240 SHAKESPEARE (W.) Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the True Original Copies, folio

_Lond._ printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623 700 0 0

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William Shakespeare

Engraved from the Folio Edition.
THE COMPLETE
DRAMATIC AND POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
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.

PHILADELPHIA:
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COLLINS PRINTING-HOUSE.
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 STEEVES ON THE SUBJECT, 1773—RECENT AWARENEMENT TO THE IMPORTANCE OF THE INQUIRY—ORGANIZED EFFORTS IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS TO RESCUE FROM OBLIVION WHATEVER IN THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE HAS NOT ABSOLUTELY PERISHED—SUCCESS OF THESE LABORS.

To the observer of our literary history, who stands at the head of King James's reign, and looks down the current towards the present time, the very first object in the foreground is one proudly eminent—an object not unlike the pyramid of Cheops, as seen by the traveller, which, whether you go up or down the Nile, whether you penetrate its rich valley from the east over the sand-hills of Arabia, or from the west across the trackless desert of Sahara, from whatever quarter of the horizon you approach, is the first object to strike, the last to fade from the vision. So is it here. Whether we approach the year 1660 travelling backwards from the names of Longfellow, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and Scott; or descend towards the same point from the author of Piers the Plowman, Chaucer, Wyatt, Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser, whether we cross the current of our literature by a transition from that of Germany, France, Spain, Italy, or the Orient, from whatever quarter of the literary horizon we direct our gaze towards the point indicated, one object stands proudly eminent, 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 in the ascendent. His star is confessedly higher and brighter now 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.

Steevens, one of the most famous of the Shakespearian editors, said, over one hundred years ago (1773): “All that is known with any degree of certainty of Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there, went to London, where he commenced actor; wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.”

This statement, at the time it was made, was substantially true. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the English nation, at the end of a century and a half from the death of their greatest author, knew less of his life, if less were possible, than we now know of Homer’s, after the lapse of nearly thirty centuries. It is, in fact, in comparatively recent times only that the lives of men of letters have been counted as forming any important element in the history of a race. If a man fought a battle, or negotiated a treaty, or held a place at court, or was prominently connected in any way with the civil or military administration
of the government, if he was even toady to some
titted dowager, his life was thought to be of some
public importance; he formed a noticeable integer in
the sum total of the national history. But to write a
play, or to make a discovery in science, was thought
to concern mainly the obscure dwellers of the Grub
Street of the day, even though the discoveries of the
one might revolve within the whole fabric of human
affairs, and the creations of the other might help to
mould the thoughts and manners of the race until the
ending doom. But a change has come over the
thoughts of men in this matter. We have at last
opened our eyes to the fact that the literature of a
race contains in it that which has made the race what it
is. Those great thoughts which, in the course of centuries, have been developed by its master minds, are
the moving springs that have set the race onward in
its career of civilization. The man of thought is
father to the man of action. Great ideas precede
and cause great achievements. The ideal Achilles made
the real heroes of Marathon and the Granicus.
In the Anglo-Saxon race, from the days of Alfred until
not, men have greatness originated. These
successive generations, have given birth to ennobling
thoughts, which continue to endure, and which are
perpetuated, not only in the language, but in the race
itself. We are what these great thinkers have made us.
Englishmen and Americans of to-day are living
exponents of thoughts and truths elaborated by the
illustrious dead. In the literal sense, indeed, no lineal
descendant of Shakespeare remains. His blood de-
sendants all died out within the generation that
followed his own death. But in a higher and better
sense, his true spiritual life-blood, "those thoughts
that breathe and words that burn," pulsates at this
day in the veins of more than a hundred millions of
men, his blood-kin of the English-speaking race, whose
diction and whose thoughts and impulses and
whose actions, consciously or unconsciously, have
perceptibly taken tone and color from the man who
was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, a little more than
three hundred years ago.

No wonder, then, that, under the quickening
influence of this new method of estimating values in
human history, the steadily growing fame of the great
dramatist, and the still more popular interest in his
work and his life, has made it very easy to satiate
curiosity to learn something more of his personal
story, to gather from the "ruins of time" some
precious relics of that once noble edifice. The zeal and
critical acumen displayed in this investigation have
probably never been surpassed in any new literary
dertaking. These labors, though late, have not
been entirely without success. Many important facts
relative to Shakespeare's life have been ascertained
since the death of Stevens, some even within the last
few years. The principal facts which have been thus
exhumed, have been gathered from legal documents,
from registers of births, deaths, marriages, baptisms;
from corporation records, wills, title-deeds, tax-lists,
and the like. From such sources, vague statements,
which before rested on mere tradition, have, in some
cases, been definitely disposed of, in others, have been
defined and established, while many facts entirely new have
been rescued from oblivion. In this way a somewhat
connected and consistent series of facts has been made
out, constituting a skeleton for a biography. The
filling out—the flesh and fulness—has been on this
wise: wherever, in the whole range of contemporary
literature, a passage has been found, describing the
private life and manners of any one similarly situated,
it has been eagerly seized as showing one of the pos-
sible ways in which Shakespeare may have spent his
time. Shakespeare thus has ceased, on the one hand,
to be a collection of absurd and contradictory tradi-
tions; and, on the other, has become something more
than a mere tissue of dates and legal entries. He has
become, indeed, to some reasonable extent, personally
known.

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE OF SHAKESPEARE, WHY IMPORTANT—JOHN
SHAKESPEARE, THE FATHER, what is KNOWN OF HIM
—name and genealogy of the Shakespeares,
REPUTABLE CHARACTER OF THEIR HISTORY—MARY
AREN, THEIR YOUTHFULNESS, BELONGING
TO THE LANDED GENTRY—NAME AND GENEALOGY
OF THE ARDEN'S, THEIR HONORABLE HISTORY—HAPPY
MARRIAGE OF JOHN SHAKESPEARE AND MARY ARDEN,
THEIR SETTLEMENT IN STRATFORD, AND SOCIAL
POSITION THERE—PECUNIARY AFFAIRS AND OFFICIAL
DISTINCTIONS OF JOHN SHAKESPEARE.

THE date of Shakespeare's birth is not exactly known.
The nearest approach to it that we have is the day of
his baptism, which is found in the parish register of
Stratford. He was baptized April 26, 1564. As bap-
tism in those days followed close upon birth, the prob-
abilities are that Shakespeare was born within three
or four days of the date of his baptism; and as the 23d of April is the day assigned to St. George, the
tutelary saint of England, Englishmen have been not
unwilling to assume that Shakespeare was born on
that day. Moreover, unvarying tradition—which
must be allowed its weight of authority where historic
evidence is wanting—has uniformly assigned the 23d
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. Of
Shakespeare's parentage we now know several
important particulars,—important, because they con-
tradict and set aside some of the absurd traditions
respecting the poet himself. To the intelligent com-
prehension of the problem of Shakespeare's author-
ship, it is necessary to know something of his original
condition in life,—whether he was of gentle blood or
common origin; whether, in the technical sense of the
word, he was educated or was merely self-taught, can
make his writings neither worse nor better. But the cir-
cumstances of his birth and education, his manner of
living and his means of knowledge, do affect materially
the inferences which may be drawn from his writings.
They are essential conditions in the problem of his
authorship.

John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, was origi-

* Holinshed d. bet. 1578 and 1582, Harrison d. 1600 (2).
that many of them are able and do buy the lands of unthrifty gentlemen, and often settling their sons to the schools, to the universities, and to the Inns of Court, or to Stratford, before the year 1551, and engaged there in trade of some kind, made purchases of 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 in 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." Camden, under the same date, 1605, says that many ancient families are named "from that which they commonly carried; as, Palmes, that is, Pilgrim, for that they the peregrinants carried from Jerusalem; Long-sword, Broad-spear, Forfescue (that is, Strong-shield), and in some such respect, Breakspear, Shake-speare, Shot-bolt, Wagstaff." Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," 1662, refers to the "warlike sound of his (the poet's) surname, whence," he says, "some may conjecture him of a military extraction.—Hants-evidens, or Shakes-pere's." 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 Bosworth field is only thirty miles from Stratford, and one of Shakespeare's ancestors, or an ancestor of William, seems to have been among those who fought in this battle, and who was thus enriched with possessions and goods. It is furthermore a matter 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 1599, and afterwards confirmed in 1599, in which it is recited 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 reputation and credit." The coat-of-arms thus granted to the family contains a gold spear, headed with silver, on a shield, and on a field, and also for its crest a falcon brandishing a spear. Spenser, in a passage generally believed to refer to Shakespeare, calls him Action, a name formed apparently from the Greek ακίνης, 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-speare. The poet's mother was, in her own words, 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, 1600.
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 very 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 sees the mass sung and sees the beads bidden. 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-

by his wisdom her doubts and perplexities about public affairs are kindly resolved. But ecclesiastical and agricultural affairs are not the only topics discussed under this lonely roof-tree; and so, in due season, and not far from the time when Mary, the Queen, was expiring, and with her the Catholic worship was again disappearing, as the established religion of England, Mary Arden and John Shakespeare were standing before the altar of the parish church of Aston Cantlow, and the house and lands of Asbies became thenceforth administered by one who took possession of the same by the right of the said Mary.

One thing at least is certain. The parents of Shakespeare were neither the ill-bred nor the ill-conditioned people they are generally reputed to have been. On the contrary, they were persons of substance, of reputable descent, and in comfortable circumstances, 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.
CHAPTER III.

THE SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, ITS IDENTIFICATION AND HISTORY—EVIDENCE IT AFFORDS IN REGARD TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF SHAKESPEARE'S BOYHOOD—BAPTISMAL AND 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 1561, 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 1829, the last of that line who bore the name having been 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, and is now 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 properties 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, 1566; 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 lead 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, no cause at least for the existence of such morbid 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 bailiff, or chief alderman, once a fortnight held a court. There was also a court-leet, which appointed "ale-tasters," a class of officers to prevent fraud in the quality of that important element in an Englishman's comfort. The court-leet appointed also affeeors, whose duty it was to punish citizens for various minor offences for which there was no express provision in the statutes. Last, there was the constable, an officer of no little consideration in such a town. John Shakespeare, the father of William, held successively all these offices. He was on the jury of the court-leet in 1556, an ale-taster in 1557, a burgess in 1558, a constable in 1559, an affeeor in 1560 and again in 1561, an alderman in 1565, and high-bailiff or chief magistrate in 1568. William was in his fifth year when his father was at the height of his municipal distinction.

One thing is noticeable in regard to this gradual elevation of John Shakespeare in the social scale. In all the registers where his name occurs prior to 1571, he is recorded simply as John Shakespeare, in one place 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 Shakespeare, as 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 tales 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
acquired a tenement and garden adjacent, in Henley Street, and also a tenement with a garden and croft [small enclosed field] in Grenehyll Street, both in Stratford. In 1557 or 1558, he acquired by marriage the estate of Asbies, sixty acres of land and house, three miles from Stratford; also, by inheritance, some landed property at Snitterfield, three and a half miles from Stratford. In 1570, he held, as tenant under Sir William Clotpton, a meadow of fourteen acres, at an annual rent of £8 (≈ $200 then). The inference from these facts is unmistakable. John Shakespeare was at one period living upon his own land, and renting the land of others, 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 operations, and also kept a shop in his house, where he 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.

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.

STRAFORD-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, known as the free Grammar School or “school of Edward IV.”

**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,
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 knowledge 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 sometimes in Italian. The classics usually read were Cæsar, 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 and Greek. It is doubtful whether, in any public grammar school then existing in England, a boy could begin Greek without a familiar acquaintance with at least Cæsar, 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 done in my own school days. So far as the dictionary 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 very 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 element 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 scholarship,—meaning by that term acquaintance with languages,—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. Uneducated men of genius, like Buonarotti, have of course a larger vocabulary. But even in their ease the number of different words used by them 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 acquainted 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, excel others in the range of their vocabulary. Milton, for instance, who was eminent as a scholar, uses in his poetical 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 convincing proof of scholarship could not well be conceived.

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 productions of Shakespeare, accordingly, those written soon after he had left school, betray unmistakably the classical scholar. Compare them with those of any untaught 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 contrivance, 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 fabule. Would a inexperienced village youth have ventured on such subjects, in addressing a nobleman like Southampton, distinguished alike for his own scholarship and for his patronage of scholars? All of Shakespeare'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 pedantry of his contemporaries, Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, who made open show 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 copier. As he proceeded in his work, and acquired maturity of power and of art, his mind was in his less frequent use of classical allusions and in the wonderful nicety with which the allusions actually used 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 sometimes coins, he shows not only singular facility of invention, but unfailing correctness. Milton himself does not walk with more assured tread than does Shakespeare, whenever lie has occasion to resort to classic lore. And then how wonderfully steeped with beauty are these classical words and ideas, after having passed through his subtle brain! How purely classical, yet with a grace how entirely his own, is that exquisite 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, however, 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 completeness with which he enters into the life of the ancients, as in the Roman plays, where he seems to be actually co-existent with Cæsar and Pompey, with Brutus and Cassius, with Antony and Cleopatra. It is not possible to believe that this intimate knowledge of the "very form and pressure of the time" in these old Roman days, came from copying extracts from school grammars and lexicons, and reading the wretched translations of Thomas Piaer 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 universities, he had the continued instruction of a learned clergyman, himself a graduate of Cambridge. There
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 began 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 TEACHING 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, CATECHISMS AND MANUALS OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IN HIS BOYHOOD WAS DRILLED; (b) 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 SUBJECT, 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 "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. In Shakespeare was of course born... 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 incontrovertibly that John Shakespeare was, outwardly at least, a Protestant during all the time of William's boyhood, for by the statute of Edward 1st, 1588-9, 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 reformed. The year, 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 known to the English church, was the hard, bald Doric of old Sternhold and Hopkins; these were the Psalms to which without doubt his boyish ears were attuned. Indeed, 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 pure English, perfectly familiar to the youthful Shakespeare. The portions of Scripture which he heard from the Prayer-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 household 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 Prayer-Book. This Absey Book, so-called from A B C, is the Rhode Island 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, were the Distaff, and, beyond the Prayer-Book, the 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 as that occupied 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...
manuals to his pupils. It is morally certain then that Shakespeare condescended 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 that most familiar household 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 thoughts, it is worth while to mention. They were: "The books, the academicians." (Lord's Letter, IV. iii.) Shakespeare devoured them from his early draught 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 Boistauet.

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 lived in or near the neighboring town of "Caerleir," 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 studied by the youthful bard may be inferred from the fact that three-fourths of all his great historical plays were founded upon 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 Robinwa, 1519. This was a famous story book of those days. It was a vast storehouse of monkish and mediæval legends, full of fiction 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 fable of King Lear.

6. *Regimund Scudder's Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. This work, with its infinite details and wild stories of witches, fairies, holgoblins, and other uncanny folk, must have had a strange fascination for the mind that has given us the weird sisters of *Macbeth*, Ariel 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 Regimund Scudder's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, we can no more doubt 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 was immersed, and in which it 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 bust, 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, tunny-scarfed boy never went far from his neighborly town, nor dwelt 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 deposed 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 of a thoughtful boy in that spring-time of life when the thick-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 ale drank 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 village. 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 sitting 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 rememberestSince once I sat upon a promontory,And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's backUttering such dulcet and harmonious breathThat the rude sea grew civil at her songAnd certain stars shot madly from their spheres,To hear the sea-maid's music: 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 tookAt a fair vestal chaste, by the west,And loosed his love-shaft smiting from his bow,As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaftQueenly'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...
to Shrewsbury, where the Hotspur Percy was slain, and the Scotch Earl Douglas taken, and minute touches in Shakespeare's description of the fight 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 sweetest Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury." (Richard III., 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, "in those eight pieces and passages [of the battle] yet fresh in memory, by reason that some persons thereabout, 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 Shakespeare's day, the first romance 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 Earl of Richmond made his panegyrical oration to his army (Richard III., V. iii.); [also] by divers pieces of armor, weapons, and other warlike accouterments, and by many arrow-heads now found, whereby about twenty years since [1644] great arrows were dug up, of which some I have now in my custody, being of a long, large, and big proportion, far greater than any now in use; as also by relation of the inhabitants, who have many occurances and passages yet fresh in memory." Let it be remembered in this connection that of 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. 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. Bosworth Field lies in these eight pieces and passages of English history. Portland, in his Henry VI., Part II., well says (p. 169) that Shakespeare's history, like that of the play on the field, is "by the sword won, not by the pen." Shakespeare's knowledge of archery and other field sports often comes out in his writings. In the Venus and Adonis, for instance, the practiced 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.i.)

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 1580, Shakespeare being then sixteen years old. A short distance from Stratford, about a mile from the little village of Biford, 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 Biford 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 DEER-STEALING, HOW FAR IT IS TO BE CREDITED.

THERE is another somewhat circumstantial tradition of Shakespeare's deer-stealing, 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 boisterous 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, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redbilled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was required to have 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—his marriage at 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 luce (Lat. lucius, O. Fr. lus) meant a pike, a kind of fish, and that three white luces 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 “loosie,” which was also sounded “lusee,” and thus brings out the provoking idea which so nettled the provincial dignitary. The stanza is as follows:

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

Shakespeare certainly at no period of his life was above this sort of quibble, and in his Merry Wives of Windsor (I. i.) 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 inimitable portrait of Justice Shallow:

Shall. All his ancestors that come after him
May give the dozen white luces in their coat.
Shall. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses 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.

I 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 proof very nearly to Shakespeare’s day. 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-

lishing the banns. This feature of the license seems to imply haste, and, taken in connection with some other circumstances, makes it certain that the marriage itself took place very soon after, distinctly in the same day. The marriage license is dated November 28, 1582, Shakespeare being then a little over eighteen years and seven months old.

Under head of May 26, 1582, two days less than six months, the parish register of Stratford contains this entry: Baptized, Susannah, daughter to William Shakespeare.

Connected with this marriage is another circumstance, also accredited by public documents, from which countless conjectures have been drawn, according to the teeming fancies of readers. The Stratford register says that Shakespeare’s wife was buried August 8, and her tombstone says that she died August 6, 1623, aged sixty-seven years. Now, had Shakespeare lived till August, 1623, he would have been aged but fifty-nine years, or nearly eight years younger than his wife. In other words, the passionate and imaginative boy of eighteen was married to one in the full and matured womanhood of twenty-six.

In connection with this we are reminded also that in Shakespeare’s will, which is very minute, mentioning and providing for all the other members of his family, and even some of his neighbors and of his dramatic associates, his wife’s name, in the original draft of the will, did not once occur, the one item in which it does occur being an interlineation, showing it to have been an afterthought, and bequeathing her merely his “second-best bed with the furniture.”

Nor is there in all his writings a line or a word which can be certainly affirmed to have been inspired by her, unless it be that significant thought in Twelfth Night (II. iv.):

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so were she to him,
So always she level in her husband’s heart.

—words of warning which some critics have been wicked enough to hint might have been suggested by his own bitter experience.

It is but just to say, before dropping this disagreeable part of the subject, that there are many plausible theories for mitigating and even reversing the ordinary judgment upon this transaction. The evidence is complete that the ceremony of Iland-fasting, or Troth-plight, duly made before competent witnesses, was then popularly considered as nearly, if not quite, equivalent to formal marriage; and parties thus betrothed lived together openly, and without scandal, as man and wife, before the formal marriage ceremony in church took place. Shakespeare himself, in Winter’s Tale, speaks of illicit intercourse before “Troth-plight” in the same manner as of illicit intercourse before marriage, putting the two on an equality. The charitable presumption, say those who admit this view, is that Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway were thus troth-plighted, and considered man and wife, months before their formal marriage. Certain it is that no breach of scandal on this account has reached us from the gossips of his own time. The marriage license that has been referred to, it is further to be noticed, is attested by the seal of Richard Hathaway, the father, showing his presence and assent to the transaction. There is, moreover, documentary evidence to show that this Richard Hathaway and John Shakespeare, the father of William, were personal friends, doing neighborly acts for each other in the way of business; that Richard Hathaway, Jr., the dramatist, two years senior of Shakespeare, and his associate in literary dramatic work, was in all probability Shakespeare.
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 nuptial ceremony and the married life of the parties; and finally, that by English law the wife had her widow's portion, and was thus amply 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 hearthstone. 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. During his 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 the last to be the home of his affections. Had there been any such indication 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 springtime 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 haste thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?

Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will';
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no far hearers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

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.

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 wavy concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blush'ning stand!
To be so tickled need not change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom (which) thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips,
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

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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 sentiment here expressed are surely not those of man toward 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, 1585, 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 eldest 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 1569 to 1580, that is, from the fifth to the seventeenth year of William Shakespeare. In 1569, when his father John Shakespeare was chief magistrate or Bailiff, there was a payment of 2s. to the Queen of Players, and of 12d. to the Earl of Worcester’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 Worcester’s Players 3s. 4d. In 1579, my Lord Strange’s men, at the commandment of the Bailiff, 5s., and the Countess of Essex’s Players 14s. 6d. 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. Wiltes, 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. Wiltes 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 at 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 him, and the aldermen and common council of the city; and that is called the Mayor’s Play, when every one that will comes 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, rocked him asleep, that he snorted again, 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 man with his mask on, and 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, when all the Court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost of men with his mask, at the further fearfull blow upon the cradle, whereas 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 persuade in the jest 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 1654, saw a child’s play exhibition in the town of Gloucester, I do not find it at all difficult to believe that when, in 1569, 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 jest; 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
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, ruddy it may be, but on that chord 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 tale 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 Eolian harp when kissed by Zephyrus, or that which opens the throats of the feathered tribes when warm airs and genial skies warm them into melody. It was nature herself prompting her favorite son to his appropriate 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 in 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 1588, 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 Ilyowell 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 Phillipps, John Heminge,
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Chapter X.

Beginning of Shakespeare's Career, His Rank as an Actor — Very Recent Documents on this Subject — In what Manner His Career as a Dramatist Began — Social Humiliations of the Actors and the Dramatists at that Time — Evidences That Shakespeare Felt This keenly — His Social Habits — “Wit-Combats” Between Him and Ben Jonson, at the Mermaid — One Reason Why Such Obscurity Exists in regard to the Date of the Composition of the Different Plays — His Interest in Preventing the Publication of the Plays — Character of the Early Quartos — The True Editor Princeps.

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 heretofore supposed to exist. In the document just unearthed by Haliwell, 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 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 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 £6 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
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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 one of the most characteristic marks of his plays.巩固 himself by his performances.

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 Lowin, 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 as prescribed 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 three or four 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 up and improving plays already extant. The drama, about the duties of the actor, 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 surelyilda beneath the stars is seen.
When wasteful war shall statues statues overturn,
The living record of your memory,
Gentle is this record, fair and honest enmity.
Shall not write your name nor blazon it so large
Even in the eyes of all posterity.
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

Bearing in mind this 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,
Guiltless goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer’s hand.

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 traditions 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, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, 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 engaged by a natural transition, which has been 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 this, and age about part of his the dates, 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 this theatre was not in the open fields, many of the playgoers coming from the city would reach 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 life, and under his own direction, is proof rather of his third, than of an original neglect on his part, of which it has been generally ascribed. In 1623, seven years after his death, two of his friends and fellow-actors published his plays in a large folio volume, from the original copies then in the theatre. This publication is regarded as the true Editio 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 each. We know from a comparison of dates, 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 these 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 at this latter date being thirty years old. 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 poets of the day looked 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 of those 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 contemporary record by Rowland Whyte, who says of Southampton and his companion Lord Rutland, "They pass away the time in London merly 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 step-son, 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 documents 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 made 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 the young earl'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 older 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 poet's accounts 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) EXTRAVAGANT NUMBER OF EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS PUBLISHED DURING HIS LIFE-TIME; (b) 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, abounding 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 1593, 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 the space of a year. The 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 author who, at fifty-two, notwithstanding studious and interested endeavors on his part to keep his chief works out of the hands of the printers, should yet find on 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 Tennyson and Longfellow are not better known to the book-trade than was Shakespeare, mutatis mutandis, 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, 1600, has no less than ninety extracts from Shakespeare. Bel-VALUE, or Garden of the Muses, also in 1600, has several extracts from Shakespere. 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 Kilcolman 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. Of his return to Ireland, this passage in 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 her selfe and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
While all the wits and jolly sight
Is also dead, and in dolefull drench.

