give it vital growth again. It must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree, [Kissing her.

Ah, baimy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword! One more, one more. Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, And love thee after. One more, and this the last: So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly; It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you betheen yourself of any crime Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace, Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that? Oth. Well, do it, and be brief: I will walk by: I would not kill thy unprepareth spirit: No; heaven forlend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do. Then heaven

Have mercy on me!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hark!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then Whenyour eyes roll so why I should fear I know not, Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving. Alas, why gawr you so your mother lip? Some bloody passion shakes thy very frame: These are portents: but yet I hope, They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter? [thee

Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave Thou gavest 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 art on thy death-bed. Des. Ay, but not yet to die. 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 quarrel withal. Thou art to die. Des. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too? I never did Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio But with such general warranty of heaven As I might love: I never gave him token, O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart, And makest me call what I intend to do A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him: send for him hither; Let him contest a truth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath used thee.


Oth. He will not say so.

Des. No, his mouth is stopp'd; Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Oth. O! my fear interprets: what, is he dead?

Des. He had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone, [face? Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour! Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late.

Emil. [Within] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord! [dead? Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite I that am cruel am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain:

So, so.

Emil. [Within] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [Within] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth. Yes: it is Emilia. By and by. She's dead. 'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death. — The noise was here. Ha! no more moving? Still as the grave. Shall she come in? I would have 

I think she stirs again: — no. What's best to do? If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife: My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife. O, insupportable! O heavy hour! Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe Should yarn at alteration.

Emil. [Within] I do beseech you That I may speak with you, O, good my lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia: soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.

Where art thou? [Unlocks the door.

Enter Emilia.

What's the matter with thee now?


Oth. It is the very error of the moon; She comes more nearer earth than she was wont, And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian Cal'd Rodrigo. Oth. Rodrigo 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!


Oth. Nobody: I myself. Farewell! Command me to my kind lord: O, farewell! [Dies. Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will not go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [He falls on the bed.]
Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That ever did lift up eye.
Oth. 'Rising. O, she was foul! I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
I know this act shows horrible and grim. [stop'd;]
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's deal;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that 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 heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'T will out, 't will out: I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
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. I will not.
[He goes.
Gra. [Speaking.]
Iago offers to stab Emilia.
Fie! 
A sword upon a woman? [ speech's at
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Iago. Fifth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
[He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs
Emilia, and cries.
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress's side.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd...[weapon,
Mont. 'T is the notorious villain. Take you this
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather. 'Til after that same villain,
For 'tis a dammed slave.
[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whisper gets my sword:
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song boole, lady?
Hark: canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [Stinging] Willow, willow, willow...—
Moor, she was chaste: she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die.
[Dies.
ACT V.

OTHELLO. SCENE II.

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, [clear: Gera. [Within] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee This in thy hand weapon; and perish more suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Grisson.

Gris. What is the matter? Oth. Behold, I have a weapon; A letter 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 well'd; Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear; Man but a rush against Othello's breast, And he retires. Where should Othello go? Now how's my thou look now? O till'starr'd wench! Pale as thy smoke! when we shall meet at comit, This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven, And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl! Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave! Whipp 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! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio carried in a chair, and Officers with Iago, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth. Oth. I look down towards his feet: but that's a If that thou be st a devil, I cannot kill thee, [Table: Wounds Iago.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live; For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wilt once so good, Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave, What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing: An honourable murderer, if you will; For nought I did in hate, but all in honour. Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy: Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon. Will you, I pray, demand that demni-devil Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body? Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word. Lod. What, not to pray?

Gri. To weapon Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n, Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter Found in the pocket of the slain Roderoato;

And here another; the one of them imports The death of Cassio to be undertook By Roderoato.

Oth. O villain! Otpertoao. Most heathenish and most gross! Lod. Now here's another discontented paper, Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems, Roderoato meant to have sent this damned villain; But that like Iago in the interim Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious calf! How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber: And he himself confess'd but even now That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose Which was wont to his desire. Oth. O fool! fool! fool! Cas. There is besides in Roderoato's letter, How he upbraids Iago, that he made him Brave me upon the watch; whereas it came That I was cast: and even but now he spoke, After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him, Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us: Your power and your command is taken off, And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave, If there be any cunning cruelty That can torment him much and hold him long, It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest, Till that the nature of your fault be known To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go. I have done the state some service, and they know't. No more of that. I pray you, in your letters, When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate, Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak Of one that loved not wisely but too well; Of one not easily jealous, but being wrong'd Perplex'd in the extreme: of one whose hand Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away wiser, Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subded Albiet unused to the melting mood, Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gun. set down this; And say besides, that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Beat a Venetian and traduced the state, I took by the throat the circumcised dog, And smote him, thus: [Stabs himself.

Lod. O bloody period!

Cas. All that's spoke is marri'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [tis; [Falls on the bed, and dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no For he was great of heart. [weapon; Lod. [To Iago] O Spartan dog; More fell than anguish, hunger; or the sea! Look on the tragic loading of this bed; This is thy work: the object poisons sight; Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house, And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor, For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor, Remains the censure of this hellish villain; The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it! Myself will stand abroad; and to the state This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt. 747
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mark Antony,  Taurus, lieutenant-general to Caesar.
Octavius Caesar,  Candidus, lieutenant-general to Antony.
M. Emilius Lepidus,  Silinius, an officer in Ventidius’s army.
Sextus Pompeius,  Euphrónius, an ambassador from Antony to Caesar.
Domitius Enobarbus,  Alexas,
Ventidius,  Mardon, a Eunuch,  attendants on Cleopatra.
Eros,  Seleucus,  
Scarus,  Diomedes,
Dercetas,  A Soothsayer.
Demetrius,  
Philio,  A Clown.
Mecenas,  Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.
Agrippa,  Octavia, sister to Caesar and wife to Antony.
Dolabella,  Charmian,  attendants on Cleopatra.
Proculeius,  Iris,  
Thyreus,  Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.
Gallus,  
Menas,  
Menecrates,  SCENE — In several parts of the Roman empire.
Varrius,  
Friends to Antony.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see page lxxvi.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.— Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra’s palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philio.

**Philo.** Now, but this dotage of our general’s
Overflows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
That o’er the files and musters of the war
Have glow’d like plated Mars, now, head, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view.
Upon a tawny front; his captain’s heart,
Which in the scuffles of great tights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy’s lust.
Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs forming file.

**Look,** where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform’d
Into a strumpet’s fool; behold and see.

**Cleo.** If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

**Ant.** There’s beggary in the love that can be reckond.

**Cleo.** I’ll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

**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 ’t, or else we damn thee.’
ACT I.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I.

The qualities of people. Come, my queen; Last night you did desire it; speak now to us.

[Enter Antony and Cleopatra.]

Ant. Is there no one? But Antony prised so slight? Phœ. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony.

Ant. I am full sorry That he approves the common liar, who Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, Iras, Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!


Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enoobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his presence; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloved 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 Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than fags [Things? fortune Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then be like my children shall have no names; prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. 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 your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed. [Exit.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nile presages famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog nostication, I cannot scratch mine car. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Now on my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens meed! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worst follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-witted, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a fool knife uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'ld do't!


Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. Cleopatra.

Char. Was he not here?

Cleo. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him. Enoobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here at your service. My lord approaches. Cleopatra. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[Exeunt.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, joining their force against Caesar; Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drove them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the foot or coward. On: Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus; Who tells me true, though in his tale he death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force, Extended Asia from Ephræmus; His conquering banner shook from Syria To Lydia and to Ionia; Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord! Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue.

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; Rail thon in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults With such full license as both truth and malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth wars, When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit. Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there! First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an Sec. Att. He stays upon your will. [one? Ant. Let him appear. These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, Or lose myself in dotage.
Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicily: Her length of serious, with what else more serious Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.]

Ant. Forbear me. [Exit Sec. Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it: What our contempt doth 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 hair that shoved her on. I must from this enchanting queen break off: Ten thousand harms, more than the Ibs I know, My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. Eno. Under this public occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing: though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report; this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia! Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. Where it belielseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticcoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our experience to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The name of Fulvia with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us as 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 deserter

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides of the world may danger: much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

SCENE III.—The same. Another room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

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 sudden sick: quick, and return.]

Exeunt. [Exit Alexas.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him You do not hold the method to enforce [clearly, The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not? Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest me to look: the way to lose him, Char. Tempt him not so far too; I wish, forbear: In time we hate that which we often fear. But here comes Antony.

Enter 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 fail: It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me,

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go: Would she had never given you leave to come! Let her be gone. But I do see is I that keep you here: I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd yet! at the first I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,— [true

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and Though you in swearing shake the throne of gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Rictous madness, To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going, But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying, Then was the time for words: no going then; Eternity was in our lips and eyes, Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor, But was a race of heaven: they are so still, Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen: The strong necessity of time commands Our services awhile: but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius Makes his approaches to the port of Rome: Equality of two domestic powers
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The haughty in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall
A man who is the abstract of all faults [find there
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seen as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cas. You are too diligent:
Let us grant, it is
Access to the bed of Ptolemy;
Not to give a kingdom for a mirth: to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes
As his composure must be rare indeed [him:—
When these things cannot blench, —yet must
No way excuse his sois, when we do hear] Antony
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't: but to confound such time,
That first stirs him with sport, and speaks it loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being native in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Miss. Thy biddings have been done; and every
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report [hour,
How's that abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have feared Caesar: to the ports
The discontent's repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cas. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primul state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were: [love,
And the cobb'd man, ne'er loved till we'v'r
Come's deird by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream.
Goes to and back, haekeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Miss. Caesar, I bring thee word,
Mecranites and Menas, famous pirates, [wound
Make the sea serve them, to which they ear
And with keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt;
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen: for Pompey's name strikes more
Th' who could his war resisted.

Antony.

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa. consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow: whom thou fought'st against,
Though dauntly brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; [deign
Thou, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou brows'dst: on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh.
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wound's thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cas. Let his shames quickly

751
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves 't he field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrive in our leniency.

To-morrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cle. Tell which encounter,
It fall my business too. Farewell.

Cleo. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir, [mean time
To let me be partaker.

Cas. Doubt not, sir; [Exeunt.

I knew it for my bond.


Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
My Antony is away.


Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee, [are
That, being unseemly'd, thy frerer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam: for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? [he?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wert 'st thou whom thou
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
[movest?
And burgomest of men. He's speaking now.
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phoebus' numerous phænix black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas, from Cesar.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony?
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his faint gilded thee.

How goes it with my bray? Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen.

Cleo. He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it hence.
Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an officer: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the ex-
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry. [tremes
Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him; good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him
Was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Meth'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's that born day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Caesar so?

Char. O that brave Caesar!
Cleo. Be chocked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Caesar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sald days,
When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I' ll unpeople Egypt.

[Exeunt.]
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain funning; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with careless savor his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prologue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius? This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A sign to 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 twins: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-just-warded Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cesar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespass to Cesar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved 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,
'T were pregnant they should square between themselves:
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cesar move him,
Let Antony look over Cesar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Enobarbus' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius. Eno. And yonder, Cesar.

Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius. Cesar. 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 beseech,

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [Flourish. Cesar. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.


Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cesar. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly in 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?

Cesar. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cesar. You may be poss'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire 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 quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cesar. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third of the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, let garboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieved grant
Did you too much disquiet; for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cesar. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cesar. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Ant. Soft, Caesar! No,

Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Caesar; The article of my oath.

Ces. To lend me arms and aid when I required.

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather.

And then when poison'd hours had bound me up From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may, I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia, To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; For which myself, the ignorant motive, do So far ask pardon as belits mine honour

To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further The griefs between ye: to forget them quite Were to remember that the present need Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecenas.

Eao. 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 which you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eao. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

No more.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak Eao. Go to, then: your considerate stone.

Ces. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be We shall remain in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet, if I know What hope should hold us stanch, from edge to O' the world I would pursue it.

Mec. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony Is now a wadier.

Ces. Say not so, Agrippa:

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Were well deserved of rushness.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear Agrippa further 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 how import their dangers, Would then be nothing: truths would be tales. Where now half tales be truths: her love to both Would, each to other and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke; For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

Ces. 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?

Ces. The power of Caesar, and His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand: Further this act of grace: and from this hour The heart of brothers govern in our loves And sway our great designs!

Ces. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly: let her live

To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey.

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great Of late upon me: I must thank him only, Lest my remembrance suffer ill report; At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:

Of us must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Ces. About the mount Missenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Ces. Great and increasing: but by sea

He is an absolute master.

So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Hasten we for it:

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we The business we have talk'd of.

Ces. With most gladness;

And do invite you to my sister's view, Where she doth straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Nobt sickness should detain me.

[Flourish. Exeunt Cesart Antoagy, and

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eao. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by't in Egypt.

Eao. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-bears roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eao. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had many more monstrous matter of feast, which worthyly deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eao. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devises well for her.

Eao. I will tell you.

The large 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 [silver, The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made The water which they beat to follow faster.

As amorous of their strokes. For her own person, It beggar'd all description: she did lie In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue— O'er-picturing that Venus where we saw The fairest workman make: 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 undertook.

Agr. Eao. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes, And made their beds adornings: at the helm A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands, That barely frame the ollce. From the large A strong invisible flame lights the sense Of the adjacent whirls. The city cast Her people out upon her; and Antony, Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone, Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE V.

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Enol. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she refused.
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom n'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being hark'd to ten times over, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she crop'd.

Enol. 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.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Enol. Never: he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for viest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Enol. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Caesar's house.

Enter Antony, Caesar, Octavia between them,
And Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
Divide me from your bosom. [times
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my memsies in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.

Octa. Good night. [Exeunt Caesar and Octavia.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor
Thither! [you
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

Sooth. Caesar's.

Ant. Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
If thou dost play with him at any game, [thee.
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural lack,
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, be away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

[Exit Soothsayer.

He shall to Partulia. 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, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the cast my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Partulia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive it. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
Your generals after. [Exeunt

Ant. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. [Exit.

Ant. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell. [Exeunt.


Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ira, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, and food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, lo!

Enter Mardian, the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,
Charmian.

Charm. My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mard. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't
Come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off. I will betray
Tawny-finn'd bushes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their sliny 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
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With hervency drew up.

Cleo. That time.—O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience: and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears!
That long time have been barren.

Mrs. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antonius dead! — If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE VI.

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My honest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp’d and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there’s more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The good and give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill–uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well go to, I will;
But there’s no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so far a favour
To transport such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come as a Fury crown’d with
Not like a formal man. [snakes.
Mess. Will ‘t please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speakest.
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I’ll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he’s well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Caesar.
Cleo. The more an honest man.
Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like ‘But yet,’ it doth alloy
The good precedence: lie upon ‘But yet!’
‘But yet’ is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Priflee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear. [Cesar;
The good and bad together: he’s friends with
In state of health thou sayst; and thou sayst free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He’s bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn in the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he’s married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you? Hence, [Strikes him again.
Horrible villain! or I’ll spur my thine eyes
Like–balls before me: I’ll unhair thy head:
[She hates him up and down.
Thou shalt be whipp’d with wine, and slow’d in brine,
Smarting in lingering pike.
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 hoist thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He’s married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.
Mess. Nay, then I’ll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[Exit.

Cleo. Good madam, keep yourself within your
The man is innocent.
Mess. 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.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.

[Exit Charmian.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.
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.

Ant. At land, indeed, but since then.

Ces. Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased 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 embraced.

Ces. And what may follow,

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 'greeed upon,
To part with un hath'd edges, and bear back
Our tattered unites.


Pom. I know, then,
I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. [you
Ant. The beds! if the cast are soft; and thanks to
That call'd me timeelier than my purpose hitter;
For I have gain'd by't.

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 she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave your composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Ces. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and
Draw lots who shall begin. [let's

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Grew fat with feasting there. [Cesar

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 Caesar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

Eno. Well; and we'll amuse 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 loved you much; but I lau' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Ces. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. [Aside] Thy father, Pompey, would never
have made this treaty.—You and I have known.

Eno. At sea, I think.

[sc. Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me;
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
Men. Nor what I have done by water. [land.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give
me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority,
here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, what so'mer
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true
Men. No slander; they steal hearts. [face.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 'tack again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark
Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Caesar's sister is called Octavia. [cellus.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Cains Mar.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Caesar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I
would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the
land that seems to tie their friendship together
will be the very stronger of their amity: Octavia is of
a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is
Mark Antony: He will to his Egyptian dish again;
then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire in
Cesar; and, as I said before, that which is the
strength of their amity shall prove the immediate
author of their variance. Antony will use his
affection where it is: he married but his occasion be.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you
abroad? I have a health for you. [in Egypt.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—On board Pompey's galley, off

Mission.

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their
plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the
world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the dis-
position, he cries out: 'No more;' reconciles them
to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between
him and his discretion.
ACT II. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. SCENE VII.

Sen. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do no service as a partisan I could not love.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A servant sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Meccenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [To Caesar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales 't the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or plenty in any height; the higher
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and oze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your
mind by the operation of your sun: so is your croco-

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit.—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll be'er
out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear you'll be
in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies'
pyramids are very good things; without contra-
diction, I have heard that.

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Say in
mine ear: what's it?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seat, I do
beesech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] 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 bread
as it hath breathed: it is just so high as it is, and
moves with it own organs: it lives by that which
nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it,
transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Ces. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else
be it a very enigma.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell
me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] If for the sake of merit thou
will hear me,
Rise from thy stool. You tell me.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] I think thou'rt mad. The
matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith.

What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Will thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Will thou be lord of the whole world?

What's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Ant. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st, in the earthli' joye:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclins,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha'.

Pom. Show me whiche way.

Men. These three world-slayers, these compet-
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable: 

Pom. And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Ant. Ah, this thou shouldn't have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repeat that 'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside] For this,
I'll never follow thy puff'd fortunes more.
Whoseeks, 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.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Pom. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off
Lepidus]

Men. Why?

Pom. Eo. A' bears the third part of the world, man;

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. 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!

Ces. I could well forbear't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Ces. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony.

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanale,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Come, let's all take-hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand
in hand.

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plump'gy Bacchus with pink eyn!

In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:

Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Ces. What would you more? Pompey, good
night. Good brother.

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part:

You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine: and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguiseth almost
Anfick'd us all. What needs more words? Good

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
ACT III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I. — A plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Part this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly: so thy great captain Antony Shall set thee on triumphal chariots and Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius, I have done enough; a lower place, note well, May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius; Better to leave undone, than by our deed Acquire too high a fame when we serve's way. Caesar and Antony have ever won More in their officer than person: Sossins, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour. Who does it! the wars more than his captain can Become his captain's captain; and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss, Than gain which darkens him. I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'twould offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier, and his sword, [touy? Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An- Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, That magical word of war, we have effected; How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks, The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out o'the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste The weight we must convey with 's will permit, We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Rome. An ante-chamber in Caesar's house.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted? [gone; Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is The other three are scaling. Octavius weeps To part from Rome; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus, Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled With the green sickness.


These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what! Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell To these great tollows: sound and be hang'd, sound One! [Sound a flourish, with drums.

ACT III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE V.

Ces. 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.
Ces. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cleo. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses Octavia.
Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound, Exeunt.


Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Ira, and Alexandas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to,
Enter the Messenger as before.
Come hither, sir.
Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone [near.
Through whom I might command it? Come thou
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued
or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.
Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
Charm. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian; dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
It e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statute than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Charm. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
He's very knowing;
I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.
Charm. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. She was a widow,—
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.
Mess. And do I think she's thirty. [round?
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? 'tis long or
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that
are so.
Her hair, what color?
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill;
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business; go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.
Charm. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Charm. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
shall I ask it.
Charm. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long! [Charmian:
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Charm. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Athens. A room in Antony's house.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
[it New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But say 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,
Stoichieth not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray. 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'0, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
Twist these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentile Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall shain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.
Oct. Thanks to your lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconquer! Wars twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.
Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. Another room.

Enter Enobarbus and eros, meeting.

Eros. How now, friend Eros!
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eros. What, man?
Eros. Cesar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.
Eros. This is old: what is the success?
Eros. Cesar, having made use of him in the wars
against Pompey, presently denied him rivalry:
would not let him partake in the glory of the action:
and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own
appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death
enlarge his confines. [more; Eros. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?
ACT III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE VII.

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurts
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!' And threats the throat of that his officer
The murder'd Pompey.

Ero. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitian;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eros. But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

[Exeunt.


Enter Caesar, Agrrippa, and Mecenas.

Caes. Concerning Rome, he has done all this, and
In Alexandria; here's the manner of 't; [more,
'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly entroned: at the feet sat
Cesarian, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Alexandria.

Mec. This in the public eye? [recess.
Caes. I, the common show-place, where they ex-
Hibited he there proclaimed the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia.
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia: she
In the habitations of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus Inform'd.
Agr. Who, quesy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Caes. The people know it: and have now received
His accusions.

Agr. Who does he accuse?
Caes. Caesar; and that, having in Sicily
Sixtus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle; then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unstock'd: lastly, he frets
That none of the triumvirs
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. 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 abused,
Ignor'd, and did deserve his change: for what I have con-
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Caes. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her train.

Oct. Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Caesar!
Caes. That ever I should call thee castaway!
Oct. Ye have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Caes. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony [come 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 fainted
Leaving for what it had not may, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Caes. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord, in me;
Caes. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?


Caes. No, my most wronged sister! Cleopatra
Hath nod'd him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malechus of Armenia; King of Punt;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Caes. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the thing which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?
Caes. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear sister.[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Near Actium. Antony's camp.

Enter Cleopatra and Enoobarus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would hear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome

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ACT III.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  SCENE X.

That Phoebus an enmarch and your maids
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot.
That speak against us! A charge we hear 'tis the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Caius.  Cleopatra.

Ant. Is it not strange, Cannius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Turyne? You have heard on 't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Cannius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to.
Eno. So bath my lord dared him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleseters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Caesar's fleet
Are those that often have against Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldieryship you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forgo
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From him security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Can. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn:
And, with the rest full- mann'd, from the head of
Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord: he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Turyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power should be, Cannius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you mislike
This sword and these my wonsals? Let the Egyptian
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we [Gians
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
Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led, [grows
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not? Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Caius, are for land;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Ant. While he was yet in Rome, His power went out in such distractions as
Bequeathed all his slaves.
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 Cannius. Can. With news the time's with labour, and
throst forth.
Each minute, some.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A plain near Actium.

Enter Caesar, and Taurus, with his army, marching.

Ces. Taurus!
Taur. My lord?
Ces. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The precept of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.  Ant. Set we our squadrons on the 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.

SCENE X.—Another part of the plain.

Cannius marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum.  Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
The Antonian, the Egyptian admiral: he longer:
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scur. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?
Scur. The greater castle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kis'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?
Scur. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. You ribandied nag of Egypt,—
Whom lepresy o'ertake!—'t the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I behold:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scur. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Died violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!
Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath, And sinks most lamentably. Had our general Been what he knew himself, it had gone well: O, he has given example for our flight, Most grossly, by his own! Can. Why, then, are you thereabouts? Why, then, good night indeed.

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.


Ant. I have offended reputation, A most unmeasurable. Eros. Sir, the queen. Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See, How I convey my shame out of thine eyes By looking back what I have left behind 'Stroy'd in dishonour. Cleo. O my lord, my lord, Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou know'st too well My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, And thou shouldest tow me after; o'er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou know'st, and that Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods Command me. Cleo. O, my pardon! Ant. Now I must To the young man send humble treaties, dudge And palter in the shifts of lowness: who With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased, Making and marring fortunes. You did know How much you were my companion; and that My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster: Is he come back? Love, I am full of heel. [Knows some wine, within there, and our viands. Fortune We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[Exit.]

SCENE XI.—Egypt. *Ces. Enter Caesar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others. Ces. Let him appear that's come from Antony. Know you him? Dol. Caesar, 'tis his schoolmaster: An argument that he is pleck'd, when hither He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers Not many moons gone by. Enter Euphronius, ambassador from Antony. Ces. Approach, and speak. Euphr. Such as I am, I come from Antony: I was of late as petty to his ends As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf To his grand sea. Ces. Be 't so: declare thine office. Euphr. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted, He lessens his requests; and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth, A private man in Athens: this for him. Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness: Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs, Now hazarded to thy grace.

Ces. For Antony, I have no ears to his request. The queen Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend, Or take his life there: this if she perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euphr. Fortune pursue thee!

Ces. Bring him through the bands. [Exit Euphronius.]

[To Thyreus] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: dispatch; From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, And in our name, what she requires; add more, From thine invention, offers: women are not In their best fortunes strong: but want will procure The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
ACT XIII.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE XIII.—Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Thou art in much mind now, and hast an answer ready.

Cleo. What is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meered question: 't was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo.

Enter Antony with Euphronius, the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.

To the boy Cesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalties.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As I the command of Cesar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay conversion and success
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[Exit Antony and Euphronius.

Eno. [Aside] Yes, like enough, high-battleed Cesar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
Against a swordier! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cesar will
Answer his emptiness! Cesar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cesar,

Ant. What, an offering of ceremony? See, my women!
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

[Exit Attendant.

Eno. [Aside] Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty well held to foils does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To join his allegiance a falling lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyrreus.

Cleo. Cesar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly,

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Thyr. So, ha! They are friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cesar has;
Or needs not use. If Cesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cesar's.

Thyr. So, Thus then, thou most renowned: Cesar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cesar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O! Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [Aside] To be sure of that,

I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leeky,
That we must leave thee to thyinking; for
Thy dearest quit thee.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cesar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired 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 Thyrreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, Say to great Cesar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cesar'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 Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [Aside] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kites! Now, gods
And devils! - [Hic!] Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [Aside] 'Tis better playing with a lion's
Then with an old one dying. [whelp Ant.

Moon and stars!

Whip him. 'Went twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cesar, should I find them
So sancy with the hand of she here,—what's her
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony?

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
ACT IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I.

Bring him again; this Jack of Caesar’s shall Bear us an errand to him. [Exit Attendents with Thyruses.

You were half blasted ere I knew you; ha! Have I my pillow left unpeck’d? I have been in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawful race And by a gem of women, to be abused By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a jollyger ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard— O misery on’t!—the wise gods see our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make Adore our errors; laugh at’s, while we strat To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is’t come to 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 Basan, to outrear The horned herd! for I have savage cause; And to proclaim it civilly, were like A halter’d neck which does the hangman thank For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendents with Thyruses.

Is be whipp’d?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg’d at a pardon?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent Thou was not made his daughter; and be thou sorry To follow Caesar in his triumph, since Thou hast been whipp’d for following him: henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee, Shake thou to look on ’t. Get thee back to Caesar, Tell him thy entertainment; look, thou say He makes me angry with him; for he seems Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am, Not what he knew I was; he makes me angry; And at this time most easy ’t is to do’t.

When my good stars, that were my former guides, Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires Into the abyss of hell, if he dislike My speech and what is done, tell him he has Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, As he shall like, to quite me: urge it thou: Hence with thy stripes, begone! [Exit Thyruses.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engerdail bali, And poison it in the source; and the first stone Drop in my neck: as it determines, so Dissolve my life! The next Casarion smile Till by degrees the memory of my womb, Together with my brave Egyptians all, By the dissanguing of this pelleted storm, Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cesar sits down in Alexandria; where I will oppose his fate. Our force by land Hath nobly held; our seavenly too Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most seallike. Where hast thou been, my heart? Doest 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’s hope in’t yet.

Cleo. That’s my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-bew’d, hearted, breathed, And fright malignantly: for when mine hours Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives Of me for jests: but now I’ll set my teeth, And send to darkness all that stop me. Come, Let’s have one other gaudy night: call to me All my sad captains: fill our bowls once more; Let’s knock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we’ll speak to them; and to-night I’ll force The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen:

There’s sus in’t yet. The next time I do fight, I’ll make death love me; for I will content Even with his pestilent sethye.

[Exeunt all but Eadubrins.

Eadubr. Now he’ll outstare the lightning. To be furious, Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood The dove will peck the eegride; and I see still, A diminution in our captain’s brain Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason, It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek Some way to leave him. [Exit.
ACT IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.


Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eoro. No.

Ant. Why should he be not? [Time, Eoro. He thinks, being twenty times of better for,
He is twenty men to one.

By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Wou 't thou fight well?
Eoro. I 'll strike, and cry ' Take all,'

Well said; come on,
Call forth my household servants: let 's to-night
Be beauteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest:— so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served me
And yours have been your fellow soldiers.

[Cleo. [Aside to Eoro.] What means this?

Eoro. [Aside to Cleo.] 'T is one of those odd tricks
Which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: Scamnot not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [Aside to Eoro.] What does he mean?

Eoro. [Aside to Cleo.] 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 for't!

Eoro. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? 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!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I 'lI expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [Exit,]

SCENE III.—The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Bello 't is but a rumour. Good night

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night,

[They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

Fourth Sold. Here we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

Music of the harness as under the stage.

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music 't the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say! What should this mean?

[Music, Sec. Sold. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony
Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do? [They advance to another post.

Sec. Sold. How now, masters! All. [Speaking together] How now!
How now! do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; is 't not strange?

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have
Let 's see how it will give off. [Quarter;

Content. 'T is strange. [Exit,]

SCENE IV.—The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Charmian, and others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros! Sleep a little.

Cleo. Ant. No, my chieft. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.

Cleo. Nay, I 'lI help too.

What 's this for?

Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'lI 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 unbuckles this, till we do please
To daft 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou finolest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

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 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir.

Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cpt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.
Scene VIII.

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.

Ant. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,

I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host: I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

Eros. I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold? This blows my heart.

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrive thought: but thought will not, I
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foulest best fits
My latter part of life.

Scene VII.—Field of battle between the camps.

Drums. Enter Antony, and Scarsus wounded.

Scarsus. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

Hath we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Antony. Thou blest'st apeace.

Scarsus. I have a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

They do retire.

Scarsus. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
For a fair victory, [serves Scarsus.

Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scarsus. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

Scene VIII.—Under the walls of Alexandria.

Drums. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarsus, with others.

Antony. We have beat him to his camp: run one before,

And let the queen know of our gists. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall set, we will spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't 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 conglomeration from your wounds; and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. [To Scarsus] Give me thy hand;

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks'blest thee. [To Cleopatra.] O thou day

Of the world,
ACT IV. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. SCENE X.

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE XI.—Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scævus, with their army.

Ans. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scæv. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they 'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stand with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven...
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.—Another part of the same.

Enter Caesar, and his army.

Ces. But being charged, we will be still by land.
Which, as I take 't, we shall: for his best force Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIII.—Another part of the same.

Enter Antony and Scævus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scæv. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected: and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [Exit after off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up and earose together.
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 't is
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
[Thou Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

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 discandily, 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 home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cle. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blench Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.

\[Exit Cleopatra.\]

If it be well to live; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many, Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alices, thou mine ancestor, thy page;
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon;
And with those bands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't. Eros, ho! \[Exit.\]

SCENE XIII.—Alexandria. Cleopatra’s palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

\[Chor.\] Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamion for his shield; the bear of Thessaly
Was never so enboss’d.

\[Char.\] To the monument! There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

\[Chor.\] To the monument; Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself:
Say, that the last I spoke was ‘Antony,’
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! \[Exit.\]

SCENE XIV.—The same. Another room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

\[Eros.\] Thou wilt behold me?

\[Ant.\] Ay, noble lord.

\[Eros.\] Sometimes we see a cloud that’s dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower’d citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon ‘t, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air; thus hast seen these
They are black vespur’s pageants.

\[Ant.\] Ay, my lord.

\[Eros.\] That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

\[Eros.\] It does, my lord.

\[Ant.\] My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony:
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave,
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex’d unto ‘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 end ourselves.

\[Enter Mardian.\]

\[Mardian.\] O, thy vile lady!

\[Ant.\] She has robb’d me of my sword.

\[Mardian.\] No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

\[Ant.\] Hence, saucy enmarch; peace! she hath betray’d me and shall die the death.

\[Mardian.\] Death of one person can be paid but once.
And that she has discharged: what thou wilt do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was: ‘Antony! most noble Antony!’
Then in the midst a tearing great lid break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render’d life,
Thy name so buried in her.

\[Ant.\] Dead, then? Dead.

\[Ant.\] Unarm, Eros; the long day’s task is done,
And we must sleep. \[To Mar.\] That thou departest hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. \[Exit Mardian.\]

\[Mardian.\] Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been noble borne. From me awhile.

\[Exit Eros.\]

I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and strain no further: now all labour
Wars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunts be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

\[Re-enter Eros.\]

\[Eros.\] What would my lord?

\[Ant.\] Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter’d the world, and o’er green Neptune’s back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman: less noble mind
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,
Thou then wouldest kill me: do ‘t; the time is come:
Thou strikest not me, ’tis Caesar thou defeat’st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enmity, lost aim, and could not?

\[Ant.\] Eros,
Wouldest thou be window’d in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleas’d arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face seduced
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel’d seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensured?

\[Eros.\] I would not see ‘t.

\[Ant.\] Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
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, sworest thou
not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed.

\[Eros.\] Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

\[Ant.\] Lo 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.

\[Ant.\] ’T is said, man; and farewell.

\[Eros.\] Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

\[Ant.\] Now, Eros.
ACT IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE XV.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.
Ant. Thrice-nobler lives kow, help, die, Noliest to The A[prithee. carry and.' How let but

First Guard. What's the noise? Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make Of what I have begun. [an end
Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.
First Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Ahas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
First Guard. Not I. Sec. Guard. Nor I.
Third Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.

This sword but shown to Cesar, with this tidings, Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed there.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me Suffering strokes for death.

Dio. My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw — Which never shall be found — you did suspect She had disposed with Caesar, and that your rage Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead; But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come, I dread, too late. [prithee.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I Dio. What, he, the emperor's guard! The guard, Come, your lord calls!

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.
Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra abides; 'Tis the last service that I shall command you. First Guard. Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not live to wear All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome Which comes to punish us, and we punish it Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up: I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends, And have my thanks for all. [Exit, bearing Antony.

SCENE XV.—The same. A monument.

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Charm. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow, Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.

Dio. How now! is he dead?
Ant. His death's upon him, but not dead. Look out o' the other side your monument; His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard
Cleo. O sun, Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help; 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 awhile, until Of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. I dare not, dear,— Dear my lord, pardon, I dare not. Lest be taken: not the imperious show Of the full-fortuned Cesar 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 Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony,— Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up: Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weigis Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [my 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 foils. — O, come, come, come; [They have Antony aloft to Cleopatra. And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived: Quicken with kisses: had my lips that power, Thus 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, Provoked by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen: Of Cesar seek your honour, with your safety. O! Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me: None about Cesar trust but Proculus, Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust; None about Cesar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts In feeding them with those my former fortunes Wherein I lived, 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 Vainly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going; I can no more.
Cleo. The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord! O, wither'd is the Garland of the war,
ACT V.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE II.

The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls Are level now with men; the odds is gone, And there is nothing left remarkable Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints. Char. O, quietness, lady! Iris. She is dead too, our sovereign. Char. Lady! Iris. Char. O madam, madam, madam! Iris. Madam! Char. O madam, madam, madam! Iris. Royal Egypt, Empress! Cleo. Peace, peace, Iris! [minded Cho. No more, but e'en a woman, and cometh By such poor passion as the maid that milks And does the meanes't chores. It were for me To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

To tell them that this world did equal theirs Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught; Patience is softish, 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, Char- Mynoble girls! Ah, women, women, look, [mian! Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sir, take heart; We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's Let's do it after the high Roman fashion, [noble. And make dear Cæsar, fly. Come, away: This case of that huge spirit now is cold; Ah, women, women! come: we have no friend But resolution, and the briefest end. [Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.

ACT V.


Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others, his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield; Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks The praises that he makes. Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeit.

Enter Decretas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that Appear thus to us? [Darest

Decretas. I am call'd Decretas; Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy Best to be served; 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? Dcr. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make A greater crack: the round world Should have shook lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony Is not a single doom; in the name by A motley of the world.

Dcr. 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 it 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; beheld it stain'd With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends? The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is, That nature must compel us to lament Our most persisted deeds.

Cæs. 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. Mcr. When such a spacious mirror's set before He needs must see himself. [him, Cæs. O Antony! I have follow'd thee to this: but we do lance Diseases in our bodies: I must perform Have shown to thee such a declining day, Or look on time; we could not stand 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, Unreconcilable, should divide Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,— But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him: We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you? Egy. A poor Egyptian yet. Cæsar, I proceed 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. [Exeit.


Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready. Go with me to my tent; where you shall see How hardly I was drawn into this war; How calm and gentle I proceeded still In all my writings: go with me, and see What I can show in this.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A room in the monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iris.

Che. My dosolation does begin to make A better life. 'Tis pity to be Cæsar; Not being Fortune, he's got Fortune's knife, A minister of her will: and it is great To do that thing that ends all other deeds; Which shackles accidents and bolts up change; Which sleeps, and never palates more the dugs, The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.
Enter, to the gates of the monarch, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt; And bids thee study on what fair demands Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but I do not greatly care to be deceived, 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 gave me so much of mine own, as I Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer; You're fall'n 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 dependency; and you shall find A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness, Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him The greatness he has got. I hourly learn A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly Look him in the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady. Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied Of him that caused it.

God. You see how easily she may be surprised: [Here Proculeia and two of the Guard ascend the monumet by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]

[To Proculeius and the Guard] Guard her till Caesar come. [Exit.]


Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Dolabella.

Cleo. Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,

That rids our dogs of languish?

Cleo. Do not abuse my master's bounty by The undoing of yourself: let the world see His nobleness well acted, which your death Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?

Pro. O, temperance, lady! Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir:

If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,

Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I

Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;

Nor once be classtised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavius. Shall they hoist me up

And show me to the shouting varletie

Of censoring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt Be good grave unto me! rather on Niles' fond

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-dies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make

My country's high pyramids my gibbet,

And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend These thoughts of horror further than you shall Find cause in Caesar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows, And he hath sent for thee: for the queen, I'll take her to my guard.

Cleo. So, Dolabella, I shall content me best: be gentle to her. [please, [To Cleo. To Caesar I will speak what you shall If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

Cleo. Do. Most noble empress, you have heard of me? Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known. You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams; Is't not your trick?

Cleo. I understand not, madam.

Dol. Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony: O, such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,— Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm Crested the world; his voice was propertied As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to quail and shake the orb, He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas That grew the more by reaping: his delights Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above The element they lived in: in his bribery [were Walk'd crowns and crowne'ts; realms and islands As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Cleo. Cleopatra! Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. But, if there be, or ever were, one such, It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff To vie strange forms with fantasy; 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 pursued success. But I do feel, By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites 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. Madam, he will: I know it. [Cesar!]

Dol. [Flourish and shout within, Make way there:]

Enter Caesar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecenas, Selencus, and others of his Train.

Ces. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [Cleopatra kneels.

Ces. Arise, you shall not kneel: I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods Will have it thus: my master and my lord I must obey.

Ces. Take to you no hard thoughts: The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our flesh, we shall remember As this but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Bidden laden with like triflities which before
Have often shamed our speech.
Ces. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,
'Fth thereon you rely. 'T'll take my leave. [and we,
Cleo. Antony, through all the world: 'tis yours;
Your sentecnes and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Ces. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Selenus?
Sel. Here, madam. [lord,
Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, Selenus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.
Ces. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Caesar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Selenus does
Even make me wail: O slave, of no more trust
Than love; that's hired! What, goest thou back?
Thou shalt.
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog! O rarely base!
Ces. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady tirles have reserved,
Immoveable toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart.
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites
Me with the breadth, [To Selenus] Prithie, go
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits [hence;
Through the ashes of my wight: wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.
Ces. Forbear, Selenus. [Exit Selenus.
Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misl Investors
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cleo. Cleopatra, [edged,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged;
But we 'll the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cesar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts yet your prisons: no, do;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Queen, yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Ces. [Flourish. Except Caesar and his train.
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not.
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.
[Whispers Charmian.
Iros. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. He thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.
Charm. Madam, I will.
Re-enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where is the queen?
Charm. Behold, sir. [Exit. 
Cleo. Dolabella!
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will be send before;
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
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 Dolabella.
Dol. Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed,
And forced to drink their vapour.
Iros. Of the gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain. Iras: saucy victors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymer
Ballad us out o' time: the quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra bawd my greatness
I' the posture of a whore... O the good gods!
Iros. I'll never see 't: 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.
Re-enter Charmian.
Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied, his highness' presence:
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. [Exit Guardman.
Guard. What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.
Re-enter Guardman, with Clown bringing in a basket.
Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guardsman.]

Have then the pretty woman of Nium there, That kills and pain the spot?

Cleo. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on’t?

I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report of the worm; but perhaps all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm’s an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Cleo. I wish you all joy of the worm. [Setting down his basket.]

Cleo. Farewell.

Cleo. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Cleo. 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 needed.

Cleo. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Cleo. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women: for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Cleo. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o’ the worm. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter *Iras with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: now no more The juice of Egypt’s grape shall moist this lip: Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him run me loose To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cleopatra, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am an object of other elements I give to baser life. So; have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[Closes them. *Iras falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover’s pinch, Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still? If thou vanishest, thou tell’st the world It is not worth leave-taking. [Say.]

Cleo. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base: If she first meet the curbed Antony, He’ll make demand of her, and spend that kiss Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

Cleo. O eastern star! Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

O Antony,—Nay, I will take thee too:

—Applying another asp to her arm.

What should I stay,—

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies A less unparallel’d. Downy windows, close; And golden Phoebeus never be beheld Of eyes again so royally! Your crown’s a awry; I’ll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Specialilly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger.

First Guard. [Applying asp.]

Char. O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All’s not well: 

Cæsar’s begun. [Falls him.]

Sec. Guard. There’s Dolabella sent from Cæsar.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming To see performed the dread act which thou So soughtst to hinder.

[Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!]

Re-enter Cæsar and all his train, marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer; That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last, She level’d at our purposes, and, being royal, Took her own way. The manner of their deaths? I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought This was his basket. [Her tigs.]

Cæs. Poison’d, then.

First Guard. This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake: I found her trimming up the diadem On her head mistress; tremblingly she stood And on the sudden drop’d.

Cæs. O noble weakness! If they had swallow’d poison, ’t would appear By external swelling: but she looks like sleep, As she would catch another Antony In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast, There is a vent of blood and something blown: The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic’s trail: and all these fig-leaves Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves Upon the eyebrows of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable That so she died; for her physician tells me She hath pursued conclusions infinite Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed; And let her women from the monument: She shall be buried by her Antony: No grave upon the earth shall clasp in it A pair so famous. High events as these Strike those that make them; and their story Is no less in pity than his glory which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall In solemn show attend this funeral; And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity. [Exit.]
ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. The garden of Cymbeline’s palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

First 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.

Sec. Gent. But what’s the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of ’s kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife’s sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath refer’d herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman; she’s wedded;
Her husband banish’d; she imprison’d: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch’d at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king?

First Gent. He that hath lost her too; is so is the queen,
That most desired 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.

Sec. Gent. And why so? [thing

First Gent. He that hath miss’d the princess is a
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish’d—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What’s his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call’d Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassiebean,
But had his titles by Tenantium whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain’d the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars of the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breed him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air; fast as ’t was minister’d,
And in’s spring became a harvest, lived in court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feasted them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish’d, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem’d him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,
I’ the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol’n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?

First Gent. Some twenty years. [convey’d,

Sec. Gent. That a king’s children should be so
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!}
ACT I.

CYMBELINE.

SCENE I.

First Gent. Howsoe'ER 't is strange, Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at, Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [Exit.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, After the slander of most stepmothers, [daughter, Evil-eyed unto you: you're 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 The fire of rage is in him, and 't is good You leant unto his sentence with what patience Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness, I will from hence to-day. You know the peril. I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitting The pangs of bard'd affections, though the king Hath charged you should not speak together. [Exit.

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant Can tinkle where she wounds? My dearest husband, I something fear my father's wrath: but nothing— Always reserved my holy duty—what His rage can do on me: you must be gone; And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, But that there is this jewel in the world That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress! O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain The loyal'st husband that did ever plight troth: My residence in Rome at one Philario's, Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter: thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure. [Aside Yet I'll move him To walk this way: I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu! Imo. Nay, stay a little: Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another? You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And sear up my embracements from a next With bonds of death! [Putting on the ring.] Remain, remain thon here While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest, As I my poor self did exchange for you, To your so infinite loss, so in our trible I still win of you: for my sake wear this; It is a manacle of love; 't is call to Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. [Putting a bracelet upon her arm. O the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king! Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight! If after this command thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away! Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you! And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this. Cym. O disloyal thing, That shouldst repair my youth, thou hast A year's age on me. Imo. I beseech you, sir, Harm not yourself with your vexation: I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare Subdues all pangs, all fears. Cym. Past grace? obedience? Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace. Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my Imo. O blist, that I might not! I chose an eagle, And did avoid a puttock. [my throne Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made A seat for baseness. Imo. No: I rather added A lustre to it. Cym. O thou vile one! Sir, It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus: You bred him as my playfellow, and he is A man worth any woman, overbuys me Almost the sum he pays.

Imo. What, art thou mad? Cym. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus [were Our neighbour shepherd's son! Cym. Thou foolish thing! Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up. Bequeen your patience. Peace, Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign, Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some Out of your best advice. [comfort Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a day: and, being aged, Die of this folly! [Exit Cymbeline and Lords. Quees. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news? Pis. My lord your son drew on my master. Queen. No harm, I trust, is done? Pis. There might have been, But that my master rather play'd than fought And had no help of anger; they were parted By gentlemen at hand. Queen. I am very glad on't. Pis. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his 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-tack. Way came you from your master? Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me To bring him to the haven; left these notes Of what commands I should be subject to, When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been. Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour He will remain so.
Cymbeline.

ACT I.

I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

II. About some half-hour hence, I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A public place.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt: the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there’s none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Cloten. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No, faith: not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body’s a passable curass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o’ the backside the town.

Cloten. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppets!

Cloten. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Cloten. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

First 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 reduction of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Cloten. Come, I’ll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Cloten. You’ll go with us?

First Lord. I’ll attend your lordship.

Cloten. Nay, come, let’s go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Cymbeline’s palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou g sav’st unto the shores o’ the haven,
And question’d every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, ’twere a paper lost,
As offer’d mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisanio. It was his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pisanio. And kiss’d it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier thence than I!

And that was all?

Pisanio. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail’d on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisanio. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack’d
To look upon him, till the diminution [them, but
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow’d him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a great to air; and then
Have turn’d mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pisanio. De be assure, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter with me: fit, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam, Desires your highness’ company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
I will attend the queen.

Pisanio. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Rome. Philario’s house.

Enter Philario, 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 endowments had been tabulated by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as.

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 lamentable 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 less quality. But how comes it he is sojourning with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman: whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. With me have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you 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

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with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon
importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. Not,pardon, sir, I was then a young
traveller; rather summoned to go even with what I
heard than in my every action to be guided by
others' experiences: but upon my mended judg-
ment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my
quarrel was not altogether slight.

Iach. Faith, you both be put to the arbitrement of
sword, and such two that would by all likeli-
hood have confounded one the other, or have fallen
both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the
difference?

Post. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in
public, which may, without contradiction, suffer
the report. It was much like an argument that fell
out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our
country mistresses; this gentleman at that time
vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirma-
tion—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste,
constant-qualifying and less attemptable than any
the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentle-
man'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 shatter her nothing, though I profess myself
her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As far and as good—a kind of hand-in-
hand comparison—had been something too fair and
too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before
others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-
lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe
she excelled many; but I have not seen the most
precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I 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 no more. Nothing is not a thing for sale, and
only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you
know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds.
Your motto too was: 'Come, to be bought only by
your price of unparagoned sports; the one is but frail
and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way
accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning
both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished
a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress,
if, in nothing but lose of that, you term her frail.
I do nothing but you have store of thieves; not-
withstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior,
I think what makes no stranger of me; we are fa-
miliar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I
should get ground of your fair mistress, make her
back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and
opportunity to friend.

Post. I do, 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
against your confidence than her reputation: and,
to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it
again in any heart in this world.

Post. 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. Why, this, Post: a repulse: though your attempt,
as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too
suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you,
be better acquainted.

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think
stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats
to your ring, that, commend me to the court where
you kind I'll have thee more advantage than the op-
portunity of a second conference, and I will bring
from thence that honour of hers which you imagine
so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to It:
my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and there'm the wiser. If
you buy ladies' flesh at as much a dram, you can-
not preserve it from tainting: but I see you have
some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you
bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would
undergo no other spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond
till your return; let there be covenants drawn be-
 tween 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hue-
lessness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this
match: here's my ring.

Phi. 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: I if I come
off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust-
in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold
are yours: provided I have your commendation for
my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have
articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall
answer: if you make 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. So then, I have 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 Iachino.

Phi. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachino will not from it. Pray,
let us follow 'em.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather
those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. Post, madam. [Exeunt.

Queen, Dispatch.

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 com-

[778]
Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—  
Unless this with such a villain - is 't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,  
To try the vigour of them and apply  
Alchymists to their art: and let them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.  
Cor. Your highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.  
Queen. O, content thee.  

Enter Pisanio.  
[Aside] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him  
Will I first work: he's for his master,  
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!  
Doctor, your services for this time is ended;  
Take your own way.  
Cor. [Aside] I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm.  
Queen. [To Pisanio] Fear thee, a word. [she has  
Cor. [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think  
Strange lingering poisoses: 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 stupify and dull the sense awhile: [dogs,  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and  
Then afterward up higher: but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.  
Queen.  

No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.  
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.  
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou  
think in time  
She will not quench and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou bring me word she loves my son,  
I'll make thee to the instant thou art then  
As great as is thy master, greater, for  
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name  
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is; to shift his being  
Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes comes to decay  
A day's work in him. What shall thou expect,  
To be dependant on a thing that leas,  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,  
So much as but to prop him? [The Queen drops the  
Pisanio take it up.]  
Thou know'st not what? but take it for thy labour:  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, 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's as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still, to look, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee? I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment such  
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
That all to thee on this desert, and beyond  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women;  

Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio.  
Not to be shook: the agent for his master,  
And the remembrancer of her to hold  
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeopple her  
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured  
To taste of too.  

Re-enter Pisanio and Ladies.  
So, so; well done, well done:  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Talk on my words. [Exit Queen and Ladies.  
Pis. And shall do:  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll chose myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.  

SCENE VI.—The same. Another room in the  
palace.  

Enter Imogen.  
Iio. 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 suprême crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,  
How mean see'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!  

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.  
Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,  
Comes from my lord with letters.  

Lch. Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety  
And gretets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter.  
Iio. Thanks, good sir; [rich  
You're kindly welcome.  
Lch. [Aside] All of her that is out of door most  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.  
Iio. [Reads] 'He is one of the noblest note to  
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect  
on him accordingly, as you value your trust——  
Leonatus,'  

So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.  

Lch. Thanks, fairest lady.  
What are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twin'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?  

Iio. What makes your admiration?  

Lch. It cannot be I the eye, forapes and monkeys  
Would snatch two by the tail, and she would clatter this way and  
Contend with mows the other; nor I 'the judgment,  
For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite; nor I 'the appetite;  
Sluttish to such neat excellence opposed  
Should make desire vomit emptines,  
Not so allured to test.  

Iio. What is the matter, trow?  

Lch. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tug
Both ill'd and running, ravening first the lamb
Longs after for the garbage.

Ino. What, dear sir, thus rap'st thou? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [To Pisarnio] Be
seech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit.