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 bonnie and sweet Nectar flowes,
Soorming the boldness of such base born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throwe,
This rather chooseth to sit in idle Caleb.
Than so himselfe to mockerie 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 secrility 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 even as 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 ACTION:
A gentler shepherd may no where be found,
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Both like himselfe heroically sound.

Edward Spenser.

Poets have in all ages been regarded as genus irritabile,—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 revered, but to be loved. Milton, whose epithets are never given at random, speaks of "our Shakespeare," and "my Shakespeare." Leonard Digges speaks of "our Shakespeare." His fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, in bringing out the first Folio, speak of "our Shakespeare." Ben Jonson says "Sweet
Swo\n
Swan of Avon," "my Shakespeare," "my gentle Shake- parre." Spenser, in the passage first quoted, speaks of "our pleasant Willy," and "that same gentle spirit." So here, when in speaking of Aein, he says, a "gentler shepheard than mine," and implies, in a fashion (not to be found,) it seems but natural to infer that he means the same genial, love-inspiring spirit.

Another expression deserves notice. The Muse of Aexion, it is said, does "like himself heroically 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. Shakespeare called it a "comparison," 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,—S|asti-vibrans, or Shake-scene;" 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 heroically 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 "fall of high thoughts’ invention." This too is supposed to be 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.

Shakespeare’s own admiration for the poet-lau nate, found expression in a remarkable sonnet, pub lished in the Passionate Pilgrim, and addressed to a friend who was equally an admirer of Doveland, a famous English musician of that day:

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),
To live the one, and love the other.
Doveland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Then lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus’ lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
When he is singing, sweet Obedience
One god is god of both, as poets folyt;
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 noto rious 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 life, he wrote a tract called A Great's Worth of Wit; Bought with a Million of Repenance. It was addressed to "those gentlemen his quodam 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, he must 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-minded men, all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like [unto] me, sought those hurrs to cleare; those puppetts [the actors] I mean, that speak from our mouthes, and that in that fancy. It is not strange that I, to whom all have beene holding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger’s heart ered in a Player’s side, supposes it well to Bombast out a blank verse, as the beautie of vs; colouring an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country."

Here Greene is in ill temper with some young up start, who, at first only a player, has presumed to write also for the stage, and who is obviously supplant ing 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 begin ning to supersede his predecessors and contemporaries, and to excite in consequence their jealousy and hatred. Thus we have the first hints of the cruel, satirical, and especially instructive — Johannes Factotum, literally, a 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 remark able 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 as well as 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 tainted 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 and "absolute Johannes Factotum."

Greene’s Groat’s 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, refer ring 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 Shake speare is especially as already suggested, namely, that he was a man of genius, possessed of good temper, thrift, 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 Chettle a few years later refers to Shakespeare again, under the name of Melibert, taking him to task for not sounding the praises of Elizabeth, at the time of her death.

Nor doth the silver-tongued Melibert
Drop from his honied muse one vable tear,
To mourn her death that grace'd his desert,
And to his lakes open'd her royal eyes:
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her rake, done by that Tarquin, Death.

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

Though Ostioline have dearly bought
To high renowne, a lasting life;
And found—that most in valne have sought
To have—a fair and constant wife,
Yet Tarquin pluck'd his glistering grape.
And Shake-scene 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 Oratour, be a devine poet indee; and use heavenly eloquence indee; and employ thy golden talent with amounting usance indee; and with heroicall cantoes honour right vertue, and have brave valour indee; as noble Sir Philip Sidney, and gentle Maister Spenser have done, with immortall Fame; and I will bestow more complements of rare amplifications upon thee then ever any bestowed upon them; or this Tongue ever affoord'd.

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 1598, 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 to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
Her chaste denial, and the tyrant's rage.
Acting her passions on our stately stage.
She is remember'd, all forgetting me.
Yet as fair and chaste as ere she was.

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, 1606, contains remarks on several contemporary poets — Spenser, Constable, Lodge, Daniel, Watson, Drayton, Davis, Marston, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Churchyard. Of Shakespeare the following is said:

Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece' rape.
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbling 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. Of 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 beray his credit.

"Burbage. It's a shrewd fellow, indeed."

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

Ad Gulkiteum Shakespeare.

Hone-tong'd Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue, I swore Apollo got them, and not the muse, Their rose-taimed features cloth'd in tissue.
Some heaven-born goddesse: said to be her mother. Rose-check't Adonis with his amber teases.
Faire fire-hot Venus charming her to love her; Chaste Lucinda, virgin-like her dress'd.
Proud lusty-string Tarquin, seeking still to prove her: Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not, For thousands vowe to them subjective dulce.
They burn in love, thy child's Shakespeare hath this. Go, wo thy Muse! more Nymphish 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 Barnfield writes:

"And Shakespeare, thou whose hony-flowing Valne
(Feasing the world) thy praises doth obtaine,
Whose Venus and whose Lucrece (sweete and chaste)
Thy name in fame's immortal Books have plac't,
Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever; 
Well may the body dye; but Fame dies never."

In this same year are other incidental notices, either of Shakespeare himself, or of some of his writings. But we 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 fulness and explicitness, and because, from his very occupation 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 Palladii Tanae, or Wits Treasury, was published in 1598. It was a text-book for schools, giving a brief sketch 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 — Lilly, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Nash, Heywood, etc. After quoting the Greek and Latin poets who had the same 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, Dyer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, and so on. Referring to the exquisitum monumentum of Horace, he says, we have 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 gorgeouslie invested 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 soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete, wittie souls of..."
Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sacred Sonnets among his private friends, &c."

"As Eplius 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 Latines, so Shakespeare among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witness his Cittizen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's labour's lost, his Love's labour's wonne, his Midsummer-nights dreame, 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."11

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 of English genius, of which names 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 only in the midst of his 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 either of or in the classes of Lyric, Elegiac, Comic, and Tragic verse?—or, in each of these styles, have been so safely placed in comparison with the greatest of Grecian 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, not only of the greatest affection, but of the most exalted eulogy,—speaks not only of his unparalleled genius, but of his consummate art; and extols him as surpassing, not only Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, and all other English writers, even the ancients whom Ben worshipped,—surpassing even Aristophanes, Terence, and Plautus in comedy, Eschylus, 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, Steevens, one of the great Shakespearean editors of the last century, could write of the Sugared 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."12

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 uniformly he is mentioned in terms of affection. This would seem, as before observed, to indicate the possession on his part of an unchangeable and obliging disposition, and gives plausibility to the tradition handed down by Aubrey regarding 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 carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-nature'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 are longer "dazzed 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 Di Maiores 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 Rare Ben 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 lately 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 most educated people 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 special 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, Wickeilife 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 there was not an exaltation of the Bard of Avon, assuredly they were not by the author of Instauratio 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 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 refining 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 how they turn too tenderly to me,
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 shines in the even
Dias half that glory in the sober West.
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
0, let it then as well become thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy play like in every part.
Then will I wear hennin of my black
And all they foul 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 delicate allusion to the Maidens Queen, in the passage in 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, Phillipps, Heminge, 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 personæ at the performance of Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humor, at the Blackfriars, in 1598, Shakespeare's name heads the list.

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The first occasion, apparently, on which this company played before King James was when the Earl of Pembroke, Dec. 24, 1603, gave, at his seat at Wilton, a great entertainment to the King. An entry of the fiscal accounts of that date show that £80 (≈£150) was paid on that occasion to John Heiminge "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 Jane."

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 stoop 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 Scourge of Folly, 1607, Davies says:

To our English Terence, Mr. Will. Shakespeare.

Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,
Hast thou not paid some kindy parts in sport? Thou hast bin a companion for a king,
And beene a king among the meaner sort;
Some others ralle; but, ralle as they think fit,
Thou hast no raying, but a meancing wit;
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reap,
So, to increase their stocks, which they do keep.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHAKESPEARE'S PECUNIARY AFFAIRS — HIS EXTRAORDINARY BUSINESS THIEF — 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 CONCILIATORY 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 Ashby, 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 Clopton 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.

From a document dated 24 Jan., 1697-8, we learn that Shakespeare's influence by his Lordship as such behind 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 suffered by the plague or by fire. From the same document we learn that "he is willing to disburse some money on some odd yard land or other at Shottery," the three private places and the Earl of Northampton.

In Feb., 1698, 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 Shakespeare," asking the loan of £60,—showing that the poet was not only a property holder but a money-lender.

Five years later, in 1602, Shakespeare for and in consideration of the sum of £390 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 (£150), "one messuage, two orchards, two gardens, and two tennis, 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, Bishopton, and Welcombe, for the sum of £440. Shakespeare's annual income from these tithes, as we learn from another document, was £120 (i.e. £300 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 £6 debt and 24s. damages and costs, against John Addenbrook of Stratford,—all these things showing clearly that "poetry and acting" did not 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 retained his success not by sudden or 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 in connection with the same company; he pursued it with the same passion; and, 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 ever 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 productive energy. He is another proof, if it 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, conciliatory, 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 noticeable also that almost immediately after Shakespeare's withdrawal from the management, the company was 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 shall be forbidden." Again, 1605, the Mayor of London complains that "Kempe, Arunyn, 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 of 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 Quiney, 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 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,
Leaned on these shoulders that thee bear,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer death,
Pining thy outward walls so closely shut?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease?
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body’s end?

CHAPTER XVI.

A SEREN小 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, he had no doubt often been vexed and agitated. His profession was one peculiarly fitted to produce disquiet and perturbation. But agitation, while it upturns and dislocates the feebile plant, makes the hardy to send its roots more deeply and firmly into the soil. The poet 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 in his stones.

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 north end of the chancel, and there is a slab over his tomb, with the quaint inscription so often quoted, and said to have been written by Shakespeare himself:

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that 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 framework 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 cowl was green, the under part crimson, and the tassets gilt. This Stratford bust is of great value, as having been made so early, and as having in all probability been cut from some 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 shows as much individuality of expression. The eyes and eyebrows are unduly contracted, the nose has evidently been shortened by an accident of the chisel, the cheeks are puffy and spirited, the moustaches are curled up in a manner never found except in some city手続き, the collar
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 overlardled with sense or intellect.

In conjunction with this bust should be taken the picture 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 worthily placed for perpetual keeping in the same town with 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, and 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, Heminge and Condell, in bringing out an edition of their friend’s 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 seesst 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 brasse, as he hath hit / His face; the Print would then surpass / All, that was ever writ in brasse. / But, since he cannot, Reader, look / Not on his Picture, but his Rooke.

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 truthful 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 shaven 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 smacking very much of the stage-tailor. There is a doublet buttoned up to the chin, and a plaited lawn ruff standing out all round in a most uncomfortable and ungraceful 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, recedes 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 a part of the unskilful 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 by Taylor to 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-
The Life of Shakespeare.

The 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 sensuous; 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 arrows 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.

The Droeshout Portrait.

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, one 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 finder, Mr. Clift and his distinguished son-in-law, xxxviii

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, 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, is more intellectual than the Stratford bust, 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 Francois von Kesselstadt, who died at Mayence, in 1849, the last of his line, had a valuable collection of curiosities and works of art, which has been divided among several generations in possession of the family, and which at his death were sold at auction in Mayence. Among the articles thus 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 and spoken of 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 Darmstadt, and after his death into the hands of his brother, the present possessor, Dr. Ernst Becker, private secretary of the Princess Alice of Darmstadt. 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 antiquarians who were consulted, came to the conclusion that it had been painted from a death-mask, and he accordingly set 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 meagre 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 meanc dig 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 two centuries and a half ago, and the inscription having in all respects the appearance of being contemporaneous 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:

† A² Dm 1616

The cross is the usual mark in such inscriptions to signify "died." The letters A² Dm 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, in the opinion of the Beckers, 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
gives unmistakable evidence of having been produced from a cast, was made in London, by a "tomb-maker," as he is called, by the name of Gerard Johnson, and that this Johnson was a Hollander, a native of Amsterdæm, who went to London about 1607.

Thus far we have terra firma under our feet. What follows takes us into the region of conjecture. The conjecture is that the tomb-maker, Johnson, having completed the bust, laid aside the cast upon his shelf among piles of similar disused materials, and that some acquaintance of his from the father-land, poking about among the rubbish, saw this striking effigy, and leaping its origin guessed or bought it, and carried it away with him into Germany, where, in course of time, it found a lodgment in the Kesselstadt family. Such was the theory put forth by Ludwig Becker on bringing the mask and the picture to England, in 1849. Mr. Becker, in 1850, sailed for Melbourne to join an Australian exploring expedition, and left the mask and picture, with the documents relating to them, in charge of Prof. Owen of the British Museum, where, in consequence of Mr. Becker's death in Australia, they remained for several years, and were then returned to the brother, Dr. Ernest Becker, of Darmstadt, in whose possession they now are.

Of the opinions expressed in regard to this matter by the many eminent men who investigated the question while the mask was in England, I quote only two, as given me by Prof. Owen. The late Baron Pollock, after examining the mask, and weighing carefully, as a man of his professional habits would do, the evidence by which its claims were supported, said: "If I were called upon to charge a jury in regard to this point, I would instruct them to bring in a verdict for the claimant." Lord Brougham did not seem disposed to go quite so far. He would neither acquit nor condemn, but, like a canny Scot, gave as his verdict, "non liquet."

The Kesselstadt picture, though its chief value lies in its connection with the mask, is yet not without some curious interest on general grounds. Artists and critics all agree in referring it to the age named in the inscription, 1637. It is in the style of the Vandyke school of art, then prevalent in England, and was, in all probability, the work of some pupil of Vandyke's. Besides the evidence of its age from the style and the date, there are equal testimonies in the costume,—the open work at the stem of the pillow-case, the folds of the white linen sheets, the cut and collar of the shirt,—all pointing to the age of Shakespeare,—nearly all to be seen of almost exactly the same fashion and pattern, at this very day, at Ann Hathaway's cottage, where the old-fashioned bedstead and its furniture are still preserved, just as they were two centuries and a half ago.

The mask or cast creates immediately in the mind of the beholder, even when nothing has been said to him in regard to its claims, the impression that it represents some remarkable man. The experiment has been frequently made, and uniformly with this result. It was exhibited, without a word of explanation, to Herman Grimm, the celebrated art critic of Berlin. "At the very first glance," says Grimm, "I thought to myself that I had never seen a nobler countenance." "What a noble, clean-cut, aquiline nose; what a wonderfully shaped brow! I felt that this must have been a man in whose brain dwelt noble thoughts. I inquired. I was told to look at the reverse of the mask. There, on the edge, cut in figures of the 17th century, stood A.D. 1616. I could think of no one else who had died in this year except one who was born in the year Michael Angelo died,—Shakespeare."

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

Monument at Stratford.
THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

this supposed falling off in the flesh, simply overlaid the matter, and gave us a portly, jovial Englishman, instead of the thoughtful author of Hamlet and Lear. Underlying the superabundant fullness 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 together, to make them correspond with the brows. The effect of the narrowing of the forehead is further heightened by the fulness and puffiness 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 reassumed 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 con cave 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 "bust-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:
AN ANALYSIS
OF THE
PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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 view 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 supposes 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 music, 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 behets 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 deeply foe of mine, effected my downfall. Knowing that they did not destroy us because of the strong love of my people, they carried us on board a ship, and when some leagues 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. Meantime Ferdinand, the duke's son, reaching the island, meets Miranda. They mutually express surprise, and fall in love. Ariel, bidden 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 nuptials 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 meanest and most despicable 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; in 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 18.

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 musical allusions. Shakespeare in this play introduces all the musical terms in use in his time, as a tune, a note, too sharp, too flat, harsh descent, 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 adored, and these visits to Julia and his passion for her were points on which the two gentlemen differed. Valentine, who was not in love, often wearied to keep his friend so insensibly talking of his Julia, and generally would taunt Proteus for his passion, and bring out of him his raptures to Proteus, and informed him that he 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 inclosed, in her maid Lucetta to deliver to her mistress. Julia, though loving Proteus as much as he did her, acted coquettishly, 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 how 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 courtier 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, and that, despairing of ever obtaining the lady'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 artifice 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 by force to Silvia. Proteus went 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 confesses 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 that she was Julia, sent her by force to Silvia, who prevailed on him to become their captain, threatening, if he refuses 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, whence she presumed him to have fled, and in company with Eglamour, 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, pursues 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, who had not quitted the court. Julia, having thus proved, by her disguise of the page, the insincerity of her lover Proteus, produces in an affected mistake 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 his leave and departed. The Duke of Milan promises to Silvia to Valentine, who so well deserved her. Proteus and Valentine while enjoying their 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 Sylvia. 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 be hereafter the scene of his greatest triumphs. The Two Gentlemen of Verona and its incidents were great favorites with Shake-
The Ploths of Shakespeares Plays.

The heroine of the drama is without doubt Julia; she suffers most, she loves most, and she says the best things. The hero Valentine is a most generous, frank fellow, with a touch of dulness withal, as he cannot understand, for instance, at love messages which she gives him back his own love-letter; Speed has to explain it to him. There seems a contradiction in Silvias character in her giving Proteus her picture; it looks like yielding to coquetry, but as Julia does not seem to feel it so, perhaps we cannot complain. Notice the quick Italian turn for intrigue in Proteus, and in the duke's instantly forming the plan to entrap Valentine.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

See Page 32.

THIS is the only Shakespearian comedy which is entirely without serious characters and situations; nevertheless, it shows an earnest intention and demonstration—although jocosely carried out—to prove the sacredness of wedlock. Queen Elizabeth, whose ear was perpetually assailed by false 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 bard 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 daughter of Henry VIII., although they are somewhat repulsive to modern taste and delicacy. According to Chalmers, this comedy was written in 1596, while Malone asserts 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 odd 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. Ford and to Mrs. Page simultaneously. His followers, Nym and Pistol, angry at him, resolve to inform the husbands of this shameful conduct. Both ladies have 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 stone bath, and the miscreant is converted into a butt of fun and ridicule. He is brought before the judge, who fines him heavily for the easy and polluting liberty of dirty linen. He is carried to a brothel and there thrown 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 disreputable 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, cures his jealousy, and, in company with Mrs. and Mr. Page, prepares the third practical joke at Falstaff's expense. A rendezvous is at night planned, under the mask of the fabulous hunter, Hotspur, 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 disguised as goblets, torment him with torches and pinch him 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 subspecies, parturients, and final results. Mr. 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 duene with an annual rent of £200, who is the favorite of Anne's father, and last, the dandified French Doctor, Caius, who is favored by Mrs. Page. Under Herne's oak, where Anne is escorting 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 dress in white, while 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, babbling over with humor combined with that consummate conceit which makes his character so ineffably 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 may be merry, and yet honest too," is 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 comically 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 to have only one of the great and the grand, and yet it is an admirable slice of English middle-class life. The sweetness 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 ragged-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
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE’S PLAYS.

gay, wild young fellow; he meant to marry for money, but is won from it by love. He is frank and resolute. Slender is a well worked-up character; and these are inimitable scenes with Annie Page. The adixture of the German, the Frenchman, and the Welshman, points to considerable freedom of intercourse in Queen Elizabeth’s day.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

See Page 56. A DRAMA deriving its name from an old adage, for the argument of the play is to show the triumph of grace and mercy over the punishment of justice, since no man is so secure against transgression as to set himself up as judge over his fellow-creatures. This comedy is founded upon George Whetstone’s The Historie of Promise and Cassandra, which appeared in print in 1578. Malone thinks it was written in 1603, while Chalmers thinks the date of its writing is 1604, when Shakespeare was in his fortieth year. Though this play has less music in it than some of Shakespeare’s productions, yet at the beginning of Act IV, a song from the poet’s own Passionate Pilgrim is sung.

SCENE.—City of Vienna.

Under the mild government of the Duke of Vienna, the laws had lost all their wonted vigor; intrigue and immoralty became general among the young people of the metropolis because these vices could be practised with impunity; especially was the marriage vow no longer kept sacred. At this juncture the duke resolves suddenly on a governmental change in the administration of the land from mildness to great severity, and, for the purpose of more thoroughly carrying out this plan, he determines to absent himself for awhile from his dukedom, meantime leaving the government in the hands of Angelo, Lord Deputy, during his absence. Angelo is instructed to watch over the execution of the laws with strictness. The duke, disguised as a monk, meanwhile secretly observes Angelo and his conduct from the neighborhood of the city. A young nobleman, named Claudio, is taken in custody on the charge of seducing a lady named Juliet, and sentenced to be beheaded under the severe laws of the new régime. Claudio’s sister, the beautiful and virtuous Isabella, a novice under probation, appears before the Lord Deputy and beseeches him to spare the life of her beloved brother; but in vain: the law must have its course; her suit is rejected. But it so happens, that the charming interceder, by her dazzling beauty as well as by her innocence and virtue, inflames the passions of Lord Angelo, and he demands, as the price of the forfeited life of her brother, the virtue of the sister, who of course with utter scorn rejects his advances. Isabella then visits her brother in prison, informs him of the ill success she has met with and of the baseness of Angelo. She admonishes him to fortify himself with courage and resignation to endure his approaching fate. But the terror of death overpowers the hitherto courageous Claudio, and he entreats his sister to yield to Angelo’s desire, to save her brother’s life. This cowardly request Isabella refuses with horror, and vehemently upbraids Claudio. Nevertheless, Isabella is induced, by the urgent entreaties of the duke (who, in the disguise of a Friar, is present), to seemingly promise Angelo, but in her heart, and at midnight, to send the former mistress of the Lord Deputy to him. This lady is Mariana, the betrothed of Angelo, and one who had been deserted by him on account of the loss of her marriage dowry (but who retained her old love for her truant lover). According to the customs in vogue at the time, those betrothed were considered very much as if wedded. Mariana takes no offense at this proposed midnight meeting, and when she departs from Angelo, who has mistaken her for Isabella, she reminds him of his promise by saying, “Remember now my brother!” Meanwhile, however, Lord Angelo, fearing an exposure hereafter from Claudio, had already given new orders for his execution. The unfortunate man is only saved from his doom by the intercession of the disguised duke himself, who persuaded the provost to put off the execution, and to deceive Angelo by sending him the head of a man who had died that morning in prison. Finally, the duke appears in his true character, forgiving, rewarding, and punishing. Angelo, who sincerely repents of his intended misdeeds, but which wickedness, without merit on his part, had been frustrated, receives forgiveness; but has to make atonement for his wrongs towards Mariana by marrying her. Claudio is induced to marry Juliet, the lady whom he had seduced. Isabella, the heroine, the true and good, does not re-enter the convent, but, the duke falling in love with her, is made the Duchess of Vienna; and bestowing happiness and blessing all around, henceforth shines by the duke’s side as his noble wife.

In the character of Isabella we have a beautiful portraiture of a noble Christian woman, steadfast and true, firm in strength and energy, and among the highest type of women Shakespeare has drawn—equal or superior to Portia, the wife of Brutus, Cordia, or Volimnia. The scene in court, and the trial, as it were, before the duke, and the exposure of Angelo, are graphically portrayed. There is a tone of deep and serious feeling running all through the play—its dealing with death and the future world, the weight of reflection, the analysis of Angelo’s character, the workings of conscience, the lovely saintliness of Isabella, although we must look on her as no hard, but as “Isabel, sweet Isabel! with cheeks of roses, gentle and fair.” She believed that the son of her heroic father was alive, like herself; and when she found he was willing to sacrifice her honor for his life, her indignant “take my defiance, die, perish,” was the fit answer to her brother’s base proposals, which brings the blood tingling in sympathy to the reader’s cheek. In Angelo we have a terrible analysis of character, a self-revelation to any man who has striven for purity, has fancied himself safe, and in the hour of trial has failed. Claudio is the type of the self-indulgent, life-enjoying man of the world, to whom death has the greatest terrors. His words on “after death” are among the most poetical in Shakespeare.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

See Page 78. THE Menaechmi 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 1593, though Malone fixes the date at 1596. 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 retalia-
death, the mother's love and suffering, and the re-
uniting of the family at the end of the play. He
also presented the beautiful element of the affection
of Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana—the first intro-
duction of that serious 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 thought-
fulness. Adriana, though jealous and shrewish, 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 An-
tipholus 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 cons-
orts with a courtesan. 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 better
than his master. The noble and pathetic figure of
Antipholus 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 parts of the material on which this
comedy is founded, were known to the reading pub-
lic of England, at the time of our poet, through various
works, such as the episode of Ariodant and Genevra,
in Ariosto's Gargantua, 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 tor-
tured with her silly suspicions. After confessing her
behaviour to the abbess, the latter seriously expostu-
lates with her. Meanwhile, evening comes and
Antipholus 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 convent.
The penetration of the duke at once solves this mys-
tery of error. The true abbess is more than one, than
Emilia, the long lost wife of Antipholus and the
loving mother of the two Antipholus. The noble
duke now pardons Antipholus, without the payment of
ransom; Adriana is permanently cured of her jealous-
ies, while Antipholus of Syracuse marries her sister
the good and fair Luciana.