Ino. Continues well my lord? His health, be
seech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Ino. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamsome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Ino. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton —
Your lord, I mean — laughs from a free lungs, cries
"O.

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Ino. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
It is a recreation to be
[laughter: And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
Some men are much to blame. [know
Ino. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards
him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Ino. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Ino. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; what wretch discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Lamentable! What, To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Ino. 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.

Ino. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born — discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, d'arm'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood — falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye

Base and unlustreous 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.

Ino. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change: but 'tis your graces
That from my moste conscience to my tongue
Charm this report out.

Ino. 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, [ner'd
Would make the great'st king double, — to be part-
With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffer yields! with devised ven-
tures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such bold stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Ino. Revenged!

How should I be revenged? 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 revenged?

Iach. Should he make me live,
Like Diana's priest, between cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable rumps,
In your desire, upon your purée! Revenget.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Ino. What, ho, Pisarnio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Ino. Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seekst, — as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisarnio!

The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to part
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisarnio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
That he enchains societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Iach. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your fancy, of a fair sir, I that
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare.

Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him

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Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you, 
Unlike all others, chafless. Pray, your pardon. 

Ino. All's well, sir: take my power I the court 
for yours. 

Ich. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot 
To entreat your grace but in a small request, 
And yet of moment too, for it concerns 
Your lord; myself and other noble friends, 
Are partners in the business. 

Clo. Pray, what is 't? 

Ich. Some dozen Romans of us and your lord— 
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums 
To buy a present for the emperor; 
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done 
In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels Of rare and exquisite form; their values great, 
And I am something curious, being strange, 
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you 
To take them in protection? 

Ino. Willingly; 
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since 
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them 
In my bedchamber. 

Ino. They are in a trunk, 
Attended by my men: I will make bold 
To send them to you, only for this night: 
I must abate to-morrow. 

Ino. O, no, no. 

Ich. Yes, I beseech you, shall short my word 
By lengthening my return. From Gallia 
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise 
To see your grace. 

Ino. I thank you for your pains: 
But not away to-morrow! 

Ich. O, I must, madam: 
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please. 
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night: 
I have outstayed my time: which is material 
To the tender of our present. 

Ino. I will write. 
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept, 
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. 

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace. 

Enter Cloten and two Lords. 

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I 
Kissed the jacks, upon an up-cast to be lift away! I 
Had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson 
Jackstraws must take me up for swearing: as if I 
Borrowed mine oats of him and might not spend 
Them at my pleasure. 

First Lord. What got he by that? You have 
Broke his pate with your bowl. 

Sec. Lord. [Aside] If his wit had been like him 
That broke it, it would have run all out. 

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, 
It is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha? 

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [Aside] nor crop the 
Ears of them. 

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? 
Would he had been one of my rank! 

Sec. Lord. [Aside] To have smelt like a fool. 

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the 
Earth: a posx on 't! I had rather not be so noble as 
I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the 
Queen my mother: every Jack-slash hath his belly- 
of feathers, and I must go up and down like a 
cock that nobody can match. 

Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are cock and capon too; 
And you crow, cock, with your comb on. 

Clo. Sayest thou? 

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should under- 
take every companion that you give offence to. 

Clo. No, I know that: but it is I should 
commit offence to my inferiors. 

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only. 

Clo. Why, so I say. 

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's 
come to court to-night? 

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't! 

Sec. Lord. [Aside] He's a strange fellow himself, 
And knows it not. 

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis 
thought, one of Leonatus's friends. 

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's 
Another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this 
stranger? 

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages. 

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there 
no derogration in 't? 

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord. 

Clo. Not easily, I think.
ACT II.  

SCENE III. 

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame of the taper Bows toward her, and would under-weep her lids, To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under these windowes, white and azure lined 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 arms; figures, Why, such and such; and the contents of the story. Ah, but some natural notes about her body, Above ten thousand tender movables 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 melding of her lord. On her left breast A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops I'th the bottom of a cowslip; here's a voucher, Stronger than ever law could make: this secret Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end? Why should I write this down, that's riveted, Screw'd in my memory? She hath been reading late The tale of Tereus: here the leaf's turned 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 raven’s eye! I lodge in thee; Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes. 

One, two, three: time, time! [Goes into the trunk. The scene closes. 

SCENE III.—An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in the world, the most cold that ever turned up 

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose, [ace. 

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win. 

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not? 

First Lord. 

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o’ mornings; they say it will penetrate. 

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingerling, so: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give over. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider. 

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phoebus' gins arise, His steeds to water at those springs On chafed flowers that lies; And winking Mary-buds begin To ope their golden eyes. With every thing that pretty is, My lady's sweet, arise: Arise, arise. 

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'guis,
ACT II.

CYMBELINE.

SCENE IV.

IO. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give Is telling you that I am poor of thanks - And scarce can spare them.

CLO. Still, I swear I love you. 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. [silent.]

IO. But that you shall not say I yield being I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith, I shall not find equal discourtesy To your best kindness: one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

CLO. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my will not.

IO. Fools are not mad folks. [sin.

CLO. Do you call me fool?

IO. As I am mad, I do: If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir, You put me to forget a lady's manners, By being so verbal: and learn now, for all, That I, which know your 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 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 corrt, 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-figured knot; Yet you are curb'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 liver, a squire's cloth, A wantler, not so eminent.

IO. Profane fellow! Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more But what thou art besides, thou wert too base To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues, to be styled The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated For being preferr'd so well.

CLO. The south-fog rot him! He never can meet more mischance than come To be but named 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, Pisanio!

Enter Pisanio.

CLO. 'HIS garment!?' Now the devil —

IO. To Dorothy my woman kis thee presently—

CLO. 'His garment!'

IO. I am spredit with a fool, Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman Search for a jewel that too casually Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me, If I would lose it for a revenue Of any king's in Europe. I do think I saw 't this morning: confident I am Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it: I hope it be not gone to tell my lord That he kiss'd ought but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

IO. I hope so: go and search. [Exit Pisanio.

CLO. You have abused me: 'His meanest garment!'

IO. Ay, I said so, sir; If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

CLO. I will inform your father.

IO. 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 revenged: 'His meanest garment!' Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV. - Rome. Philario'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 remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him? Post. Not any, but abide the change of time, Quake in the present winter's state and wish That warner days would come: in these search'd I barely gratify your love: they failing, [hopes, I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company O'erpays all I can do. By this, my king Hath heard of great Auguestus: Caius Lucius Will do's commission throughly: and I think He'll grant the tribute, send the carriages, Or look upon our Romans, whose remembering Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe, Statist though I am none, nor like to be, That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions now in Gallia sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order'd than when Julius Caesar Smiled at their lack of skill, but famed their courage Worthy his frowning at: their discipline, Now mingled with their courage, will make known To their approvers they are people such That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo! Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land; And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails. To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir. Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon, Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty Look through a casement to allure false hearts And be false with them. Here are letters for you. Post. Their tenour good, I trust. Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court When you were there? Iach. He was expected there, But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet. Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not Too dull for your good wearing? Iach. If I had lost 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; 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 wringer Of her for 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 loses Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances, Being so near the truth as I will make them, Must first induce you to believe: whose strength I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not. You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber. Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd With tapestry of silk and silver: the story Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for The press of boats or pride: a piece of work So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive In workmanship and value: which I wonder'd Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, Since the true life on't was— 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. Or do your honour suffer.

Iach. The chimney Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures So likely to report themselves: the cutter Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her, Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing Which you might from relation likewise reap, Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted: her auditors 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 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, 
[showing the bracelet. Be 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. 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 prized it once.

Post. May be she pleas'd it off To amuse me. She writes so to you, doth she? 
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too: 
[Given the ring. It is a basilisk unto mine eye, Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love, Where there's another man: the vows of women Of no more bondage be, to where they are made, Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing. O, above measure false!

Phi. Have-patience, sir, And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won: It may be probable she lost it; or Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted, Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true; And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring: Render to me some corporal sign about her, More evident than this: for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Mark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears. 'Tis true—may, keep the ring—'tis true; I am sure She would not lose it: her attendants are [fit! All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoyed her: The cognition of her inconstancy Is this: she hath bought the name of which thus dearly. There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient: This is not strong enough to be believed Of one persuaded well of— Never talk on 't;

Post. She hath been colt'd by him. If you seek For further satisfying, under her breast— Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud Of that most delicate lodging: by my life, I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger To feed again, though full. You do remember This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm Another stain, as big as hell can hold, Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the Once, and a million! 
[turns; 
Post. I'll be sworn— No swearing. If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie; And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny Thou'st made me cuckold, I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal! I will go there and do 't, 't he court, before Her father. I'll do something— 
[Exit. Phi. Quite besides The government of patience! You have won: Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. 
[Exit. 

SCENE V.—Another room in Philario's house. 

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but women Must be half-workers? We are all bastards; And that most venerable man which I Did call my father, was I know not where When I was stamp'd; some cinder with his tools Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd The Dian of that time: so doth my wife The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance! Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd And pray'd me off forbearance; did it with A pudenzy so rosy the sweet view on 't [her Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought As chaste as unsmitten snow. O, all the devils! This yellow Iachino, in an hour,—was 't not?— Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
ACT III.

Like a full-armed'd boar, a German one, Cries 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition But what he look'd for should oppose and she Should, from encounter guard. Could I find out The woman's part in me! For there's no motion That tends to vice in man, but I affirm It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it, The woman's: flattering, hers; deceiving, hers; Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers; Ambitions, covetings, change of pride, disdain, Nice loving, slanders, mutability, All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows, Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all; For even to this one vice They are not constant, but are changing still One vice, but of a minute old, for one Not half so old as that. I'll write against them, Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill In a true hate, to pray they have their will: The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace. 

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cur. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar With us? [yet

Luc. When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain And conquer'd it, Cymbeline, thine uncle,— Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than felt his desires deserving—it for him And his succession granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately Is left unattended.

Que. And, to kill the marble, shall be so ever.

Cæs. There be many Cæsars, ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.

Que. That opportunity Which then they had to take from's, to resume We have again. Remember, sir, my bege, The kings your ancestors, together with The natural bravery of your isle, which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and piled in With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats, But send them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag Of 'came and saw' and 'overcame;' with shame— The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping Poor ignorant babbles!—on our terrible seas Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd So easily, against our rocks: for joy whereof The famed Cymbeline, who was at once at— O gigolo fortune! to master Cæsar's sword, Made Luc's town with petrifying fires bright And Britons strait 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 moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cur. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can grize as hard as Cymbeline: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar 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. Cur. You must know, Till the injurious Romans did extort [tien, This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition Which swelld so much that it did almost stretch The sides of the world, against all colour here Daid put the joke upon 's; which to shake off

Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cur. Say, then, to Cæsar, Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar Hath too much mangled: whose repugnance and franchise Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, Though Rome be therefore angry; Mulmutius made our laws, Who was the first of Britain which did put His brows within a golden crown and call'd Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus 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.

Cur. Thou art welcome, Caius. Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gather'd honour; Which he to seek of me again, perchance, Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for Their liberties are now in arms: a precedent Which not to read would show the Britons cold: So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our cows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cur. I know your master's pleasure and he mine: All the remain is 'Welcome!' [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another room in the palace. 

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser? Leonatus! O master! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian, As poisonous-tongued as hand'd, hath prevail'd On thy too-ready hearing? Disloyal! No; She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue. O my master! Thy mind to her is now as low as were Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her? Upon the love and truth and vows which I Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood? If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity? [the letter So much as this fact comes to? [Reading] 'Do not:
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'—O damn'd paper!
Bishops are art so high's that giants may jet through,
Art thou a foecily for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

Ino. How now, Pisanio? Pisan. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Ino. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus! O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'll lay the future open. You good gods, Let what you have done in my eyes remain,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him;
Some griefs are med'cable; that is of his content,
For it doth physic love:—of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods! [Reeds] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should
be taken in his dominion, could not be so cruel to
me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even appease my wrongs by your eyes. 
Of that I am in Cumbria, 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...'

Leonatus Posthumus, 'O, for a horse with wings! Heart's thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far't is thither. If one of men affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me haste,—but not like me, yet long'st,
But in a manner like—O, not like me.
For mine 's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the lores of hearing,
To the smoothing of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford; and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven; but first of all,
How we may seal 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. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour? and sun, sun, sun,
Madam, 's enough for you: [Aside] and too much too.

Ino. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have hearted of riding wagers, When horses have been ridden into the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would it

Ino. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
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, from the cave, Belarius; Guiderius and Arrivagus following.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's so low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bow you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arched so high's that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arr. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Come,
When you above perceive me like a crow, [sider,
That it is place whichlesson's and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
You this service is not service, so were
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 milder than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bumble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncrass'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-

[not

have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance: travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arr. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beasts, subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
Our value is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The feet are as well at falling: the toil o' the war;
A pain that only seems to seek out danger [search,
I the name of fame and honour; which dics i' the
And hath as oft a slanderous epithet
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Both ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must thine way at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree [night,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one
A storm or robbery, call it what you will;
Shook down my nellow hangings, my, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing—as I have told you off—

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have lived at my own expense, paid
More pious debts to Heaven than in all
ACT III.

CYMBELINE.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

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 Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belch
All corners of the world, disdaining earth and states,
Maidens, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This vipers' slander enters. What cheer, madam?
Imo. False to his bed? What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To keep twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge naught
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to 's bed, is it?
Pis. Alas, good lady!
Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'st like a villain: now methinks
Thy favour's good enough. Some joy 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 vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
In that thy redowa, thy white to be thought
Put on for villany: not born where 't grows,
But worn a baird for ladies.
Pis. Good madam, hear me.
Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Eccles,
Wereg 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 perjured
From thy great fall. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
To thon thou master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness of 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 must 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 cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
Something 's a t'ere. Soft, soft; we'll no defence; Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
I'll see the truth of it. And so am I,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though these that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of worse;
And then, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shall hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt rise in the morning
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
Wilt thou die? I desire it too.
O gracious lady,

Pis. Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. 'Tis not, and to bed then.

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Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
Ino. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou so
Abused 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 thy being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unkind when thou hast taken thy stand,
The elected deel before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Ino. Talk thou tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therin false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor taut to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Ino. 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 abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

Pis. I'll give but notice you are dead and send him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis is commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Ino. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

Ino. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Ino. 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 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest; prithee, think
There'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 high at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Ino. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pis. What then? Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and nisness—
The handmaid of all women, or, more truly,
Woman her self—into a waggish courage;
Ready in glibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget

Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Jove angry.

Ino. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already said—
'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 [know,
Therin you're happy, which you'll make him
It that his head have ear is harmless.
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supply.

Ino. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Ino. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.

SCENE V. — A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius,
Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir,
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

Quee. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

[Exeunt Lucius and Lords,

Quee. He goes hence frowning; but it honours
That we have given him cause.

us Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Quee. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd The duty of the day: she looks us like A thing more made of malice than of duty; We have noted it. Call her before us; or We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Queen. Royal Sir, Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady So tender of rebukes that words are strokes And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How Can her contempt be answer'd? [Exit.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her, She pr'yed me to excuse her keeping close, Whereeto constraint'd by her infirmity, She should that duty leave unpaid to you. Which daily she was bound to proffer: this She wish'd me to make known; but our great court Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd? Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant, I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. [Exit Clone.

Pisanio, 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 be thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Halpy, despair hath seiz'd her, Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown To her desired 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 Closen.

Clos. This certain she is fled. Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none Dares come about him.

Queen. [Aside] All the better: may This night foretell him of the coming day! [Exit. Clos. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal, And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one The best she hath, and she, of all compounded, Out-sells them all; I love her therefore: but Disclaiming me and throwing favours on The low Posthumus slander so her judgment That what's else rare is choky; and in that point I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed, To revenged upon her. For when fools Shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah? Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain, Where is thy lady? In a word: or else Thou art straightway with the fields.

Pis. O, good my lord! I will not ask again. Close villain, I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus? From whose so many weights of baseness cannot A drum of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
lord: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [Exit.

**Pis.** Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his need! [Exit.

**SCENE VI.**—Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter **Imogen, in boy's clothes.**

**Jno.** I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Then wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Fondomations thy wereched: such, I mean, [one
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To kipse in fulness
Is sorre than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse than lying to beggars. My dear lord: Thou art one of the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this? Here is a path to 't: 't is some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clear it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds coward: hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak: if savage,
Take or keud. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword: and if mine enemy
But the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave.

**Enter Belarius, Guiderid, and Arviragus.**

**Bel.** You, Polydore, have proved best woodman
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
And play the cook and servant: 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die.
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when rusty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself! [Exit.

**Gui.** I am throughly weary. [Exit.

**Arc.** I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite. [Exit.

**Gui.** There is cold meat in the cave: we'll browse
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. [on that,

**Bel.** [Looking into the cave] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats out victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy. [Exit.

**Gui.** What's the matter, sir? [Exit

**Bel.** By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divinness
No elder than a boy!

**R-e-entrant Imogen.**

**Jno.** Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good
Word,矫言. [floud
I have stole'n nought, nor would not, though
Gold strew'd 't o'er the floor. Here's money for my
I would have left it on the board so soon [meat;
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

**Gui.** Money, youth? [Exit

**Arc.** All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And 't is no better reck'n'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

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**Jno.** I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it. [Exit

**Bel.** Whither bound?

**Jno.** To Milford-Haven. [Exit

**Bel.** What's your name?

**Jno.** Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford:
To whom I'm going; almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence. [Exit

**Bel.** Prithie, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd! Of almost: you shall have better cheer
 Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome. [Exit.

**Gui.** Were you a woman, youth,
I should woe hard but he your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I'd buy. I'll make 't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall amongst friends.

**Jno.** If brothers, [Exit

**Gui.** 'Mongst friends, [Exit

**Arc.** Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [Exit

**Bel.** He wrings at some distress.

**Gui.** Would I could free 't! [Exit

**Arc.** Or I, what 'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods! [Exit

**Bel.** Hark, boys. [Exit

**Whispering.**

**Jno.** Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seed'd them—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peep these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false. [Exit

**Bel.** It shall be so.

**Arc.** We'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have sup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it. [Exit

**Gui.** Pray, draw near. [Exit

**Arc.** The night to the owl and morn to the lark
Less welcome. [Exit

**Jno.** Thanks, sir. [Exit

**Arc.** I pray, draw near. [Exit

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**SCENE VII.**—Rome. A public place.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

**First Sen.** This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
Against the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do invite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius preconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Caesar! [Exit

**First Tri.** Is Lucius general of the forces? [Exit

**Sec. Sen.** Yes.

**First Tri.** Remaining now in Gallia? [Exit

**First Sen.** With these legions
That I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supply'd: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch. [Exit

**First Tri.** We will discharge our duty. [Exit
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Wales; near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. 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, and dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her loving to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testines, 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 of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. [To Imogen] You are not well; remain here in We'll come to you after hunting. [the cave;

Arr. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here:

Are we not brothers?

Juno.

So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guil. Go you to hunting? I'll abide with him.

Juno. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me.
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all; I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guil. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how! how!

Arr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say
'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards by father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Both miracle itself, loved before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Guil. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health. So please you, sir.

Juno. [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods,
What lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O thou disprovest report!
The impertinent seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisania,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some.

Guil. He said he was gentle, but unfortunat;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!

We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick.

For you must be our housewife. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Arr. And shalt be ever.

[Exit Imogen, to the cave.

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings!

Guil. But his next cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as June had been sick
And he his dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guil. That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spins together.

Arr. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates?

Arr. Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis
I am Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush,
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws; hence!

Guil. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guil. A thing
More skilful did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Guil. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
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 I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guil. No, nor thy tailor, rashal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

[Exit.
ACT IV.

GUI. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to bear thee. 

Clo. Thon injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble. 

GUI. Cloten, thou villain.

Clo. What's thy name? 

GUI. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toud, or Adder, Spig-
T would move me sooner. 

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am not to the queen.

GUI. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth. 

Clo. Art not afraid? 

GUI. Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them. 

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fed hence,
And on the gates of Lind's-town set your heads;
Yield; rustic mountaineer. 

Excit. Exceed, fighting.

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus. 

Bel. No companies abroad? [sure. 

Arc. None in the world: you did mistake him,
Bel. 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. 

Arc. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell. 

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I man, to man, he had not apprehension
Of touring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head. 

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as he doth flesh. 

Bel. What hast thou done? 

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he 'd take us in, [grow,
Displace our heads where — thank the gods! — they
And set them on Lind's-town. 

Bel. We are all undone. 

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? — the law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad? 

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
Hemust have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have ravel
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hear-
As it is like him — might break out, and swear [ing —
He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To make him here alone, either 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.

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Arc. 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 make my way long forth. 

Arc. 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 lasses he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. 

Arc. I fear 't will be revenged: 

Bel. Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough. 

Arc. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenge,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
And put us to our answer. [through

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where 's no profit. I priethee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hastily Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently. 

Arc. 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. 

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 enchanted, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stop to the vale. 'T is wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. Yet still 't is 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 sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydora, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark! 

Gui. Is he at home? 

Bel. He went hence even now. 

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear's mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad? 

Bel. Look, here he comes, 

Gui. And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for. 

Re-enter Arviragus, with Imogen, as dead, bearing her in his arms. 

Arc. That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this. 

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
Cymbeline.—Act IV., Scene ii.
My brother bears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grewst thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiest harbour in? Thou bless'd thing! Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy. [But I,
How found you him?]

Arr. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some thy tald did tickled slumber,
Not as death's start, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

O the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose readiness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Gui. 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 azured lily, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of egantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddle would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore slaming
Those rich-leaf'd heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this:
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in witch-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arr. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphe, our mother.

Arr. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother: use like note and words,
Save that Euriphe 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 fauces that lie.

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 [ting
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, ro-
Together, have one dust, yet reverence
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was mankind;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him, we'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
My father hath a reason for 't.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rage;
Thou worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
'Tis the grave and the dust is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, plume must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-treaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arr. To the green grass and the golden rye;
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unkind for thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consumption have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight,
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewn'st fit' for graves. Upon their faces,
You were as flowers, now with'rd;—even so
These herbeds shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees,
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exit Belarius, Cadwalers and Averius.

Ino. [Breaking] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven: which
Is the third time I ha't him so?

[Thus far.

Hither? I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far
'Its pittikins! can it he six mile yet?—
I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the body of Cloten.

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 cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at
Which the brain makes fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. 'Good
I tremble still with fear: but the true [faith,
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of a leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercenial: his Martial thigh:
The brays of Hercules: but his Jovial face
Murther in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
All curses madded Heokha gave the Greeks,
And mine to keepe, be carted on thee! Thou,
Consipred with that irreconcil'd devill, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd! Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the man. O Posthumus! alas, [that] Where
dre thy head? where is that? Aye! where 's Pisanio
might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisanio?
'Is he and Cloten: ma'afe and lucre in them
Have laid this work here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he take the top, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not paid to it
Murderers to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the tyrrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[Falls on the body.]

Enter Lucius, a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cop. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallin,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cop. The senate hath stirr'd up the confidents
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Fafnion,
Syenna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cop. With the next benefit of the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
What have you dreamnd of late of this war's supposed purpose?
Luc. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision —
I fast and pray'd for their intelligence — thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends —
Unless my sins abuse my divination —
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without 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.
Cop. He's alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
one,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest 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?

[Enter.
Luc. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There is 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!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend,
[Aside.] If I do lie and
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. — Say you, sir?

[Enter Pisanio.

Luc. Thy name?

Pis. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Will take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

[Exeunt.]

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us many duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and 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. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisanio, and Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
[Exit an Attendant.

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
What's 'tis will be! How doth she, since once
I saw her? 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 to know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours:
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your high-
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[To Pisanio.] We'll slip you for a season; but our
jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen
I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can afford no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready:
The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. 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 all but Pisanio.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him; I have seen a strange;
I nor heard from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]
ACT V.

SCENE IV.—Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. The noise is round about us.

Gud. Let us from it.

Arr. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure?-

Bel. Nay, what hope Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us For barbarous and unnatural revolts During their use, and slay us after.

Arr. 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 miss. Among the bands—may drive us to a render (fer'd Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that Which we have done, whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture.

Bel. 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 'cly'd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our note, To know from whence we are. O, I am known Of many in the army: many years, [him Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore From my remembrance. And, besides, the king Hath not deserved my service nor my loves:

Who find in my exile the want of breeding, The certainty of this hard life: aye hopeless To have the courtesy your cradle promised, But to be still hot summer's sunlings and The shrinking slaves of winter. Than be so Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army: I and my brother are not known; yourself So out of thought; and thereto so o'ergrown, Cannot be question'd.

Arr. By this sun that shines, I'll thither: what thing is it that I never Did see man die! scarce ever look't on blood, But that of coward haries, hot goats, and venison! Never bestrid a horse, save one that had A rider like myself. who 'er wore rowel Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed To look upon the holy sun, to have The benefit of his best beams, remaining So long a poor unknown.

Bel. By heavens, I'll go: If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave, I'll take the better care, but if you will not, The hazard therefore due fall on me by The hands of Romans!

Arr. So say I: amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set So slight a valution. should reserve To my crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys! If in your country wars you chance to die, That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:

Lead, lead. [Aside] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, Till it fly out and show them princes born. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Ye M. bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd That she would be colour'd thus. You married ones, If each of you should take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves For wrying but a little! O Pisania! Every good servant does not all commands: No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you Should have 'en vengeance on my faults. I never Had lived to put on this: so had you saved The noble Imogen to repent, and struck Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack, You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love, To have them fall no more: you some permit To second ills with ills, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the doers' thirst. But Imogen is your own: do your best wills, And make me best to obey! I am brought hither Among the Italian gentry, and to fight Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens, Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds and suit myself As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life Is every breath a death; and thus unknown, Pitted nor hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know More valor in me than my habits show. Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me! To shame the guise o' the world. I will begin The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army: from the other side, the British Army; Leonatus Posthumus following; like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, 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 I have revenged ills that were so deep, and could this car! 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 gentry, Britain, go before This bout as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [Exit.

Iach. The battle continues: the Britons fly: Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground: The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but The villainy of our fears.

[Exit.

Iach. Stand, stand, and fight! [Exit.

Re-enter Posthumus, and secends the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline, and exult. Then re-enter Lucius, and Iachimo, with Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself; For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

SCENE II.-Field of battle between the British and Roman camps. 795
SCENE III.—Another part of the field.

Lord. Camæst thou from where they made the Post. I did; [stand?]

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought: the king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted,

Lolled the tongue with slaughter, having work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some failing

Mercely through fear; that the strait pass was damnd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living

To die with length'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 deserved

So long a breeding as his white beard came to,

In doing this for 's country: athwart the lane,

He, with two stripplings—lads more like to run

The country to commit such slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than those for preservation cased, or shame—

Made good the passage: cried to those that fled,

'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:

To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;

Or we are Romans and will give you that

Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.'

These three thousand confident, in act as many—[three,

For these performers are the file when all

The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand, stand,'

Accomplished by the place, more charming

With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd

A distast to a lancer, galled pale looks, [coward

Part shame, part spirit renew'd: that some, turn'd

But by example—O, a sin in war,

Damn'd in the first beginnings!—gun to look

The way they did, and to grin like lions

Upon the pikes of the hunters. Then began

A stop? the chaser, a retire, anon

A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly

Chickens, the way which they stoo’d eagles; slaves,

The stiles they victors made: and now our cowards,

Like allied men in hard voyages, became

The life of the need: having found the back-door open

Of the ungarded hearts, heavens, how they would!

Some slain before; some dying; some their friends

Overborne? the former wave: ten, chased by one,

Are now each one the slumber-man of twenty:

Those that would die or live resist are grown

The mortal bags of the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear

Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,

And vent it for a mockery? Here 's one:

'Two boys, an old man: twice a boy, a hane,

Preserved the Britons, was the Romans’ bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. Not.

Lord. Lack, to what end?

Who dores 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 you.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.

Post. Still going? [Exeunt Lord.] This is a lord!

O noble misery,

To be ? the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!

To-day how many would have given their honours

To have saved their carcasses? took heed to do 't,

And yet they died! I, in his own voice charm’d,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,

'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i’ the war. Well, I will find

Lord for being now a flier to his Briton charm’d

[him:

No more a Briton, I have resumed again

The part I came in: fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take. For me, my reason’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.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! The Lieut is taken.

'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. But none of them can be found. Stand! who’s there?

Post. A Roman,

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds

Had answer’d him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell [service

That crows have peck’d them here. He brings his As if he were of note; bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman Captives.

The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: then exeunt omnes.

SCENE IV.—A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stoln, you have locks upon you;

So grace as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: yet am I better

Than one that's sick of the gout; since he had rather

Grown so in perpetuity than be cured.

By the sure physician, death, who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art

Fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods,

Give me

The penent instrument to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desired more than constrained: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more element than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement: that's not my desire:

For Imogen a dear life would I hold,

Though 'tis not so dear, yet 'tis in life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,

And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!

I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]
SOL. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spirit on mortal flies:
With storms thou dost thy hand, with Juno childe,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Thy heart and thine heart,
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law.
Whose father then, as men report
Thou art a poor art, Saint
That he should be, and shield him
From this earth-exeing smart.

MO. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes.
A thing of pity!

SIC. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilis' heir.

FIRST BRO. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

MO. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her he dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

SIC. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint your nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the gend and scorn
O' th' other's villainy?

SEC. BRO. For this from stiffer seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
fell bravely and were slain.
Our fealty and Tamentis' right
With honour to maintain.

FIRST BRO. Like hartiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

SIC. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

MO. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

SIC. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining sac'red of the rest
Against thy deity.
the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you
come in taint for want of meat, depart reeling with
too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much,
and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and
hand both: the brain the heavier for being
too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heavin-
ness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit.
O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thou-
sands in a trice: you have no true debitor and bcred-
ior but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the
discharge: if I were one, I would, book and coun-
ters: so the acquittance follows.
Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.
First Goul. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep,
and a haman to help him to bed, I think he would
disable with his officer: for, look you, sir, you
know not which way you shall go.
Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.
First Goul. Your death has eyes in 's head then;
I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be
directed by some that take upon them to know,
or do upon yourself that which I am sure you
do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own
peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's
end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.
Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes
to direct them the way I am going, but such as
wink and will not use them.
First Goul. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes to see the way
of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of wink-
ing.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your pris-
oner to the king.
Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to
be made free.
First Goul. I 'll hang'd then.
Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no
bolts for the dead.
[Exeunt Posthumous and Messenger.
First Goul. Unless a man would marry a gallows
and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.
Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves de-
sire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be
some of them too that die against their wills; so
should I, if I were one. We would all of one
mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation
of gallows and gallowses! I speak against my pres-
cut profit, but my wish hath a preference in 't.

SCENE V. — Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arvir-
gus, Pisaniu, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart [made
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose shamed girded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Del. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
But no trace of him. [living,
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; [To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arvir-
gus] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Del. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen;
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.

Arise ye knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There a business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not of the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, Yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will not report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet checks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithie, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Carried your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand
With such integrity, she did confess [love
Was as a score to her sight: whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Tear'd off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend?

Who is 'c can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral: which, being took;
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Overcome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her into the adoption of the crown:

But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

First 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
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, the Soothsayer, and other
Romain Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and
Imogen.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed 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 their captives, which ourself 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,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May save us, let it come so. 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 ransomed: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So neat, 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 served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood besides.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thus hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To say 'tis boy; ne'er think thy master live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou dost demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

I'm. I humbly thank your highness.
Loc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

I'm. No, no: slack,
There's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: thy life, good master,
Must shine for itself.

Loc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
What stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy? I love thee more and more:
What's best to ask. Know'st he him who look'st on me?

I'm. Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Loc. He is a Roman; no more kin to me [sul,
Than 1 to your highness; who, being born your vas-
Am something hearer.

Cym. Wherefore cest him so?
I'm. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Are. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention.
What's thy name?

I'm. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master, walk with me: speak freely,
[Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.]

Pel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Are. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

Cym. What's the same dead thing alive.

Pel. Peace! Peace! see further; he eyes us not;

[Aside] It is my mistress;

Cym. Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[Aside] Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make my demand aloud. [To Iachino] Sir, step
you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
[him. W

Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to
I'm. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came yours?

Iach. Thou 'll torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoken, would torture thee.

Cym. How's me?

Iach. I am glad to be constram'd to utter that
Which torment makes me conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 'tis Leonatus's jewel;
Whom thou didst banish, and— which more may
Grieve thee.

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived
lord; 'Twist sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember— Give me leave: I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Dye me ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

[Aside] Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome.—accused
The mansion where? —'t was at a feast,—O, would
Our vizards had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Post-
humus.

What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd beast
Of him that best could speak, for feature, framing
The shrine of Venus, or straight-night Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of viving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall, [mus, Unless thou wouldst greet quickly. This Posthu-
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not disputing whom we praised,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
[made, His mistress' picture: which by her tongue being
And then a mind put in't, either our brawns
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unsparking sots.

Cym. Nay, may, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chaste virtue, where it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wagger'd with him
Pieces of gold against this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, staks this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phebus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the thread of 's 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 longling, mine Italian brain

Cym. [In your deller Britain operate.

Most vilely for my sake, and yet sufficiently;
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 renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-lounging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks

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Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd, I
Having ta'en up the forfeit. Whereupon —
Metthinks, I see him now —
Post. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost, Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright 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 caused 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 naiere upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 't was! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! 'O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

I'mo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear —
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,
There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.
Pis. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggerers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fairs my mistress?
I'mo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Bring not the 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 of by
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
I'mo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods! I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 'O Pisanio
Have 't said she 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poison 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 the due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
I'mo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. [To Guiderius and Arringus] Though you
did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
I'mo. 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.
Post. 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; found at the mouth, and
swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him
I further know not.
Guin. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence; priethee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Guin. He have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Guin. A most inexcitable 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 condemm'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.
That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. 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 scarce. [To the Guard] Let his arms alone;
Those were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arr. In that he spoke too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Guin. Your danger's ours.
Cym. And our good his.
Bel. Have it at then, by leave.
Thou hast, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. A banish'd traitor. What of him? he is
Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age: indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
ACT V.  

Cymbeline.  

And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have received it.  

Cym.  

Nursing of my sons!  

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee;  

Else I will write my name on thy hand.  

Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  

These two young gentlemen, that call me father  

And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  

And blood of your begetting.  

Cym.  

How! my issue!  

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-  

ment  

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd  

Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—  

For such and so they are—these twenty years  

Have I train'd up; those arts they have as I  

Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  

Whom for the theft I wealded, stole these children  

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't,  

Having receiv'd the punishment before.  

For which that I did then; beaten for loyalty  

Excited me to treason; their dear loss,  

The more of you't was felt, the more it shaped  

Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  

Here are your sons again; and I must lose  

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.  

The beneficence of these covering heavens  

Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  

To inlay heaven with stars.  

Cym.  

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  

The service that you three have done is more  

Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:  

If these be they, I know not how to wish  

A pair of worthier sons.  

Bel.  

Be pleased awhile.  

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  

Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:  

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,  

Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  

In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  

Of his queen mother, which for more probation  

I can with ease produce.  

Cym.  

Guiderius had  

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  

It was a mark of wonder.  

Bel.  

This is he;  

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  

It was wise nature's end in the donation,  

To be his evidence now.  

Cym.  

O, what, am I  

A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  

Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,  

That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  

You may reign in them now! O Imogen,  

Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.  

Imo.  

No, my lord;  

I have got two worlds by't. O my gentle brothers,  

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter  

But I am truest speaker; you call'd me brother,  

When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  

When ye were so indeed.  

Cym.  

Are you my brothers?  

Guil.  

Ay, my good lord.  

Cor.  

And at first meeting loved;  

Continued so, until we thought he died.  

Cym.  

O rare instinct!  

What shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment  

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  

Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived  

you?  

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
We term it 'mulier': 'which 'mulier' I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.
Cyn. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline.
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cyn. Well;
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire: promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams of the sun
So vanish'd: which toershew'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cyn. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokers climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify: seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[Exit.
PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Antiocbus, King of Antiocbus.  
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.  
Helianus, two lords of Tyre.  
Escanes, Simonides, King of Pentapolis.  
Cleon, Governor of Tarsus.  
Lysimachus, Governor of Mytilene.  
Cerimon, a lord of Ephesus.  
Thalbard, a lord of Antiocbus.  
Philemon, servant to Cerimon.  
Leonine, servant to Dionyza.  
The Daughter of Antiocbus.  
Dionyza, wife to Cleon.  
Thaisa, daughter to Simonides.  
Marina, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.  
Lychorida, nurse to Marina.  
A Bawd.  
Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.  
Diana.  
Gower, as Chorus.

SCENE I.—Dispersion in various countries.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antiocbus.

To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eyes and holy-ales;  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives:  
The purchase is to make men glorious;  
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.  
This Antiocbus, then, Antiocbus the Great  
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;  
The fairest in all Syria.  
I tell you what mine authors say:  
This king unto him took a fere,  
Who died and left a female heir,  
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,  
As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
With whom the father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke:  
Bad child! worse father! to entice his own  
To evil should be done by none:  
But custom what they did begin  
Was with long use account no sin.  
The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes flitter frame,  
To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:  
Which to prevent he made a law,  
To keep her still, and men in awe,  
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, lost his life:

So for her many a wight did die,  
As you grim looks do testify.  
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify.  

[Exit.

SCENE I.—Antiocbus. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiocbus, Prince Pericles, and followers.  
Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large re-
The danger of the task you undertake.  
[Exeunt.  
Gover, Antiocbus, and, with a soul  
Enbolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.  
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The seate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiocbus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'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 raze'd, and petty wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.  
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflamed desire in my heart  
To taste the fruit of you celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my help;  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!  

Ant. Prince Pericles,—  
Per. That would be son to great Antiocbus.  
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 heav'n, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole head must die.
You young prince, do you thus misunderstand
Drawn by report, and adventurously desire,
[pale, Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance
That without covering, save you field of stars,
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 those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd shou'd be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll 'grace this story when I meet to do
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince shou'd do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspeckled 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.
Ant. Scouring advice, read the conclusion, then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, which I hasten to bleed.
Daugh. Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove pros-
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! [perous!
Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.
He 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;
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,
Yet cloud not their sights perpetually.
If this be true, which kindred think to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still.
[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.
Were not these glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That bowing sin within, will find you at the gate,
You are a fair violin, and you sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to.
But being play'd upon before your time, [fiearen;
Hell only danceth 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. Your time's expired;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.
Per. Great king.
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braiid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself,
And in longations of the street,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
[throng'd COPP'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
By man's oppression; and the poor worn doth die
In tears.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
That being more known grows worse, to smoother it.
All love the wondrous that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
Ant. [Aside] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has
The meaning:
But I will glowe with him.— Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tunes us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do desire you:
If by which time our secret be exploded,
And if we do not, we shall have you:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.
[Exeunt all but Pericles.
Per. How couldst thou seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you've both a father and a son,
By your unuitely clasping with your child,
Which pleasure has an husband, not a father;
And she an enter of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed:
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke;
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
By light I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.
Recver Antiochus.
Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we
To have his head, [mean
He must not fly to trumpet forth my infamy;
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?
Enter Thaliard.
Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You are 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. It's done.
Ant. Enough.
Enter a Messenger.
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is led.
Ant. [Aside] As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord,
I will not stir within my pistol's length, press;
I'll make him sure enough; so, farewell to your high-
Act I.

PERICLES.

Scene III.

Ant. Thaihard, adieu! [Exit Thai.] Till Pericles be dead.
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [To Lords without] Let none disturb us.—Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The subject where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
[them, Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me,
Then it is thus: 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 on the other hand, Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor bolts 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 overspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which 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.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast! [to us,
See, Lord. And keep your mind, till you return
Peaceful and comfortable!]

Hel. Peace, peace, and give expression tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glow—
Whereas reproof, obdilict and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much less than my knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lodging's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.] Helicanus, then
Hast moved us: what seem'st thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' crowns,
How dart thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from They have their nourishment?
[whence
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [Kneeling] I have ground the axe myself.
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

Fit counselor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. They speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion and a potion of
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are armed to perils, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder:
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. [this,
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years;
And should he disturb this as's doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unalid ope,
To top that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him:
When all, for mine, if I may call offence.
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reproves me for it.—

Alas, sir?

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
Leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
That his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Deities do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any: if to me.
Day serves not light more faithfulness than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we rose, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tarsus
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, my whose will's strength we 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 never convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III.—Tyre. An antechamber in the palace.

Enter Thaihard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here
must I kill King Pericles: and if I do it not, I am
sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well,
I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discre-
ption, 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't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indiscernere of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, further to question me of your king's departure; His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Both speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Tha. [Aside] Hel. I know not—

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves, He would depart, I'11 give some light unto you. Being at Antioch —

Tha. [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 what he had err'd or sinnd, To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself; So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, With whom such great misfortunes life or death.

Tha. [Aside] Well, I perceive, I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; But since he's gone, the king's seas must please: He's escap'd the land, to perish at the sea. I'11 present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre! Hel. Lord Thalitiard from Antiochus is welcome.

Tha. From him I come With message unto princeley Pericles; But since my landing I have understood Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels, My message must return from whence it came. Hel. We have no reason to shun it. Commended to our master, not to us: Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Tarsus. A room in the Governor's hose.

Enter Cleon, the governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others' griefs, See if I'll teach us to forget our own? Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it; For who digs hills because they do aspire Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher. O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are: Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes, But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it, Or can conceal his hunger till he famish? Our tongues and sorrow do sound deep Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep, Till tongues their 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 Tarsus, o'er which I have the government, A city on whom plenty held full hand, For riches strew'd herself even in the streets; Whose forebears bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds, And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at; These men and dames so jettied and adorn'd, Like one another's glass to trina them by;

Their tables were stored 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.


Cle. But what is heaven can do! By this our change,

These months, who 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 defild for want of use, They are now starved for want of exercise; These 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 so curious, are ready now To eat those little darlings whom they loved.

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 woods and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup And her prosperity so largely taste, With their superfluous riots, hear these tears! The misery of Tarsus 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 comfit is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have desir'd, upon our neighbouring

A portly sail of ships make hitherward. Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an hefr, That may succeed as his inheritor; And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,

Taking advantage of our misistry, Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power, To beat us down, the which are down already; And make a conquest of unhappy me, Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance Of their whole display'd, they bring us peace, And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speakest like him's minister'd to repeat; Who makes the fairest show means most deceit. But bring they what they will and what they can, What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there. Go tell their general we attend him here, To know for what he comes, and whence he comes, And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist; If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are, Let not our ships and number of our men Be like a beacon fire'd to amaze your eyes, We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre, And seen the desolation of your streets: Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, But to relieve them of their heavy load; And these our ships, you happily may think Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within With bloody carcasses expected to overthrow, Are stored with corn to make your needy bread, And give them life whom hunger starved half dead. All, The gods of Greece protect you! And we'll pray for you.
ACT II.

PERICLES.

SCENE I.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise: We do not look for reverence, but for love, And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men. Or, The which when any shall not gratify, Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves.

The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils! Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,— Your grace is welcome to our town and us. Per. Which welcome we'11 accept; feast here awhile, Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king His child, I wis, to incest bring; A better prince and benign lord, That will prove awful both in deed and word. Be quiet then as men should be, Till he hath pass'd necessity, I'll show you those in troubles reign, Losing a bote, a mountain gain. The good in conversation, To whom I give my benison, Is still at Tarsus, where each man Thinks all is writ he spake can; And, to remember what he does, Build his statue to make him glorious: But tidings to the contrary Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon; all the trains with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Exit three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pitch!
Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!
First Fish. What, Patch-breath, I say!
Third Fish. What say you, master?
First Fish. Look how them stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wandion.
Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First 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.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the popus how he bonned and tumbied? they say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First 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 o' the land, who never leave gapping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.


Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man? Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [Aside] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [Aside] How from the finny subject of the These fishes tell the infinities of men: And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve or men detect! Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.
Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.
Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for t

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Scene II.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the Knights ready to begin the triumph?

First 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 wond'ring at.

[Exit a Lord.

That. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's 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 per-

Enter a Knight; he passes over, 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 Ethiopia reaching at the sun;

The word, 'Lax tua vita nihil.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[The Second Knight passes over.

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, 'Pin por dulzura que

por fuerza.'

[The Third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what's the third?

That. The third of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry;

The word, 'Me pompea propectus ab.'

[The Fourth Knight passes over.

Sim. What is the fourth?

That. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;

The word, 'Quod me altum, me extinguit.'

[The Fifth Knight passes over.
ACT II.

PERICLES.

SCENE III.

That. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried; The motto him. 'Tis spectacles fades. [The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.

Sim. And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd.' That. He seems to be a stranger; but his present Is a winder's branch, the only green at top; The motto, "In hac spe vivo." 

Sim. A pretty morit;

From the deceased state wherein he is, He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish. First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show Can any way speak in his just commend; For by his rusty outside he appears To have practis'd more the whispoch past than the lance. Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished. [rust Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour 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 will withdraw Into the gallery. [Execut. [Great shows within, and all cry 'The mean knight!'

SCENE III.—The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Attendants, and Knights, from tilting.

Sim. Knights.

To say you're welcome were superfluous. To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a title-page, your worth in arms, Were more than you expect, or more than's fit, Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast: You are princes and my guests.

That. 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 by merit,

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours; And here, I hope, is none that envies it. In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed; And you are her labour's scholar. Come, queen o' the fair—

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 gilds our days; honour we For who hates honour hates the gods above. [love; Metath. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit. First Knight. Contend not; sir; for we are gentle- That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes [men Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts, These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

That. By Juno, that is queen of marriage, All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury, [man. Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentle-

Sim. He's but a knave, sir; a country gentleman; Has done no more than other knights have done; Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

That. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. You'ring king's to me like to my father's picture, Which tells me in that glory once he was: Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence;

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights, Did vail their crowns to his supremacy; Whereby now his son's like a glowing worm in the night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in light: Whereby I see that Time's the king of men, He's both their parent, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Withal, that he be other in this royal presence? Sim. Here, with a cup that's stord onto 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 awhile: You knight doth sit too melancholy, As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show might counterbalance his worth. Note it not you, Thaisa? 

That. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter: Princes in this should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that comes To honour them; And princes not doing so are like to gnats, Which make no sugar, but kill' th with wonder; Therefore to make his entrance more sweet. Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him. That. Ah, my father, he befits me Unto a stranger king to be so bold; He may my proffer take for an offence, Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

That. [Aside] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [of him, Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know Whence he is, his name and parentage. That. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you. Per. I thank him.

That. Wishing it so much blood unto your life, Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

That. And further he desires to know of you, Of whence you are, your name and parentage. Per. A gentleman of Tyre: my name, Pericles; My education been in arts and arms: Who, looking for adventures in the world, Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men, And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

That. He thanks your grace; names himself A gentleman of Tyre: 

Pericles, Who only by misfortune of the seas Bereft of ships and men, cast on 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 tribles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels. Even in your armours, as you are address'd, Will very well become a soldier's dance. I will not have excurse, with saying this Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads. Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[The Knights dance. So, this was well ask'd. 't was so well perform'd. Come, sir; Here is a lady that wants breathing too; And I have heard, you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies trip; And that these measures are as excellent. [lord. Per. In those that practise them they are, my Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied Of your fair courtesy;

[The Knights and Ladies dance. [Uncasp, unclasp. Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well. 809
ACT II.

PERICLES.

Scene V.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[Exeunt.

Scene V.—Tentylos. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides. Sir, Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get. Lord? See. I am unworthy for her access to her, my Sir. 'faith, by no means; she has so strictly tied
Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
Third Knight. Louth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides! Sir, to you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night; I do
Profest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to command:
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore lock to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [Aside] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'T is the king's subtilty to have my life,
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never Aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence:
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor! Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [Aside] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
ACT III.

PERICLES.

SCENE I.

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 Thaisia.

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.

Tha. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that weart make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[Aside] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll name you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep shaded hath the rout;
No din but smears 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 couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Ever the biter for their draught.
Myrmeces hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly echo:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter, Pericles and Simonides, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter; Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter Thaisia with child, with Lychorida a nurse. The King shows her the letter; she rejoices; she takes the love-token of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exit Simonides and the rest.

By many a dorn and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing cognis
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquirers,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyre on the head
Of Helicamass would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny lie there hastes 't oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their domes,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—

Upon a stranger? [Aside] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either 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 pleased?

Tha. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you
And then with what haste you can get you to bed.

[Exit.
PERICLES.

ACT III. SCENE II.

And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyce. Patience, good sir,

Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild, may be thy life!

For a more illustrious birth had never babe;
Quiet and gentle; all conditions! for
Thou art the mildest welcome to this world
That ever was prince’s child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy blisses is by perjury quaffed,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon’t!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sall. 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.

First Sall. Slack the booms there! Thou wilt not, will thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Per. But sea-room, on the brine and cloudy
bellow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sall. Sir, your queen must overboard; the
sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie
until the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That’s your superstition.

First Sall. Tarnon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed: and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyce. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childered hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire, the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time
To give thee hallow’d to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely cown’d, in the oze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And o’er-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And bellowing sea, and jolting rocks and breakers
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hire thee, whiles I say
A pious farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.

Sec. Sall. Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caulked and bitumen ready. [this!]

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is
Sec. Sall. We are near Tarso.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner. [It
After thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach
Sec. Sall. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tyre!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe.

Cannot hold out to Tyros: there I’ll leave it
At carefree nursing. Go the ways, good mariner:
I’ll bring the body presently. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A room in Cerimon’s house.

Enter Cerimon, with a Servant, and some Persons
who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meal for these poor men:
’Tis a turbulent and stormy night. [this,
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as
Till now, I ne’er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There’s no boat that can be master’d to nature
That can recover him. [To Philemon Give this to the
pothecary.
And tell me how it works. [Exeunt all but Cerimon.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen; Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir, Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
The weather grew so misty:
The weather grew so misty:
The very principal did seem to rend,
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house. [early;
Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so
’Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship,
having
Rich fire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose. ’Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto notcompell’d.

Cer. I hold it ever.

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former.
Making a man a god. ’Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o’er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
Give me that nature works, and of her cures; which doth
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after totering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus
pour’d forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your nurse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall ne’er decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Sec. Serv. What is that?

Cer. First Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea topple upon our shore this chest:
’Tis of some wreck.

Sec. Serv. ’T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate’er it be,
’Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea’s stomach be o’ercharged with gold,
’Tis a good constraint of fortune it behoves upon us.
Sec. Serv. ’T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close ’tis caulk’d and bitumen
Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss’d it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.
Sec. Serv. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you must potent gods! what’s here? a curse!
First Gent. Most strange! [treasured
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state! balm’d and en-
ACT III.

PERICLES.

Scene IV.

A room in Cerimon’s house.

Ester Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleased you had brought
her hither,

To have bless’d mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as ’tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner’d as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people’s prayers still fall upon you.
Must in your child be thought on. If negligence
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, 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 to’t,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unsece’d shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill 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.

Cer. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We’ll bring your grace e’en to the edge of the shore,
Then give you up to the mask’d Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [Exeunt.]

Scene III.—Ephesus. A room in Cleon’s house.

Ester Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honour’d Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

[Exeunt, carrying her away.]