In the Comedy of Errors, which commentators be-
lieve to be either the first or the second written of the
dramas of Shakespeare, he has exquisitely brought in
the pathetic element in Antipholus's story and threatened

SCENE.—Messina.

Leonato, the Governor of Messina, has an only
dughter, named Hero, who lives with his niece, Be-
atrice, in her father's palace. Beatrice is a lively, nirtif-
ful, 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 Arna-
gon, with his favorites, Claudio and Benedick, all old
friends and acquaintances of the governor and his
family. Claudio uses for the quiet Hero, with 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 inextinguishable

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humor, begin a real contest of wits, incessantly teasing each other, and both to all appearances utterly forswearing love and matrimony. By an amusing plot, however, both, while deeming themselves unknown, 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 produced thereby; they only obtaining the 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 rancor, who seeks pleasure in making mischief. He slanders the pure, innocent, and chaste Hero, as being a common strumpet, and proposes to convince the Prince and Claudio of the truth of his assertion by ocular proof. In the course of the night preceding the nuptials, Margaret, Hero’s attending gentlewoman, clad in her mistress’s garments, is induced to hold an interview with her lover, Borachio, one of Don John’s followers, which might have been proof of Hero’s guilt, had it really been she who had conversed with him. Claudio, whom the cunning rascal has induced to be a witness to this midnight meeting, becomes naturally enraged, and with youthful impetuousity, without further investigation of the charges, resolves on a terrible revenge. The marriage of Claudio with Hero is about to be solemnized, but is prevented by the artifices of Don John. In the church, in the presence of all the nobility, Claudio discovers the innocent Hero as an impure woman, and charges her with unchastity. Hero faints at the terrible accusation, her father is distracted, and the bridal company breaks up in confusion.

But virtue finally is vindicated. Borachio, that follower of Don John who so vilely has assailed the character of the noble Hero to Claudio, relates the circumstance to his companion Courtez; his story is overheard by the watch, who rush forward and take them both, the rogues, into custody. They are taken by the watchman to prison, are examined by the inimitable Dogberry, and the Sexton, who is constable of the night. The testimony of the watchman proves their connivance in the plot with Don John against Hero. The miscreant, Don John, who has attempted to murder his own lady, is cast into prison as a well-deserved punishment. Hero, being supposed by Claudio to be dead (in consequence of the shock given at her intended wedding), had now her character fully cleared. Claudio, as an atonement for his error, agrees to marry Leonato’s niece, Beatrice. The lady is accordingly introduced, veiled, but proves to be Hero herself. The marriage of the two lovers, with that between Beatrice and Benedick, who continues her mirth to the very end, happily concludes the drama.

This play is radiant with the most brilliant wit and the richest humor, and sparkles throughout with the poet’s keen fun and raillery, reflected through Dogberry, and other characters, who are among the best passages between Beatrice and Benedick. We cannot help feeling acutely, though, the needless pain caused to Hero, which might have been so easily avoided or lessened, but “when the fun is fastest the sorrow must be darkest.” Claudio is a fine manly fellow, but a trifle too suspicious and too easily misled, without setting charges against his3 afflicted wife any more thoroughly. Beatrice is the sweetest, most piquant, sparkling, merry-girl that Shakespeare ever drew, and yet she is a loving, deep-natured, true woman, too. Sharp sayings flow from her with the humorous ones. Of course she says she don’t want a husband: what girl of her type ever acknowledges she does? What does she want with a husband? In this mood she meets Benedick, and, sharp as he is among men, he cannot stand up to her. She overwhelms him with her quick repartees. But when she really finds she loves, how changed she is. When sweet Hero is turned to the contrary wind, unable to defend herself, how grandly flashes out the true and noble nature of Beatrice, worthy daughter of the gallant old Antonio. She knows Hero’s pure heart. Evidence, so called! suspicion! what are they to her. “O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!” When she gives herself to her lover — witty as she is to the last — we know what a jewel the man has gained. The brightest and sunniest married life we see stretching before them, comfort in sorrow, doubling of joy.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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 to this 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 appear 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 revells 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 Thesaus 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 bided themselves in 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 poor Helena, and commands Puck to wet the eyes of the heartless 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 Thesaus, 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 out-door 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 parturition. There is exquisite imagery running through the play—a wonderful admixture, 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, like friendship, conunial love, as well as grace and mercy, in opposition to the strict tenet of the law. George Chalimer 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 euphony 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
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 ingenious 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 he 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 arrive 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 Jessica, the daughter of Shylock, who, converted to 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 her 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 race often embittered and driven to desperation by the remorseless cruelty practised towards them by the peoples 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 forfeited 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 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 unselshless, 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, Rogers humor, soothing 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.

Antonio is a noble gentleman. There is a beautiful and touching unselshlessness about him, as note his message to Bassanio, who was a fine enough fellow, but far inferior as a character to the woman whose love he won. In Shylock, we have the embittered hate of ages of cruelty and oppression flaming 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, withdrew 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 the less tender when Rosalind falls in love with the brave Orlando, who, in a wrestling match with a hitherto unexcellled athlete, wins the victory in the presence of the assembled court; but Orlando having learned from Adam, his father's aged steward, 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 spirit and urges him to go forward. The older brother, Oliver, was charged by the usurping duke with having aided the flight of Orlando, and the duke ordered 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 chance led 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
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

See Page 100.

This comedy is founded on an old play, the author of which is unknown, although even the dialogue is partly kept intact in our poet's production. But the change Shakespeare wrought is so complete that the play must be acknowledged as only his. It originated in 1596, or possibly a few years earlier.

In The Taming of the Shrew, Shakespeare made use of music than to introduce minstrels at the wedding.

SCENE.—At times in Padua and in Petruchio's country-house.

The plot of the drama is as follows: A lord on his return from the chase finds a drunken tinker, named Sly, asleep on a bench before an ale-house. For the sake of sport, the lord orders him to carry to his own rooms, where Sly is dressed in costly garments and placed in one of his finest beds. When the drunken wench wakes he finds himself surrounded by the attending servants, who succeed in making him believe that he is a nobleman who had for many years suffered from insanity. Upon the introduction of a train of players, Sly becomes convinced that he is really a lord, and the lord is ordered to entertain him with the enactment of a comedy, the purport of which is about the following:

A rich gentleman of Padua, named Baptista, has two daughters, Katharina (Kate) and Bianca; but the father refuses to listen to the suitors of the younger daughter until Katharina, the older sister, is married. Katharina's fiery temper has caused her to be known as the Shrew, and her loud-tongued scolding frightened every suitor away. The woeas of Bianca, although, as rivals, much inclined to look at each other with unfavorable eyes, yet agree to make common cause, and that each endeavor to procure a husband for Katharina. In this they are fortunate in finding a gentleman named Petruchio, himself heir to rich estates, and who has come especially to Padua for the purpose of forming a suitable marriage. By virtue of his burlesquely-tender actions, he determined to break Kate's haughty temper, and by an affection of continued violence frightened her into submission to his will. Grumio, Petruchio's servant, comically assists him in this effort. Katharina, finding at last opposition vain, becomes the dutiful wife, and Petruchio, finding her obedient to his most absurdly assumed whims, procures his affection and drops the part of the tyrant.

Meanwhile Lucentio, a nobleman of Pisa, has succeeded, under the guise of a teacher, in gaining access to Bianca, and has used the hours ostensibly devoted to instruction for the purpose of exchanging declarations of love, while his servant, Tranio, assuming his master's name and address, attends to all further affairs which are necessary to forward the intentions of Lucentio. To make this certain, the presence of Lucentio's father, by the scheme of Tranio, is to be represented by a travelling schoolmaster; but at this critical moment the real father of Lucentio arrives quite unexpectedly at Padua, and meets on the street the servant of his son in the latter's dress. Tranio has the temerity not to recognize the father of his master as such, and is about to be taken to prison by an officer of the law, when Lucentio, who meanwhile had secretly married to Bianca, opportunely appears with his bride by his side, and effects a general reconciliation.

Grimestone, the oldest of Bianca's rejected suitors, is satisfied with receiving an invitation to be the guest at the festivities in honor of the wedding; Hortensio, the younger lover, seeks consolation by marrying a young
widow, 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 weak-witted and gentle woman, the widow, Bertram, and the weak-willed, tenderly affectionate widow, Helena, admires the promise of the young Countess. The fair Kate, the shrew, has the nerve to overrule and attempt to control her. She is bewildered by his assurance and coolness, while conscious 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 hardening course and desires to marry him, even has learned, by this time, to love him, as note how she cries when he comes late. Having got him, she is baulked of the wedding feast (embezzlement of all blows for a bride). Under the influence of the wedding, she is so tender, at first, that we almost regret that Petruochio had not taken advantage of this tenderness, and tried tameing 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 deceived 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, madcap 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. Grumio 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, and is over, and dies himself to Florence, where he enters 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 despair in her hope and love. Without his knowledge, she follows her traitor 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 fulfilment 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 manly 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 born Bertram, and proving also how much true love could take a woman through unspotted and unsullied. Coleridge calls Helena "Shakespeare's loveliest character;" and Mrs. Jameson says: "There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment, not despising over its idol, but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond 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." Quick as she is to see through Parolles, she cannot see through Bertram, for love blinds her eyes. How beautiful is the confession of her love to Bertram's mother; and what a fool Bertram appears in leaving his sweet, unsullied 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 lawful meaning in a lawful act, and so, without disgrace, fulfils the condition her husband's baseness 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
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.

The sources which our poet made use of for this comedy are found in the novel entitled “Apollo-
nus and Silla.” According to some, he is said to have probably used two Italian comedies of similar nature, namely, “Glingannani” and “Glinganmate.” Twelfth Night was written in 1599; but there is no edition of an earlier date than the first folio, in 1623. This comedy opens with a beautiful eulogium on music, which prevails throughout. The use of Etiroti, 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 amanuensis, 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 unveil’s 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 inflict great damage on the Illyrians (had 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 protege 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 tumult, 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 their marriage, and they both lay. 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 duke says he would 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. His is a rich, beautiful, and artistic nature, fond of music and flowers, and his love once obtained makes him a husband tender and true. The comic characters of the play are Shakespeare’s own. The self-conceit of Malvolio is refreshing.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

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 scenes, some other musical illusions, and a pedlar’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 own son, Mamillius. Hermione remonstrates, and is made the prisoner; 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 prophesies that Siciella'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 princess 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 banished 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 rural festival) in disguise, at which the loving pair are both present, discovers himself, and forbids their intimacy.

Camillo, a courier 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 injuring 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, as though guilty of the greatest fault. If we contrast her noble defence of herself against the shameless imputation on her honor with that of other heroines in like cases—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 unison 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 PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

In more than one respect this tragedy is not only the prologue, but the basis of the entire drama 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 Oeur de Lion, John wrung the English crown from the weak hands of his nephew Arthur, whose claims were 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 King John, and is about to withdraw his aid from Arthur, when the arrival of the Cardinal Pandulph, 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 her 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 claims of Arthur, orders Hubert to put out his eyes in prison. 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 Pombroke. 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 abjectly 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 desertion of an English reserve force, causes the ardor 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 historic 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 has a standing measure in her despair, amid desecrated scenes 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 vulture-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 Faulconbridge; the princely Lewis; the still unconquered spirit of old Queen Elinor; the bridal loveliness and modesty of Blanch; the boyish grace 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 literally, 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 of deposition mutual filing of pistols, which would 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 ascent. 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 Gaunt, dies, and the king perpetrates the injustice of 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 that the name of Duke of Lancaster, returns to England, landing near Ravengburgh, in Yorkshire. The Duke of Northumberland and his valiant son Henry Percy (Hotspur), having been insulted by Richard, at once join Bolingbroke's forces. Discontented men pour in from all quarters, and soon swell the forces of Lancaster to an army of 66,000 soldiers. Even Langley, the bastard of York, who—like the leech of his camp—formerly 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, Bushy, Green, and Earl of Wiltshire, had all deserted him, and he has been elected King of the English. The Earl receives with umbrage, 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 victor, and invites him, through the agency of the Duke of Northumberland and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to visit him at Flint, near Chester. The duke receives Richard, who with humpd face appears. Seated upon two miscellaneously 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 a firm friend to the king; the Duke of Aumerie, son of the Duke of York, continuing the firm friend of Richard, having nothing to gain by going 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 Pomfret 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. A king, however, a man—His nobles quarrel in his very presence; and the contemptuous meanness of his nature is shown in his inability to take the reproof of the noble, dying Gaunt.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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 310.

The author that Shakespeare follows in this historical drama is again the chronologist Holinshed. So far as the comical scenes with Falstaff and his followers go, the play was perhaps already known in 1598 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, entered in Stationers' Hall in February 25, 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 their heroic leader, Archibald, Earl of Douglas, threaten the borders of England, but are defeated and beat en back by the celebrated Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur. The report of this victory has so severely 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 insisted 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 does not feel 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 under the lead of their princely leader perpetrate the wildest tricks and follies, even going so far as to commit criminal acts. The principal escapagrace, both as to physical appearance and intellectual calibre 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 beaten. Henry IV., however, recognizes his jolly 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. Kings are driven 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 comic power, though, Shakespeare culminates 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 — an adventurous praying on the weaknesses of other men! Yet we all enjoy him, and so did Shakespeare himself. Falstaff's mostricking 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 inimitable. 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 piously weak moralizing with him. What Henry has won he will 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 pause 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 Agincourt, 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 head-strongness 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 330.

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.


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 peaceful methods, 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 ringleaders of the insurgents, when both armies are confronting each other near Gnutree 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 disbanding insurgent army, and to annihilate it. This they do, and Archbishop Scroop and his fellow-conspirators are without delay led 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 vicious 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 leads, not at the head of 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 him, in which 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 creditable ones. The shadow of his father’s dubiety is 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 slovenly 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 praycr 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 overtakes 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 641.

On the writings of the chronicler 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 18, 1598, 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 Sabaoth right.
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth’s right!”

Book VII. Canto VIII., stanza 11.

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 fulfill 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 usurpation. In pursuance of this plan, he reunites 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.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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 Harleur, 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 outnumbered 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 Katharine, 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 the humility with which King Henry after the battle of Agincourt, o

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 decline 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 embryof of that interminable series of fierce struggles in which the French kingdom was involved by the plot of Henry's son, John Talbot, near Bordeaux, with their little army of soldier, 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, sur

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

See Page 380.

SHAKESPEARE, in producing this work, was perhaps indebted only to the Holinshed 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 Chalmers 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 safely 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 mild Joan of Arc, seize the favorable opportunity to reconquer their old possessions and to take the oath of allegiance to Charles, their hereditary prince.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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. Alban's, covering a period of ten years. Searcely 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 obliges the king to send Suffolk into banishment. He was afterwards taken at sea by pirates, and in a little cockpit beheaded. Meantime, 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 "attaind of blood," and 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, gnashes his teeth, and expires, leaving Henry horror-struck. Meantime, 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.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

See Page 434.

SCENE.—During part of the Third Act in France; during the rest of the play in England.

The play begins with the Duke of York's triumphant entrance into the city of London, where he wretches from the weak Henry an acknowledgment of his inherent right to the throne, and between them the agreement is consummated that the duke, as Regent, shall rule over England with the fullest sway. Yet, when Henry VI. shall, during his lifetime, remain in undisturbed possession of the throne and royal dignity. The opposing factions, however, soon cause a breach of this contract. The Duke of York, defeated in a battle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and captured, 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 Towton, 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 Ravenspurg. The people of England flock to the standard of King Edward,—who, from his social and kindly manners, has always been a favorite with 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 duchy of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.), with an express of Gloucester's intended villainy upon the offspring of the king, 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 Shake- speare 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 eight 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 failing health of King Edward, impel the ambitious Richard, Duke of Gloucester, to begin his struggle for the throne by thrusting aside the Duke of Clarence as his elder brother, whom he causes to be murdered in the Tower. King Edward died soon after this event, after having seemingly
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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 creatures, Deighton and Forrest, who 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 fulfill 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, who meets the death 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., unites in firm and enduring amity the houses of York and Lancaster, and thenceforward 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 Richard III. 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 gulling 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 his strikes the third messenger. Richard is a skilful general, looking to things himself, and prompt to take proper measures. He dies 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 1553. 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 baffle several intimate attendants of his rival, and thus to convict the duke of treason. Soon after this, Henry meets, as a grand masquerade given by Wolsey, Lady Anne Boleyn, and, 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 pomps 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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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’ ideal beauty. In this play the moral is rendered prominent, that the kidnapping of Helen was not merely an act of cruelty to conciliate 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 Chaucer’s “Epos Troilus and Cresseide.” 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 care 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 Pandarbus, 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 progres-
tives 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 pandering Pandarbus, 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 knightly and heroic life, but is perchance wrought out to serve a counterpart to Falstaffianism, with the intent of quieting or soothing the noble heroes 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’ ideal beauty. In this play the moral is rendered prominent, that the kidnapping of Helen was not merely an act of cruelty to conciliate 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.

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CORIOLANUS.

See Page 536.

Shakespeare derived his material from Plintarch’s “Life of Coriolas,” 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.

Caius 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 serve as soldiers, 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 Cori-

lanus, for the victories he attained near Coroli. Soon after this occurrence, he is a candidate for the Consulship, but, against all precedent, he imprudently, in a speech, derides the people, and they withdraw their votes from him. Highly incensed at this deflection, 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 down from the Tarquin rock, but he is rescued by the patricians. Failing to conciliate 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 kinmen to the camp of the Volscians, to pacify,
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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 dispossessed 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 tumult of his followers, assassinates him. His corpse is buried by the Volscians with all the honors due 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 overwhemingly defeating him. How nobly the pure white figure of Volumnia rises, clad in all the virtues that made the noble Roman lady. See how she overcomes her mother's righteons indignation against her townsman's injustice to her gallant son; and how with happy victory when she returns to Rome to give the proud city its life!

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, Virginia, 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 scarcely twenty-five years of age. A great many editors and critics have supposed his 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 captured 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 Bassianns, brother to the emperor and husband of Lavinia, daughter of Titus Andronicus, whose dead body they remove; and still further urged on by 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 afflictsions suffered by Titus weaken his reason. By means of a staff held in the stump of her 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 its mother to be murdered. Demetrius and Chiron, the rear instruments of her crime, profess immediate compliance, and draw their weapons to dispatch it, but Aaron snatches his infant from its nurse, 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. The punishment overtakes Saturninus and Tamora, who are slain; the latter had, however, before her execution, a thyesteic 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 Virginins) stabs 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 584.

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 1600, 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 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.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

An interesting dialogue takes place between the lovers, which is interrupted by Juliet's nurse. Tybalt, a fiery kinsman of Juliet's, has discovered Romeo, vows revenge on the intruder. The interlude, 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 eager inquiries about her lover, but is tantalized by the nurse with the most provoking garrulity. The mutual impression the lovers have, is so ardent that already, on the following day, a secret marriage is the outcome. The Friar Laurence, deeply moved by the two events, is induced to officiate, because he hopes that by this marriage, sooner or later, a reconciliation between the two rival houses may be effected. Immediately after this ceremony, a duel 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 matter-of-fact manner, 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 Romeo. Romeo having ascended to Juliet's chamber 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, while the sect by Friar Laurence is continued, and the nurse must leave her lover. Romeo, by the advice of the good Friar Laurence, hies 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 sues for her hand. Juliet, to avoid marrying Count Paris, and to preserve her faithfulness to Romeo, swallows an opium furnishing 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. Meanwhile, the messenger sent by Friar Laurence is not admitted, because he had tarried; in a second attempt, he finds Romeo's 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 being aware of the rest. Romeo, in his despair, procures a deadly poison, returns to Verona, where he visits Juliet's tomb at midnight, unaunted, from the misdirection 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 arrives, 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, a request, but is eluded 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 had taken place, call the prince, the Capulets and the Montague families to the scene, while other attendants bring Laurence and Romeo's servant thither. The interview is prolonged and a convivial dinner is given, but is interrupted by the news of Juliet's death, and Balthasar is thus informed. His statement is corroborated by the page and Balthasar, and also by a letter from Romeo 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 effectually 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 sun, is flitting 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 charcoal-house and the grave, is one that ever haunts 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 and gallant kinsmen 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 guiding star of the play—for 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 day 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 poisons himself before Juliet wakes before the dawn of Friday. She stabs herself, and the families are roused from their sleep to come to the tomb, as previously related.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

See Page 608.

It has not yet been decided as conclusive whether Shakespeare obtained his basis for this tragedy from North's English translation of Plutarch, or from Paynter's older work, entitled "Palace of Pleasure," nor is the date of its composition stated as certain. It 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, 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, Aemelianus, 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 more invites these false friends for the last time, but places 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 spurns 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 thirst 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 bribe and excite, and so to 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, witnessing to the loathing he felt for mankind until death.

JULIUS CESAR. 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 Arifian 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 noble or patriotic motives, cannot escape the Nemesis of retribution.

Scene.—In the city of Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.

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 the sacrificial altar, offered a piece of flesh, which is three times rejected by Caesar, and, amid desecrating 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 Caesar's seeming ambition. 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 of honor which Caesar exhibited in the poem he forgot, in his patriotic hope to redeem Rome, and by his leadership gained to the conspiracy many of 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 16th) should be slain. Of the Roman ladies, Portia, the wife of Brutus and Catō's spirited daughter, was the only one who had knowledge of the conspiracy. On the fatal day, the assassination of Caesar is enacted in the senate-chamber, Casca 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 turbulent 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 influence Lepidus as triumvirs in the government, whose first act was to dissolve the conspirators, 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 lingered in Rome, Octavius and Antonius 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 dismay seizes them; Brutus, their great leader, to avoid falling into the victors' hands, and impressed with the fate 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 this man, who represents his baseness so much the more for though his bodily presence is weak, his spirit rises, arms his avengers, and his assassins proclaim his might.
Shakespeare has made the Caesar of his play not the brave and vigorous subduer of Britain and the Goths, but Caesar old, decaying, failing both in mind and body; his long success had ruined his character and tumultuous energies. It is one of the noblest of men the poet has drawn—if not the noblest. Brutus believes himself the man to set 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 seen 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 dailying between them.

MACBETH.

See Page 647.

HOLINSHED'S Chronicles, formed on the "History of Scotland" by the Scotch chronologist, 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 lustrous valor of his counsels, 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 hails 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 happened, who is not only an ambitious woman, but withal an unfeeling 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 honor, by his presence, the heroic Thane, is met en route 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 Cassius 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, has taken 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 desert Macbeth's fasting cause, and the weird sisters drive him 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 Dunnsane; nor could any one born of a woman cause danger to him. But in the attack upon Macbeth's stronghold the wood really advances to 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 of her husband of Duncan's throne, she accepts the inevitable means; yet she cannot strike the sleeping king, who resembles her father. She sustains her husband until 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 feigning of the guilty soul, and finally he faces and meets his own death with a coolness almost admirable.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

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 extaltation 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 "Hystorie of Hamlet," by the Danish author, Saxo Grammaticus. This drama was written, according to Dr. Drake and Chalmers, in 1597, while Malone fixes the date in 1600, and it appeared first in print, in a quarto edition, in 1604.

SCENE.—Elisine, 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 Elisine. 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 loveliness and temperateness 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. Of wetness, from this hasty and unequal 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, accompanied 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 new reigning king. The ghost asks Hamlet to revenge the murder, but to spare his mother, 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 his 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 affected 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 affectation 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 infirm of purpose in his diseased view of God's earth and its inhabitants, and of life, with his shirkings of duty. But in his uneasinesses 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 inmost 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 instance of 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 Ophelia's sensitive and affectionate soul, the reverse of heroic. She fails Hamlet in his need, and then in her turn becoming the sufferer, gives way under her affections. 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, as he is encraniZed,桂花他妹妹, Ophelia, all whom he plots against him, are by him overthrown; 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 three daughters—Goneril, wife of the Duke of Albany; Regan, the wife of the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, for 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 affections, Cordelia, scorning the fulsome meanness and hypocrisy of her sisters, declares in clear and simple words her childish love for her father. Lear, who had always been a fiercely passionate man, feels so embittered at the seeming callousness of her reply, that he rejects and dishonors her 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 knightly guard. 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 dies 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 weak 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 howl 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 secretly 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 fooled 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 nothing in Shakespeare. 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 dread 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 "I Leucotomiti," 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, Emília (the latter acting as attendant to Desdemona), accompanies the party. A storm scattered the Turkish fleet; but another tempest is rising against the peace 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 Emília, 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
plans a terrible revenge whereby he wishes to destroy the Moor, Desdemona, and several others. During a festival he induces Cassio, who happened to be officer of the guard, to partake of wine. A quarrel is thus cunningly contrived, Cassio giving great offence, and even using his drawn sword. The alarm-bell is sounded, which brings the general to the scene, and Cassio loses his lieutenant. The unfortunate officer, brought to despair by the loss of his position, his unhappiness still further enhanced by the displeasure of his general, applies to Desdemona, who, through her womanly sympathy, becomes his warm defender and intercessor, the more because he during her courtship had acted as the bearer of the missives between herself and Othello. Cassio, while beseeching his high-spirited patroness to intercede for his reinstatement, at the approach of the Moor quickly withdraws from her presence; Iago cunningly uses the fatal movement by ingeniously devised hints, which awaken the jealous feelings of Othello; and in further explanation of this conduct beguiles Othello, by telling him that a woman who had deceived her old father in such a clever way, could also be easily induced to betray her husband. Desdemona having received from Othello a handkerchief, the gift of the Moor's mother to her son, is asked for it by Othello. This handkerchief had been stolen from her for the purpose of exciting her husband's jealousy. Immediately Othello had lost it, he told Desdemona apologetically; but Othello, believing this to be but a confirmation of Iago's charges against his wife's chastity, becomes enraged, and quits her with fierce injunctions to seek the handkerchief immediately and bring it to him. Wild with jealous frenzy, and resolved on her death for her supposed infidelity, Othello enters his wife's chamber at midnight, awakens her, charges her with having loved Cassio, and, notwithstanding Desdemona's protestations of innocence, smoothes her while entreating for mercy. Immediately upon this tragedy Desdemona's innocence is brought to light, by the explanations of Iago's wife Emilia, for which her husband fatally stabs her. Othello's anguish on realizing that he was the murderer of his innocent and trusting wife, who had ever been tenderly faithful to him, was so great that he fell upon his sword, pressing a last parting kiss on the lips of his dead wife.

The magnificent third act of this play is thought by many commentators to be Shakespeare's masterpiece. Othello has a free and noble nature, naturally trustful, with a kind of grand innocence, retaining some of his simplicity of soul amid the subtle and astute Venetian politicians. All that he tells of himself wins our hearts, like Desdemona's, to him. Of regal descent, no boaster, but a doer, he has no self-distrust when dealing with men. He commands like a full soldier. Although he tells a "round unvarnished tale," yet we see in it proof of that imaginative power which, imposed on him by the satanic Iago, was the cause of all his sorrow. There is no character in Shakespeare's plays so full of serpentine power and serpentine poison as Iago — "honest Iago." Othello has every manly virtue, and his love is so devoted that he can give up war for it. The first note of coming discord is struck by Iago's "I like not that," and the first real suspicion is in Othello's "By heaven, he echoes me." But when, to Iago's insinuations, Othello has once taken hold of Othello's mind — he only knowing till then woman's nature through the followers of the camp — imagination works with terrible rapidity. The light of love which lit his face when he before met Desdemona, when he yielded to her first entreaties for Cassio, leaves him never to return. Desdemona's ill-starred answers, coupled with Iago's cunning prompting, hurry 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 "perplexed in the extreme." Cassio, notwithstanding his moral 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.

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 Caesar, and the scene of the tragedy 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 1605, and, according to Chalmer, in 1600.

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. He also grieved at the loss of his husband. Imogen and Posthumus grew up at court, and were playfellows from their infancy. When Cymbeline heard of this 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, which had been her mother's, and Posthumus promised never to part with this ring; 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 left for 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. Re-appearing with the head of Cloten, he has stolen, Iachimo claims from Posthumus the forfeit of his wife's infidelity. Posthumus at first doubts, as does his friend Philario, but Iachimo's proofs are so strong, that he at length yields to their force, gives him indignantly the ring, and vows vengeance on Imogen. Posthumus, now convinced of his wife's inconstancy, employs his servant Pisanio to repair to Britain for the purpose of murdering her; but Pisanio, in the full belief of Imogen's innocence, advises her to disguise and absent herself for a time from her father's court, and wait till her truth can be made apparent. Wandering in pursuit of this advice, she became very tired, and a kind Providence strangely directed her steps to the dwelling of her long-lost brothers, stolen in infancy by Belarius, a former lord in the court of Cymbeline. Belarius, banished for alleged treason, has taken up in a forest, where he lived concealed in a cave. At this cave it was Imogen's fortune to arrive, and she entered at once. On looking about, she discovered some meat, which she began to eat. Her two brothers, who had been hunting with their reputed father, Belarius, by this time had returned home, and discovering the fair wanderer, imagined there was an angel in the cave, so beautiful did Imogen look. The brothers now addressed them, and begged pardon for their intrusion, offering money for what she had eaten, which

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

See Page 603.

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 1607. That he also knew the treatise based on the same matter, viz., "Confessio Amantis," 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, 'Circe' (1677), calls 'Pericles the first work born to Shakespeare's muse.' This tragedy was entered at Stationers' Hall, May 2, 1605, 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 Gossen.

SCENE.—In various countries.

Antiochus, king of Antioch, desirous 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 concluded not to stay, since it had been intended 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, not renouncing, on intrusting his government to the care of Helicamus, a 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's demise. The sea, never a friend to Pericles, treated him badly, for suddenly 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.
and thrown in the sea, because the storm, which was still raging with unabated violence, worked on the superstitious sailors, who did not think the sea would become 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 Dionyza, 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 unequaled mental gifts, provokes the jealousy and envy of her foster-mother, whose daughter, Philotea, was entirely obscured by the brilliant charms of Marina. Dionyza, 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 vicious tempters that they desist from their immoral practices. Through the intercession 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 Dionyza, 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 at 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 heated story of the fierce lust of the heathen goddesses, 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 autobiographical 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.”
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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<th>The Comedy of Errors</th>
<th>Chalmers</th>
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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, presented by Spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—a ship at sea: an island.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see page xlv.]

ACT I.

Re-enter Boatswain.

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

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink? Sch. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you then.
Ant. Hang, eur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than you art.

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

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

Enter Mariner's vessel.

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. [They, Sch. I'm out of patience.
Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst 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 glunt him.

[Confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'—'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!']

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we
Ant. Let's all sink with the king.
Seb. Let's take leave of 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 fain 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 sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, but that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, blushes the fire out. O, I have suffered much. With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, which 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. If I had been any god of power, I would have sunk the sea within the earth or crepe it. Should the good ship so have swallowed and the fraughting souls within her.

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

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.

Mir. 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.

Pros. More to know

Mmir. Didst never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

Lie there, my art. Wipe thon thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art

So safety order'd 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 saw'st sink.

Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come; the very minute bids thee out of thy car:

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 rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

Four or five women once in one scene? [is it

Pros. Thou hastad, and more, Miranda. But how

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?

If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,

How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and [since,

A prince of power.

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and

Shall I say wast my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir.

Mir. And princess no worse issued.

Pros. O the heavens!

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

Mir. Both, both, my girl: By foul play, as thou say'st, we were weaved thence, But blessedly holp bither.

Pros. To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to, Which from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Mir. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio —

I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should

Be so peridious!—he whom next thyself

Of all the world I loved and to him put

The manage of my state; as at that time

Through all the signories it was the first

And Prospero the prince, begg'd so reputed

In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my brother

And to my state grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —

Dost thou attend me?

Pros. 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 creaturcs that were mine, I say, or chang'd em,

Or else new form'd them; having both the key

Of officer and office, set all hearts to the state

To what time pleas'd his car; that now he was

The ivy which had bid my princely trunk, [not.

And snick'd my verdure out on't. Thou attendst

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 retir'd,

O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother

Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,

Like a good parent, did begot 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 deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be [they'd

Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library

Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties

He thinks me now incapable: confederates:—

So dry he was for sway — wi' the King of Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,

Subject his coronet to his crown and bend

The dukedom yet unbowed — 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. My father,

Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy

To me inveterate, heartens my brother's suit;

Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises

Of homage and I know not how much tribute,

Should provide and paid, and

Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan

With all the honours on my brother: whereon,

A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, 't was the end of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried hence
Me and thy crying self.
Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pros. And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Was most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To try to the sea that road'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Was I then to you!
Ace. Alack, what trouble
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An under going stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we a-shore?
Pros. By providence divine
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries, [ness,
Which since have steamed much; so, of his gentle-
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Pros. Would I might
But ever see that man?
Pros. Arise: [Resumes his mantle.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful. [you, sir,
Mir. Heavens thank you for'r! And now, I pray
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my presence
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way; I know thou canst not choose.

Pros. Thine own sleep. [Miranda sleeps.

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

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task.
Act i. the tempest.

Scene ii.

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

Ari. I do not, sir. [forgot
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou The foul witch Sychorax, who with age 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. O, was she so? I must Once in a month recount what thou hast been, Which thou forgot’st. This damm’d witch Sychorax, For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible To enter human hearing, from Argier, Thou knowest, 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 thy want a spirit too delicate To act her earthly and abhor’d commands, Refusing her grand hesit, she did confine thee, By help of her more potent ministers And in her most unmitigable rage, Into a grove pine: within which, If imprison’d thou diest painfully remain A dozen years; within which space she died And left thee there; where thou diest vest thy groans As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—Save for the son that she did litter here, A free-kned wheed Hag-born—no 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 damm’d, which Sychorax Could not again undo: it was mine art, When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape When line and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

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

Ari. I will be correspondent to command And do my spiriting 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 eyelid else. Go take this shape And hisher come in’t: go, hence with diligence! [Exit Ariel.

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

Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heavyness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;

We’ll visit Caliban my slave, who never Yielded 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 in our wood and serves in offices That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! speak.

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

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.

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

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

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew 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 e’er! [cramps.

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt 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 Sychorax my mother, Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first, Thou strokest me and madest much of me, wouldst Water with berries in’t, and teach me how [give me To name the bigger light, and how the less, That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee And show’d thee all the qualities o’ the isle, The fresh springs, prime-pils, barren place and fere- Passed I that did so! All the charms [file: Of Sychorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you! For I am all the subjects that you have, Which first was mine own king: and here you stye me In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me The rest o’ the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave, [thee, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used Filth 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’st thou had been done! Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave, Which any print of goodness wilt not take, Being capable of all ill! I pilled thee, Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage, Know thin ye own meaning, but wouldst gabble like A thing most brutish, I endow’d thy purposes With words that made them known. But thy vile race, [ networking 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. You taught me language; and my profit on’t Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you For learning me your language!

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

Cal. No, pray thee.

[Aside] I must obey: his art is of such power, It would control my dam’s god, Soro, And make a vassal of him.

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

Re-enter Ariel, invoice, playing and singing; Ferdi- nand following.

Ariel’s song.

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands; Courtsi’d when you have and kiss’d! The wild waves whist,
Foot it feathly here and there; 
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen [dispersly]. Hark, hark!

The watch-dogs bark: Bow-wow.

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

Per. Where should this music be? 'tis the air or the
It sounds no more; and, sure, it waits upon [earth?]
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Wre菅ing again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

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

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

Per. 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? 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 canker, thou might'st
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows [call him
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. 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 prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
Within two days for this.

Per. 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.

Per. My language! heavens! I
Am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

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

Mir. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
And his brave son being twin. [Milan
Pros. 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. Delicate Ariel, [sir;
I'll set thee free for this. [To Per.] 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!

Per. 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 Per.] 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.

Per. 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. [tempel:
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pros. Follow me.

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

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

[Draws, and is charmed from moving.

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makes 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. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
I am an advocate for an impostor! Ilush!
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.

Per. 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 sublewed, 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 Per.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Per.] Follow
[To Ari.] Hark what thou else shalt do me. [me.

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

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

Ari. To the syllable.


ACT I.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.
ACT II.

SCENE I. — Another part of the island.

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

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause.

So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our lilt of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The mate of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Peace, Prithie, 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! [offer'd,

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar. [spoken truer than you purposed.

Gon. Dour! comest thou, indeed: you have
Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant

Gon. Therefore, my lord,— [you should.
Ant. That what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pritchie, spare.

Gon. 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 coekerel, then.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

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,—

Adr. Yet.—

Ant. He could not miss 't. [cute temperance.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and deli-

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wrench. [livered.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; 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 't were perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. Those things prove to habit.

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

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed al-

most beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their
freshness and 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 Acrie, at the marriage
of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of
Tunis, [well in our return.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper

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

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pex o' that! How came that
widow in? widow Dido!
ACT II.  

THE TEMPEST.  

SCENE I.

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. If the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute our dull purposes; and would, without name of magistrate; 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 on't.

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

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle: whores and knaves.

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

Seb. God save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. Who? or, — do you mark me, sir?

Ant. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. 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! [Still.

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music.

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

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

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. [I am very heavy. 

Seb. [All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find They are inclined to do so. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

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

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

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 dropt, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian? Or what delight? — 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 wide open: standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather; wink'st Whereas thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost more distinctly; There's meaning in thy snores.

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

Seb. Do so: to ebb Trebles thee o'er.

Ant. Well, I am standing water.

Seb. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O, If you but knew how you the purpose cherish Whiles thus you mock! 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. Prithee, say on:

Ant. The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim A matter from thee, and a birth indeed Which throses thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir: Although this lord of weak remembrance, this, Who shall be of as little memory When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded, — For he's a spirit of persuasion, only Professes to persuade, — the king his son's alive, 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope That he's undrown'd.

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

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

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

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you? 'T is true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; 'tis which regions There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate As amply and unnecessarily As this Gonzalo; I myself could make A chorus of as deep chat. O, that you bore The mind that I do! what a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content Tender your own good fortune? I remember You did supplant your brother Prospero.
ACT II.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.

Ant.
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows: now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience?

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'I would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences.
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, cadged be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever;What ails you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wain for aye might put
This ancient nornel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not earth 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 betis the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou go'st to 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.

Seb. O, but one word. [They talk apart.

Re-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 sorrowing lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Snake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king. [They wake.

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

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
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.

Alon. I heard nothing.

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

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine 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 verily, 'tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw on our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make fur
For my poor son. [Their search

Seb. But, for your conscience keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, 'tis the island.

Alon. Lead away. [done.

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

SCENE II.—Another part of the island.

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

Cal. All the infections that the sun suck'd up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire.
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trible are they set upon me;
Some time it was a sport, they would mock 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
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Trin. Lo, now, lo!
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 i' 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 palfuts. 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 of kind of not doing Poor John.
A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I
was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday
fear there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast
there makes a man: when they will not give a doit
to relieve a man beeggar, they will lay ten to see a
dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my
opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but
an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [Thunder.] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gabardine; 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 hand.

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

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

Sings.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gummer and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
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 seurvy 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 us with savages and men of
Ind, ha? 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 his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me! Oh!

This is some monster of the isle with four
legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where
the devil should he learn our language? I will give
him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can re-
cover him and keep him tame and get to Naples
with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever
trod on noble weather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my
wood home faster.
ACT III.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up.
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress [ress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base-
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet though 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 that lightning had 
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile! 
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns, 
I will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

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

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

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

Pros.
Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir.
You look wearily, [me

Fer.
No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

Mir.
Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer.
Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women: never many
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

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

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

Mir.
Do you love me?

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

Mir.
A fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros.
A fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer.
Wherefore weep you?

Mir.
At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. To this it is trilling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may marry me; or be my servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer.
My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir.
My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart a 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 that, as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised with it; 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 bear 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' other two be trained like us,
the state totters.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant 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 today? Will thou tell
a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a
monster?

[my lord?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,
Trin. 'Lord' quothe 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 mutineer,—the next tree! The
poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer
dignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Will thou be pleased
to hearken 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 tyr-
rant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated
Ari. Thou liest. [me 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 his
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your


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

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
ACT III.

THE TEMPEST.

Scene III.

From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing day by day.

Stu. That's most certain.

Col. Thou shalt have it and I'll serve thee.

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

Col. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
When thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

[Exit Col.]

Stu. What a pied ninny'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 nought but brine; for I'll not show
Where the quick freshes are.

[Exit Stu.]

Trin. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt
the monster one word further, and, by this hand,
I'll turn my mercy 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. So do I? 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 pox o' your bottle! this can
sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster,
and the devil take your fingers!

Col. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit Col.]

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


Col. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
1st afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or pack him in with a stake,
Or cut his wizard with thy knife. Remembrer
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a slut, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider
The beauty of his daughter; 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 doth least.

Stu. Is it so brave a bass? a

Col. 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 be viceroy. Dest
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.

Col. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Stu. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [Exit Ari.]

Col. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleas-
Let us be jovial: wilt thou catch the
You taught me but while yere?

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

Flout 'em and scout 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em; Thou galls is free.

Col. That's not the tune.

[Exeunt]

Ste. What is this same?
ACT IV.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast 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.
Pros. They vanish'd strangely.

Set. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
Stomachs.

Will I please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped 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
End of one of five for one will bring us [find
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feel,
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 't, the never-surfeted sea
Hath caused 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: [drown

[Alon., Setb., &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 bemonk'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One drop that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like INVULNERABLE. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that 'tis my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero; [work
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, ye, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thine of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and no pronounce by me:
Linger ing perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend [from—
You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you.
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Up on your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the
Ships again, and dance, with mock and muses,
and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, deserving:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing lated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaning ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
And these long-seated enemies all knap up:
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine loved darling. [Exit above.

Gon. I the name of something holy, sir, why stand
In this strange stare? [you

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 lass my tresspass.
Therefore my son! the oze is bestial, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie muddled. [Exit above.

Ant. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fright their legions o'er.

Ari. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt Setb. 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 superular joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Afr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too an sternely punish'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, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but

If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rites be minister'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the nurkiest deu;
The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phebus' steeds are found'er'd,
or Night kept claim'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
ACT IV.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

Sith then and talk with her: she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

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

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service worthily performed; and I must use you [vice In such another trick. Go bring the nubic. O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.
Incite them to quick motion: for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise, And they expect it from me. 

Ari. Presently? 

Pros. Ay, with a twinkle.

Ari. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,' And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,' Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and snow. Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit.

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

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

Pros. Fer. Well.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corolla, 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, yre, barley, vetches, oats and pease; Thy thurfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep, And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep; Thy banks with plowed and twilled brims, Which spongy April at thy hest betrims, [groves, To make cold nymphs chaste crown: and thy broom, Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, Being lass-lorn: thy pole-clitp vineyard; And thy sea-margin, sterile and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air; —the queen o'the sky, Whose watery arch and messenger am I, Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colourd messenger, that ne'er Doest disobey the wife of Jupiter; Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers, And with each end of thy blue bawd dost crown My bosky acres and my unshrubld down, Rich scarf to my proud earth: why hath thy queen Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green? 

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate; And some donation freely to estate On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow, If Venus or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company I have forswn.

Iris. Of her society Be not afraid: I met her deily Cutting the clouds towards 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, Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows And be a boy right out.

Cer. * 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 prosperous be And honour'd in their issue. [They sing:

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

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty, Barns and garners never empty, Vines with clustering buncches growing, Plants with goody burthen bowing; Spring come to you at the farthest In the very end of harvest! Scarcity and want shall slum 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 by mine art I have from their confines call'd to enact My present fancies. Let me live here ever; So rare a wonder'd father and a wife Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Juno. Sweet, now, silence! Juno and Ceres whisper seriously; There's something else to do: hush, and be mute, Or else our spell is marred. [brooks, Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wondring With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks, Leave your crisp channels and on this green land Answer your summons; Juno does command: Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You 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 life: the minute of their plot [no more! Is almost come. [To the Spirits.] Well done! avoid; Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion That works him strongly.

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-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Betrothed to my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. 

Pros. 

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 'a thy pleas.

Pros. 

Spirit, [ure?]

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my command'ry: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these var-

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drink.
So full of valour that they smote the air [ing?
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For for kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my labor;
At which, like unack'd'ed salts, they prick'd their ears,
Advancing their eyeballs, lifting up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That call-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, prickling goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I the filly-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chim's, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. 

This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpey in my house, go bring it hither,
For stile to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body fuller grows,
So his mind cancers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, laden with glistening apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible. Enter Cal-

ib'an, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harm-
less fairy, has done little better than played the Jack
with us.

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

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy fav'rence still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to [softly.
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

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

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

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

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
care for my grace.

Cal. Prithie, my king, be quit. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

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, ho, monster! we know what belongs to

a frippery. O king Stephano!

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

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The drosys drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to head I'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not
this my jeckin? Now is the jekin under the line:
Now, jekin, you are like to lose your hair and prove
a bald jekin. [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. 'Steal by line and level' is an ex-
cellent pass of pate; there's another garment for t'.

Ste. 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! hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.

Go change my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
Than pard or cat o' mountain. [them

Ste. 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.
In the line-grave which weather seeks your cell; They cannot lodge but in your face 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; I him that you term’d, sir, The good old lord. Gonz. His tears run down his beard, like winter’s drops From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strangely works That if you now beheld them, your affections I’em Would become tender. Prs. Dost thou think so, spirit? Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human. Prs. And mine shall. Haste, thou, which art but air, a touch of feeling Of their affections, and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the Yet with my nobler reason against my fury [quick, Do I take part: the rarer action is In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel: My charms I’ll break, their senses I’ll restore, And they shall be themselves.  [Exit. Prs. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lades 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 that By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make, Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid, Weak masters though ye be, I have bedim’d The noontide sun, call’d forth the mutinous winds, And do assault the pale moon’salf of heaven Set roaring water: to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire and rifled 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: graves at my command Have waked their sleepers, o’er, 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, Burn my uncertain faults in the earth, And deeper than did ever plummet sound I’ll drown my book. [Solemn music. Re-enter Ariel: 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 unsatified fancy cure thy brains, Now use not such vain thy skull! There stand, For you are spell-stopp’d. 1° Gonzalo, honourable man, Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine, Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves space, And as the morning steels upon the night, Melt Steele’s thick beams; so all of them, and requite My dukedom of thee, which perferee, 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 Were wrecked in this shore; where I have lost— How sharp the point of this remembrance is!— My dear son Ferdinand. Prs. I am woé for ’t, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.
Alon. P'th' As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter? O heaven, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddied 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, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Besitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendant
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will require you with as good a thing:
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at chess.
Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love, I would not for the world. [wrangle
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
And you call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have not cease them without cause. [Kneels.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest 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. 'T is new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast
At play?
Your old acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Scene I.

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 hither.
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own. [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
amazedly following.
O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallowe were on land;
This fellow'st'd, d' not deceive. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and care 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 tricksy spirit! [strengthen
Alon. These are not natural events: they
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—al 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 beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a truce, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were:[Aside to Pros.] Was it well done?