[The end of the play.]
ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre, Welcome and settled to his own desire, His woeful queen we have at Ephesus, Unto Diana there a votaries, Now to Marina bend your mind, Whom our fast-growing scene must find At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters: who hath gain'd Of education all the grace, Which warms the heart and place Of general wonder. But, alack, That monster envy, off the wrack Of earned praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife, And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid Eight Philoten: and it is said For certain in our story, she Would ever with Marina be: Be't when she weared the sleded silk With fingers long, small, white as milks; Or when she would with sharp needle wound The cambric, which she made more sound By hurting it; or when to the hute She sung, and made the night-bird mute, That still records with moan; or when She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Dian; still This Philoten contends in skill With absolute Marina: so With the dow of Paphos might the crow Vie feathers white. Marina gets All praises, which are paid as debts, And not as given. This so darks In Philoten all graceful marks, That Cleon's wife, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter, The sooner her vile thoughts to tend, 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 lame feet of my rhyme; Which never could I so convey, Unless your thoughts went on my way. Dionyza does appear, With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Tarsus. An open place near the seashore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't: "Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon. To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience, Which is but cold, huffing love i' th' bosom, Imdaume too nicely: nor let pity, which Even can have cast off, melt thee, but be A soldier to thy purpose. Leou. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death, Thou hadst resolved. Leou. I am resolved.

ACT IV.
ACT IV.  PERICLES.  SCENE II.

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:  I trod upon a worm against my will,  But I went for it.  How have I offended,  Wherein my death might yield her any profit,  Or my life imply her any danger?  
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.  You will do 't for all the world, I hope.  You are well favour'd, and your looks fore-show  You have a gentle heart.  I saw you lately,  When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:  Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  And spare poor me, the weaker.  
Leon. I am sworn,  And will dispatch.  
[He seizes her.  Enter Pirates.  
First Pirate. Hold, villain!  [Leonine runs away.
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!  Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.  Come, let 's have her aboard suddenly.  
[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.
Re-enter Leonine.  
Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;  And they have seized Marina.  Let her go; [dead,  There's no hope she will return.  'Twill swear she's  And thrown into the sea.  But I'll see further:  Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  Not carry her aboard.  If she remain,  Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.  
[Exit.  
SCENE II.—Mytilene.  A room in a brothel.  Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.  
Pand. Boult!  Boult. Sir?  
Pand. Search the market narrowly: Mytilene is full of gallsants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.  
Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.  We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.  
Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, what'er we pay for them.  If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.  
Boult. Thou sayest true: 't is not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up one—  
Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.  But shall I search the market?  
Bawd. What else, man?  The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.  
Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.  
Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.  But I'll go search the market.  
[Exit.  
Pand. Three or four thousand cheques were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.  
Bawd. Why to give over. I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?  
Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our deal scattered, Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.  
Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.  
Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.  
Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.  
Boult. [To Marina] Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a wench, win she?  
First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.  
Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my  
Pand. Boult, has she any qualities? [earnest.  
Pand. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.  
Pand. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand  
Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.  Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.  
[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.  
Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity: and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, it men were as they have been.  
Get this done as I command you.  
Pand. Performance shall follow.  
[Exit.  
Pand. Mrs. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!  
Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?  
Mrs. That I am pretty.  
Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in  
Pand. I accuse them not.  
Pand. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.  
Bawd. My. The more my fault  
To sace his hands where I was like to die.  
Pand. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.  
Mrs. No.  
Pand. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions; you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexion.  
Pand. What do you stop your ears?  
Mrs. Are you a woman?  
Pand. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?  
Mrs. An honest woman, or not a woman.  
Pand. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I have something to do with you.  
Bawd. You're a young foolish supling, and must be boxed as I would have you.  
Pand. The gods defend me!  
Pand. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.  
Pand. Boult's returned.  
Re-enter Boult.  
Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?  
Pand. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.  
Pand. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sorts?  
Pand. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.  
Pand. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.  
Pand. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?  
Pand. Who, Monsieur Verolees?  
Pand. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the 815
proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Cleon. Well, well! as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know he will come in my shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Nay you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a more profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, l'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one. I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing but custom. When nature trained 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, thimble shall not so awake the beds of ceds as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Of your ways; follow me. Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cleon. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
That moon and moon ne'er look'd upon! I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cleon. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown of the earth! I the justice of compare! O villain Leonine! Whom thou hast poison'd too;
If thou hast drunk him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact; what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night: I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cleon. 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 petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a weak strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
ACT IV.

PERICLES.

SCENE VI.

LYS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[Exit Boult.

Boult. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

LYS. ‘Tis fair, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there’s for you; leave us.

Boult. I bequeath your honour, give me leave: a word, and I’ll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

Boult. [To Marina] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [note him.

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily

Boult. 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.

Boult. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your arm with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously, I will thank.

LYS. Ha! you done? [fully receive.

Boult. My lord, she’s not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[Exeunt. Boult, Pandar, and Boult.

LYS. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. Why, I cannot name ‘t but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you a name.

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. Ever since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to ‘t so young? Were you a gamaster at five or at seven?

MAR. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into ‘t? 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 woes. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now; if put upon you, make the judgment good.

Thou 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 ungentle fortune

Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, O, that the gods Would set me free from this unhallow’d place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i’ the purer air!

I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne’er dream’d thou couldst

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,

Thy speech had alter’d it. Hold, here’s gold for

Persever in that clear way thou goest, [thee;

And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. [The good gods preserve you!

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ACT V.

PERICLES.

SCENE I.

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely,
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lys. Avant, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! [Exit.

Boult. How's this? We must take another
course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is
not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country
under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let
me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off,
or the common hangman shall execute it. Come
your ways. We'll procure to 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.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her
like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as
a snowball: saving his prayers too.

Boult. Take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack
the glass of her virginity, and make the rest maltieble.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground
than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, ye 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 we, my
dish of chastity with rosemary and bay!

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so
dear.

Mar. Prithew, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What cause hast thou of thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master,
or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
since they do better thee in their command.

Boult. And place, for which the paid'st flend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coisrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric listing of every rogue
Thy car is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the
wars, would you? where a man may serve seven
years for the loss of a leg, and have not money
enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shires, of gilt;
Serve by the night, to the common hangman.
Any of these ways are yet better than this:
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would sally deliver me from this place!

Here, here's gold for thee.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom.

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will. I see what I can do for thee: if
I can place thee, I will.


Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have
bought you, there's no going but by their consent:
therefore I will make them acquainted with your
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them
trusty in the oath. Come, I'll do thee for what I
can; come your ways.

[Exeunt.]
ACT V.  PERICLES.

SCENE I.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Both your lordship call? 

Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard; 

I pray ye, greet them fairly. 

(The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.)

Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors. 

Tyr. Sail, Sir, 

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you! 

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, 

And die as I would do. 

Lys. You wish me well. 

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs, 

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, 

I made it to, to know of whence you are. 

Hel. First, what is your place? 

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie be. 

Hel. Sir, [fore, 

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; 

A man who for this three months hath not spoken 

To any one, nor taken sustenance 

But to progrone his grief. 

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature? 

Hel. 'Tis would be too tedious to repeat; 

But the main grief springs from the loss 

Of a beloved daughter and a wife, 

Lys. May we not see him? 

Hel. You may; 

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak 

To any. 

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish. 

Hel. Behold him. [Pericles discovered.] This was 

a goodly person, 

Till the disaster that, one mortal night, 

Drove him to this. 

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you! 

Hail, royal sir! 

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you. 

First Lord, Sir, 

We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager, 

Would win some words of him. 

Lys. 'Tis well betroth'd, 

She questionless with her sweet harmony 

And her chosen attractions, would allure, 

And make a battery through his defunct's parts, 

Which now are midway stopp'd; 

She is all happy as the fairest of all. 

And, with her fellow maidens, is now upon 

The leaft shelter that abuts against 

The island's side. 

[Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus. 

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit 

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kind, 

We have stretch'd 'thence far, let us beseech you [ness 

That for our goods we may provision have, 

Wherein we are not destitute for want, 

But weary for the staidness. 

Lys. O, sir, a courier 

Which if we should deny, the most just gods 

For every graud would send a caterpillar, 

And so afflict our province. Yet once more 

Let me entreat to know at large the cause 

Of your king's sorrow. 

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recon't it to you; 

But, see, I am prevented. 

Re-enter, from the barge. Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady. 

Lys. O, here is 

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one! 

Is't not a goodly presence? 

Hel. She's a gallant lady. 

Lys. She's such a one. That, were I well assured 

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock, 

I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed. 

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty 

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient: 

If that thy prosperous and artificial feat 

Can draw him out to answer thee in aught, 

That sacred physic shall receive such pay 

As thy desires can wish. 

Mar. Sir, I will use 

My utmost skill in his recovery, 

Provided 

That none but I and my companion maid 

Be suffer'd to come near him. 

Lys. Come, let us leave her; 

And the gods make her prosperous! [Marina sings. 

Lys. Mark'd be your music. 

Mar. No, nor look'd on us. 

Lys. See, she will speak to him. 

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear. 

Per. Hum, ha! 

Mar. I am a maid, 

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes, 

But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks, 

My lord, I seem to have been end'd a grief, 

Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd. 

Though wayward fortune did malign my state, 

My derivation was from ancestors 

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings: 

But time hath root't out my parentage, 

And to the world and awkward'st casualties 

Bound me in servitude. [Sisile I will desist; 

But there is something goes upon my cheek, 

And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.' 

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage— 

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you? 

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage, 

You would not do me violence. [age. 

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me. 

[woman? 

You are like something that— What country— 

Here of these shores? 

Mar. No, nor of any shores: 

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am 

No other than I appear. 

[ing. 

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weep. 

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one 

My daughter might have been: my queen's square been 

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight; 

As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like 

And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno; 

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, 

[live. 

The more she gives them speech. Where do you 

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck 

You may discern the place. 

Per. Where were you bred? 

And how achieved you these endowments, which 

You make more rich to owe? 

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem 

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting. 

Per. Prithée, speak: 

Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st 

Mostly as Justice, and thou seem'st a prince 

For the crow'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe 

And make my senses credit thy relation [thee, 

To point out what is not; for thou look'st 

Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends? 

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back— 

Which was when I perceived thee—that thou came'st 

From good descending? 

Mar. So indeed I did. 

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st 

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury, 

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal 

It both were open'd.
Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a friend, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?
Recall. I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd, and
And thou by some incensed god sent bither
To make the world to laugh at me,
Patience, good sir, O
Or else. I'll cease.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
Mar. You 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 not fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!
[Lead] This is the rarest dream that e'er dux sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried. Well: where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you. [Give o'er.
Mar. You scorn: believe me, 't were best I did
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having warp'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
It may be,
You think me an impostor: no good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
Per. No, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord? 
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods so loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,
The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
to say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began. [child.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, 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 Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding,
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt;
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. No! 
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. Most heavenly music! It
Nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [Sleeps.
Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. [Exeunt all but Pericles.

Diana appears to Pericles as in a vision.
Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hee thee
And do upon mine altar sacrifice. [Uthert
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
A wake, and tell thy dream. [Disappears.
Per. Celestial Diana, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee, Helicanus!

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimaechus, and Marina.
Hel. Sir?
Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; to morrow I'll tell thee why.
[To Lysimaechus] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your
And give you gold for such provision [shore,
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir,
With all my heart: and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail.
Were it to woo my daughter: for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
ACT V.

SCENE II. — Enter Gover, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gover. Now our sands are almost run; More a little, and then dumb. This, my last boon, give me, For such kindness must relieve me, That you apply will suppose, What pæan-solitary, what feats, what shows, What minstrelsly, and pretty din, The regent made in Mytlenoe To greet the king. So he thrived, That he is promised to be wied To fair Dana; but in no wise Till he had done his sacrifice, As Dian bade: wherefore being hound, The interim, pray you, all concomit. In feather’d breathless sails are till’d, And wishes fail out as they’re will’d. At Ephesus, the temple see, Our king and all his company, That he can hither come so soon, Is by your fancy’s thankful doom. [Exit.

SCENE III. — The temple of Diana at Ephesus:

Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train:

Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command, I here confess myself the king of Tyre: Who, frighted from my country, did wed At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa. At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth A maid-child call’d Marina; who, O goddess, Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years He sought to murder; but her better stars Brought her to Mytlenoe: ‘gainst whose shore Riding, her fortunes brought the maid abroad us, By whom, where ever most clear remembrance, she Made known herself my daughter.

Thais. Voice and favour! You are, you are — O royal Pericles! [Paints.

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gen-

Cer. Noble sir, [demem! If you have told Diana’s altar true,

This to your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no; I threw her overboard with these very arms. Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady; O, she’s but o’erjoy’d.

Early in bustling morn this lady was Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin, Found there rich jewels; recover’d her, and placed Here in Diana’s temple. [her

Per. May we see them? Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my Whifber I invite you. Look, Thaisa is [house, Recover’d.

Thais. O, let me look! If he be none of mine, my sanctity Will to my sense bend no licentuous ear, But curb it: spite of seeing. O, my lord. Are you Pericles? Take him you spyke, Like him you are: did you not name a tempest, A birth, and death? [Per. The voice of dear Thaisa! That Thaisa am I, supposed dead And drown’d.

Per. Immortal Dian! That. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis, The king my father gave you such a ring. [Shows a ring.

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well, That on the touching of her lips I may Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried A second time within these arms.

Mer. 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 yielded there.

Thais. Blest, and mine own! Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thais. 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 called the man? I have named him off.

Thais. That was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he. Now do I long to hear how you were found; How possibly preserved; and who to thank, Besides the gods, for this great miracle. Cer. Lord Cerimon, my lord: this man. Through whom the gods have shown their power; From first to last resolve you. [that can Per. Reverend sir, The gods can have no mortal officer More like a god than you. Will you deliver How this dead queen re-lives? I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house, Where shall be shown you all was found with her; How she came placed here in the temple; No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa. This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter, Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now, This ornament Makes me look dismal will I clip to form: And with this fourteen years no razor touch’d, To grace the marriage-day, I’ll beautify. [sir, [Thaisa. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, My father’s dead. [my queen, Per. Heaven’s make a star of him! Yet there, We’ll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves Will in that kingdom spend our following days: Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign. Lord Cerimon. we do our longing stay To hear the rest untold: sir, lead’s the way. [Exeunt.

Enter Gover.

Gover. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard Of monstrous lust the due and just reward: In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen, Although assail’d with fortune fierce and keen, Virtue preserved from fell destruction’s blast. Led on by heaven, and crown’d with joy at last: In Helicanus you well desery A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty: In reverend Cerimon there well appears The worth that learned charity aye wears: For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame Had spread their cursed deed, and hon’d name Of Pericles, to rage the city turn, That him and his they in his palace burn; The gods for murder seemed so content To punish them: although not done, but meant. So, on your patience evermore attending. New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. [Exit.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

\*Vilia miretur vulgus; mild flavus Apollo
Pocusa Castalia plena ministret aqua.\*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WROTHESLY,

EaRL OF SOUTHWORTH, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

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 burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heer of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after car so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so sad 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,

\[William Shakespear\]

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are:
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Veouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent kisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;
And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and palm 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-begulling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm:
Earth's sovereign sate to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and panted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
'She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens:—Oh, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she shoves, and as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their lips;
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he brown,
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
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks;
He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone:
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies:
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty car she times her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale:
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears.
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt,
Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look’d on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave:
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer’s heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
‘O, pity, ’gan she cry, ’tint-hearted boy!
’Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

‘I have been woo’d, as I entract thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose snivey neck in battle ne’er did bow,
Who conquer where he comes in every jay;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave.
And begg’d for that which thou mask’d shalt have.

‘Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter’d shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn’d to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, daily, smile and jest.
Scouring his churchful drum and ensign red,
Making his arms his field, his tent my bed.

‘Thus he that overruled I oversway’d,
Leading him prisoner in a red-glove chain:
Stronger tempered, steel his stronger strength obey’d,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil’d the god of light!

‘Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine he not so fair, yet are they red—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

‘Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein’d violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

‘The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee mirth; yet mayst thou be tast’d:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather’d in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

‘Were I hard-favour’d, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur’d, crooked, churchful, harsh in voice,
O’erborn, despoil’d, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,
Then mightest thou pause, for then I was not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

‘Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow:
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My desh is 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 shak, but light, and will aspire.

‘Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like stubly 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.
Steel thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

‘Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

‘Upon the earth’s increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless in earth with thy increase fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

‘By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsaken 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 lowers 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.”

‘Ay me,’ quoth Venus, ‘young, and so unkind?
What base excuses makest thou to be gone!
I’ll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I’ll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I’ll quench them with my tears.

‘The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

‘Art thou oldmate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman’s son, and canst not feel
What ‘tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

‘What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my soul?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I’ll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

‘Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-pointed head, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
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.”

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Venus and Adonis.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intentions break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms fold him like a band;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in Dale:
Gaze on my lips: and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Forknowing well, if there he came to lie,
'Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking,
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law born,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing:
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing,
'Pity, she cries, some favor, some remorse!' Away he springs and lust to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espay,
And forth he swings and bounds aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he heareth, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow woe resounds like heaven's thunder:
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glistered like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride:
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried,
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What reketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flittering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich comparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlock shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong.
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he sends far off and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base lie now prepares,
And whether he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embraces with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He veils his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stampes and bites the poor flies in his flame.
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With him the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All sooin with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now he happy season once more fils.
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blee;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the alliance 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 grow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askanke 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.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride and never wartheth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate: [tory;
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flat-
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.

"What! canst thou talk? 'quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my lead before, now press'd with bearing;
Melo'dious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed that breetheth love by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four! Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the storm, tempest to the field.
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it stameth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ear his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks killeth love and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown; But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till chapping makes it red;

And all amazed brake off his late intent.
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which' cunning love did Wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chases her lips: a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that this unkindness marr'd:

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels;
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band:
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
'0 fairest mower on this mortal round,
Would thou were I, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and shan't have O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do sted it, hit;
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.'

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire;
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such pett'ly bondage in disdain:
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?'

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy:
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a bear, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death.
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath,
Venus and Adonis.

He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.
The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
She cheers the morn and all the earth relieth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;
Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his bow's repose:
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

'O, where am I?' quothe she, 'in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.'

'O, thou diest kill me; kill me once again;
Thy eyes shall ward tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson livers wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set the seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one,
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quothe he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrateful try forbes:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'Tis very late;'
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

'Now let me say, 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'
'Good night,' quothe she, and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seen; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew
Where'er she the refresh, yet contains the drought:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dear
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath catch'd the yielding prey,
And glutten-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips still suction, deeper and deeper,
Paying what ransom the insuffer wileth; [thigh,
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blandfold face she junces to forgive
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wreck.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much binding,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tire with chasing,
On like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chieflly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then wos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns umbrage a lover:
What though the rose have prickles, yet's pluck'd;
Wrote beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow.
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quothe she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blossing rose,
Uumps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on her neck her yoking arms she throws;
She sinketh down, still hanging by a neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the boit encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus is her amoy,
To clip Elysium and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the nayd,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw;
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.
Venus and Adonis.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be;
She hath assayed as much as may be proved;
Her presents have no power to subdue his foes.
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved,
'Fie, fie,' he says, 'you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.'

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet boy, ere
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar,
O, he advised! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheathed he wretched still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-hack he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snot digp sphenicles where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being fierce, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embrazing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he sought esteem that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eye,
Whose full perfection all the world admires;
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

'O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath ought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not with such infernal vigor still;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie;
My boiling heart pums, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'Tis this sour imager, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentions Jealousy.
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring.

Knout of my heart and whispers in mine ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chasing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image, like myself, all stain'd with grief.
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trouble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:

I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow.
If thou encounter with the bear to-morrow,
But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me,
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subdity,
Or at the roe which no conquer dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures over the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy bounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshot his troubles
How he outruns the wind and with what care
He cracks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many muses through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving comes easy,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wait waits on fear.

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-smelling hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-hell.

'Then shall thou see the dew-bedazzled wretch
Turn, and return, indented with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise;
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave? ' No matter where;' quoth he,
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' 'Why, what of that?' quoth she.
'I am, quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.
'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss,
Rich prey's make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn.
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason;
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forcing Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
VENUS AND ADONIS.

To mingle beauty with infiniteness,
And pure perfection with inmost beauty,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischiefs and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzied wood,
The narrow-eating sickness, whose attendant
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfets, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's light brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-laching vestal and self-loving mus
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren earth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swelling grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in carie obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-shire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankerling rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

Nay, then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream:
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul burn
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tender tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bethchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleep, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: 'in strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fed,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;

Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surflets not. Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

More could I 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 ten:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark land runs space;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarred friend,
Till the wild wave will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her mouns;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
 Ay me! 'tis cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!'
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extempore a woeful ditty:
How love makes young men thrill and old men
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty: [note; Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such as they, no other but such like sport:
Their copious stories oftentimes begun
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongued tabsters answering every call,
Sothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says 'T is so,' they answer all 'T is so;
And would say after, if she said 'No.'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
VENUS AND ADONIS.

And yet she bears no tidings of her love: 
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn: 
Amen she bears them chant it lustily, 
And all in haste she casteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way 
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face, 
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay: 
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace.

Like a milch doe, whose swelling udders do ache, 
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay: 
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder 
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way, 
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds 
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase, 
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or hon proud, 
Because the cry remained in one place, 
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:

Finding their enemy to be so curst, 
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear, 
Through which it enters to surprise her heart; 
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear, 
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield, 
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstacy: 
Till, cheering up her senses all dismally, 
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy, 
And childish error, that they are afraid; 
Bids then leave quaking, bids then fear no more: 
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,

Whose frotthy mouth, beaptured all with red, 
Like milk and blood being mingled both together, 
A second fear through all her sinews spread, 
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither: 
This way she runs, and now she will no further, 
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways; 
She treads the path that she untreated again; 
Her more than haste is mated with delays, 
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain.

Full of repects, yet nought at all respecting: 
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a bound, 
And asks the weary culliff for his master, 
And there another lickings of his wound, 
'Gainst venom'd sorest the only sovereign plaster;

And here she meets another sadly scowling, 
To whom she speaks, and he replies with bowing.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise, 
Another lip-mouth'd mourner, black and grim, 
Against the welkin volleys out his voice; 
Another and another answer him, 
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below, 
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed 
At apparitions, signs and prodigies, 
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed, 
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies; 
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath 
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hart-favoured tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean, 
Hateful divorce of love,—thus chides she Death,—

'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean 
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath, 
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set 
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be, 
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:— 
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see, 
But hateful 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 cause him for this stroke; 
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower: 
Love's golden arrow at him should have died, 
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping? 
What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping 
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see? 
'Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour, 
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair, 
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt 
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair 
In the sweet channel of her bosom drop; 
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain, 
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow! 
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye; 
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow; 
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry; 
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain, 
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe, 
As striving who should best become her grief; 
All entertain'd, each passion labours so, 
That every present sorrow seemeth brief; 
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 nurse's song never pleased her bare so well; 
The dire imagination she did thus thrive; 
This sound of hope doth labour to expel; 
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice, 
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide, 
Being prison'd in her eye like pearels in glass; 
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside, 
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass, 
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground, 
Who is but 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 makes thee ridiculous: 
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely, 
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unwraps the web she hath wrought; 
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame; 
It was not she that call'd him all to naught: 
Now she adds honours to his hateful name: 
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings, 
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the bear, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'T is not my fault: the bear provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander;
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate:
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

'O 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;
Thieves, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false betaking grieves.'
Even at this word she bears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The wild boar's conquest on her fair delight:
Which seen, her eyes, as bloody 'r blood'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are deld
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the dissolving of his troubled brain:
Who kindles them still to consort with night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplex'd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd it with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, fruitlessly she doth;
She sighs he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her sighs cease to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reproach'd her mangeling 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, 'tis naught, I've told both Adonis dead!
My sighs are blow'n away, my soft tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you;
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth kiss you;
But when Adonis lived, 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 bath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure look,
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 urechinf-sounded boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave;
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.

With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the cover-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled;
And every beauty robbed of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealously.
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
But be blasted in a breathing while:
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruddian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:
It shall be raging mad and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear:
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe.
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontentors,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:

Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequerd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is rest from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise —
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire —
For every little grief to wet his eyes;
To grow into himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine: but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest.
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves: by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light charriot is quickly convey'd:
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WROTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereas this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superficial motley. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my unlettered lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, 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 Shakespere.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucretius Tarquinius, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom 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, spinning amongst her maidens; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatius the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucretia'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 entertained and lodged by Lucretia at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stole into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucretia, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatius. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucretia in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all roved to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the deed body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucretie the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This baseless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmated 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 a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From these fivish ears, because it is his own?

Percance his boast of Lucretie's sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Percance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disconsolately did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
should vaunt
That golden lap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold.
Thy hasty spring still blastis, and he's grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strive'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushies, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

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And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake.

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,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in false life's age.

Honour for wealth: and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious fool infirmity,
In having much, torment us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have: and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
No nought serving the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His faileon in a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be ledge-star to his lustful eye:
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,
"As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking sorrowfully, he doth despair
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.
'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed [weed.
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
In a moment hath confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.
Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tiding in my eager eyes,
Fearing she hard might from this warlike hand
Where her beloved Collatins lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!

First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.
'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excesses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth;
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth:
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear, avaint! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard besseem the sage;
My part is youth, and lets these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my price;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?'
As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust;
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which beholds her beauty divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline:
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worse part;
And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's just show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slaveish 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 enforced, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the snare of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say 'This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured: return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for ordinary things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering 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 rejoycing to the prime,
And give the snapped birds more cause to sing.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
And sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself imploity hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of all his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' 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 deliver
The powers to whom I pray abhor the fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution,
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution
Against love's fire's frost with the dissolution.

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.

Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head;
By their high treason is his heart misled:
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon.