Ari. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'r men 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 then, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [Aside to Ari.] Come
hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
[slir? Untie the spell. [Exit Ari.] How farts my gracious
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano and
Trinculo, in their stolen apparel
Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!
Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.
Cat. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
ACT V.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!

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

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

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

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now; where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? [they

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano! [cramp.

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a
Pros. You 'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Seb. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

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

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

Seb. Or stole it, rather. [found it.

[Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And hence retire me to my Mikado, 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 Ari.] My Ariel,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw
near.

EPilogue.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, '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 deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pieces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Duke of Milan, Father to Silvia.
Valentine, Proteus,
Antonio, Father to Proteus,
Thurio, a foolish rival 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.
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws, with Valentine.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Verona. An open place.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus: Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. Were 't not affection chains thy tender days To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, I rather would entreat thy company To see the wonders of the world abroad Than, living dully sluggishd 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, adieu! Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger, If ever danger do environ thee, Command thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.


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 groans; men's mirth Cov looks with heart-sore sighs: one fading morn 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, not be chronicled for wise.

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

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

Even so by love the young and tender wit Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu! my father at the road

Expect my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave. To Milan let me hear from thee by letters Of thy success in love and what news else Betideth here in absence of thy friend; And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan! Val. As much to you at home! and so, fare-well. 

[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 good counsel, set the world at nought: Made wit with nussing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

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

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

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already; And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray, 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
Act I.  The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Scene II.

for wages followst thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Sped. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Sped. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Sped. If the ground be overcharged, you were best to nurse your own.

[Exit Sped.]

Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best you ask nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Sped. That you should give so much to her.

Pro. Nay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Sped. If the ground be overcharged, you were best to nurse your own.

[Exit Sped.]

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Sped. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Sped. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Sped. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Sped. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Sped. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter; and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as stone.

Pro. What said she? nothing?

Sped. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck.

Which cannot perish having thee aboard.

Being destined to a drier death on shore. [Exit Sped.]

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exit.]

Scene II.—The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone.

Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen

That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiest love? [mind

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my account of your skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame

That I, an unworthy body as I am,

Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;

I think him so because I think him so. [him

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. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O; they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'Tis to Julia. Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

[Proteus.]

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from

He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a godly broker!

Dare you presume to be so familiar with 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 more fece than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit Lucetta.

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 proférer construe 'ay.'

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love

That, like a wayward bale, will scratch the nurse

And presently all humbled kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid 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 restitution for my folly past.

What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your 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 didst thou stop, 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 he where it concerns,

Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Since love of yours both wish to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tone.

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.'
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 melodious 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 me there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat
And mar the compass by your unruly bass.
There wanteth 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 fingering 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, would I were so saucy with the same! O hateful hands, to tear up such lovely words!
Injurious waps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I’ll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ ‘kind Julia.’ Unkind Julia! As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I think of this, my soul against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ ‘love-wounden Proteus,’
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal’d;
And thus I seek it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was ‘Proteus’ written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged fearful-hanging rock
And throw it hence into the raging sea!
Le, 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 copies 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. I see you have a lot to do with them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will’t please you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Antonio’s house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the closet?

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

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder’d that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having him no true rule or guide.

Ant. Nor need’st thou much importance to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider’d well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor’d in the world;
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. ’Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall be practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise:
Worthy like his youth and beauty 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.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying; to salute the emperor
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now 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. Let me see the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved
And daily grace by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship’s will
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt see and know some time
With Valentinus 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:
Exuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliver a day or two. [Thee.

Ant. Look, what thou want’st shall be sent after
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.

Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ’d
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Ant. and Pan.]

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


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Val. Sir, your glove.

Speed. Not mine; my gloves are on.

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

Speed. Ah! let me see: ay, give it me, it’s mine:
Sweet ornament that deck a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

Val. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Val. She is not within hearing, sir.

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

Val. Well, you’ll still be too long a time.

[slow.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know Madam

Speed. She that your worship loves? [Silvia?

Val. Why, how 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 relia 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 pulling, 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 these 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 madacy.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Hast 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.

Val. What dost thou know? [favoured.

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. This, why is it? my heart accords thereto, And yet a thousand times it answers: no.' [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste: therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
ACT II.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE IV.

But I will none of them; they are for you; I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val.  Please you, I’ll write your ladyship another.
Sil.  And when it’s writ, for my sake read it over; and if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val.  If it please me, madam, what then? Sil.  Why, if it please you, take it for your labour: And so, good-morrow, servant.

[Exit.]

Speed.  O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible!
As a nose on a man’s face, or a weathercock on a stable!—[soutur, My master sue to her, and she hath taught her He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val.  How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed.  Nay, I was rhyming: ’tis you that have the reason.

Val.  To do what?
Speed.  To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

Val.  To whom?

Speed.  ’To yourself: why, she wooes you by a Val.  What figure? [figure.
Speed.  By a letter, I should say.

Val.  Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed.  If she hath not, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the Val.  No, believe me. [jest?

Speed.  No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val.  She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed.  Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val.  That’s the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed.  And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val.  I would it were no worse.

Speed.  I’ll warrant you, ’tis as well: For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover, [her lover. Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? ’tis dinner-time.

Val.  I have dined.

Speed.  Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chamelleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat. 0, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[Exit.]

Val.  What, gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak; For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
ACT II.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE IV.

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you. Val. Ay, boy, it's for love. Speed. Not of you. Val. Of my mistress, then. [Exit. Speed. 'T were good you knocked him. [Exit.

Sil. Servant, you are sad. Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so. Thru. Seem you that you are not? Val. Haply I do. Thru. So do counterfeits. Val. So do you. Thru. What seem I that I am not? Val. Why, sir. Thru. What instance of the contrary? Val. Your folly. Thru. And how quote you my folly? Val. I quote it in your jerkin. Thru. My jerkin is a doublet. Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly. [colour! Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon. Thru. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air. Val. You have said, sir. Thru. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. [begin. Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shall show it. Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver. Sil. Who is that, servant? Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. Thru. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt. Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their bare liversies, that they live by your bare words. [father. Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health; What say you to a letter from your friends Of such good news? Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence. Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman? Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth and worthy estimation And not without desert so well reputed. Duke. Hath he not a son? Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves The honour and regard of such a father. Duke. You know him well? Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy We have conversed and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of timeTo clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days; His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, for far behind his worth Comes all the praises that I now bestow, He is complete in feature and in mind With all good grace to grace a gentleman. Duke. Beshrew you, sir, but if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time awhile: I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you. Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he. Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth. Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio; For Valentine I need not cite him to it: I'll send him hither to you consequently. [Exit. Val. This is the gentleman I told you ladyship Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks. Sil. Belike that now she hath enchafed them Upon some other pawn for city. [still. Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, How could he see his way to seek out you? Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes. Thru. They say that Love hath not an eye at all. Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself: Upon a lonely object Love can wink. [leman. Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gen-

Enter Proteus. [Exit Thurio.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech Confirm his welcome with some special favour. [you, Sil. His work is warrant for his welcome hither; If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from. Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship. Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant. Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress. Val. Leave off discourse of disability: Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. Pro. My duty will I boast of: nothing else. Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed: Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress. Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself. Sil. That you are welcome? Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter Thurio.

Thru. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you. Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, Sir Thurio, Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome: I'll leave you to confer of home affairs; When you have done, we look to hear from you. Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship. [Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came? [commanded. 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 contending Love, Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fates, with penitential groans, With nightly tears and daily heart-sore sighs; For in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrows. 0 gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord And hath so humbled me and Masterless There is no woe to his correction Nor to his service no such joy on earth. Now no discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep, Upon the very naked name of love. Pro. Enough! I read your crime 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.
ACT II.  
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE VI.

Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with the high honours—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlasting.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what bragging 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
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold,
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessing so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after.
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?  [marriage-hour,
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nyay, more, our
With all the cunning manner of our light
Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before: I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will.  [Exit Valentine.

Enter Speed and Launce severally.
Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for
If I were not welcome, I reckon this always, that
a man is never undone till he be hanged, nor never
welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid
and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse
with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence,
there shall have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah,
how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they
parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. And then shall she marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish. [them?

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with
him, it stands well with her.

[not.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst
not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll
but leen, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.  [one.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say
no, it will: if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from
me but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce,
how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.  [lover?

Speed. Than how?  [to be.

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Thy master.

Speed. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he
burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to
the alehouse: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew,
and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity
in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou
go?

Speed. At thy service.  [Exeunt.
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 Ethelope.
I will forget that Julia is a girl,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This may be made with a ladder and window
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all 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.

SENE 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 exhibited,
To lesson me and tell me some good mean
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's
Pity the dearth that I have pined in. [fool?
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldest 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 dost'st it up, the more it
The current that with gentle murmurs glides;[burns.
Thou 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 overtooketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by 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, do you think what will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may besmeар some well-reputed page.

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

Jul. No, go not. God hold thee, thy silken string
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be. [breeches?
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 codpiece,
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 codpiece to stick pins on. [pin,
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unlaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you will go so, let your stay at home and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears
And instances of infinite love
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But true stars did govern Proteus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to quote him! [Wrong

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my 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 tardance.

[Exeunt.}

ACT III.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile; We have some secrets to confer about. [Exit Thu.

Not tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me.

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discourse to you,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal: [cover
But when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, This night intends to steal away your daughter: Myself am one made privy to the plot. I know you have determined to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; And should she thus be stolen away from you, It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrows which would press you down, Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;  
Which to requite, command me while I live,  
This love of thine doth not a slave let.  
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep,  
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company and my court:  
But hearing lest my jealous aim might err  
And so unworthily disgrace the man,  
A resolution I ever made, I even said,  
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find  
That which thyself 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 my self have ever kept;  
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.  

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean  
How he her chamber-window will ascend  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;  
For which the youthful lover now is gone  
And this way comes he with it presently;  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly  
That my discovery be not aimed at;  
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made that passion of this present action.  
Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.  

Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming.  

[Exit 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 heart and my beholding at your court.  
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;  
I am to break with thee of some affairs  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought  
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.  
Val. I know it well, my Lord; and, sure, the match  
Was rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities  
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter:  
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him? [ward,  
My heart and my beholding at your court,  
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;  
I am to break with thee of some affairs  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought  
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.  
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Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities  
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Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him? 

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My heart and my beholding at your court.  
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;  
I am to break with thee of some affairs  
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Was rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities  
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter:  
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him? 

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me.  
Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,  
That longs for everything that he can come by.  
Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.  
Duke. Nay, there shall be more.  
Val. How shall I best convey the ladder thither?  
Duke. Nay; it will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak that is of any length.  
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?  
Val. Ay, my good lord.  
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:  
I'll get me one of such another length.  
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.  
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.  
What letter is this same? What's here? 'To  
Silvia!'  

[Enter Sir Talbot, with a chair.]  

Duke. Sir Talbot, what news?  
Val. They say that you have received  
Instructions from your liege lord, your King,  
To ride forth upon a secret mission with him.  
Duke. It seems so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.  
Val. Which, Prince— for he is so,  
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 thy patience more than desert.  
It is privilege for thy departure hence:  
Thank me for this more than for all the favours  
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.  
But if thou linger in my territories  
And dawdlest in swiftest expedition  
Will give the time to have the royal court,  
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [Exit.]

Val. And why not death rather than living torrTo die is to put an end to the shadow of life; [ment? And Silvia is myself: banish’d from her Is self from self: a deadly banishment! What light is light, if Silvia be not seen? What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? Unless it be to think that she is by And die that the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night. There is no music in the nightingale; Unless I look on Silvia in the day, There is no day for me to look upon; She is my essence, and I leave to be, If I do not see her fair influence. Foster’d, illumined, cherish’d, kept alive. I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: Tarry I here, I but attend on death: But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.


Pro. Villain, forbear. Launce. Why, sir, I’ll strike nothing: I pray you,— [a word. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, Val. My ears are stop’d and cannot hear good news, So much of bad already hath possess’d them. Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, For they are harsh, unthoughtful and bad. Val. Is Silvia dead? Pro. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me. What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are banish’d. [news— Pro. That thou art banish’d—O, that’s the 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. Doth Silvia know that I am banish’d? Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer’d to the doom—which, unrevoc’d, stands in effectual force—a sea of melting pearl, which some call tears; Those at her father’s churlish feet she tender’d; With them, upon her knees, her humble self; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire; But Valentine, if he be ta’en, must die. Besides her intercession cha’d him so, When she for her repentance was suppli’d, That to close prison he commanded her, With many bitter threats of biding there. [speak’d 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 dole.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help, And study help for that which thou lament’st. Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. Here if thou stay, so may slip thy love; Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. Hope is a lover’s staff: walk hence with that And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence; Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver’d Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. The time now serves not to expostulate: Come, I’ll convey thee through the city-gate; And, ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concern thy love-affairs. As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself, I heard thy dançar, and along with me! [boy, Pro. 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! Heartless Valentine! [Exeunt 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 ’t is I love; and yet ’t is a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet ’t is a milksop: yea, and ’t is not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet ’t is a maid, for she is her master’s maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel; which is much in a bare Christian. [Pulling out a paper.] Here is the catechism of her condition. ’Imprimis: She can fetch and carry. ‘Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. ‘Item: She can milk? look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership? [sea. 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. Launce. Pie on thee, joll-head! thou canst not Speed. Thou lullaby, I can: [thee? Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who beget Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather. Launce. Oh illiterate loiterer! 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. [Reads] ‘Imprimis: She can milk.’ Speed. Ay, that she can. Speed. ‘Item: She brews good ale.’ Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: ‘Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.’ Speed. ‘Item: She can 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 and scour’d. Speed. ‘Item: She can spin.’ Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living. Speed. ‘Item: She hath many nameless virtues.’ Launce. That’s as much as to say, bastard vir-
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Proteus.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman According to our proclamation gone? 

Pro. Gone, my good lord. 

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously. 

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief. 

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. 

Pro. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee. 

For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert — Makes me the better to confer with thee. 

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace Let me not live to look upon your grace. 

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter. 

Pro. I do, my lord. 

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant How she opposes him against my will. 

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here. 

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so. 

What might we do to make the girl forget 

The love of Valentine? Sir Thurio. 

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent, 

Three things that women highly hold in hate. 

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate. 

Pro. And as if his enemy had told his doings Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken 

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend. 

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him. 

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do: 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 

Especially against his very friend. 

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage Your slander never can endanger him; 

Therefore the office is indifferent, Being entrusted to it by your friend. 

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: If I can do it By cogitations that I can speak in his dispatch, 

She shall not long continue love to him. 

But say this weed her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 

Thou. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him, Lest it should ravish and be good to none, 

That more you must provide to such it may not Which must be done by praising me as much As you in worth dispaise Sir Valentine. 

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this Because we know, on Valentine's report, You are already Love's firm votary And cannot soon revolt and change your mind. 

Upon this warrant shall you have access Where you with Silvia may confer at large; For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy, And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you; Where you may temper her by your persuasion To hate young Valentine and love my friend. 

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect: But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough; You must lay time to tangle her desires By wallsom sonnets, whose composed rhymes Should be full-fragant with serviceable vows. 

Duke. Ay. 

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy. 

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart: Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears Moist it again, and frame some feeling line That may discover such love's strange ways. For Orpheus' lute was string with poets' sinewes, Those golden touch could sorten steel and stones, Make tigers tame and huge leviathans Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. After your dire-lamenting elegies, Visit by night your lady's chamber-window.
ACT IV.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE I.

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
Thu. And thy advice this night I’ll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill’d in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

Pro. We’ll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.— 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’t.

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. That’s 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 riches are these poor habiliments,
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’s: 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 flight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

First Out. Why, ne’er repent it, if it was 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. Sirs, 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. [tien,

Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gen-
Such as the fury of ungovern’d youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banish’d
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, 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 befatuled

With goodly shape and by your own report
A linguist and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want —

Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish’d man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity
And live, as we do, in this wilderness? [consort?

Third Out. What say’st thou? wilt thou be of our
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We’ll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king. [diest.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou
Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer’d.

Val. I take your offer and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we’ll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.— Milan. Outside the Duke’s palace, under Silvia’s chamber.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio,
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved;
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover’s hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her win,
And give some evening music to her ear. [dow,

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio: for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let’s tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy’s clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you’re allycholy: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we’ll have you merry: I’ll bring you
where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[Music plays.]

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise 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 excels each mortal thing.
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you saunter than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what line change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

[Aside]

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?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me:

He loved 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.


[Enter Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead

That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that speake? [truth,

Pro. 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 lie you home to bed.

Thu. Subtle, perfured, 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 time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. Art not, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

Jul. [Aside] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am before 't, 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 myself my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me take it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers thence,

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak to that I'll sigh and weep;

For since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside] If 't were a substance, you would,

Sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir:

But since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:

And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight

That wait for execution in the morn.

[Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think it's almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night

That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia

Entreated me to call and know her mind:

There's some great matter she'll 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-morn.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:

According to your ladyship's impose,

I am thus early come to know what service

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—

Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not—

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished:

Thou art not ignorant what dear good will

I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.

Thyself last loved; and I have heard them say

No grief but ever come so near thy heart

As when thy lady and thy true love died,

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
ACT IV.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE IV.

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, I do desire the worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match, [plagues.
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Eglamour, tell me 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 beforye you.
When will you go?
Sil. This evening coming.
Eglamour. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
Eglamour. I will not fail your ladyship. Good-morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

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 did 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 trencher and steals her eapon's leg: O, it is 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't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out' says the third: 'Hang him up' says the duke, I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quo it, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quo he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quo it: 'I was I did the thing you wrought.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stools for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillof for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't. Thou thinkest I did not bid thee then to deliver 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 did? when didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Jul. 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 loitering?
Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.
Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?
Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish 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 back 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 never return again into my sight.
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, beliefe?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.
Jul. Alas!\nPro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?
Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry 'alas!'
Pro. Well, give her that ring and therewithal
This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, lie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [Exit.]
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him?
That with his very heart 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 am I, 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 dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false 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 here to speak with Madam Silvia.\nSil. 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.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE II.

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 so lovely as this is 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 fond Love were not a blinded god? Come, she is fair, the poor man is in love, For 'tis thy rival, O thou senseless form, Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and ador'd! And, were there sense in his idolatry, My substance should be statue in thy stead. I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, That is mine; so; or else I vow, I should have scratch'd out your unseen eyes, To make my master out of love with thee! [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Milan. An abbey.

Enter Eglinour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky; And now it is about the very hour That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me. She will not fail, for lovers break not hours, Unless it be to come before their time; So much they spur their expedition. See where she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglinour, Out at the postern by the abbey-wall. I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off; If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Th. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit? Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;

When all our pageants of delight were play'd, Our youth got me to play the woman's part, And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown, Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments, As if the garment had been made for me: Therefore I know she is about my height, And at that time I made her weep agog: For I did play a lamentable part: Madam, 'tis Ariadne passioning For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight; Which so lively acted with my tears That my poor mistress, moved therewith, Wept 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 this! I weep myself to think upon thy words, Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'est her. Farewell. [Exit Silvia, with attendants.

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 so lovely as this is 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 fond Love were not a blinded god? Come, she is fair, the poor man is in love, For 'tis thy rival, O thou senseless form, Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and ador'd! And, were there sense in his idolatry, My substance should be statue in thy stead. I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, That is mine; so; or else I vow, I should have scratch'd out your unseen eyes, To make my master out of love with thee! [Exit.}

And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

[Exeunt.]

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat[ rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what

Thu. But what says she to my face? [It loathes.

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is, Black men are pears in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [Aside] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies!

For I had rather wink than look on them. [eyes;

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Il, when you talk of war. [peace?

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and

Jul. [Aside] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [Aside] She needs not, when she knows it

Thu. What says she to my birth? [cowardice.

Pro. That who are well derived.

Jul. [Aside] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?
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 dukc.

Enter Duke.
Duke.  How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio! Which of you saw Sir Egglamour of late?
Thu.  Not I.
Pro.  Nor I.
Duke.  Saw you my daughter?
Pro.  Neither.
Duke.  Why then, She's bred unto that pleasant Valentine; And Egglamour 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 discourse, 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 it is to be a peevish girl, That flies her fortune when it follows her. I'll after, more to be revenged on Egglamour Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [Exit]
Pro.  And I will follow, more for Silvia's love Than hate of Egglamour 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 frontiers 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 learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
Sec. Out.  Come, bring her away. [Exit.]
First Out.  Where is the gentleman that was with Third Out.  Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun But Moyse and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with us, I pray, to the west end of the wood: There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled; The thicket is best; he cannot 'scape.
First Out.  Come, I must bring you to our cap-tain's cove:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil.  O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the forest.

Enter Valentine.
Val.  How use doth breed a habit in a man! This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods, I better brook than flourishing populous towns: Here can I sit alone, unseen of any, And to the nightingale's complaining notes Tune my distresses and my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast, Leave not the mansion so long tenantless, Last, growing ruins, the building fall And leave no memory of what it was! Repair me with thy presence, Silvia; Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! What halloing 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 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 bear 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 makest 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 been a breakfast to the beast, Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine, Whose life's as tender to me as my soul! And full as much, for more there cannot be, I do detest false perjur'd Proteus. Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. [death, Pro.  What dangerous action, stood 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 be-read over Julia's heart, thy first best love, [loved. For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths Descended into perjury, to love me. Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'st two: And that's far worse than none: better have none Than plural faith which is too much by one: Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro.  In love Who respects friend?
Sil.  All men but Proteus.
Pro.  Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words Can no way change you to a milder form, 'I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end, And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye. Sil.  O heaven! Pro.  I'll force thee yield to my desire. Val.  Run, Valentine, turn the rude uncivil touch, Thou friend of an ill fashion! Pro.  Valencia! 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 persuaded me: now I dare not say I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me. Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus, I am sorry I must never trust thee more, But count the world a stranger for thy sake. The private wound is deepest; 'tis most accurst. 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst! Pro.  My shame and guilt confound me. Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow Be a sufficient and momentous offer for him I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer As e'er I did commit. Val.  Then I am paid; And once again I do receive thee honest. Who by repentance is not satisfied, 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.
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.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold her 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's love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unriual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
Now see you, for your daughter's sake, happy.
On grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whatever it be.

Val. These banished men that I have kept withal
Are men enueld with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good
And fit for great employment, worthy lord. [thee.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will 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? [brushes.
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 fortified
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.]

Valentine.—Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Silvia.—His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.—Act II, Scene IV.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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, Pistol, Nym, sharpers attending on Falstaff.

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

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slender. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Comm.'

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'

Slender. 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 years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him hath done it; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old fish. I may quarter, coz. [old coat.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'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. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my be- nevolence to make atonement and compromises 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 Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! 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 brain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that very person for all the orb, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is her grandisire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrection—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a good motion if we leave our puzzles and prattles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page. [point?] Slender. Did her grandisire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a better penny.

Slender. 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, hou! Got pless your house here!

Page. [Within] Who 's there?

Enter Page.

Evans. Here is Got's blessing, and your friend, Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worship well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Slender. 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.

Sir. Thank you: by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.
Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsull.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would do a good offices between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christian ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. What, is he in some sort confess it?

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not 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. [This.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if you were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; good words.

Fal. Good words! good cabbages. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catch ing rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that's my humour. [Cousin?

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is Master Page, fidelocet Master Page and there is myself, fidelocet 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 prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwardsork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectation.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yeat Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine.

I commend the charge of this latten bilbo.

Word of denial in thy labors here!

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours:

I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nutbook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he be 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?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drank himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careiress.

Slen. Ay, you speak in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knives.

Evans. So Got uedge 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 that.

[Exeunt Page.

Evans. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[Xisses her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

Page. How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Slen. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz: we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz; there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Master Page, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me: he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. 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.

Slen. 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?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would to reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possiblie, if you can carry her your desires towards her.
Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good nearly, marry her? 
Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.
Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what do I do to please you, coz? Can you love the maid? 
Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her: that I am freely dissolved, and disconsolately. 
Shal. Ay. I think my cousin meant well. 
Slen. Ay, or else I would might be hanged, la! 
Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne. 

Re-enter Anne Page. 
Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne! 
Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company. 
Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne. 
Anne. Od's will! I will not be absence at the grace. [Exeunt Shallow and Evans. 
Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir? 
Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well. 
Anne. The dinner attends you, sir. 
Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his hand for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born. 
Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come. 
Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did. 
Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in. 
Slen. I had rather walk here. I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneyes for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears 't the town? [of. 
Anne. I hear there are, sir; I heard them talk. 
Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not? 
Anne. Ay, indeed, sir. 
Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Jackerson 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 rough things. 

Re-enter Page. 
Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you. 
Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir. 
Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come on. 
Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way. 
Page. Come on, sir. 
Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first. 
Anne. Not I, sir: pray you, keep on. 
Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do that, sir. 
Anne. I pray you, sir. 
Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [Exeunt. 

SCENE II.—The same. 
Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple. 
Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer. 
Sim. Well, sir. 
Evans. Nay, it is better yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to sollicit your master's desires and requests at Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's piping and cheese to come. [Exeunt. 

SCENE III.—A room in the Garter Inn. 
Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin. 

Fal. Mine host of the Garter! [and wisely. 
Host. What says my bully-rook? speak soberly. 
Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers. 
Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot. 
Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week. 
Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Phecear. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector? 
Fal. Do so, good mine host. 
Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [To Bard. 
Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. 
[Exit. 
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; adien. 
Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive. 
Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? 
[Exit Bardolph. 
Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? 
Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his doling was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time. [Pist. 
Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's. 
Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase! 
Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels. 
Pist. Wilt thou, let kibes ensue. 
Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift. 
Pist. Young ravens must have food. 
Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town? 
Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good. 
Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am. 
Pist. Two yards, and more. 
[labour. 
Fal. No quipts 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 hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff.' 
Pist. He hath studied her will, 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 legion of angels. 
Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I, 'I seem the angels. 
Nym. The humour rises: it is good: humour me. 
Pist. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious
Eiillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded
my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Pist. I will dig the course o’er my exteriors
with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her
eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass!
Here’s another letter to her; she bears the purse
too; she is a region in Guyana, all gold and bounty.
I will be chaster to them both, and they shall be
exempt of me; they shall be my East and West
Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear
thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to
Mistress Ford: we will thrive, ladies, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandaras of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!
Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take
the humour-letter: I will keep the humour of reputation.

Fal. [To Robin] Hold, sirrah, bear you these
letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnae to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Fuddle, plot away o’ the hoof: seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

Pist. Let vatures grip thy guts! for gourd and
forth she hol.
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humours of

Nym. Art thou her star?

Pist. Wilt wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, variet vile,
If I down will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense
Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with
yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous:
that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee;
toop.

[Exeunt.

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 thou 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.
Then 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, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst
fault is, that he is too given to pray; he is something
beevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but
let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender’s your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Do you wear a great round beard, like
a grover’s paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face,
with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of
his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath
fought with a warrenner.

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! If Master Pandarus I will do what
I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I
wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good
young man, and go into his closet: he will not stay
long. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] What, John
Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go
inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that
he comes not home.

[Staging] 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 un bottier
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-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud.
Je m’en vais la cour, la grande affaire.
Quick. Is this, this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: depeche,
quickly. ’Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir!

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack
Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after
my heel to the court.

Rug. ’Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my troth, I tarry too long. Od’s me!
Qu’al-joublie! dere is some simples in my
closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave
behind.

Quick. Ay me, he’ll find the young man there,
and be mad!

Caius. O dable, dable! vat is in my closet?
Villain! harron! [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? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my
closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so philisematic. 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, baile me
some paper. Carry 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 not with-
standing, man, I’ll do you your master what good
I can: and the very yea and no is, the French
doctor, my master,—I mean, call him my master,
look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring,
brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make
the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. [Aside to Quickly] ’Tis a great charge to
come under one body’s hand.

Quick. [Aside to Simple] Are you avised o’ that?
you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early
ACT II.  

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  

SCENE I.  

and down late; but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master hides it well with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You lack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his trot in de park; and I will teach a scurry jack'nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. 

Enter Simple.  

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.  

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host 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-ler! 

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. Follow my heels, Rugby.  

[Exeunt Caius and Rugby.  

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within] Who's within there? ho!  

Quick. Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I play you.  

Enter Fenton.  

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou? Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.  

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne? Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way: I praise heaven for it.  

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?  

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?  

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that? Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart, I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to alimony and musing: but for you—well, go to.  

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.  

Quick. Will it? I faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other woes.  

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.  

Quick. Farewell to your worship.  

[Exit Fenton.  

Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon 't! what have I forgot?  

[Exit.  

ACT II.  

SCENE I.—Before Page's house.  

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.  

Mrs. Page. What, have I escap'd 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 physic, 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 do so I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me, Thine own true knight, By day or night, Or any kind of light, With all his might  

For thee to fight,  

John Falstaff,  

What a Herold of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I answer'd Fenton of my youthful days, Heaven forgive 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 trifling respect, I could come to such honour!  

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?  

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.  

Mrs. Page. What? thouliest Sir Alice Ford! These knights will back; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.  

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 reproof to all uncommonness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What do you mean by this word? at this, what fault is there? A tun 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. See for the 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
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Mrs. Ford. Now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you hence, rogue.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mistress 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 jolly 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.]

Mrs. 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?

Ford. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him: and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife: but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Ford. Page? Where look my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

Host. How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter Shal.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Cailus the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [Drawing 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. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [They converse apart.]

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleir?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a potte of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook: only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: the shaft have egress and regress—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, Anheirs?
Act II.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Scene II.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobly hears; mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford; what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford.—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought me into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, so swelling my soul, and such ruffling, I warrant you, you, in silk and gold; and in such allant 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 are, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good sir,

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven? Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealous man: she leads a very fraudulent life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her: I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartious a civil modest wife, as ever I see, and tells me a dozen of stories you, morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have chawns, 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. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a say-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to under—

Fal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your point, your stockade, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather see them so.

[Exit Host, Shal., and Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [Exit.

Scene II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then, the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have granted upon you my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geny 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? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no glibet for you. Go, a short knife and a thong! To your mansion of Pickhatch! Go. You 'll not bear a letter for you, me rogue! you stand upon your honour! Why, thou unconfessable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and my own honour in my necessity, am fail to shullage, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your nags, 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. I'll be so.

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. Do I believe the swearer. What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I 'l vouche

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:— I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways,
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.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [Exit Mistress Quickly and Rosaline.] This news distress me!

Fal. This pun and one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your flights:
Give fire; she is my prize, or oceanwhelm them all! [Exit.

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? Will thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir, or none.

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 encompassed 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 preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us less a drawer. [Exit Bardolph.

Fal. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I 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 unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. [Hearing.

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 register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; feeq'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this: 'Love is like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues; Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursers.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. No.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her worth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here hath the heart of some purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to condescend to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it not apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Menthinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, this marriage-vow, and a thousand other gentlemen, for their defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook: you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her mistress, or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I shall 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 willotly knave hath masses of money for which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckold rogue's coffer; and there I'll harvest home.

Ford. I would you know Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the
cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. What says this is imprudent jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this vilious wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Aaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barboson, well; but they are devils' additions, the names of fiends; but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she sumpmutes, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A field near Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!
Rug. Sir?
Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?
Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pifle well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.
Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.
Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.
Caius. Villany, take your rapier.
Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!
Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!
Page. Now, good master doctor!
Slen. Give you good morrow, sir. [For]
Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foil, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy pinto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy mountant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Ascaninus? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

CAIUS. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of 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 witness that me have stay six or seven, two, three hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the 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. Bodykin, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.
Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor. [Mockwater.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Monsieur Caius. Mock-vater! 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. Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.
Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?
Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.
Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.
Caius. Me tank you for dat.
Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Froagmore. [Aside to them.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?
Host. He is there; see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.
Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.
Host. Let him die; heathie thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Froagmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? 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, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.
Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.
Host. Let us wag, then.
Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A field near Froagmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physick?

Slen. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.
ACT III.  THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  SCENE II.

Evans. I most vehemently desire you will also look that way.
Sim. I will, sir. [Enter Caius.
Evans. 'Tis my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trembling of mind I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knock his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the orch. 'Tis my soul! [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will me make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—
Merry on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
When as I sat in Palfyton—
And a thousand vagran posies.

Re-enter Simple.
Sim. Younger he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Evans. He's welcome. [Sings.

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 Frogmore, 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 gammer throughout the dice, and a good account from his book, and it is wonderful.
Sim. [Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!
Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!
Evans. 'Tis easy from his mercies sake, all of you.
Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?
Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!
Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.
Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.
Evans. Very well: what is it?
Page. Younger is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.
Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.
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 Hecubocrates 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.
Shal. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!
Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Cains.

Enter Host, Caius, and Ruby.
Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.
Shal. Do so 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 ear. Wherefore will you not meet—a me?

Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.
Caius. By gar, you are do coward, de Jack dog, John ape.
Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [Aside] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.
Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jar-ter,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at the place I did appoint.
Evans. As I am a Christians 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, and French and Welsh, sole-curer and body-curer!
Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.
Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson. my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have received you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and burnt sack be the issue. Come, bring the sword to the tan. Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow. [Follow.
Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen.
Slen. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!
[Enter Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.
Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make—a de set of us, ha, ha?
Evans. This is well: he has made us his stout- ing-stag. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurry, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.
Page. And with all my heart. 'Tis promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.
Evans. Well, I will smite his nodules. Pray you, follow.

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 hecks?
Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.
Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?
Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?
Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together. For want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.
Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.
Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?
Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dicens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your night's name, sirrah?
Rob. Sir John Falstaff.
Ford. Sir John Falstaff!
Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?
Ford. Indeed she is.
ACT III.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. 

SCENE III.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; lie hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's in-church with Misses Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of. 

Ford. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Shal. I hope I have your good will, father Page. Ford. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Evans. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth; he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Falstaff; he is too much a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Ford. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wassing at Master Page's. [Exeunt Shal. and Slen. Evans. Come home, John Rugby; I come anon. [Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [Exit Ford. [Aside] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

[All. Have with you to see this monster. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A room in Ford's house.

Enter 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!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house: and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the 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. [Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-muskets! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Ford. With him, how! You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he sweats he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [Exit Robin.] Mistress Page, remember you your course.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, kiss me. [Exit.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwelcome, sorry humidity, this gross watery pummion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John! [hour! Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot pride: Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead! I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be 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 admittance.

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 courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawk-nose-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckers-bury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.
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 rock of a lighthouse.

Mrs. Ford. Well, 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 ensnare me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray, 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 overthrown, you're undone for ever! [Page?]

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Ford! O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistaken in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter? Our husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that says he's here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather a thousand pound be out of the house than lose my husband.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather:' your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or—it is whitting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. 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. Bury, bury, help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never—

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight! [Falstaff goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.] 

Mrs. Ford. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight! [Exit Robin.]

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you? Serve to the laundress, forsooth. 

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exit Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have sworn to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: send all my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unknuckle the fox. Let me stop this way first. [Locking the door.] So, now uncover.

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. 

Evans. This is very fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. 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. [Exit Page, Caius, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this? You, Mrs. Ford, I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Page. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him service.

Mrs. Ford. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his disolute disease will scarce obviate this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrie, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to benesse him with our bodies?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [Aside to Mrs. Ford] Heard you that? [you]


Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford, Ay, ay; I must bear it. [Ford, Ay, ay; I must bear it. 

Evans. If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coopers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment! 

Caius. By gar, nor I that have no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your disturber in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it. You suffer for a bad consequence: you are as honest a 'omans as I will desire among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner: Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I
will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me. 

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll most likely be bound to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing. [company. 

Exeunt. If there be one, I shall make two in the Coast. If there be one or two, I shall make a three. 

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page. [Exit. 

Exeunt. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart.

Exeunt. A lousy knave, to have his gibes of all his mockeries! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A room in Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan. 

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to him, it cannot be wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property. 

Anne. May be he tells you true. 

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I wrou'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir; If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither! [They converse apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slender. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: 'sid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slender. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you. [Exit. 

Anne. I come to him. [Aside. This is my father's O, what a world of ill-favour'd faults! Looks handsomc in three hundred pounds a-year! Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you. 

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hast a father?

Slender. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you. 

Slender. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. 

Slender. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds a year. 

Slender. Good Master Shallow, let him a woo for Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for 

that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave Anne. Now, Master Slender,—[Exit. 

Slender. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will? 

Slender. My will! 'Od's heartings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me. 

Slender. 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 dole! They can tell you things go better than I can: you may ask your father; he here comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of. 

Fent. Nay, Master Fenton, be not impatient. 

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my Page. She is no match for you. [Exit. 

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton. Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in. Knowing my mind, I will not wrong me, Master Fenton. [Exit. 

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 yond fool. 

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband. 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! [Exit. 

Fent. Good master, 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. [Exit. 

SCENE V.—A room in the Garter Inn. 

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, I say,—

Bardolph. Here, sir. 

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in it. 

Bardolph. Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrel of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains t' eu out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogue slighted me into the river with as little remorse as
they would have drowned a blind bitch’s puppies, fifteen of the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of acuteness in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelly 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 swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter 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. Come in, woman!

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow. I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. 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 promise. 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 give her thought to my merit. Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.] I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford’s wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook: but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife’s 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 direction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed up in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford’s knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Dutch-hotel; they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knife would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bibbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head, and then, to be stuffed up, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that—man of my kidney, think of that,—that am subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to scarce-suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—bissing 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 Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding; I have received from her another embassy of meeting; twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. It is past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I sped; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[Exit.]
ACT IV.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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 thoughts. Let's go down into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day? [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; answer 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; 'Od 's nouns.
Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,?
Will. Pulcher.
[William?]
Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.
Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace. What is 'lapis,' William?
Will. A stone.
Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?
Will. A pebble.
Evans. No, it is 'lapis': I pray you, remember in your prayers.
Will. Lapis.
Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?
Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, his, his, hoc.
Evans. Nominativo, big, big, hag, hag; pray you, mark: genitivus, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?
Will. Accusativo, hinc.
Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hinc, hang, hoc, [you].
Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant.
Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the locative case, William?
Will. O.—vacativo, O.
Evans. Remember, William; locative is caret.
Quick. And that's a good root.
Evans. 'Oman, forbear.
Mrs. Page. Peace!
Evans. What is your genitivus case plural, William?
Will. Genitivus case! [Ilam?]
Evans. Aye.
Will. Genitivus, horum, harum, horum.
Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! lie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.
Evans. For shame, 'oman.
Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to kick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call ' horum,' lie 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.

Mrs. Page. Prithhee, hold thy peace.
Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.
Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.
Evans. It is qui, que, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quas,' and your 'quodas,' you must be preaches. Go your ways, and play; go.
Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.
Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.
Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.]
Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A room in Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your looks, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?
Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.
Mrs. 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 lunes again: he so takes on yonder with his husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed 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 foolery.
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 't the basket. May I not go out ere he come?
Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue
out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge
their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word.
Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, wall, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrunned hat and her muffler. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in such a shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight.


We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act that often jest and laugh; 'Tis old, but true, Still swine eat all the duff.

[Exit.

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

[Exit. First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in Master Ford too. O you pandyter rascals! there's a knot, a gimp, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleeding!

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad, indeed.

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 fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Will said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah. [Pulling clothes out of the basket.

Page. This passes! [alone.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house! I am sure he is safe; for my jealousy is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelities, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must prate, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for. [jealousies.

Page. Nor, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

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 lemon.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Ford. What, what, 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 quan, an old cozening quan! Here I am, forbid her my house! She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you bag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mather Prat; come, give me your hand.


Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Shal. She beats Mrs. Ford; but I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I
cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen.

[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'll have the cutigel hallowed and hung o'er the altar: if it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in feé-simple, with waste 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 afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, 'mongst he be not publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses: but I'll make them pay; I'll cause them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis true was the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look up on. Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour. [wilt.

Ford. Pard'on me, wife. Henceforth do what thou I rather will suspect the sun with cold [stand, than thee with wantonness: now doth 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 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 peaten as an old 'oman: methinks there should be torrens 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 rag'd horns; And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle And makes milk-kine yield blood and shakes a chain In a most hideous and dreadful manner: You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle-headed eid 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 'l come: And in this shape when you have brought him thither, What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter and my little son And three or four more of their growth we 'll dress Like urchins, 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 right, We two in great amazedness 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-horn the spirit, And mock him home to Windsor.

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. [vizards.

Ford. That will 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.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [Aside And in that shall Master Slender steal my Nan away. And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight. Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook: He'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he 'l come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fairy honest knavery.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford, Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[Exeunt Mrs. Ford of.

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 money'd, and his friends Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her. Though twenty thousand worthy come to crave her. [Exit.
SCENE V.—A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing bed and trundle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophagian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thou, Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [Above] 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 honourable: fie! privacy? fie! Enter Falstaff.

Fal. 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, mussel-shell: what would you with her? Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what does she say, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her to, from him, calls.

Fal. 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.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit. Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee? Fal. There was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage! Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came 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 Faustiuses.

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 hostels of this town, and I mind my heart the host is known to come. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise and full of gibes and vlontology, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

[Exit.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarter?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vax is dat: but it is tell-a-me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de saffron; for your sake, more than the vilius inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. Have and 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.

Quick. Tell me, villain, of the three, which 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 constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all. [pose, Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my pur- And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
ACT V.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. SCENE V.

To her mother, ever strong against that match
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shun her away.
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the denery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her; to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor.
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With rikunds pendent, faring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.
Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?
Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name carrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.
Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.
Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recom pense. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A room in the Garter Inn.
Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithée, no more prattling; go, I'll hold
This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers.
Away! go. They say there is divinity
In odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.
Away! Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do
What I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears; hold up your head, and mine.
[Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter
will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park
about midnight, at Herne's oak; and you shall
see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you
told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a
poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook,
like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her
husband, hath the finest math devil of jealousy in him; Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy.
I will tell you: he beat me grievously, in the shape of a
woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I
fear not Goliath with a weaver's beard; because I
know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I
plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I
knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave
Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will
deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange
things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.
Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come; come, we'll couch 't the castle-ditch
till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son
Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spake with her and we
have a nay-word how to know one another; I come to
her in white, and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget';
and by that we know one another.

Shall. That's good too; but what needs either your
'mum' or her 'budget'? the white will decipher her
well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.
Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will
become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man
means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by
his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A street leading to the Park.
Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and
Doctor Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green:
when you see your time, take her by the hand, away
with her to the denery, 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 chick
than a great deal of heart-break.
Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of
fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by
Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the
instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will
at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked;
if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such jesters and their jokes;
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the
oak! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.
Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as
Fairies.

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. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Park.
Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the
minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist
me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on '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, in the wood. Send me a good mild-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Ful. My doe with the black sent! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-

Ful. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like that? that's why, now. Why, now, he has a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Ful. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. [Away, away! [They run off.]

Ful. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set fire on; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as before; Pistol, as hob-goblin; Mistress Quickly, Anne Page, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

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 calling.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oys.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shall thou leap;
Where fires thou find'st unraked and heaths un-
There pinch the maidens as blue as bilberry: [swept.
Our regiment doth blow them, higher and higher.

Ful. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall
I'll wink and cough: no man their works must eye.

[Dies down upon his face.

Evans. Where's Bede? Go you, and where you

find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides and
Quick. About, about! [shins.
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, uphes, on every sacred room.
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expression that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And '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, away, Page, one o'clock,
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.

Ful. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy,
Le stand 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?

Ful. Oh. Oh, Oh! [They burn him with their tapers.

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.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire;
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Culus comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; and Fenton 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 rises.

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. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook; and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Ful. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Ful. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the folly into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!
Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not piss you.
Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.
Evans. And leave your jealousies too, I pray you. Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till they shall, able to woo her in good English?
Ful. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o're reaching? as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.
Evans. Sense is not good to give putter; your belly is all putter.
Ful. 'Sease? and 'putter!' I have lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.
Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?
Page. Old, cold, withered and of intolerable entrails?
Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?
Page. And as poor as Job?
Evans. And as wicked as his wife?
Ful. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of Evans. I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh fritter; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.
Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.
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 doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.
Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!
Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?
Slen. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!
Page. Of what, son?
Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great hobbled boy. If it had not been 't the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swunged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir: and 't is 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 'budget,' 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 deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.
Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, 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.
Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?
Page. My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Page. How now, Master Fenton!
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?
Fenton. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or undutiful title, Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, [her.]
Which forced marriage would have brought upon Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy: In love the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
Ful. 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 eschew'd must be embraced.
Page. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased. [Fenton.]
Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire. Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be so. Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Vincentio, the Duke.  
Angelo, Deputy.  
Escalus, an ancient Lord.  
Claudio, a young gentleman.  
Lucio, a fantastic.  
Two other gentlemen.  
Provost.  
Thomas, Peter, two friars.  
A Justice.  
Varrius.  
Elbow, a simple constable.

Froth, a foolish gentleman.  
Pompey, servant to Mistress Overdone.  
Abhorson, an executioner.  
Barnardine, a dissolve 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,Escalus, Lords and Attendants.


Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;  
Since I am put to know that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice  
My strength can give you: then no more remains,  
But that to your sufficiency . . . . . . . . . . . . . .  
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. [Exit an attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear?  
For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply,  
Lent him our terror, dress’d him with our love,  
And given his deputation all the organs  
Of our own power: what think you of it?  
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth  
To undergo such ample grace and honour,  
It is Lord Angelo.

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 belonging  
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 it 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 thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advertise;  
Hold therefore, Angelo:—  
In our remove be thou at full ourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalins,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary.  
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,  
Let these 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 unquestion’d  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings 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 scruple: your scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:  
I’ll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and Aves 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!  
Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!  
Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you: and it concerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place;
ACT I.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE I.

A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we will soon of satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes come not
to composition with the King of Hungary, why then
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. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pi-
rate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments,
but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis not too steal?'

Lucio. Ay, that he raked.

First Gent. Why, 'tis a commandment to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier
of us all; that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do
refish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. Amen.

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 but a pair of shears
between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and
the velvet. Thou art the list.

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good
velvet; thou 'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee;
I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled,
thou 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 confession, learn to begin thy health; but,
whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. [I not?

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have
not I? 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; impieties have made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

First Gent. How now! which of thy hips has the
most profound scission?

Mrs. Or. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested
and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee? [all

Mrs. Or. Marry, sir, that's Claudia, Signior Clau-
First Gent. Claudia? Claudia in prison? 't is not so. [dio.

Mrs. Or. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him ar-
rested, saw him carried away; and, which is more,
within these three days his head to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fouling, I would have
it say. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Or. I am too sure of it: and it is for
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 pov-
erty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Or. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Or. But what's his offence?

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Or. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him.

You have not heard any of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Or. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must
be plucked down.

[Exeunt.

Mrs. Or. Amen. And what shall become of those in
the

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone
down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Or. But shall all our houses of resort in the
suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Or. Why, here's a change indeed in the com-
monwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come: fear not you: good counsellors lack
no clients: though you change your place, you need
not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still.

Claud. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you
that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you
will be considered.

Mrs. Or. Why, what's to do here, Thomas tapster?

let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the
provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[Exeunt.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to
the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. 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; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes
this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that have run down their proper house,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest,
I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet,
to say the truth, I had as lief have the oppery
of freedom as the morality of imprisonment.
What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. 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.
Lucio.  And all that you must go.  [with you.
Claud.  One word, good friend.  Lucio, a word.
Lucio.  A hundred, if they 'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?  [tract
Claud.  Thus stands it with me: upon a true con-
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Reinaming in the coffers of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us.  But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.
Lucio.  With child, perhaps?
Claud.  Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke—
Whether it be the fault and disgrace of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse wherein the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyrannical in his place, or
In his confidence that ill did it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties  [wall
Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by the
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn; and for a name,
Now puts the drowsey and neglected act
Freshly on me: 't is surely for a name.
Lucio.  I warrant it; and thy head stands so
Ticky on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be
In love, may sigh it off.  Send after the duke and
Appel to him.
Claud.  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;
Acquit her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And in a manner can persuade
Lucio.  I pray she may; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand under
grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life,
who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost
at a game of tick-tack.  'T ill to her.
Claud.  I thank you, good friend Lucio.
Lucio.  Within two hours.
Claud.  Come, officer, away!  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.  A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke.  No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom.  Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.
Fri. 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
Whereby I lost all and was less bra very 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 travel'd to Poland;
For so I have throw'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received.  Now, pious sir,
You will think of my duty: why 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 cave.
There goes out to look for fond fathers,
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 infatuation, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.
The baby beats the nurse, and quite avarth
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T.  It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke.  I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have the advantage by the passive pass
And not the punishment.  Therefore indeed, my
I have on Angelo imposed the office;  [father,
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the 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;

Fri. T.  Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone; hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seekers be.

[Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab.  And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran.  Are not these large enough?

Isab.  Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio.  [Within]  Ho!  Peace be in this place!

Isab.  Who's that which calls?
Fran.  It is a man's voice.  Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress;
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 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio.  Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less!  Can you so steadfast
As bring me to the sight of Isabella;
A novice of this place and no sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab.  Why 's her unhappy brother?  let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio.  Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
Not to be check'd with you, he's in prison.

Isab.  Woe me!  for what?  [judge
Lucio.  For that which, if myself might be his
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to see the lapping 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. Feveness, 'tis Your brother and his lover have embraced: [thus:
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seeds the bare fawlow brings
To teeming poison, even so her plentiful womb
Expresseth his full tithe 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.

She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governors Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He—to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sentence 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 pitch 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:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A hall in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants, behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escalus. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time colored with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.

What's open made to
Justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence:
For it have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escalus. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Provost. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For 'tis the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.

Escalus. [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him! and for

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some rise from brakes of ice, and answer none:
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and

Pompey.

Elbow. Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a commonweal that do nothing but use
their abuses in common houses, I know no law:
bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and

What's the matter?

Elbow. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable,
And my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good
honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are
they? are they not malefactors?

Elbow. If it please your honour, I know not well what
they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of;
and void of all proflation in the world that good
Christians ought to have.

Escalus. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.
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, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir, a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs: and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house.

Ang. How dost thou know that? Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before and your honour,—

Escal. How? thy wife? [woman,—

Elb. Ay, sir; whom I thank heaven, is an honest man; and I, therefore, detest her.

Escal. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinaly given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but, as she spied in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so. Escal. Live it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honour has 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, not of a pin; you are therein in the right, but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, he, but I did reply, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

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. No, sir, nor 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 not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallows eve.

Pom. Why very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

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, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her.

Elb. 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 gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Dost your honour mark his face? Escal. Ay, sir, very well. [face?

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 caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Froth! 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 is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldest discover if thou coulst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what 's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

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 me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never gone into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: fare-well. [Exit Froth.] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?
ACT II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SCENE II.

Pom. Pompey.
Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a taper, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the yonth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a day: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [Aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better direct me.

Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade: The valiant heart is not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit. Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't; are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Elbow.

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; but there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful; Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so: Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet—poor Claudio! There is no remedy. Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come I'll tell him of you. [straight:

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.

I'll know His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for 't! [Exit Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost? Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow? Ang. Did not I tell thee yet? 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 doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give 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.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant. See you the fornicatress be removed:

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for 't.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. 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.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it? Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law! I had a brother, then. [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?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

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Ay, I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ay. 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?

Ay. He's sentenced; 't is 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 word shall any that to great ones 'longs.

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ay. 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 to Isab.] [the vein.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, touch him; there's
Your brother a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Why do all the souls that were for it 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.

Ay. 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.


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
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There are many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, well said.

Ay. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the deed infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Look'd 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.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ay. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To show it like a man that is himself.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwearyable and gnarled 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 eye, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench!
He's coming; I perceive 't. [he will relent;

Pros. [Aside] Pray heaven she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself;
Great men may jest with saints; 't is 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 cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy; [on 't.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Art avis'd o' that? more
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;
And knock there what it doth know.
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

[Aside] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back. [well.

Ay. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bridle you: good my lord,

Ay. How! bridle 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 sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maid's whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ay. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Go to; 't is well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

[Aside] Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ay. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour!

[Exit Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.

Ay. From thee, even from thy virtue!

What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? [mine?

Ha! Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense [enough,
Than women's lightness? Having waste ground,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her fowly for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live;
Thieves have their robs, and traitors their authority [her.
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost lait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on

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ACT II.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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 see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. [needful.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'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 do I 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.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
And try your penitence, 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 repent,
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 we stand in fear.
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, Benedictine! [Exit.
Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That resipits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray.
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, wherein I studied,
Is like a good thing; being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yes, my gravity.
Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plum,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy ease, 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.

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] O heavens!
Why does my blood thus mister to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throns with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own 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.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me. [live.

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!
Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be,
As long as you or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yeas.
Isab. When I beseech you? that in his rephrase,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. 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. 'T is set down in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she be that hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accomp't.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the record'd law,
Prounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. 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 bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my term prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are igno-
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

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Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good, But graciously to know I am no better.  
* Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright  
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshiled beauty ten times louder  
Than the beauty could display'd. But mark me;  
To be receiv'd plain, I'll speak more gross:  
Your brother is to die.  
Isab. So.  
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,  
According 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 whips I'd wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longling have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.  
Ang. Then must your brother die.  
Isab. And 't were the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.  
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence  
That you have shudder'd so?  
Isab. Ignomy in rason 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 sliding of your brother  
Aerriment 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 feedary, but only he  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.  
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.  
[seives;  
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them—  
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. 'Nay, call us ten times frail  
For we are soft as our complxies are,  
And credulous to false prints.  
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 none, 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 conceive, I love you.  
Isab. My brother did love Julia.  
And you tell me that he shall die for it.  
Ang. He shall not, Isabell, if you give me love.  
Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.  
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.  
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,  
And most preicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
[aloud  
Or with an outstretch'd threat I'll tell the world  
What man thou art.  
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoll'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i the state,  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifte in you stifte report  
And smell of calumny. I have begun,  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety and proulious blushes,  
That banish what they see for; redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.  
[Exit.  
Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approbation.  
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 lath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That, had it twenty heads to turner down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stopp  
To such abhorre'd pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request.  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.  
[Exit.  

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in the prison.

Enter Duke, disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?  
Clau. 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:
ACT III.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE I.

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth ennaw
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His fifth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.
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.

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.

Isab. What 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.

Claud. Which is the least?

Isab. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he be for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined! O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Isab. Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
[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 bawd:
ACT III.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE II.

'Tis 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.

[Walks apart.

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 essay of her virtue to practice his judgment with the disposition of your complexion: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must go to your knees and be ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [Exit Claudio.]

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 less 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. Am I 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. Be not so much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; reconcile your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak, 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 went 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 nuptial, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her companion husband, this well-deserving Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she wore 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 renowned maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place, if you can encounter this advantage itself, after, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Hast you speedily 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 done.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, 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?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, 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, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you sir?

Elb. A merry, sir; he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too: sir; for we have
ACT III. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SCENE II.

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo, it well in his absence; he put his transgression to t.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him; something too craved that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must curb it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his 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 amiss.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece 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 put for the making this 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. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her crack-dish: the duke had crotchetts in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.


Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I 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 life 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 misunderstanding: 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 brings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully; 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 you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more;
or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But
indeed I can do you little harm; you’ll forswear
this again.

Lucio. I’ll be hanged first: thou art deceived in my
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 ungenitured agent will unpeopele the
province with continency; sparrows must not build
in his lord-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 again, would eat
mutton 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 encompass; back—wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

[Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with
Mistress Overdone.]

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your
honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still
forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy
swear and play the tyrant.

Proc. A bawl of eleven years’ continuance, may
it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio’s informa-
tion against me. Mistress Kate Keelop was
with child by him in the duke’s time; he promised
her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old,
come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and
see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license:
let him be called before us. Away with her to
prison! Go; no more words. [Exit Officers with
Mistress Ov.]

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.

Proc. Please you, this friar hath been with
him, and advised him for the entertainment of
direct. Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad in the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on
goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it:
novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous
to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous
to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce
truth enough alive to make societies secure: but
security enough to make fellowships accurst: much
upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world.
This news is old enough, yet it is every day’s news.
I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended
especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
than merry at any thing which professed to make
him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But
leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may
prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how
you find Claudio prepared. I am made to under-
stand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister
measure from his judge, but most willingly hum-
bles himself to the determination of justice; yet
had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his
frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I
by my good leisure have discredited to him, and
now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function,
and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I
have laboured for the poor gentleman to the ex-
tremely shore of my modesty: but my brother jus-
tice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me
to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the strictness of his
proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he
chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself. [well.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you
Duke. Peace be with you!

[Exeunt Escalus and Provost.]

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self—offences weighing.
Shame to no whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness mix in crimes,
Making practice on the times?
To draw with idle spiders’ strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to—night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The noised grange at St. Luke’s.

Enter Mariana and a Boy.

Boy sings.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsorn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.

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Mori. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice [away:
Hath often still’d my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.

Enter Duke 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.
**ACT IV.**

**MEASURE FOR MEASURE.**

**SCENE II.**

**Duke.** 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

**Mari.** You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

**Enter Isabella.**

**Duke.** I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

**Mari.** I am always bound to you. [Exit.]

**Isab.** He hath a garden circummured 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.** Are there no other tokens Between you 'greed concerning her observance? I say, 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.

**Isab.** 'T is well borne up. I have not yet made known to Mariana A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

**Re-enter Mariana.**

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; She comes to do you good.

**Isab.** I do desire the like.

**Duke.** Do you persuade yourself that I respect you? [lit.]

**Mari.** Good friar, I know you do, and have found
**Duke.** Take, then, this your companion by the Who hath a story ready for your ear. [hand, I shall ajjunt your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

**Mari.** Will't please you walk aside? [Exit Mariana and Isabella.]

**Duke.** O place and greatness! millions of false eyes Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report Run with these false and most contrarious guests Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dreams And rack thee in their fancies.

**Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.**

Welcome, how agreed?

**Isab.** She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, If you advise it.

**Duke.** It is not my consent, But my entreaty too.

**Isab.** Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low, 'Remember now my brother.'

**Mari.** Fear me not.

**Duke.** Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract: To bring you thus together, 'Tis no sin, Sith that the justice of his title to him

Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow. [Eceunt.]

**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 company of excommunication, who in his hour lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whippimg, for you have been a noorious bawd.

**Pom.** Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

**Prov.** What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

**Enter Abhorson.**

**Abhor.** Do you call, sir?

**Prov.** Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

**Abhor.** A bawd, sir? fit upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

**Prov.** Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

**Pom.** Pray, sir, by your good favour.—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look.—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery. **Abhor.** Ay, sir; a mystery. [Exit.]

**Pom.** Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whomers, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be is in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

**Abhor.** Sir, it is a mystery. [Exit.]

**Prov.** Proof?

**Abhor.** Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

**Re-enter Provost.**

**Prov.** Are you agreed?

**Pom.** Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

**Prov.** You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

**Abhor.** Come, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

**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 Barnardine and Claudio: [Eceunt Pompey and Abhorson. The one has my pity; not a jot the other. Being a murderer, though he were my brother. [Exit Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?
Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies stalkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.
Proc. Who can do good on him? Well, go, prepare yourself. [Knocking within.] But, lark, 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
Envelope you, good provost! Who called here of late?
Proc. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Proc. No.
Duke. They will, then, ere 't be long.
Proc. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There 's some in hope.
Proc. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he 'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. [Knocking within.
Now are they come. [Exit Provost.

This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steel'd gaoler is the friend of those
That wounds the unsisting postern with these
Re-enter Provost.
Proc. There he must stay until the officer
Ariase to let him in: he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Proc. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Proc. 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.

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?
Proc. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking
me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this
unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath
not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let 's hear.
Proc. [Reads]
' Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let
Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in
the afternoon Barnardine; for my better satisfaction,
let me have Claudio's head sent me by five.
Let this be duly 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 say you to this, sir?
Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be ex-
cuted in the afternoon?
Proc. A Polemic 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 delivered him to his liberty or executed him?
I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Proc. His friends still wrought reprieves for him;
and this, it is. till now in the government of
Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.
Duke. It is now apparent?
Proc. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.
Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?
how seems he to be touched?

Proc. 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
dead.
Duke. He wants advice.
Proc. He will hear none: he hath evermore had
the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape
hence, he would not: drank many times a day, if
not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft
awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and
heaved him his coming warrant for it: it hath not
moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in
your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I
read it not truly, my ancient skill beguilés me; but,
in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in
hazard. Claudio, whom till now you have warrant to
execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo
who hath sentenced him. To make you understand
this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days'
respite; for the which you are to do me both a pres-
ent and a dangerous courtesy.

Proc. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Proc. 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.

Proc. Angelo hath seen them both, and will dis-
cover the favour of mine office.

Duke. O, death's a great disquiser; and you may
add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and
say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared
before his death: you know the course is common.
If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks
and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I
will plead against it with my life.

Proc. Pardon me, good father; it is against my
oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the
deputy?

Proc. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence,
if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Proc. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet
Act IV. Measure for Measure. Scene III.

Since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with case attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Pom. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke’s death; perchance coming out of some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine’s head: I will show him present shift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. — Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Miss-stress 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 Capel, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kills hangman eating, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooey the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now ‘for the Lord’s sake.’

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Master Barnardine! Bar. [Within] A pox o’ your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [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.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what’s the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant’s come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for it.

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.

Bar. 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 the this day, that’s certain. [You Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I sweat I will not die to-day for any man’s persuasion.

Duke. But hear you Bar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. 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.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio’s years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This repprobate 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; whereas I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive? Duke. Let this be done. Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your 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 inquisitions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I’ll desire To meet me at the consecrated font A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I’ll carry it myself. Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I’ll make all speed. [Exit. Isab. [Within] Peace, ho, be here! Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She’s come to know If yet her brother’s pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
ACT IV. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SCENE VI.

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 house. His head is off 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! Injuries 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 verdict: [eyes: The duke comes home to-morrow; say, dry your One of our convent, and his confessors, Gives me this instance: already he hath carried Notice to Escalus and Angelo, Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shall have your 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. Wield 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. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see the eyes are red; thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little belloving 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 medlar.

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, friar, I am a kind of burr: I shall stick. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escalus. Every letter he hath writ hath disavouched other. 

Angelo. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities Escalus. I guess not. [there? 

Angelo. 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.

Escalus. 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.

Angelo. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes? the morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him. Escalus. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Angelo. Good night. [Exit Escalus. This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deliver'd maid! And by an eminent body that enforced The law against it! But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no; For my authority bears of a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch [lived, But it confounds the breather. He should have saved that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might in the times to come have tae'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me; [Giving letters The provost knows our purpose and our plot. The matter being 'foot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius's house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Valentine, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

Friar P. It shall be speeded well. [Exit.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Street near the city gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isabella. To speak so indirectly I am loth: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
ACT V.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE I.—The city gate.

Mariana re-entered, 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. [Aside] Happy return be to your royal grace!

Luc. 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 truth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom.
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And raze of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

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?
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And have 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, not being believed. [Here!]
Or wring redress 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 strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most
Where you may have such vantage on the duke. [Exit,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
The generous and gravest citizens . . . [sounded;—
Have bent the gates, and very near upon.
The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!—

[Exit.

Duke. Away with her! Poor soul.
She speaks this in the infancy 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 im-
possible
That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For 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]
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Luc. 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 to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are i'the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.

Isab. In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, 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:

73
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I will wish him to: for the next morrow betimes
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
Or else thou art born blind to his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemence he should pursue
Faults proper to the conscience; if thou hast found
In my will 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?

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abased. 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 Lodovick that she speaks of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurril, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, 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 more request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Bleded! upon Lord Angelo, came I hither.
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.
[Isabella is carried off guarded; and
Maria comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Maria. Purse, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Maria. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Maria. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Maria. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then; neither maid,
widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. [cause
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Maria. My lord, I do confess. I say '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.

Maria. No, I come to my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Maria. Not that I know.

Lucio. No? you say your husband.

Maria. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he 'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. That is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

Maria. My husband bids me; now I will un
mask. [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 took away the match 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.

Ang. 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
Came short of composition, but in chief
For that her reputation was dissuaded
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

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 not whom a wife as this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

Ang. Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mighty member
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT V.

Scene 1.

That sets them on: let me have way, my lord, To find this practice out. 

LUC. Ay, with my heart; And punish them to your height of pleasure. Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman, Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths, [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

Duke. Go do it instantly. [Exit Provost. And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin, Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, Do with your injuries as seems you best, In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you; But stir not you till you have well determined Upon these slanderers. Escalus. 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? 

LUC. 'Cecilius non facit monachum;' honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke. Escalus. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow. 

LUC. As any in Vienna, on my word. Escalus. 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. 

LUC. Not better than he, by her own report. Escalus. Say you? 

LUC. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: per chance, publicly, she'll be ashamed. Escalus. I will go darkly to work with her. LUC. That's the way; for women are light at midnight. 

Re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar's habit.

Escalus. Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlemwoman denies all that you have said. Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escalus. In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you. LUC. Mum. Escalus. Come, sir; did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did. Duke. 'Tis false. Escalus. Now! know you where you are? [devil Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the Be sometime honour’d for his burning throne! Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak. Escalus. The duke's in us; and we will hear you

LUC. You speak justly. [speak: Duke. Coldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth Where he chooses to accuse. 

LUC. This is the racket; this he is spoke of. Escalus. Why, thou unrevend and unhallow'd friar, is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain? and then to glance from him To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll toushe 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 rack his own; his subject am I not, Nor here provincial. My business in this state Made me a looker on here in Vienna, Where I have seen many could stand and bubble Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults. But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark. [spoken: Escalus. Slander to the state! Away with him to Angelo. What can you vouch against him. Signior Is this the man that you did tell us of? [Lucio? Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, Goodman baldpate; do you know me? Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke. Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke? Duke. Most notably, sir. Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be? Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse. Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches? Duke. I protest I love the duke as I love myself. Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses! Escalus. 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 gigliots too, and with the other confederate companions! Duke. [To Provost] Stay, sir; stay awhile. Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio. Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you lauded, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be flanged an hour! Will 't not off? [Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a duke. 

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three. [To Lucio] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him. [you Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging. Duke. [To Escalus] What have you spoke I pardon: sit you down. [your leave: We'll borrow place of him. [To Angelo] Sir, by Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Refer upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out. Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then and 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?  Ang.  I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,

Return him here again.  Go with him, provost.


Esca. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it.


Your friar is now your prince; as I was then

Advertising and talking 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.  For this new-married 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 [brother,—

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 quaff like, and measure still for measure,

Though his fault is thus manifest:

Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee van,

We do condemn thee to the very block [stage.

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste,

Away with him!

Mar.  O my most gracious lord,

I hope thou will not mock me with a husband.  [band.

Duke.  It is your husband mock'd you with a hus-

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 consication they are ours,

We do instate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.

Mar.  O my dear lord,

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke.  Never crave him; we are definitive.


Duke.  You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death!  [To Lucio] Now, sir, to you.

Mar.  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.  Again thy fault's thus importunate her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,

And take her hence in horror.

Mar.  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.

Isab.  Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd: I partly think

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me: since it is so,

Let him not die.  My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he died:

For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,

And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;

Intents but merely thoughts.

Mar.  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.  It was commanded so.

Duke.  Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov.  No, my good lord: it was by private message.

Duke.  For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

Prov.  Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice,

For testimony whereof, one in the prison,

That should by private order else have died,

I have reserved alive.

Duke.  What's he?

Prov.  His name is Barnardine.

Duke.  I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.

Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.

Esca.  I am sorry, one so learned and so wise

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,

Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang.  I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart

That I crave death more willingly than mercy;

'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, 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 squarest thy life according.  Thou 'rt con-

demn'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;

Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.

Well, Angelo, 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 all of luxury, an ass, a madman; [coward,
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. *Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hanged after.

Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear.
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me
to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. 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 goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace: where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.

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 assay 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.
Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus, twin brothers, and sons
Antipholus of Syracuse; to Ægeon and Emilia.
Dromio of Ephesus, twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.
Dromio of Syracuse, to Ægeon.
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 Ægeon, an abess at Ephesus.
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Luce, servant to Adriana.
A Courtezane.
Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuseusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusean marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusean born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Ægeon. Yet this my comfort: when your words are
My woes end likewise with the evening sun. [gone,
Duke. Well, Syracusean, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home
And for what cause thou came'st to Ephesus.
Ægeon. 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 embraces of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
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 delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; ah! 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 plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd I 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 seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,  
The seas wax’d calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making maina to us,  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
But ere they came.—O, let me say no more!  
Gather the sequel by that went before.  

[so;  
Duke. Nay, forward, old man; nor break off  
For we may tidy, though not pardon thee.  
Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily term’d them merciless to us!  
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
We were encounter’d by a mighty rock;  
Which being violently broken,  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;  
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
Fortune had left to both of us alike  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
And in our sight they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
At length, another ship had seiz’d on us;  
And, knowing whom it was their laps to save,  
Gave leave to the seamen to disembark’d guests;  
And would have receipt the fishers of their prey;  
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;  
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.  
Thus have you heard me sever’d from my bliss,  
That by misfortunes was my life prolong’d,  
To tell sad stories of my own mischaps.  

[for.  
Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest  
Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What hath befall’n of them and thee till now.  
Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother: and importune me  
That his attendant — so his case was like,  
Reft of his brother, but retain’d his name —  
Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
Whom whilst I labour’d of a love to see,  
I hazard’d the loss of whom I loved.  
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;  
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought  
Or that or any place that harbours men.  
But here must end the story of my life;  
And henceforth do I leave this world.  
Could all my travels warrant me live.  

Duke. Helpless Ægeon, whom the fates have  
To bear the extremity of dire mischay! — mark’d  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But, though thou art adjudged to the death  
And passed sentence may not be recall’d  
But to our honour’s great disgramparization,  
Yet I will favour thee in what I can.  
Therefore, let me this day to this day  
To seek thy life by beneficial help:  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live; if no, then thou art doom’d to die.  
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.  

[Exeunt.  

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon weep,  
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.  

ACT II.  

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.  

SCENE II.  

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracu-  
sus, and First Merchant.  

First Mer. Therefore give out your are of Epidam-  
nest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  

nu;  
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 weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.  
Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;  
Till that, I’ll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return and sleep within mine inn,  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.  

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, leaving so good a mean.  
[Exit.  

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn and dine with me?  
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 proceed to you till 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 content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
[tent  
I to the world am like a drop of water  
That in the ocean seeks another drop,  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.  

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.  
Here comes the 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 because the meat is cold;  
The meat is cold because you come not home;  
You come not home because I have no stomach;  
You have no stomach having broke your fast;  
But that we know what ’tis to fast and pray  
Are penitent for your default to-day.  

[pray.  
Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I  
Where have you left the money that I gave you?  
Dro. E. O,— sixpence, that I had o’ Wednesday  
To pay the saddler for my mistress’ crupper?  
[last  
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.  
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:  
Tell me, and daily not, where is the money?  
We being strangers here, how darest 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 mouth, 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, knife, have done your fool-  
ishness  
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.  
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart  

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ACT II

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

SCENE I.—The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

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. Some merchants have hatch'd him invited him
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress
slave, hast thou? [Phoenix; Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner
And prays that you will lie you home to dinner.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear;
Besure, his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could 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 hath great care to please his wife. [mad.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-
Adr. E. Horn-mad, thou livest in marble?
Dro. E. 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:
[he,
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my erudition, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there. [home.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other
Between you I shall have a holy head. [beating:
Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leathern.
[Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impiety loureth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hast wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barrer my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault; he's master of my state:

SCENE II.

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress
slave, hast thou?
[Phoenix; Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner
And prays that you will lie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold
your hands!
Nay, and you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit.
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-ruft of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage,
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that defile the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe.
[Exit.

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ACT II.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE II.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! He, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dis-

Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promised me a chain;

Wear gold; and no man that hath a name,

Wear gold; and no man that hath a name,

That such as madly thou didst answer me? [Exit.]

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

SCENE II.—A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio since at first

I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? you received no gold?

Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner;

My house was at the Phænix? Waste thou mad,

That thus so madly thou didst answer me? [Exit.]

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour

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 you in this merry vein:

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Ye are, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take that thou and that.

[Beating him.]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is

Upon what bargain do you give it me? [Earest: Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my food and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love

And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,

But creep in cranberries when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Scence 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 lancet for my ass; or else I shall seek my wit in

my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore: for they say every

why hath a wherefore?