To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.
Looking, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, hereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes began
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece side,
In his clear bed might have repos'd 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 oily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:

Where, like a virtuous monarch
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd
Without the bed her other fair bower
On the green covert, whose pets
Show'd like an April daisy on th
With pearly sweat, resembling d
Her eyes, like marigolds, had she
And canopied in darkness swe
Till they might open to adorn
Her hair, like golden threads, play
O modest wantsons! wanton moe
Showing life's triumph in the me
And death's dim look in life's m
Each in her sleep themselves so
As if between them thine thine thine
But that life lived in death, and

Her breasts, like ivory globes ch
A pair of maiden worlds unknown
Save of their lord no bearing ye
And him by oath they truly hon
These worlds in Tarquin new an
Who, like a foul usurper, went
From this fair throne to hea

What could he see but mighty
What did he note but strongly h
What he beheld, on that he firm
And in his will his wilful eye he
With more than admiration he a
Her azure veins, her adalaster
Her coral lips, her snow-white h

As the grim lion fawneth o'er hi
Sharp hunger by the conquest sa
So o'er this sleeping soul doth T... le... st
His rage of lust by gazing qualified
Shack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her si
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obludear vassals fell exploiters effecting.
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers groans respecting,
Swell in his pride, the onset still expecting:
Aun 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 commands the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proof of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, marches on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet.
Where their dear governance and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfuly beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries.
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch 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 worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
LUCECE.

She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting ankles, ugly in her eyes;
Such shudderings are the worse my misery;

Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
Darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights,

That yet remains upon her breast,—
d, to batter such an ivory wall!—
Her heart—poor citizen!—disquiets,
Itself to death, rise up and fall,

Bulk, that his hands shakes withal.

In him more rage and lesser pity,
The breach and enter this sweet city.

Trumpet, doth his tongue begin
Parley to his heartless foe:

The white sheet peers her whiter chin,
All of this rash alarm to know,

By dumb demeansur sees to show;

With vehement prayers urgeth still
What colour he commits this ill.

She replies: 'The colour in thy face,
Even for anger makes the lily pale,

And the red rose blush at her own disgrace.

My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,

Whose advice and counsel to my city,

But I to conquer scent with all my might;

As reproof and reason beat it dead,

By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;

I know what thorns the growing rose defends;

I think the honey guarded with a sting:

All this beforehand counsel comprehends;

But will is deaf and hearkens not to friends;

Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,

And doth in what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,

What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;

But nothing can affection's course control,

Or stop the headlong tory of his speed.

I know repentant tears ensue the deed,

Reproach, disdain, and deathly cunning;

Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,

Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,

Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:

So under his insulting falchion lies

Harmsless Lucrece, marking what he tells

With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quothe he, 'This night I must enjoy thee:

If thou deny, then force must work my way,

For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:

That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,

To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;

And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,

Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain

The scornful mark of every open eye:

Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:

And then, the author of their chagrin,

Shalt have thy trespass ced up in rhymes,

And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:

The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;

A little harm done to a great good end

For lawful policy remain enacted.

The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted

In a pure compound; being so applied,

His venom in effect is purged.

Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,

Tender my suit: beseaneth not to their lot.

The shame that from them no device can take,

The blennisht that will never be forgot;

Worse than a slaveish wife or birth-hour's blot:

For marks described in men's nativity

Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice dead-killing eye

He ronseth up himself and makes a pause;

While she, the picture of pure piety,

Like a white hind under the grieve's sharp claws,

Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,

To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,

'No aught obeys but his foul appetite.

Yet, fool night-waking cat, doth he but daily,

While in his bristle-foot the weak mouse panteth:

Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture fanny,

A swelling gulf that even in plenty wanteth;

His ear her prayers admits, but his heart grangeth

No penetrable entrance to her pleading: [ing.

Tears harden lust, though marble wear with rain-

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd

In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;

Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,

Which to her oratory adds more grace.

She puts the period often from his place;

And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,

That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,

By knighthood, gentiety, and sweet friendship's oath;

By her untimely tears, her husband's love,

By holy human laws, and common truth.

By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,

That to his bond's bend he 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 woodman that doth bend his bow

To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:

Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:

Myself a weakling; do not then ensnare me:

Thou look'st not like deed; do not deceive me.

My sighs, like whispering, labour hence to leave thee:

If ever man were moved with woman's means,

Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

All which together, like a troubled ocean,

Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,

To soften it with their continual motion;

For stones dissolved to water do convert.

O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Molt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'Those usiness I did entertain thee:
Host thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me, [name.
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
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.

'thow will thy shame be seced in thine age,
When thus thy vices bad before thy spring!
It 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 wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;
But happy monarcs still are fear'd for love;
With foul offenders thou perferv must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, they will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And will 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 thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

't hast command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil?
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou dost teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own presump'tions partake they souther;
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!

'To thee, to thee, my heav'd-arms hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reveler:
I sue for exiled majesty's repeat;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire;
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eye,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.

'Have done,' quoth he, 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret;
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls
Add to his bow, but alter not his taste.' [haste

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who swells the ocean of our mind.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb be hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nob y face, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loath'd in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The thron steps not to the thicket shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not fear
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
[thee: Instead of a cow tear thou to the base, tear thee:
That done, despitely 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,
Lear light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind 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;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is riled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed bound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk;
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunkens Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade self-will himself doth tire.

And then with languid and lean discoulour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Fecile Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar waifs his case;
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faithful lord of Rome;
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd:
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands dis-
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced; [graced:
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have latt'rd 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 prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.
Even in this thought through the dark night he
A captivo victor that hath lost in gain:
Scare that will, despite of care, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a weariest lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly muses, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, explaining on that fatal night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertible;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day.

'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practised 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 lie,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leep from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind mulled bawdy! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator!

With close-tongued treason and the raverish!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my curseless crime,
Muster thy minds to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prize;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smoother'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 distress;
Her twinkling handmaidens too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not pleeg again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain:
And fellowship in woes doth woes assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Mingling my walk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting means.

'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies matric'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy face,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd by my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow;
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my losssome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name:
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defence,
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 dispute,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attest 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 hear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'I, if Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy week have a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him:
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bed?
Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair fountains with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impiety doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coopers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gout and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless burns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.
LUCRECE.

O, hear me then, inquisitors, shifting Time! 
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity, 
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose, 
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me 
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes; 
To cat up errors by opinion bred, 
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings, 
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light, 
To stamp the seal of time in aged things, 
To wake the morn and sentinel the night, 
To wrong the wiser till he render right, 
To ruin pride buildings with thy hours, 
And swear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments, 
To feed oblivion with decay of things, 
To blot old books and after their contents, 
To pluck and quills from ancient ravens' wings, 
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs, 
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel, 
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

To show the beldam daughters of her daughter, 
To make the child a man, the man a child, 
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter, 
To tame the unicorn and lion wild, 
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd, 
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops, 
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage, 
Unless thou couldst return to make amends? 
One poor retiring minute in an age 
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends, 
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends: 
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back, 
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity, 
With some miscroption cross Tarquin in his flight: 
Devises 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 devilish groans; 
Let there bechanche him pitiful miscarriages, 
To make him moan; but pity not his moans: 
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones; 
And let mild women to him lose their mildness, 
Wither to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to bear his curled hair, 
Let him have time against himself to rave, 
Let him have time of Time's help to despair, 
Let him have time to live a loathed slave, 
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave, 
And time to see one that by alms doth live 
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes, 
And merry fools to mock at him resort; 
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes 
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short 
His time of folly and his time of sport; 
And ever let his unreckoning crime 
Have time to wait th' abusing of his time.
LUCRECE.

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 till
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's man to so base a slave?

'The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the fish away;
But if the like snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are unnoticed where so'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull disputers;
To troubling clients be you meditators:
For me, I force not argument a straw.
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spur at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou livest in my 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-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her purple veins, vanishes
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hopeless life,
I fear'd by Tarquin's faction to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rid me.

'0, 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 hivery;
A dying life to living infamy;
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated truth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To slitter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graft shall never come to growth:

He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses;
My tongue shall utter all mine eyes, like staves,
As from a mountainspring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned wrinkle of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranney spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.
Thus cavils she with every thing she sees;
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with light agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Contiinuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputations with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renewes;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometimes 't is mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her means mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society;
'Tis sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the booming banks o'erflow;
Grief daliied with nor law nor limit knows.

'You mocking birds,' quoth she, 'your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb;
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests;
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumbs when time is kept with tears.
LUCRECE.

'Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair,
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So let each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep grouns the dispasson bear:
For burden-wise I'll hunn on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep belly sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shanning any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which a way to fly
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed, and death reproach'd debtor.

'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution? They that lose half with greater patience bear it Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion. That mother tries a merciless conclusion Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one.
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine? Whose love of either to myself was nearer, When both were kept for heaven and Collatine? Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty phe, 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,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy; Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blenish'd I fort I make some hole Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

'Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death; That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine, Revenge on him that made me stop my breath. My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him taint'd shall for him be spent, And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonour'd.
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life; The one will live, the other being dead,
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn: My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost, What legacy shall I bequeath to thee? My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged must be. How Tarquin must be used, read it in me: Myself, thy friend, I'll keep thy self, thy foe, And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

'This brief abridgment of my will I make: My soul and body to the skies and ground; My resolution, husband, do thou take: Might 'noble be the knife's that makes my wound; My shame be his that did my fame confound; And all my fame that lives disburst be
to those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will: How was I overseen that thou shalt see it! My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill; My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it. 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 wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid, Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies: For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies. Poor Lucrece's looks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give damere good-morrow, With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty, And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow; For why her face wore sorrow's liv'ry; But durst not ask of her audaciously Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so, Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with we. But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set, Each flower moist'd like a melting eye; Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet Her circled eye, enforced by sympathy Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light, Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand, Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling: One justly weeps: the other takes in hand No cause, but company, of her drops spilling; Their gentle sex to weep are often willing; Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts, And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds, And therefore are they form'd as marble will: The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds Is form'd in them by force, by trund, or skill: Then call them not the authors of their ill, No more than wax shall be accounted evil Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain, Lays open all the little worms that creep: In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep: Through crystal walls each little note will peep: Though men can cover crimes with bold stem 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 told Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd

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With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to her husband wrong;  
Such danger to resistance did belong.  
That day he 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,' quothe she, 'on what occasion break  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?  
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'But tell me, girl, when went — and there she stay'd  
Till after a deep groan — Tarquin from hence?'  
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,  
'The more to blame my shaggard 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!' quothe 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  
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.'

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen:  
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
While I say this, did one of husband's men  
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to hear  
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;  
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;  
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.'

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:  
 Conceit and grief an 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 greteth thee.  
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford —  
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see —  
Some present speed to come and visit me.  
So, I commend me from our house in grief:  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Colombine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She boards, to spend when she is by to hear her;  
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.  
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;  
For then the eye interprets to the ear.  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a woro doth bear.  
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:  
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow forts,  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ  
'At Ardea my lord with more than haste.'  
The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-faced groom to lie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast;  
Speed more than speed but still and slow she deems:  
Extremity still urges such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;  
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie,  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;  
For Lucrece thought he blushed to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:  
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;  
She thought he blushed, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;  
Her curling eye did make him more amazed;  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:  
So woe hath wearied woe, mean tired moan,  
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Paying for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
Threatening cloud kissing Lion with annoy;  
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
As heav'n, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:  
The red blood reck'd, to show the painter's strife;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
Beqrimed 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;
LUCRECE.

In youth, quick bearing and dexterity; And here and there the painter interfaces Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces; Which listless peasants did so well resemble. That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art Of physiognomy might one behold! The face of either ciphar'd other's heart; Their face their manners most expressly told; In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd; But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand, As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight; Making such sober action with his hand, That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight: In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white, Was d'up and down, and from his lips did fly Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky. About him were a press of gaping faces, Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice; 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 throng'd bears back, all bold and red. Another smoother seem'd to pelt and swear; And in their rage such signs of rage they bear, As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there; Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind; That for Achilles' image stood his spear, Gripped 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 besieged Troy When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy and field, To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield; And to their hope they such odd action yield, That through their light joy seem'd to appear, Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought, To Sinois' reedy banks the red blood ran, Whose waves to imitate the battle sought With swelling ridges: and their ranks began To break upon the galled shore, and than Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks. They join and shoot their foam at Sinois' banks.

To this well-paint'd piece is Lucrece come, To find a face where all distress is stell'd. Many she sees where cares have carv'd some, But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd, Till she despairing Hecuba beheld, Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes, Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies. In her the painter had anatomized Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign: Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd; Of what she was no semblance did remain: Her blue blood changed to black in every vein, Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead. [fed.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes, And shapes her sorrow to the belam'd woes, Who nothing wants to answer her but cries, And bitter words to ban her cruel foes; The painter was no god to lend her these; 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 call on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong; And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long; And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.'

'Show me the trumpet that began this stir, That with my nalls her beauty I may tear; Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur This head of wrath that burning Troy doth bear; Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here; And here in Troy, for trepass of thine eye, The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die. Why should the private pleasure of some one Become the public plague of many more? Let sin, alone committed, light alone Upon his head that hath transgressed so; Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe: For one's offence why should so many fall, To plague a private sin in general?'

'Lo, here weeps Icuba, here Priam dies. Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds, Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies. And friend to friend gives unadvised woundes, And one man's lust these many lives confounds: Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire, Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes: For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell, Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes; Then little stir with rings on the droll knell: So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell Topencill'd pensive and colour'd sorrow; From her she lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the pointing round, And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament. At last she sees a wretched image bound, That piteous looks to Phrygian sheff's lent; His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content; Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes, So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill To hide deceit, and give the harmless show An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still, A brow unbeat, that seem'd to welcome woe; Checks 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 concealed his secret evil, That jealousy itself could not distrust False-creeping craft and perjury should trust Into so bright a day such black-faced storms, Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew For periured Simon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Who "se words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Simon's was abused;
So fair a three to be disdained ill:
And still on him she gaz'd: and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'lt cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile —
She could 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,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind.'

'For even as subtle Simon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had faint'd,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
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 eye bays fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Simon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such mutual do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold;
So Priam's trust false Simon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

Here, all enraged, such passion her assail'd,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sord.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she drinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath oversipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own griefrought
By deep surprise of others' detriment:
Losing her woe in shows of discontent.
It caseth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their colour other's have enured.

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,
Anxiously in his sad face he stares.
Her eyes, though sad in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncoath ill event
Hath thee befell'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
I masks, dear dears, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her prosperity is in an envious prisoner's care:
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending;
'Few may behold the image of this one
As I ever have beheld, so fair and pale;
Whose was the care and burden of the foe,
To know who won and lost each one.
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me moe woes than words are now depending;
And my lament's would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.'

'Then be this all the task it hath to say
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wert wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining felion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried - Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love: else last me shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.'

'The cosmic gird mine with thine influence,' quoth
"Unless thou woule thy liking to my will, [the,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he sets 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.
Thine adulterate death of Lucrece and her grooms
'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 purloin'd 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;"
LUCERE.

Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse, Immature and spotless is my mind; That was not forced; that never was inclined To accessory yeldings, but still pure: Dost in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, With head declined, and voice daun'd up with woe, With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across, From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow The grief away, that stops his answer so: But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain: What he breathes out-his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring thine Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste, Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride Back to the strait that forced him on so fast; In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past: Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw, To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth, And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh: 'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth Another power; no flood by raining slaketh, My woé too sensible thy passion maketh More feeling-painful: let it then suffice To draw 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: He suddenly revenged on my foe, Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die; For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you faire lords,' quoth she, Speaking to those that came with Collatine, 'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me, With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine; For 't is a meritorious fair design To chase injustice with revengeful arms; Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition Each present lord began to promise aid, As bound in knighthood to her imposition, Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd. But she, that yet her sad task hath not said, The protestation stops. 'O speak,' quoth she, 'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?'

'What is the quality of mine offence, Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance? May my pure mind with the foul act dispense? My low declined honour to advance? May any terms about me from this chance? The poison'd fountain clears itself again; And why not I from this compell'd stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say, Her body's stain her mind untainted clear; While with a joyless smile she turns away The face, that map which deep impression bears Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears, 'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living; By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break, She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says, But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak; Till after many accents and delays, Untimely breathings, sick and short assays, She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, it is he, That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her helpless breast A harmful knife, that thence her soul unshackled: That blow did bail it from the deep unrest Of that polluted prison where it breathed: Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly Life's lasting date from canceild's destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed, Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; Till Lucrece's father, that beholds her bleed, Himself on her self-slaughter'd body throw; And from the purple fountain Brutus draw The murderous knife, and, as it left the place, Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood Circles her body in every side. Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood. Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd, And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face Of that black blood a watery rigid goes, Which seems to weep upon the tainted place. And ever since, as plying Lucrece' woes. Corrupted blood some watery token shows; And blood untainted still doth red abide, Blushing at that which is so putrid.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries, 'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived. In the child the father's image lies. Where shall I live now Lucrece is unhived? Thou wast not to this end from me derived. If children pre-decease progenitors, We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold In thy sweet semblance may old age new born; But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old, Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn. O, from thy checks 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 surcease to be that should survive. Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger And leave the faltering feeble souls alive? The old bees die, the young possess their hive; Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see Thy father die, and not thy father then!'

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 many shame him possess his breath And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul Hath served a dumb arrest on his tongue: Who, mad that sorrow should his use control, Or keep him from heart-easing words so long, Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid, That no man could distinguish what he said.

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Yet sometime ‘Tarquin’ was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain.
Held back his sorrow’s tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give over:
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 owed her, and ‘tis mine that she hath kill’d.’
‘My daughter’ and ‘my wife’ with clamours fill’d
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece’ life,
Answer’d their cries, ‘my daughter’ and ‘my wife.’

Brutus, who pluck’d the knife from Lucrece’ side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece’ wound his folly’s show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him misplace;
And arm’d his long-blind wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus’ eyes.
‘Thou wronged lord of Rome,’ quoth he, ‘arise;
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievances?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
[deeds?]
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so.
To stay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courteous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations.
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain’d,
By heaven’s fair sun that breeds the fair earth’s store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain’d,
And by chaste Lucrece’ soul that late complain’d
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss’d the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow;
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin’s foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin’s everlasting banishment.
SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESIE INSUING SONNETS
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED BY
OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING FORTH

T. T.

I. From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies.
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou art not prouerby: to be thyself
Within thine own bad husbandry:
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II. When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery or his ancient gown,
Will be a tatter'd coat, uncertain all:
That age's grey grace graces thou hast outlived,
Thou beauty's dye, a sullied canker bud,
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 much more praised hast thou been,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse.'
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III. Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother,
For where is she so fair whose uneard womb
Disparts the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV. Unthriftiness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of suns, 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 misused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V. Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on,
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'erthrown 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 bereft,
Nor is it nor 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 hand deface
In theedi thy summer, ere thou be distill'd;
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-killed.
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten times ten times refigur'd thee;
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

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VII.

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb’d the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden prismatic ray.
But when from highmost pitch, with weary ear,
Like feeble age, he recleth 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 unless, then get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hearest thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why loveth thou that which thou receivest not gladly?
Or else receiveth with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-toned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear.
They do but sweettly chide thee, who confoundst
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst hear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: ‘thou single wilt prove none.’

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow’s eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children’s eyes her husband’s shade in mind.
Look, what an unfrith in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty’s waste hath in the world an end,
And keep’d, the true, the false destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou hast loved to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovided.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none loveth is most evident;
For thou art possess’d with murderers hate
That ‘gainst thyself thou stick’st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauty’s roof to ruin
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodger than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth come.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase; [verstest.
Without this, folly, age and cold decay;
If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh featureless and rude, barrenly perish:

Look, whom she best endow’d she gave the more:
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the bracy day sink in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver’d o’er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer’s green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make.
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they others grow; [fence
And nothing ‘gainst Time’s scythe can make des.
Save breed, to brave him when he taketh thee hence.

XIII.

O, that thou were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty in which you fairest hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself’s decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of Winter’s day.
And barren rage of death’s eternal cold?
O, none but uninshts! Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of deariaths, or seasons’ quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By eil or no, as the issue of them is:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth’s and beauty’s doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check’d even by the self-same sky,
Vain in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this incessant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debating 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.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens yet unset
SONNETS.

With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers, Much liker than your painted counterfeit: So should the flues of life that life repair, Which this, Time's pencil, or my pippin pen, Neither in inward worth nor outward fair, Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself keeps yourself still, And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were full'd with your most high deserts? Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb Which hides your life and shows not half your parts. If I could write the beauty of your eyes And in fresh numbers number all your graces, The page to come would say this poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.

So should my papers yellow'd with their age Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue, And your true right be term'd a poet's rage And stretched metre of an antique song:

But were some child of yours alive that time, You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date: Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimm'd; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature's changing course outworn'd; But thy eternal summer shall not fade Nor lose possession of that fair thou owst; 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 whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time, To the wide world and all her fading sweets; But I forbid thee one most heinous crime, O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow, Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen; 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 accoutum'd 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 with that first created: Till Nature, as she wrought thee, tell a doting, And by addition of me 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 be mine.

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 this huge mundane seems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write, And then believe me, my love is as fair As my mother's child, though not so bright As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air: Let them say more that like of hearsay 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 the wise thou hast outlived I behold, Then look I death my days should expiate. For all that beauty that doth cover thee Is but the secoely raiment of my heart, Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me: How can I then be elder than thou art? O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary As I, nor for myself, but for thee will; Bearing thy love, which I will keep so chary As tender nurse her babe from faring ill. Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain; Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

As an unperfect actor on the stage Who with his fear is put besides his part, Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage, Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart, So I, for fear of trust, forget to say The perfect cure of lovers' love's disease; And in mine own love's strength seem to decay, O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might. O, let my books be then the eloquence And dumb presagers of my speaking breast, Who pleads for love and look for recompense More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ: To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

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 't is held, And perspective it is best painter's art. For through the painter must you see his skill, To find where your true image pictured lies; Which in my body's shape is hanging still, That hath his windows glaz'd 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 from a crown they in their glory die. The painful warrior famoues for his fight After a thousand form'd, the victor bold Is from the book of honour razed quite, And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd; Then happy I, that love and am belove! Where I may not remove nor be removed.
SONNETS.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knelt,
To thee I sent this written Augustage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit;
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul’s thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Thy whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect
And puts apparel on my tatter’d loving.
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect;
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body’s work is expire’d;
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul’s imaginative sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghostly night,
Makes black night beautiful and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr’d the benefit of rest?
When day’s oppression is not eased 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,
And 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 twinkle not thou gild’st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer
And night doth nightly make grief’s strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends press’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.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought
And with old woe new wail my dear time’s waste;
The thoughts of love in such a company
Are not so Shot as when the poet’s eye
For precious friends hid in death’s dateless night,
And weep afresh love’s long-since cancell’d woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o’er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if it not paid before,
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared 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 on my cheeks the sweetest seasons shed
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my loves gone over,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That thou of now many is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
[cover,
When that clurl Death my bones with dust shall fill
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 thou shalt see they be outstripp’d by every pen:
Reserve them for thy love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeding by the height of happier times.
O, than 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 he cloud do prove,
Theirs for their style I’ll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Platter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Aron permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Steeleling unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alas! he was but one hour mine:
The region cloud hath mask’d him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth
Suns of the world may stain when heaven’s sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth with my cloak,
To let base clouds o’ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
’Tis not enough that through the day thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-ridden face,
For no man well of such a sullen can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender’s sorrow leads but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence’s cross.
Ah! but these tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun.
And hastsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even 1 in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
SONNETS.

Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excessing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And against myself a lawful plea commence;
Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an necessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.
Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided love be one;
So shall those birds 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 spine,
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,
Lesst 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.

XXXVII.
As a decrepit 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 crowned sit,
I make my love engraven to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth so much substance give
That in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live;
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.
How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour’st it into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who’s so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old ninfe which rymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.
O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is’t but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not by sorrow long to have 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 last thou then more than thou hast before—
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief
Although thou stealst all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love’s wrong than hate’s known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with sipes; yet we must not be foes.

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.
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman’s son
Will sorely leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forsake,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lend thee in their riot even there.
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.
That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved 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 in me the wound that move 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 dapple bright in dark desire directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow’s form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day;
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee

XLIV.
If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injudicious 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 removed 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
must attend time’s leisure with my moon,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either’s woe.
SONNETS

XLIV. 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 where it listed might my soul amaze, And with my sense incredible make strong; That thoughts might with my wishes partake, My love, being made of four, with two alone Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy; Until life's composition be recored By those swift messengers return'd from thee, Who even but now return'd again, assured Of thy fair health, recounting to me: This told, I joy; but then no longer glad, I send them back again and straight grow sad.

XLVI. Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war How to divide the conquest of thy sight; Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar, My heart mine eye the freedom of that right. My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,— A closet never pierced with crystal eyes— But the defendant doth that plea deny And says in him thy fair appearance lies. To 'cide this title is impannead A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart, And by their verdict is determined The court doth render to thy heart's part: As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward grace, 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 now unto the other: When that mine eye is famish'd for a look, Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother, With my love's picture then my eye doth feast And to the painted banquet bids my heart; Another time mine eye is my heart's guest And in his thoughts of love doth share a part: So, either by thy picture or my love, Thyself away art present still with me; For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move, And I am still with them and they with thee; Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII. How careful was I, when I took my way, Each trike under trust bars to thrust, That I might use it wisely and free From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust! But thou, to whom my jewels trikes are, Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief, Thou, best of dearest and mine only care, Art left the prey of every vulgar thief. Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest, Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art, Within the gentle closure of my breast, From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part; And even thence will they be stol'n, I fear, For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX. Against that time, if ever that time come, When I shall see thee frown on my defects, When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum, Call'd to that audit by advised respects; Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye, When love, converted from the thing it was, Shall reasons find of settled gravity.— Against that time do I ensonce me here Within the guest-house of mine own desert, And this my hand against myself uprear, To guard the lawful reasons on thy part: To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws, Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L. How heavy do I journey on the way, When what I seek, my weary travel's end, Doth foreshow by strange casest why I refuse to say 'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!' The beast that bears me, tired with my wo, Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me, As if by some instinct the wretch did know His rider loved not speed, being made from thee: The bloody spur cannot the neck incite On that sometimes anger thrusts into his hide; Which heavily he answers with a groan, More sharp to me than spurring to his side; For that same groan doth put this in my mind; My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI. Thus can my love excuse the slow offence Of my dull bener when from thee I speed; From where thou art why should I haste me thence? Till I return of meeting of pestilence. O, what excuse will my poor beast then find, When swift extremity can seem but slow? Then should I spurr, though mounted on the wind; In winged speed no motion shall I know: Then can no horse with my desire keep pace; Therefore I desire, of thy waste being made, Shall neigh not 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 blocking the fine point of self-love 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 impalpable 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 ever 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 your Grecian tires are painted new: Speak of the spring and woof of the year. The one doth shadow of your beauty show, The other as your bounty doth appear; And you in every blessed shape we know, In all external grace you have some part, But you like none, you none 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 colour which doth in it live. The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye As the perfumed tincture of the roses, Hung on such thorns and play as wantonly When summer's breath their masked hues discloses: But, for their virtue only is their show, They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Sonnets.

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 distills thy truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
When you shall be at the commands of your vassals,
And broil root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.

*Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force: be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they sink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.

Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blight may be the view;
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor was I long in this jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure.
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
Oh, let me be thy self-denying knight,
The imprision'd absence of your liberty:
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury,
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell:
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
Oh, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame:
Whether we are mended, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given adorning praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toll all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Travels to maturity, where being crown'd,
Crooked eclipes against his glory righ,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And dolves the parapet in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open,
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
If so, thou dost desire my shroud should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps me ever awake.
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
Nor shape so true, nor form of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beautied and chopped with tanned antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were Iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injuries and crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
SONNETS.

When sometime lofty towers I see down-raised
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Innumerable roses lost their store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Raim hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower? O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out Against the weeful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays? O fearful meditation! where, ah, where, Shall Time's best jewel triumph? Time's own blood reald? Or what strong hand can hold his swift-foot back? Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy trummed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gallant honour shamefully misplaced,
And virtuous state in vices ill confin'd,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by turning away disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infections should he live,
And with his presence grace impaire?
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 poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleeces made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward paise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own
In other accents do this paise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And there, I guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, charles, their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show.
The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thon art blamed 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 shun be good, slender doth not approve
Thy worth the greater, being of woe of Time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou presentst a pure sustained prime.
Thus last pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Neither assiduous nor victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To thee the envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Then shall you hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilpest worms to dwell:
Nay, if ye read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than nagard truth would willingly impart;
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset faileth 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,
Sonnets.

As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong.
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXIV.
But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorit still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very best way to consuetate to this:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a retch'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.

LXV.
So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubting the itching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone.
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or glutting on all, or all away.

LXVI.
Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXVII.
Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste,
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouth'd graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady steals mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
Their offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall proft thee and much enrich thy book.

LXVIII.
So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And my dull muse their poesy dispense.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence in 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.

LXIX.
Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a wortlier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He leads thee virtue and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give
And found it in thy check; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXX.
O, how I faint when I of thee do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use thy name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tragical, speaking of thy fame!
But since thy 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 at last,
Whilst lie upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXI.
Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
My heart in earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes yet not created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breather of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXII.
I grant thouwert not married to my Muse
And therefore mayst without attainatt o'erlook
The dedicated vows 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 enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair worth truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better use
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXIII.
I never saw that you did painting need
And therefore to your fair no painting set:
LXXXV.

'Tis so, thou sayest; for whom making, not that but that, in reserve. Hearing was above. And that to myself I do, giving thee vantage, double-vantage me.

LXXXIV.

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. Lean penury within that pen doth dwell. That to his subject lends not some small glory; But he that writes of you, if he can tell That you are you, so dignifies his story. Let him but copy what in you is writ, Not making worse what nature made so clear, And such a copy show not so much wit, Making his style admired everywhere. You to your beauteous blessings add a curse, Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still, While comments of your praise, richly compiled, Reserve their character with golden quill And precious phrase by all the Muses filed. I think good thoughts whilst other write good words, And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen' To every lyric that able spirit affords In polish'd form of well-refined pen. Hearing you praised, I say 'T is so, 't is true,' And to the most of praise add something more; But that is in my thought, whose love to you, Though words come haphazard, holds his rank before. Then others for the breath of words respect, Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse, Bound for the prize of all too precious you, That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse. Making with me, when they tend to grow? Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write Above a mortal pitch, that strick me dead? No, neither he, nor his companions by night Giving him aid, my verse astonished: He, nor that affable familiar glow Which nightly gulls him with intelligence, As victors of my silence cannot boast; I was not sick of any fear from thee: But when your countenance fill'd up his line, Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing, And like enough thou know'st thy estimate; The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing; My bonds in thee are all determinate. For how do I hold thee but by thy granting? And for that riches where is my deserving? The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting, And so my patent back again is swerving. Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing, Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking; So thy great gift, upon misquision growing, Comes home again, on better judgment making. Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter, In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light And place my merit in the eye of scorn, Upon thy side against myself I'll light And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn. With mine own weakness being best acquainted, Upon thy part I can set down a story Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted, That thou in losing me shalt win much glory: And I by this will be a gainer too; For bearing all my loving thoughts on thee, The injuries that to myself I do, Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me. Such is my love, to thee I so belong, That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst 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. Then cannot, not, love, disgrace me half so ill, To set a form upon desired change. As I'll be my self disgrace thy will, I will acquaintance strange and look strange, Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell, Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong And haply of our old acquaintance tell. For thee against myself I'll vow deceit, For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now; Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross, Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow, And do not drop in for an after-loss: Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow, Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe; Give not a windy night a rainy morrow, To linger out a purpos'd overthrow. If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last, When other petty griefs have done their spite, But in the onset come; so shall I taste At first the very worst of fortune's night, And other strains of woe, which now seem woeful, Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill, Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force, Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill, Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse; And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure, Wherein it finds a joy above the rest: But these particulars are not my measure; All these I better in one general best. Thy love is better than high birth to me, Richer than wealth, ponder 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 mayst take All this away and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away, For term of life then 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 belows 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.
SONNETS.

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 mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place;
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
What'ere thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell,

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCVI.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweet dost thou thy sins enclose?
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispaise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth ever blight every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVII.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.

As on the finger of a throne'd queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So in another's eye that in thee are seen.
To truths translated and for true things deem'd,
How many lambs might the siren wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gaziers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do thou not; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVIII.

Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease;
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, though thy way, the mead be bare;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so droll a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
With mirth all bent to put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leapt with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,

Grew;

Or from their proud lap pluck them where they nor did wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vernilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all these,
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,

And with your shadow I with these did play:

XCVII.

The forward violet thus did I chide:

[smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
That not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marigolds had stoll'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stoll'n of both
And to his robbery had stoll'n 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 none could see
But sweet or colour it had stoll'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where,
Give my love time faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CII.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty love whose love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not happily say
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?'
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 'tis lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilted tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CIII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-
I love not less, though less the show appear: [ing;
SONNETS.

That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new and then but in the spring
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Phoebus in summer's front doth sing
And shaw's true music like a thing divine:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burtheneth every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold thy tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride
The argument all here is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not shifflil then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that ere was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-band,
Seal from his figure and no pace perceived;
So your sweet line, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived;
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred!
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so,
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wonderous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out diversity.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent;
Three themes in one, which wanders scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept sent in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest sights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the lazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you presaging;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposing as forfeit to an unkind doom,
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured.
And the sad angels mock their own presage;
Uncertainties now crown themselves assured
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, spire of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument.

When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same.
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hollow'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 age his page.
Finding the first cement of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my fable to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
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 preposterosely be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have 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 confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost every privy thought on men:
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 cisel 'gainst my strong infection;
SONNETS.

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.

CXXI.

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?
Your are as all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None dear to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel’d sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others’ voices, that my adder’s sense
To critic and to flatterer stopp’d are.
Mark how with my neglect I too dispense;
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXXII.

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 blind.
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the ne’er greas’d gentler sight,
The most sweet favour or deform’d st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature;
Incapable of more, replicate with you.
My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

CXXIII.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown’d with you,
Drink up the monarch’s plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigist
Such cherubins 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 seeing,
And my great mind most kindly drinks it up;
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
And to his palate doth paste like the cup;
If it be poison’d, ’tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

CXXIV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet now my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million’d accidents
Creep in ’twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
Tam sacred beauty, blunt the sharpest intents,
Divern’d wrong 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 incertaint,
Crowning the present, doubling of the rest?
Love is a bane: then might I not so say so?
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXXV.

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.
Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle’s compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXVI.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great-deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my willfulness 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.

CXXVII.

Like as to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
Of which though often we have cure,
Even so, being full of your ne’er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding
And, sick of well, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased ere that there was true need.
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.

CXXVIII.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill’d from timbecks foal as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes so many of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this maddening fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin’d love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return trampled many a contest
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXXIX.

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 myankindness shaken
As I by yours, you ‘ve pass’d a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer’d in your crime.
That our night of woe might have remember’d
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender’d
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXX.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem’d,
When not to be receive 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 adulator eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my faults the future tales base?
Which in their minds count 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 beaved;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their basness 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 razed 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 they my 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 hast lovest to us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever lie:
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 thy hate.
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent.
Wherefore to the invading time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretick,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

There's fault to me I bore the canopy,
With my extrem the outward honouring,
Or laid 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 forgery simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart.
And take thou my obligation, poor but true,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou born'ed informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

In the old age black was not count'ed fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the soul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such a moment, not born fair, not beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

How oft, when thou, my music, music 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 thy blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
Over whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Giveth them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hat'd, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Madd in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream; [well
All this the world well knows; yet none knows
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;
SONNETS.

I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.  
Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
For well thou know'st to my dear doating heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold  
Thy face keels not, yet power to be his love groin:  
To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place,  
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.  
Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart tormentes me with disdain,  
Have put on black and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey checks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
O, let it then as well beseech thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part.  
Then will I swear beauty herself is black  
And all they foil that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.  
Beshrew that heart which makes that heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou hast harder engross'd:  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
A torment thrice threefold 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;  
Whereat the world will laugh, and I shall fail;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gird;  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.  
So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous and he is kind:  
He learned but surely-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 I love best; thou hast both him and me:  
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.  
Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'  
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;  
More than enough am I that very thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus:  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
SONNETS.

Lest sorrow lend me words and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As lesty sick men; when their deaths be near,
No nurse their health from physicians know;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad.
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXL.
In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to date;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tyme delight;
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
Dissimile one foolish error from serving thee,
Who leaves unwav'd the likeness of a man,
The 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 thine virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
0, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproofing;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their sacred ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII.
Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe 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 mayst have thy 'Will,'
It 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
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be 'twill find
Suspect, yet not readily tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I never know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.
Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my face all state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate,' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is driven away;
'I hate' from hate away she throw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI.
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
These rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer death,
Paining thy outward and so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall we not rather the西亚 her serve,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store.
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dress;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men;
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.
My love is as a fever, longings 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.
Full cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen'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 left,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair wherein my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's. No.
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistakes my view;
The sun itself see not till heaven clears.
[blind,]
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.
Cass! thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
All of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hath thee that I do call my friend?
Or who's shown true thou that I do swear upon?
Say, if thou know'st in me, do 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 lovest, and I am blind.

CL.
O, from what power hast thou this powerful might  
With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill  
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor.  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:  
It thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CL.
Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
Last guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove;  
For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My tender part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love: flesh stays no farther reason;  
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, full by thy side.  
No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.
In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,  
In act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing;  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty? I am perjuried 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 perjuried I,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.
Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:  
A maid of Diana's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.
The little Love-god lying once asleep  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by.  
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,  
Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
For men diseased: but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plentiful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sat-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The caress of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth began,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fall rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sord's age.

Oft she heave her napkin to her eye,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In 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 tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gaze mend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distracted commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride
For some, mituck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threads fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.
Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sish'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Ciack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find tlieir sepulchres in mud;
Found vet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,

Whether the horse by him became his deed.
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

Witli sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed,andseard to curious secrecy.

To

'

But quickly on

His

real

this side the verdict

habitude gave

life

went:

and grace

appi'rtainiugs and to ornament,
Accoin|)lisird in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their jilace.
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

Tliese often bathed she in her fiuxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
lilood, tliou register of lies.
What unapproved witness dost thou liear!

Cried 'O false

.So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and qiiestidn deep.
All replication prompt, and reason strong.
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make tlie weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will
'

Ink would liave seem \1 more black and damnedhere!'
Tliis said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A

reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh
.Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
court, of city, and had let go by
Tlie swiftest hours, observed as they flevsr
Towards this affiicted fancy fastly drew.
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief tlie grounds and motives of her woe.

Of

.So slides

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexesboth enchanted.
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted
'

Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogued for him wliat he would say,

he down upon his grained bat,

And comely-distant sits he by lier side;
When he again desires her, being sat.

Ask'd their own

'T

is

wills,

and made their

wills obey.

Many there were that did
To serve their eyes, and in

Her grievance with his liearing to divide
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,

his picture get,
it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which aliroad they find
Of lands anil mansions, tlieirs in thought assign 'd;
And labouring in moe jileasures to bestow them
Thau the true gouty landlord which doth owe them
'

promised in the charity of age.

Father,' she says, ' though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour.
Let it not tell your judgment I am old
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.
'

;

So many have, that never tonch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart..
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part.
What with his art in youth, and j'outh in art.
Threw my affections in his cluirmed power.
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.
'

But, woe is me too early I attended
it was to gain my grace
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place
And when in Iiis fair parts she did abide,
.Slie was new lodged and newly deified.
'

—

!

A youthful suit —

'

His browny locks did hang

And

in

crooked curls;

every light occasion of the wind

Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What 's sweet to do. to do will aptly find:

Demand

'

Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind.
For on his visai;-e was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.
Small sliow of man was yet upon his chin
His phcenix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin

But, ah,

who

ever shunn'd by precedent

The destined ill she must herself assay V
Or forced examples, 'gainst lier own content.
To put the liy-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'

;

(uit-braggM the web it seemVl to wear:
his visage by that cost more dear ;
nice affections wavering stood in doubt

Wliose

Yet did I not, as some my equals did.
of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks budded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remainM the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.
'

;

liare

Xor

gives it satisfaction to our blood,
it ujmn others' proof;
be forliod the sweets lliat seem so good.
For fear of harms that preacli in our iielKjof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste.
Though Eeason weep, and cry ''It is thy last."
'

Yet showM

That we must curb

And

To

If best

were as

it

was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form.
For maiden-longued he was, and thereof free
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft w ixt ^^ay and A]ii'il is to see,
Wlien wnids I'reathe sweet, mindy though they
His rudeness so with Ids authorized youth
'

Did

be.

livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well coidd he ride, and often men would say
" That liorse his mettle from his rider takes:
'

rriiUil of subjection, noble by the sway,
AViiat rounds, wliat liounds,wliat course, what

And

controversy hence a question takes,

864

I could say " This man 's untrue,"
the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew.
Saw how deceits were gilded in his sndling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art.
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.
'

't

stophe

[makes

!

For further

And knew

'And

long upon these terms I held

Till thus he

my

city.

gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,


A LOVER’S COMPLAINT.

If have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That’s to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call’d unto,
Till now did ne’er invite, nor never woo.

All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind;
They sought their shame that 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 liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign’d, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood:
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the enrison’d mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp’d in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously inpleach’d,
I have received 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 amply
Each stone’s dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond,—why, ’t was beautiful and hard,
Where to his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objecks manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon’d, smiled or made some maon.

Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your obligations be,
Since they their altar, you enpatron me.

O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow’d with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys;
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in compound sums.

Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But, O my sweet, what labour is’t to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?;
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle ‘scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put forth Reck Eche’s eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.

How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o’er them, and you o’er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail began,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love’s arrows are peace, ’gainst rule, ’gainst sense,
’gainst shame, and
Sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The ales of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding gums they pine;
And supplicant their signs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make ’gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell’d on my face;
Each check a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow’d apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinguish hath.

For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even thence resolved my reason into fears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft’d,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appeared to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison’d me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenteous of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either’s aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:
That not a heart which in his level came
Could ‘scape the hail of his all-hurtling aim,

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THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies, 
That she might think me some untried youth,  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years best past the best,  
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love's ill rest.

But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
And wheretoe say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus another's be.

II.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
That like two spirits do suggest me still;  
My better angel is a man right fair,  
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspict I may, yet not directly tell:  
For being both to me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell:  
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee;  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd, I cure all disgrace in me.

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what folly is not so wise  
To break an oath to win a paradise?

IV.

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 show'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 conceit,  
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:  
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;  
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend.

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,  
Which to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,  
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

V.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
When Cytherea, all in love forform,  
A longing tanniance for Adonis made.

Under an osier growing by a brook,  
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:  
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wisely as this queen on him.

He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:  
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood?'

VI.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle; Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rust; A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her, None fairer, nor none fairer to deface her. Her lips to mine how often she join'd, Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing! How many tales to please me hath she coin'd, Dreaming my love, the loss thereof still fearing! Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings, Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth; She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth; She framed the love, and yet she fôld'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.

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! Speaker 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 When as himself to singing he betakes. One god is god of both, as poets feign; One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,* * * Paler for sorrow than her milk-white hood; For Adon's sake, a younger proud and wild; Her hand she takes upon a steep-up hill: Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds; She, silly queen, with more than love's good will, Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds: 'Once,' quoth she; 'did I see a fair sweet youth Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar, Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth! See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.' She show'd hers; he saw more wounds than one, And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded, Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring! Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shadèd! Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting! Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree, And falls, through wind, before the fall should be, I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have; For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will: And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave; For why I craved nothing of thee still: O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee, Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VENUS, with young Adonis sitting by her Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him: She told the youthful how god Mars did try her, And as he fell to her, so fell she to him. 'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me.' And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unclaspèd 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!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together: Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care; Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather; Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare. Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short; Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold; Youth is wild, and age is tame, Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee; O, my love, my love is young! Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee, For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good; A shining gloss that vadedeth suddenly; A flower that dies when first it gius to bud; A brittle glass that's broken presently; A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower, Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found, As vaded glass no rubbing will refresh, As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground, As broken glass no cement can redress, So beauty blandish'd once's for ever lost, In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share: She bade good night that kept my rest away; And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care, To descant on the doubts of my decay, 'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow.' Fare well I could not, for I snipp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile, In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether: 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile. 'T may be, again to make me wander thither: 'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself, As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east! My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise Both cite each moving sense from idle rest. Not daring trust the office of mine eyes, While Phollomen sits and sings, I sit and mark, And wish her lars were tuned like the lark; For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty, And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night: The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty; Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight; Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow. For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon; But now are minutes added to the hour: To spite me now, each minute-tuns a moon; Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers! Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow; Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.
SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[XVI.]  
It was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of three,  
That liked of her master as well as well might be,  
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye  
could see,  
Her fancy fell a-turning,  
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love  
did fight,  
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:  
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite  
Unto the silly damsel!  
But one could not be refused; more mickle was the pain  
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,  
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain;  
Alas, she could not help it!  
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,  
Which by a gift of learning did bear the mail away:  
Then, jollably, the learned man hath got the lady gay;  
For now my song is ended.

[XVII.]  
On a day, alack the day!  
Love, whose mouth was ever May,  
Spield 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:  
Yow, alack! for youth unmeet:  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,  
Thon for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiop were;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII.]  
My flocks feed not,  
My ewes breed not,  
My rams speed not,  
All is amiss:  
Love's denying,  
Faith's denying,  
Heart's renying,  
Causer of this.  
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,  
All my lady's love is lost, God wot;  
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
There a may is placed 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 speeding,  
Franghted with gall;  
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;  
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
My sighs so deep  
Procure to weep,  
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
How 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 their dye;  
Hers 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 Jove is dead.  
Farewell, sweet lass,  
Thy like ne'er was  
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:  
Poor Corydon  
Must live alone;  
Other help for him I see that there is none.

[XIX.]  
When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And staid the deer that thou shouldest strike,  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as fancy partial might:  
Take counsel of some wiser head,  
Neither too young nor yet unwed.  
And when thou commest thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with tided talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—  
A cripple soon can find a halt;—  
But plainly say thou lov'est her well,  
And set thy person forth to sell.  
What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:  
And then too late she will repent  
That thus dissembl'd her delight;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.  
What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say,  
'Had we 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
ere thy desert may merit praise,
ringing in thy lady's ear;
the strongest castle, tower, and town,
he golden bullet beats it down.

weep always with assured trust,
I in thy suit be humble true;
cess thy lady prove unjust,
ss never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
o 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 doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough, too much, I fear;
Lest that my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to round me 't the ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

[xx.]
Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.
If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry mouth of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish mien,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast upon a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, tereu,' by and by:
That to hear her so complain,
Scarcely could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Seneless trees they cannot hear thee:
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
Kemp Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lap'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering
'Pity but he were a king:'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have 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.

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THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

Let the bird of londest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precursor of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'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 loved, 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' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threnos
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENO"S.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Tw was not their infirmity,
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.
GLOSSARY TO SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

Abate, v.t. to shorten. M. N's Dr. iii. 2.
Abate to cast down. Cor. iii. 3. To blunt. R. iii. 4.
Abatement, n. diminution. Lear. i. 4.
Abide, v.t. to sojourn. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Abide, v.t. to expiate (a corruption of "Aby"). J. C. iii. 1; Ibid. iii. 2.
Abled, v.t. to uphold. Lear. iv. 6.
Abridgment, n. a short play. Ham. ii. 2.
Abroad, v.t. to brook, abide. 2 H. VI. ii. 4.
Abroge, v.t. to abridge. Sh. & T. i. 1.
Absolute, adj. positive, certain. Cym. iv. 2;
Ham. v. 2. Complete. Temp. i. 2.
Absence, v.t. to deceive. Lear. iv. 7.
Absence, v.t. to deception. M. for M. v. 1.
Abys, v.t. to expiate a fault. M. N's Dr. iii. 3.
Abys, n. abyss. Temp. i. 2.
Acute, v.t. to cite, summon. 2 H. IV. v. 2.
Accuse, v.t. accusation. 2 H. VI. iii. i.
Achieve, v.t. to obtain. H. V. iv. 5.
Acknowledge, v.t. to be known is to be
acknowledged. Oth. iii. 3.
Acquittance, n. a receipt or discharge. Ham. iv. 2.
Action-taking, adj. litigious. Lear. ii. 2.
Acture, v.t. action. Lover's Com.ii.
Addition, n. title. All references. All's Well.
H. iii; T. & C. r. i. 2.
Address, n.t. to prepare oneself. 2 H. VI.
v. 2; Ham. i. 2.
Addressed, adj. port. prepared. Ls's L. i. i.
Advance, v.t. to prefer, promote to honour. Tim. i. 2.
Advertising, v.t. to admonition. Much Ado.
&c. v. i.
Advertising, pr.p. attentive. M. for M.
v. 1.
Advises, v.t. consideration, discretion. Two
Gen. ii. 4; M. for M. v. 1.
Advises, v.t. sometimes read, sometimes re#
flect, to consider, reflect. Tw. N. iv. 2.
Advisation, n. pleading advocacy. Oth.
i. 4.
Affered, v.t. to intend. Merrv Wives, iii. 4.
Affer, v.t. to love. Merry Wives, ii. 1.
i. 5.
Affray, v.t. to affiance. 2 H. VI. iv. 1. To trust.
T. A. i. 1.
Affront, n.t. In front. 1 H. IV. ii. 4.
Affrighted, v.t. looking in amazement. 1 H.
VI. i. 1.
Agility, n. the small figure engraved on a
jewel. Tam. of S. 1. 2.
Agility, v.t. to acknowledge, confess. Oth.
ii. 5.
Agood, adj. a good deal, plentifully. Two
Gen. iv. 4.
Ahold, adj. a seat-temp. Temp. i. 1.
Alyer, n. the nest of a bird of prey. R.
iii. 3.
Alm, n. a guess. Two Gent. iii. 1.
Alm, v.t. to attempt. test, make proof of.
Merry Wives, ii. 1.
Alyer, v.t. to almhouse. Two Gent. ii. 5.
Alm, n. to approve. Tw. N. i. 2.
Almors, v.t. approval. Cor. iii. 2.
Ammor-ness, n. two axes, the lowest throw
of the dice. All's Well, ii. 3.
Amort, v.t. glad, dejected. Tam. of S. iv. 3.
Am, conj. is. Much Ado. i. 1.
Anchor, n. an anchorite, hermit. Ham.
iii. 2.
Ancient, n. an ensign-bearer. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
Angel, n. a coin, so called because it bore
the image of an angel. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Answer, v.t. by night. As You like it, ii. 4.
Anteater, v.t. renovation. Cym. v. 3.
Anti-judging, n. a cannibal. Merry Wives, iv. 5.
Austrich, n. the old in the plays. R. II.
iii. 2.
Austere, adj. a cave. Oth. r. 3.
Auest, n. heir-apparent. Wint. Tale, i.
2.
Appeal, v.t. to accuse. R. i. i.
Appeared, v.t. made apparent. Cor. iv. 3.
Apple-john, n. a kind of apple. 1 Hen.
iv. iii. 3.
Appointment, v.t. preparation. M. for M.
iii. 1.
Apprehension, n. opinion. Much Ado.
iii. 4.
Apprehensive, adj. apt to apprehend or
understand. J. C. iii. 1.
Approbation, v.t. approbation, proof. All's
Well, i. 2; Temp. ii. 5.
Approve, v.t. torove. R. ii. i. 3. To justi
fy, make good. Lear, u. 4.
Approver, n. one who proves or tries. Cym.
ii. 4.
Arch, v.t. chief. Lear, i. 1.
Argal, a ridiculous word intended for the
Latin Ergo. Ham. v. 1.
Argentine, adj. silver. Per. v. 2.
Argier, v.t. Algiers. Temp. i. 2.
Argo, n. originally a vessel of Ragusa or
Ragusa; hence any ship of burden. M. for M.
v. 1.
Argument, n. subject. Much Ado. ii. 3.
Armiger, n. a mistake for Armiger. the
Latin for Equire. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Arount, n.t. found only in the imperat.
mood, get thee gone. Mac. iii. 2; Lear. iii. 4.
Arrow, v.t. in a row. Com. of E. v. 1.
Articulate, v.t. to enter into articles of
agreement. Cor. i. 3; v.t. to exhibit in ar
ticles. 1 H. IV. v. 1.
Ask, v.t. to require. 2 H. VI. vi. 2.
Aspect, v.t. regard, looks. A. & C. i. 5.
Aspiration, n. a straight path. Cym. v. 3.
Assay, v.t. to attempt, test, make proof of.
Merry Wives, ii. 1.
Assy, v.t. to assay. M. for M. iii. 1.
Assy, v.t. to attempt, test, make proof of.
Merry Wives, ii. 1.
Assy, v.t. to attempt, test, make proof of.
Merry Wives, ii. 1.
Asswego, n. an ass. T. & C. r. ii. 1.
Assy, v.t. to assay. T. & C. r. ii. 3.
Assurance, v.t. to assure. Assurance.
M. for M. ii. 4.
Atomy, n. an atom. As You like It, iii. 2.
Atomy, v.t. to seize, lay hold on. Temp.
iii. 3; Com. of E. iv. 1.
Attack, v.p. to take task. [reprehended.
Lear, r. 1.
Attend, v.t. to listen to. Temp. i. 2; M. of
V. v. 1.
Attend, v.t. attentive. Ham. i. 2.
Attend, v.t. to employ as an agent. M.
for M. v. 1. To perform by an agent.
Wint. Tale, i. 1.
Audacious, adj. spirited, daring, but with
out any note of blame attributed to it.
Ls's L. v. 1.
Avery, adj. angry. Mac. iii. 4.
Authentic, adj. clothed with authority.
Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Avaunt, n. be gone, a word of abhorrence.
Com. of E. iv. 3.
Ave, n. the Latin for bale; hence accla-
mination. M. for M. 1.
AveMary, n. the angelic salutation ad-
dressed to the B. Virgin Mary. 2 H. VI.
iii. 1.
Averring, v.t. confirming. Cym. v. 5.
Aweful, adj. worshipful. Two Gent. iv. r.
Awekward, adj. contrary. 2 H. VI. iii.
2.
Baccaene, n. keep back. Tam. of S. ii. 1.
Backward, v.t. the hinder part; hence,
when applied to time, the past. Temp. i. 2.
Banked, v.p. heaped, as on a ridge. 1 H.
IV. i. 1.
Ballooe, n. a cudgel. Lear, iv. 6.
Balm, v.t. the oil of consecration. R. H.
iv. 1; 3 II. vi. iii. 1.
Bann, n.t. to curse. Lucr.
Banks, n.t. to sail by the banks. John, v. 2.
Barm, v.t. yeast. M. N's Dr. ii. 1.
Bartr, n. a child. 1 H. IV. ii. 3.
Barnacle, n. a shell-fish, supposed to
produce the sea-bird of the same name.
Temp. iv. l.
Base, n. a game, sometimes called Prison-
ners' base. Cym. v. 3.
Bases, n. an embroidered mantle worn
by knights on horseback, and reaching
from the middle to below the knees.
Per. ii. 1.
Basilisks, n. a kind of ordinance. 1 H.
IV. 3.
Basta, n. (Italian) enough. Tam. of S. i. 1.
Bastard, n. a wine. M. for M. iii. 2.
Bat-fouling, n.t. catching birds with a
clap-net by night. Temp. r. 1.
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GLOSSARY.

End, sb. 'Still an end,' continually for ever. Two Gent. iv. 4.
Energy, n. to place in possession in fee simple. T. IV. iii. 2.
Engine, sb. a machine of war. T. & Crit. iii. 3.
Engulf, sb. to swallow speedily. Tim. ii. 2.
Engrossment, sb. Immoderate acquisition. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Enkindle, v.t. to make keen. Mac. i. 3.
Enmect, v.t. to shut up, as a hawk is shut up in a mew. M. for M. iii. 1.
Ennemy, v.t. to cover as with a fort. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Entertain, v.t. encounter. H. V. i. 2. Experience. A. & C. ii. 7.
Entertainment, sb. treatment. Temp. i. 2. A disposition to enter a proposal. Merry Wives, i. 3. Service. All’s Well, iv. 1.
Entreatments, v.t. interviews. Ham. i. 3.
Ephesians, sb. a toper, a cant term. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Equipage, sb. attendance. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Erewhile, adv. a short time. Since you like it, n. 4.
Eseed, v.t. to pay a man’s reckoning, to maintain. Ham. ii. 2.
Especerance, sb. hope, used as a war-cry. 1 H. IV. v. 2; T. & Crit. v. 2.
Exploit, sb. a scout or spy. 1 H. IV. vi. 3.
Estimation, sb. conjecture. 1 H. IV. i. 3.
Esteem, sb. estimate. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.
Et cetera, sb. of ancient. Mac. iii. 2.
Even, adv. a coequal. Ham. v. 1.
Dignity, n. to equal. All’s Well, i. 3; Cym. iii. 4.
Exinum, v.t. to question. All’s Well, iii. 5.
Excreet, sb. that which grows outwards from the body and has no sensation, like the hair or nails. L. & L’s L. v. 1; Ham. iii. 4. Any outward show. M. of V. iii. 2; Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Exeunt, adj. an execution. Tit. & C. i. 2.
Exempt, adj. excluded. 1 H. VI. ii. 4.
Exercise, sb. a religious service. R. III. iii. 2.
Exhale, v.t. to bale or draw out. R. III. i. 2. When he drew the sword. H. V. i. 1.
Exhibition, sb. allowance, pension. Two Gent. i. 3.
Exigent, sb. death, ending. I. H. VI. v. 5.
Exil, sb. ridiculously used for ‘action.’ 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
Expect, v.t. expectation. T. & Crit. i. 3.
Expediences, sb. expeditions, undertaking. A. & C. i. 7. haste. R. II. ii. 1.
Expedient, adj. expeditions, swift. John, ii. 1.
Expiate, p.p. completed. R. II. ii. 3.
Expositulate, v.t. to expound, discuss. Ham. ii. 2.
Exposure, sb. exposure. Cor. iv. 1.
Express, v.t. to reveal. Wint. Tale, iii. 2.
Exspulse, v.t. to expel. I. H. VI. iii. 3.
Exsufflicate, adj. that which has been halel’d off, contemptible. Tw. iii. 3.
Extingual, sb. to exting. A. & C. i. 7.
Exten, sb. a seizure. As you like it, iii. 1.
Extenu, adj. outward. Oth. i. 1.
Extirp, v.t. to extirpate. M. for M. iii. 2.
Extint, sb. extinguish. H. V. i. 1.
Extravagant, adj. extravagant. 3 H. VI. ii. 2.
Extravagant, adj. foreign, wandering. Oth. i. 1.
Extravene, sb. extravagant of conduct.

Eye, sb. a nestling hawk. Ham. ii. 2.
Eyewinker, sb. a nestling of the musket or Merlin, the smallest species of British hawk. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Eye, sb. a glance, tellid. Temp. i. 2.
Eyes, sb. a show of color, as in shot silk. Temp. ii. 1.
Eye, sb. pl. eyes. L. & L’s L. v. 2.
Faciliar, ad. wicked. All’s Well, iii. 3.
Fault, sb. guilt. Wint. Tale, iii. 2.
Factions, sb. instant, importunate. J. C. i. 3.
Facially, sb. essential virtue or power. H. V. i. 3.
Fudge, v.t. to suit. Tw. ii. 1.
Failing, sb. a kind of ending to a song. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Faln, adj. glad. 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
Fail, sb. gladly. Lear, i. 4.
Fair, sb. beauty. As you like it, iii. 2.
Falter, sb. a traitor. 2 H. IV. ii. 4.
Fall, v.t. to let fall. Temp. ii. 1.
Fame, sb. faw-couloured. Merry Wives, i. 1.
False, sb. falsehood. M. for M. ii. 4.
Falsifying, adj. deceptive. Com. of E. ii. 2.
Familiar, sb. a familiar spirit. 2 H. VI. i. 2.
Fancy, sb. All’s Well, v. 3.
Fancy-free, adj. untouched by love. M. N’s dr. ii. 2.
Fang, v.t. to seize in the teeth. Temp. iv. 3.
Fantastic, sb. a fantastical person. R. & J. ii. 4.
Fap, adj. drunk. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Far, sb. farther. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
Fare, sb. stuffed. H. V. iv. 1.
Fardel, sb. a burden. Wint. Tale, iv. 2.
Fartious, sb. used ridiculously for ‘virtuous.’ Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Fast, sb. assuredly, unalterably. M. for M. iii. 3; 2 H. VI. v. 2.
Fast, adj. dull. I. H. IV. i. 2.
Favour, sb. countenance. M. for M. iv. 2; Complexion. T. & Crit. i. 2. Quality. Lear, i. 2.
Fear, sb. the object of fear. Ham. iii. 3.
Fare, v.t. to afflict. A. & C. ii. 6.
Fearful, adj. subject to fear. Timon. i. 2.
Fears, sb. dexterous. Cym. v. 8.
Feat, v.t. to make fine. Cym. i. 1.
Feaver, sb. comp. degree, more neatly. Temp. ii. 1.
Feathering, sb. nimbly, daintily. Temp. i. 2.
Feature, sb. beauty. Cym. v. 5.
Federacy, sb. confederate. Wint. Tale, ii. 1.
Feeder, sb. agent, servant. As you like it, ii. 4.
Flegat, sb. a grief held, as it were, in face-simple, or the peculiar property of whom it possesses. Mac. iv. 3.
Fees, sb. a companion, husband, T. & C. ii. 5.
Fen, v.t. to make, as you like it, iii. 4.
Fenestrated, adj. used ridiculously for ‘vaneson.’ Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Fellow, sb. assiduously, unalterably. M. for M. iii. 3.
Fellow, v.t. to fright. A. & C. ii. 6.
Fellowship, sb. an ornament. L. & L’s L. iv. 3.
Finding, sb. ornament, disguise with ornament. M. for M. iv. 2.
Flush, sb. fresh, full of vigour. A. & C. i. 4.
Folly, sb. defeat, disadvantage. Temp. iii. 1.
Foul, v.t. to fence, fight. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Foulen, sb. plenty. Temp. i. 1.
Fond, sb. foolish, foolishly affectionate. Oth. iii. 3; iv. 1.
Footloose, sb. a saddle-clot hanging down to the ground. 2 H. IV. iv. 7.
Four, for, conj. for that, because. M. for M. i. 1.
F orbid, pp. accused, outlawed. Mac. i. 3.
Forsake, sb. forbidden. Lover’s Com. Device, v.t. to stuff, for ‘fear.’ T. & C. v. 5.
Forfeit, pp. falsely attributed. Wint. Tale, ii. 2.
Fordo, v.t. to kill, destroy. Lear, iii. 3.
Forgive, v.t. to forgive. Merry Wives, ii. 3.
Forswear, v.t. to swear, to your word. M. & N’s dr. vi. 2.
Forsewer, sb. obliged to live abroad. H. VIII. ii. 2.
Forset, v.t. give. All’s Well, v. 3.
Forestall, v.t. to delay. 3 H. IV. i. 3.
Forfrond, v.t. forbid. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Fortification, sb. invincible. 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
Forked, v.t. bored. Wint. Tale, i. 2; Oth. iii. 3.
Formal, adj. regular, retaining its proper and essential characteristic. Com. of E. v. 1; A. & C. ii. 8.

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Albuzs, vb. noise, commotion. as you like it, iv. 3.

Albuzs, vb. frugality, Mac. ii. 11.

Aral, adj. in. management, M. of V. iii. 4.


Icebrook, vb. an icy-cold brook. Oth. v. 2.

Iceaks, vb. in faith, a euphemism, Wint. Tale. i. 2.

Iceaks, vb. ignorance. 1. H. iv. v. 4.

Iceage, vb. representation, Ham. iii. 2.

Icebare, vb. to bare, lay open, H. v. 1. 2.

Icebarb, vb. close connexion. Lear. v. 3.

Icebemend, adj. unimportant. A. & C. v. 2.

Icebemend, vb. to.Value, Mac. iv. 3.

Icebemend, adj. not capable of being cut. Mac. v. 7.

Icebruise, vb. intimate. Lear. ii. 2.


Icebruise, vb. imagination. Mac. i. 3.

Icebruise, vb. an intimate friend. M. for M. iii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. Intemperance, H. v. 4. 1.

Icebruise, adj. lawless, licentious. Cym. iv. 2.

Icebruise, vb. iteration. 1. H. iv. v. 2.

Icebruise, vb. a mean fellow. R. iii. i. 3.

Icebruise, vb. a puppet thrown at in. Lear. Mac. v. 5.

Icebruise, vb. to keep a job in office. Cor. v. 2.

Icebruise, vb. to hold with contempt. H. viii. iii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. to iteration. 1. H. iv. v. 2.

Icebruise, vb. to tick as a clock. R. ii. v. 5.

Icebruise, vb. to prance. R. ii. v. 5.

Icebruise, vb. to strip of leather attached to the talons of a hawk, by which it is held on the perch. Mac. iii. 3.

Icebruise, vb. to tilt a tournament. R. ii. i. 3.

Icebruise, vb. to strut. Tw. n. v. 5.

Icebruise, vb. daily. Cym. iv. 2.

Icebruise, vb. appertaining to Jove. Cym. v. 4.

Icebruise, vb. critical. Merry wives, i. 3.

Icebruise, vb. to agree. 1. H. iv. 2. r. vb. to hazard. Cym. v. 4.

Icebruise, vb. hazard. A. C. iii. 8.

Icebruise, vb. exactly, exactly. Oth. ii. 3.

Icebruise, vb. to judge. Lear. iii. 6.

Icebruise, vb. to enter. R. iii. n. 4.

Icebruise, vb. to project. Mac. i. 6.

Icebruise, vb. to cut out beyond. H. vi. v. 1.

Icebruise, vb. youthful, young man. Ls. L. i. 2.

Icebruise, adj. crooked. Cor. iii. 1.

Icebruise, vb. hemlock. H. v. 1.

Icebruise, vb. a lump of tallow, H. vi. 1.

Icebruise, vb. to skin. Ls. L. v. 2.

Icebruise, vb. to restrain. Two Gent. iii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. to hold, custody, Tam. of S. ii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. Caesar, Emperor. Merry wives, i. 3.

Icebruise, vb. the rude foot soldiers of the Irish, Mac. i. 2.

Icebruise, vb. a child. H. ii. n. 1.

Icebruise, vb. a dish. 2. H. iv. 1.

Icebruise, vb. a wife, used in disdain. All's Well, n. 3.

Icebruise, vb. the ash-hole under a kiln. Merry wives, iv. 4.

Icebruise, vb. to crack, M. of V. iii. 1.

Icebruise, vb. a boy. J. C. iv. 3.

Icebruise, vb. a figure in garden beds. R. ii. i. 4.

Icebruise, vb. to acknowledge. Mac. ii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. lips. Merry wives, r. 1.

Icebruise, vb. a courtier. Two Gent. i. 1.

Icebruise, vb. the lowest of the people. T. A. iii. 6.

Icebruise, vb. late, behind hand. R. iii. ii. 1.

Icebruise, vb. to some, perhaps to extirpate; Hamlet thinks it means to kill by stopping the urine. Wint. Tale. ii. 1.

Icebruise, vb. p.p. taken, apprehended. Tw. N. iii. 3.

Icebruise, vb. adj. licentious, free. Much Abo. iv. 1.

Icebruise, vb. a present, Tam. of S. ii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. adj. deserted by a mistress. Temp. iv. 1.

Icebruise, vb. to smear. M. N. Dr. iii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. to catch. Mac. iv. 2.

Icebruise, vb. belated. A. & C. iii. 9.

Icebruise, vb. made of brass. Merry wives, 1. 1.

Icebruise, vb. a mansion court. Oth. iii. 3.

Icebruise, vb. vb. to allege. Tam. of S. ii. 2.


Icebruise, vb. an ambassador resident abroad. M. for M. iii. 1; Cym. i. 6.

Icebruise, vb. a lover or mistress. 2. H. iv. v. 3.

Icebruise, vb. adj. measure. Ham. ii. 1. That which may be cast in Lent. R. ii. & 4.

Icebruise, vb. the farewell or moral at the end of a tale or poem. Ls. Ls. L. iii.

Icebruise, vb. to hinder. Tw. n. v. i. vb. to hinder. Ham. i. 2.

Icebruise, vb. blemish. H. v. v. 2.

Icebruise, vb. death. J. C. ii. 1.

Icebruise, vb. to slim. M. of V. ii. 1; R. iii. iv. 4.

Icebruise, vb. that which is aimed at. H. viii. 1.

Icebruise, vb. adj. ignorant, foolish. R. iii. i. 3.

Icebruise, vb. adj. wickedly. 2. H. vi. ii. 1.

Icebruise, vb. a person. Merry wives, v. 5.

Icebruise, vb. a leopard. Ls. Ls. L. v. 2.

Icebruise, vb. adj. licentious. Two Gent. iii. 1; Oth. iii. 1.

Icebruise, vb. libertinism. T. A. iv. 1.

Icebruise, vb. licentiousness. M. for M. iii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. dear. 2. H. vi. i. 1.

Icebruise, vb. to Theft. C. ii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. a tune so called. Two Gent. i. 2.

Icebruise, vb. adj. easily, generally, Com. of E. iv. 4; R. iii. i. 1.

Icebruise, vb. vb. to please. R. iii. iii. 4; Lear. ii. 2.

Icebruise, vb. to liken, compare. 1. H. vi. i. 4.

Icebruise, vb. adj. likely. M. for M. i. 1.

Icebruise, vb. Iesly, Promise, R. iii. 4.

Icebruise, vb. condition. 1. H. iv. iii. 3.

Icebruise, vb. an embankment, a still, Mac. i. 7.

Icebruise, vb. a place where good men under the Old Test. were believed to be imprisoned till released by Christ after his crucifixion. All's Well, v. 3; H. viii. v. 3.


Icebruise, vb. to entangle with bird-line. Tw. N. iii. 4. To smear with bird-line. 577.
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Occurrent, sb. an incident. Ham. v. 2.
Od's body, intrj. I. II. IV. 1.
Od's heartlings, Merry Wives, iii. 4.
"Od's in these and all similar exclamations is a euphemism for 'God's.'"
Oblivion, sb. an amorous glance. Merry Wives, i. 3.
O'erposed, p.p. having too important a part to act. L's's L. v. 2.
O'er-part, p.p. overreached. Com. of E. i. 2. Overtasked, Ham. iii. 4.
Oflies, sb. benefit, kindness. All's Well, iv. 4. Use, function. H. v. ii. 2.
Old, adj. a cant term for great, as we say fine, or pretty. Merry Wives, i. 4; Mac. ii. 3.
Ode, sb. some time. Merry Wives, iii. 4.
Odor, sb. a banker. I. IV. iv. i. A doubtful word.
Oyen, adv. open. Com. of E. iii. 1. T.
Ozy, adv. to open. II. VI. 3. r. to open. M. v. 2.
Open, r. to give tongue as a hawk. Merry Wives, ii. 4.
Openly, adj. active. Tim. iv. 3.
Opposite, sb. adversary. Tw. n. iii. 4.
Opposition, sb. combat. Cym. iv. 1.
Ora, adj. before. Mac. iv. 3.
Order, sb. measures. Com. of E. v. i; H. v. iv. 5.
Ordinance, sb. rank. order. Cor. iii. 2.
Orgent adj. proud. Pnd. to T. & Cr. ort, leaving, refuse. Tim. iv. 3.
Ostentation, sb. show. Appearance. Much Ado, iv. i; Cor. i. 6.
Ouace, sb. a beast of prey of the tiger kind. M. N's Dr. ii. 3.
Ouphe, sb. a fairy. Merry Wives, iv. 4.
Ouise-cook, the blackbird. M. M. Dr. iv. 3.
Out, adv. all out, fully. Temp. i. 2.
Outlook, sb. to face down. John, v. 2.
Outward, adj. not in the secret of affairs. All's Well, iii. 1.
Outside, sb. outside. Cym. i. 1.
Owe, sb. to own. Tem. i. 1.
Pack, r. to practise unlawful conferency. Much Ado, v. 1; Tam. of s. v. 1.
Pack, sb. a number of people confederated. R. iii. iii. 3.
Padlock, sb. a toed. Mac. i. 1.
Palette, sb. words, a cant term, from the Spanish. Much Ado, iii. 5.
Palo, sb. to enclose. A. & C. ii. 7; H. v. v. Ch.
Pall, r. to wrap as with a pall. Mac. i. 5.
Palmer, sb. one who bears a palm-branch, in token of having made a pilgrimage to Palestine. R. & J. i. 5.
Pallet, sb. a victory. Ham. i. 1.
Paretel, sb. p.p. belonging to individuals. R. iii. ii. 2.
Pard, sb. the leopard. Temp. iv. 4.
Partlor, sb. an apothecary. L's's L. iii. 1.
Partless, adj. perilous. As you like it, iii. 2; keen, shrwd. R. iii. iii. 1.
Parted, p.p. endowed. gifted. T. & Cr. iii. 3.
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Stibby, sb. a smith’s forge. Ham. ill. 2.
Stilly, v.t. to force. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Stoical, adj. or n., or thrast in fuming. Merry Wives, ii. 1.
Stock, sb. a stocking. Tam. of S. iii. 3.
Stoneloves, sb. a crossbow for throwing stones. Tw. N. ii. 5.
Stomp, sb. a step. Tw. N. ii. 3.
Stont, adj. strong, healthy. Tim. iv. 3.
Stover, sb. fodder. Temp. ii. 8.
Strongy, adj. A word of doubtful meaning. N. ii. 5.
Striige, sb. striifeness. Tim. Tale, iv. 4.
Strangeenes, sb. coyness, reserve. T. & Cr. iii. 3.
Stranger, sb. foreigner. Ham. VIII. ii. 3.
Stripped, sb. A kind of punishment. 1. H. ii. 4.
Stricture, sb. strictness. M. for M. i. 4.
Strovers, sb. tavers. H. v. iii. 7.
Stuck, sb. a thrust of a sword. Ham. iv. 7.
Stuffed, sb. stuffing of stew. N. iii. 4.
Style, v.t. to lodge as in a stay. Temp. 1. 2.
Subscribe, v.t. to yield. Lear, i. 2. to succeed. T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Successive, adj. succeeding. 2. H. v. iii. 1.
Successively, adv. in succession. 2. H. iv. 4.
Suddenly, adv. hastily. R. iii. iv. 1.
Sufferance, sb. suffering. M. for M. iii. 1.
Suggest, v.t. to tempt, entice. Alim. iii. iv. 5.
Suggestion, sb. temptation, enticement. 2. H. iii. 3.
Suit, v.t. dressed. All’s Well, i. 1.
Suave, v.t. to please. Cor. iii. 2.
Success, sb. cessation, end. Mac. i. 7.
Surprise, v.t. to capture by surprise. 2. H. vi. 4.
Succevi, p.p. over-worked. H. v. iii. 5.
Suspect, sb. suspicion. R. i. 3.
Suspire, v.t. to breathe. 2. H. iv. iv. 4.
Sweeber, sb. a sweeper of the deck of a ship. Temp. ii. 2.
Sweeter, sb. a sweeter that carries provisions on a journey. Lear, ii. 4.
Suppose, sb. a trick, imposition. Tam. of S. v. i.
Supposed, p.p. counterfeit. Tam. of S. i. ii.
Sureness, v.t. to cease. Cor. iii. 2.
Surese, sb. cessation, end. Mac. i. 7.
Surely, adv. hastily. R. iii. iv. 1.
Surly, sb. The same as ‘swarth.’ T. & Cr. iv. 1.
Swathing, adj. swaddling. 1. H. iv. ii. 2.
Sway, v.t. to move on. 2. H. iv. iv. 1.
Swear, v.t. to adjure. Lear, i. 1.
Swear over, v.t. to out-swear. Wint. Tale, iv. 5.
Sclose, adj. ready, quick. Much Ado, iii. 1.
Swing-bucker, sb. a bully. 2. H. iv. ii. 2.
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As when a giant dies—Men. for M. 60
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World. 'To go to the world' is to get married. Much Ado, ii. 1. So 'a woman of the world' is a married woman. As you Like it, v. 3.
Worm, sb. a serpent. M. for M. iii. 1.
Worse, adj. worse. Temp. iv. 1.
Wrest, sb. an instrument used for turning a harp. T. & C. iii. 3. Writ, sb. gospel, truth. Per. ii. (Gower).

Wrong, p.p. twisted, strained. 1 H. IV. ii. 1.
Wry, v.t. to swerve. Cym. v. 1.

Yare, adj. ready. Used as an int. 'be' being understood. Temp. i. 1.

Yarely, adv. readiness. Temp. i. 1.
Yestead, p.p. clad. 2 H. VI. i. 1.
Yearn, v.t. to grieve. v. 3. Merry Wives, iii. 5; R. ii. 5.
Yellosome, sb. jealousy. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Yelowsb., a disease of horses. Tam. of S. iii. 2.
Yom, sb. a sheriff's officer. 2 H. IV. ii. 1.
Yond, adj. and adv. yonder. Temp. i. 2.

Zang, sb. a clown, gull. L's L's L. v. 2.

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