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flattering me; and then,

wherefore,

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out

of season?

When in the why and the wherefore is neither

rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave

me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you

nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-
time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that? [Exit.

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick and purchase

me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time:

there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I drust have denied that, before you were

so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain

bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his

hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and re-

cover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair,

being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows

on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair

he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more

hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit

to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou dost conclude hairy men plain

dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet

he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, sure, in a thing false.

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. But your reason was not substantial, why

there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Ay, thank you, sir; and I: Time himself is bald

and therefore to the world's end will have bald fol-

lowers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion:

But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects; I

am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unmerr'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meet sweet-savour'd in thy taste, [Thee.

Unless I speak, or look'd d, or touched, or carv'd to

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ACT III.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I.—Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours; [all;
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her cæcum.
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 deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what 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 elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If it aught possess thee from me, it is dress,
Disguising Ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion. [theme;
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep 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 failuy.

Luc. Dromio, gibid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a dinner.
This is the fairy land: O quite of sprites!
We talk with goblins, 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 slugg., thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. E. 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,
Whilest man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Dro. E. Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say be 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-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say, and perseever so.

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay: and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[Exeunt.]
ACT III.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE II.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a poor feast.
Ant. E. Ay to a niggardly host and more sparing guest: [part;]
    But though my cates be mean, take them in good
    Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
    But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.
Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cledy, Gillian, Ginn!
Either get thee from the door or sit down at the
Dost thon conjure for wenches, that thou call'st
for such playing at door.
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the
Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My
master stays in the street.
Dro. S. [Within] Let him walk from whence he
came, lest he catch cold on 's feet. [door!]
Ant. E. Who talks within there? bo, open the
Dro. S. [Within] Right, sir; I'll tell you when,
    an you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not
dined to-day.
Dro. S. [Within] For to-day here you must not;
    I'11 tell again when you may.
Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from
the house I owe?
Dro. S. [Within] The porter for this time, sir,
    and my name is Dromio.
Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine
office and my name.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hastad be Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name
or thy name for an ass.
Luc. [Within] What a coil is there, Dromio?
    Nor get these at the gate?
Dro. E. Let my master in, Lucie.
Luc. [Within] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
Dro. E. Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?
Luc. [Within] Have at you with another; that is—
    When? can you tell?
Dro. S. [Within] If thy name be call'd Lucie,—
    Lucie, thou hast answer'd him well.
Ant. E. Do your hear, you minyon? you 'll let us
    in, I hope?
Luc. [Within] I thought to have ask'd you.
Dro. S. [Within] And you said no.
Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was
    blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggrage, let me in.
Luc. [Within] Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luc. [Within] Let him knock till it achi.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minyon, if I beat
    the door down.
Luc. [Within] What needs all that, and a pair
    of cockocks in the town?
Adr. [Within] What is that at the door that keeps
    all this noise?
Dro. S. [Within] By my troth, your town is
    troubled with unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have
    come before.
Adr. [Within] Your wife, sir knave! go get you
    from the door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave'
    would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome:
    I would fain have either.
Bal. I am burning which was best, we shall part
    with neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master: bid
    them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that
    we cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your gar-
    ments 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 pate.
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir,
    and words are but inuitive,
    [hlin.
    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, hind!
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?
    [feather: For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl
    without a
    If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow
    together.
Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
    Her sober virtue, years and modesty
    Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
    Why at this time the doors are made against you.
    Be ruled by me; these are those at the gate.
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 ungalled estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in
    In and despite of nirth, 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 Ang.] Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
    Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I 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.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some ex-
    pense. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.
Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, the love's spring-plugs rot?
    Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth, [niss:
    Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kind-
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Mingle your false love with some show of blind-
Let not my sister read it in your eye; 
[hess:]
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyal;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbingers;
Bear fair pretence through the heart's true tint:
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain't?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame and pride, a bastard fame well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
'To draw in me in thy sister's flood of wars.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'T is holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else,
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-cross conceit,
Sudden love, being light, be drowned if you may.
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well you 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,
And in my motion turn and you may move us.
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:
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, that being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; now, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. Forgazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
Your sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sister, for I am thee.
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.[Exit.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.
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. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a
woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay
to your horse: and she would have me as a beast:
not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but
that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to
me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as
a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverent.'
I have but leanluck in the match, and yet
is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wenches and
all grease; and I know not what use to put her to
but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her
own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in
them will bum a Poland winter; if she lives till
doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the
whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing
like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may
go over shanks in the ground as she.

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. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it
out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the
parts of them that should crown my neck, the great
where she is most wonderful.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted,
making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could
find no weakness 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 breast.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished
with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining
their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who
sent whole armadoes of caracks to be balast at her
nose, sweet, to anoint her.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgra, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclu-
cise, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me;
called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her: told
me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark
of my 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 the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:

S4
ACT IV.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I.

An if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night: If any lark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk till thou return to me.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore't is high time that I were hence. She calleth my name, and with my soul Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, I hath almost made me traitor to myself:

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,— Ay, that's my name. Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough. [Exit.

Ang. You, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. I'll. In Consent to pay thee for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now.

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.
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 fraughtsage, sir,
I have convey’d aboard and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim; the merril wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me? [sheep,
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire wattage.
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope’s end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list to me with heed.
To Adriana, villain, lie thee straight:
Give her her key, and tell her to her desk
That’s cover’d o’er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street
And that shall baille me: hee thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[Exeunt Sea 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.

Aldr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive anestly 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 madest thou in this case
Of his heart’s meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him right.
Aldr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Aldr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you. [were.
Aldr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begged for you he begged of me.
Aldr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Aldr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Aldr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blustering, 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.
Aldr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet that herein others’ eyes were worse.
Far from her met the laying 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.

ACT IV.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE III.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Aldr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he’s in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button’d up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, a hyaena, a fell dog 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
Ade. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is rested
on the case.
Ald. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested
well;
But he is in a suit of buff which ’rested him, that can
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk?
Aldr. Go fetch it, sister. [Exit Luciana.
This I wonder at,
That he, he, thy own father, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?
Aldr. What, the chain?
Dro. S. No, no, the bell; ’tis time that I were gone:
It was two o’erc I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
Aldr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a
turns back for very fear.
Aldr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost
thou reason?
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt and owes more
than he’s worth to season.
Nay, he’s a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If 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.

Aldr. 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;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call’d me in his shop
And show’d me silks that he had bought for me
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
And 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
apparelled? [me
Aldr. What gold is this? what Adam dest thou
Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise,
but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes
in the call’s skin that was kill’d for the Prodigal;
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and
bid you forsaik your liberty.
Ant. S. I understand thee not.
Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do the devil with his more than a morris.
Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer? [pike.]
Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed and says 'God give you good rest!' 
Ant. S. Well, sir, the rest in your folly. Is there anything puts forth to-night? may we be gone?
Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.
Ant. S. The fellow is distract; and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.
Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?
Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.
Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or be safe in a long spoon.
Ant. S. Why, Dro. Marry? he must have a long meat that must eat with the devil.
Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorcerer:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.
Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. [nail.
Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's
A rash, a hair of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone:
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.
Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I have no mean to cheat me so. [as go.
Ant. S. Avanunt, thou witch! Come, Dro. Marry, let
Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock; mistress,
that you know. [Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro S.
Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner.
Of being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to his house to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
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;]
Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at
Where you had remain’d until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!
Ant. I am bound at home! Thou villain, what sayest 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. Saws fable, she herself revile you there.
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt and
scorn [you,]
Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn’d
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is’t good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein
And yielding to him humour all his frenzy. [me;]
Ant. E. Thou hast suborn’d the goldsmith to arrest
Astr. 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. Went’st not thon to her for a purse of du-
Astr. He came to me and I deliver’d it.

Larg. I am return’d with her that she did.
Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess’d;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.
Ant. E. Say wherefore didst thou lock me forth to;
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [day?
Astr. 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.
Astr. Dismaying villain, thou speakest false in
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all
And art confederate with a damned pack.
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I’ll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Astr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
[him;]

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within
Luc. Ay me, 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.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

They offer to bind Dro. E.

Astr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.
Astr. 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
mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
good master: cry ‘The devil!’
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Astr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana,
Officer and Courtean.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Astr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.

Astr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.
Astr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and toss’d away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Astr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
It 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.
Astr. And come with naked swords.
Let’s call more 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. How is the man esteem’d here in the
Antipholus household, thou, sir, [city?
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.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio
of Syracuse.

Ang. ’Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I’ll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This claim you had of me; can you deny it?

_Ant._ I think I had; I never did deny it. [too.

_Sec._ Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it

_Ant._ Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

_Sec._ Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

_Ant._ Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

_Sec._ Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[They draw.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and

_others._

_Adr._ Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is
Some get within 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
a house!

This is some privity. _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 gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

_Adr._ To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

_Abb._ You should for that have reprehended him.

_Adr._ Why, so I did.

_Abb._ Ay, but not rough enough.
_Adr._ As roughly as my modesty would let me.

_Abb._ Napily, in private.

_Adr._ And in assemblies too.

_Abb._ Ay, but not enough.
_Adr._ It was the copy of our conference:
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
_Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

_Abb._ And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venereal, that great pestilence in man
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth,
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraid-
Unquiet meals make ill digestions; [ings
There was a raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But wooden and dull melancholy,
Kneading to grim and comfortless despair,
And all this made him a huge infectious troupe:
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 demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

_Adr._ She did betray me to my own reproof.

Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

_Abb._ No, not a creature enters in my house.

_Adr._ Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

_Abb._ Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in an assay of war.

_Adr._ I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

_Abb._ Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

_Adr._ I will not hence and leave my husband here:
And ill doth beseech your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

_Abb._ Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have
him._ [Exit _Luc._

_Luc._ Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

_Adr._ Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

_Sec._ Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
_Ann._ I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes to this place this way this evening;
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;
And against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence._ [death.

_Aug._ See where they come: we will behold his
Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

_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 bandman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
With his bad bandman as my guide and guard.

_Ann._ I wit not why what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his bad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Meat us again and madly bent on us

Chased us away, and thinking of no 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
ACT V.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I.

And will not suffer us to fetch him out, Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence. Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help. [wars.

_Duke._ Long since thy husband served me in my And to thee engaged a prince's word. When I did arm thee with the other hand, 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 masts a-row and bound the doctor, Whose beard they have sanged 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. He sprouted his nimick like a fool, And sure, unless you send some present help; Between them they will kill the conjurer. [if. 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, it 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!

_Ad._ 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._ Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I bestrid thee in the wars and took Deep sears to save thy life; even for the blood That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

_Adm._ Unless the fear of death doth make me dote, I see my son Antipholus and Dromio. [there

_Ant._ Justice, sweet prince, against that woman 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 imagination is the wrong That she this day hath shameless thrown on me. _Duke._ Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

_Ant._ This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me, While she with hurlots feasted in my house. [so? _Duke._ A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou _Ad._ No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister To-day did dine together, So befall my soul As this is false he burdens me withal! _Luce._ Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, But she tells to your highness simple truth! _Aug._ O perjured woman! They are both forsworn: In this the madman justly chargeth them.

_Ant._ My liege, I am advised what I say, Neither disturbed with the effect of wine, Nor heady-rish, provoked with raging ire, Albeit my voracity might make one wiser mad. This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner: That goldsmith there, were he not jack'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 did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither, I went to seek him: in the street I met him And in his company that gentleman. There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down That I this day of him received the chain, Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which He did arm me with an other commission. I did obey, and sent my peasant home For certain ducats: he with none return'd. Then fairly I bespoke the officer To go in person with me to my house. By the way we met My wife, her sister, and a rabble more Of vile confederates. Along with them [lain, They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced vil- A mere anatomy, a mountebank, A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller, A neatly, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, A living-dead man: this pernicious slave, Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer, And, gazung in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me, Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together They fell upon me, bound me, bore me hence And in a dark hold the damn'd and this man are. 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 take me, my simple suit.

For these deep shames and great indignities. [him,

_Ang._ My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out. _Duke._ But had he such a chain of thee or no? _Aug._ He had, my lord: and when he ran in here, These people saw the chain about his neck. [mine _Sec. Mer._ Besides, I will be sworn these ears of Heard you confess you had the chain of him After you first foresaw it on the mart: And thereupon I drew my sword on you; And then you fled into this abbey here, Fie, when you think, I, think you, are conspired by miracle. _Ant._ I never came within these abbey-walls, Nor ever dist'd 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 impeach is this! I think you all have drunk of Circe'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? [line.

_Dro._ Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine. _Aug._ He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

_Ant._ 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her. _Duke._ Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here? _Aug._ As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace. _Duke._ Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess You think I are all mad: or with more fact. [Erect one to the Abbess.

_Ege._ Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak A haply I see a friend will save my life [word: And pay the sum that may deliver me. _Duke._ Speak freely, Syracuse, for thou wilt. _Ege._ Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus? And is not that your bondman, Dromio? _Dro._ Within this hour I was his bondman, sir, But he, I thank him, gaw'd in two my cords: Now an I Dromio and his man unbound. _Ege._ I am sure you both of you remember me. _Dro._ Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you; For lately we were bound, as you are now? You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir? _Ege._ Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

_Ant._ I never saw you in my life till now.
ACT V.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Scene I.

_Age_. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last.

_Because_ And you to tell me, dost thou not know my voice?

_Ant_. E. Neither.

_Age_. Dromio, nor thou? _Dro_. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

_Age_. I am sure thou dost.

_Dro_. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

_Age_. Not know my voice! O time's extremity, Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue In seven short years, that here my only son Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares? Though now this grained face of mine be hid In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow And all the conduits of my blood froze up, Yet hath my night of life some memory, My waning lamps some fading glimmer left, My dull deaf ears a little use to hear: All these old witnesses—I cannot err— Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

_Ant_. E. I never saw my father in my life.

_Duke_. I tell thee, Syracusan, Twenty years have I been patron to Antipholus, During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse: I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

_Re-enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse._

_Abb_. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [All gather to see them.]

_Adr_. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

_Duke_. One of these men is Genius to the other; And so of these. Which is the natural man, And which Antipholus, these two so like? _Dro_. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

_Ant_. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

_Ant_. S. _Age_ on thou not? or else his ghost?

_Dro_. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

_Abb_. Whosoever bound him, I will loose his bonds And gain a husband by his liberty.

_Speak, old _Age_, if thou be'st the man That hast a wife once call'd _Emilia_. That bore thee at a burden two fair sons: O, if thou be'st the same _Age_, speak, And speak unto the same _Emilia_!

_Age_. If I dream not, thou art _Emilia_: If thou art she, tell me where is that son That flouted with thee on the fatal raft? _Abb_. By men of Epidamnum he and I And the twin Dromio all were taken up; but here stood rude fishermen of Corinth By force took Dromio and my son from them, And me they left with those of Epidamnum. What then became of them I cannot tell; I to this fortune that you see me in.

_Duke_. Why, here begins his morning story right: These two are geniuses so like, And these two Dromios, one in semblance, Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,— These are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together.

_Ant_. S. No, sir, I came from Corinth first.

_Duke_. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

_Ant_. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.—

_Dro_. E. And I with him.

_Ant_. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

_Duke_. Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

_Adr_. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

_Ant_. S. One, gentle mistress.

_Adr_. And are not you my husband?

_Ant_. E. No; I say nay to that.

_Ant_. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, Did call me brother. [To Luc.] What I told you I hope I shall have leis'ning to make good; [then,]

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

_Ant_. E. 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.

_Ant_. S. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

_Adr_. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail, By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

_Dro_. E. No, none by me.

_Ant_. S. _This_ purse of ducats I received from you And Dromio my man did bring them me.

_I see we still did meet each other's man, And I was taken for him, and he for me, And thereupon these errors are arose._

_Ant_. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

_Duke_. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

_Cour_. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

_Ant_. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

_Abb_. Renowned duke, vouesafe to take the pains To go with us into the abbey here

And hear at large discussed 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 burthen ne'er delivered.

The duke, my husband and my children both,

And 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 _Abb_.]

_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 Cantaur.

_Ant_. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon: Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[Exeunt _Ant_. S. and _Ant_. E.]

_Dro_. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house.

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

_Dro_. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk with me, and set their cunning?

_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.]
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, followers of Don John.
Borachio, a follower of Don Pedro.
Friar Francis.
Dogberry, a constable.

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 treacherous 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 got over 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 
Mess. Is't possible? [brother.
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 
Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?
Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.
Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a 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 avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Bene. You are not so much troubled in 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. I have not told you many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Bene. Would you have that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you. [Living?

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick?

Bene. 'Tis my lady's face. But I assure you, if you come in her presence, it's a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pertinacious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood. I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestined scot.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an it were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuator. But keep your way, I' faith; God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [To Don John] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: 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. She is: and as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment: or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' 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, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her. [her?

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after Claude. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good harmless and Venus a rare demon? Consider 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 was not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Isn't one 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 threescore again? Go to, i' 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 sweet 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. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faithfuls and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceiv'd me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bagle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust, I will do myself the right to trust none: and the fine is, for both: who? One go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger,
my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes even with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at its head, and be that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

'Bene. In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

D. Pedro. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible, Benvenuto, if ever. If ever, I suffer Benedick to repair to Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embellish; and so I commit you —

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your horse is somewhat garnished with fragments, and the guards are but slightly lashed on neither: 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 rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently And tire the bearer with a book of words. If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, And I will break with her and with her father And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love, That love's grief by his complication! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity, Look, that will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'st, And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know we shall have revelling to-night: I will assume thy part in some disguise And tell fair Hero I am Claudio, And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale; Then after, to have Adam under I will 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, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream not of.

Leon. What, is it so? 

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 brevium: therefore 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. He is 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.] Cousines, 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 therefore my heedness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it? [suffrance.

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest, the machi, born under, hadst not to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath taken you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the faire 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, I must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, a foul bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime 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.

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Shall it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that broths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother’s right hand. D. John. Why, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

[Leonato. Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of D. John. A very forward March-clinch! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed that the prince should woo Hero for himself; and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what’s to be done?

Bora. We’ll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

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 tarty 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 no more like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady’s eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick’s tongue in Count John’s mouth, and half Count John’s melancholy in Signior Benedick’s face.—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a’ could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she’s too curt.

Beat. Too curtse is more than curt; I shall lessen God’s sending that way: for it is said, ‘God sends a curst cow short horns;’ but to a cow too curtse he sends no horns.

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 be that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, ‘Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here’s no place for you maids:’ so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To Hero] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin’s duty to make curtsy and say, ‘Father, as it please you.’ But yet, for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say, ‘Father, as it please me?’

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a cloid of wayward marl? No, uncle, I’ll none: Adam’s sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooded in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repelling, is as Scotch jigs, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and anciently; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room.

[All put on their masks.

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 you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon’s roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Drawing her aside.
Balth. Well, I shall not wrong your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.
Marg. I know they are such that sometimes the hearers may cry, Amen.
Balth. God match me with a good dancer!
Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.
Balth. A more wise — the clerk is answered. Y's, I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.
Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeited him.
Urs. You could never do him so ill, unless you were the very man. Here’s his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.
Ant. At a word, I am not.
Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, signior, 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 I, believe me.
Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales': — well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.
Bene. What’s he?
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bene. Not I, 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 slanderers: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.
Bene. When I know the gentleman, I’ll tell him what you say.
Beat. Do, do: he’ll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there’s a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Music.] We must follow the lord chamberlain.
Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where’s the count? did you see him?
Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What’s his fault?
Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird’s nest, shows it his companions, and, by his showing it, it.
D. Pedro. Will you make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.
Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird’s nest.
D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.
Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much 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 her and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince’s jester, that I was duller than a great thaw: huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word a stab: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her;
she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have clef his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you too, you; an internal Ate in your apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world’s end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on. I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John’s foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham’s beard, do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words’ conference with the harmless. You have no emolument for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here’s a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Bene. He has lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Bene. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your Blazon to be true; though I have sworn of him so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have woddied in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.


Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself, and you, and all upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord: I think 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 a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Claud. Not one, nor any of your father’s getting. Hath your grace ne’er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all 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 the more merciful. Bead. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace’s pardon.

[Exit.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There’s little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not even sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she is 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 woers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crouches that have any of his rise.

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 breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules’ labours: which is, to bring 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 aim 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 be good company.

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 confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queuey 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.

Bora. Nor your cousin; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not directly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told you lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II.


Bor. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, and shall, at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio — whose estimation do you mightily hold up — to a contaminated state, such as one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bor. I hope enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, and undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour anything.

Bor. Go, then: find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a paup — that you have discovered this. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding — for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bor. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — Leonato's orchard.

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Boy! Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [Exit Boy.] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by failing 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 orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll not; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[Wild draws.]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the even-As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! [Sing, Is, D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the child-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthasar with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on his own perfection. I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a woor doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,

Yet will he swear he loves. Now, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchetts that he speaks:

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [Air.

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

This sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leafy:

Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my truth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. 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.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.


Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?
ACT II.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE III.

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl 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.

Beat. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an engrossed affection; it is past the infinité of thought.

Claud. May be she both but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. 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; she had been proof against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Beat. I should think this a gull, but the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath taken 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: 'Sir, I,' says she,' that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there 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 Benedick 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 would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he write to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so: and the ecstasy 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 arms 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, wisdom and blood combating in so fair a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the better sway for her, as she have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

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. A' does well to fear God. For the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly explain 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 dote 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 gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudia, and Leonato.]

Beat. [Aside.] There can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. 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 old 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 humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be 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 overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleased 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 Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

Now begin; For look where Beatrice, like a bowstring, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference. Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not part of the tale of her? Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing Of the sweet bait that we lay for it. [ing 

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely? Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed lord. Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam? Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it. Urs. Why did you so? Dost not the gentleman Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch 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 prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on, and her wit Values itself so highly that to her All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,

ACT III.

Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-undared. Urs. Sure, I think so; And therefore certainly it was 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-headed; If low, an agate very vilely cut, If speaking why, a vane with all winds; If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simperlessness and merit purchase.

Urs. Sure, sure, such earing is not commendable. Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable: But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly: It were a better death than 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 slanderers To stain my cousin with: one doth not know How much an ill word may empoison liking. Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment Having so swift and excellent a wit As she is said to have; none ever saw 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 affaires, and have thy counsel Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow. Urs. She's lined, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam. Hero. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps: Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. [Exit Hero and Ursula.

Beaut. [Coming forward] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? Staud I condemn'd 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. Turning my wild heart to thy loving hand:
SCENE II. — A room in Leonato's house.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudia, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little 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.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. Is it so? I must think you are sadness.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, trust! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it! [Wards.

D. Pedro. You must hang it first, and draw it after.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once; as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o'mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed muslin-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that? [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 wench to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yeas, 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 lute-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 all that, [Wards.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face up.

Bene. 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. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudia may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [To Claudia] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim but at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp 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, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till 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, confer 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 why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I woe'd for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disprase her no farther till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verge. Yes, or else it were pity but they should suffer salutation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verge. 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 Seacole; for they can write and read.

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ACT III.  

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  

SCENE III.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoole. 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.

Sec. 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 vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless, and you may for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagram men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince’s name.

Sec. Watch. How if a will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is 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 tolerable 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 quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they will 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 or make with them, why, then you save 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 what he will do to you, and then you can testify:—

Verg. You have been always 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.

Verg. 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 bear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. ’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. 

Verg. Why, truly, that I think I cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on’t, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Why, my lord, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows’ counsellors and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear your charge: let us presently call upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato’s door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exit Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [Aside] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for the grizzles 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 villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool’s the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [Aside] I know that Deformed; n’ has been a vile thief this seven year; a’ goes up and down like a gentleman; I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; ’twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Sceat thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how ghastly a’ turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharnaces’ soldiers in the recky painting, sometime like god Bel’s priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as masses as a child’s head.

All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddily 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 vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted an ambush, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; for partly he first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; a 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.
ACT III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE V.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand.

Sec. Watch. 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; 'tis a wea'er a lock.

Con. Masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters.—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Sec. Watch. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Beat. Of bid her come hither.

Hero. Well. [Exeunt.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato 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, 'tis 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, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a Hero. [Fea upon thee! art not ashamed? [man.

Hero. Or what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband? ' an bad thinking do not wearst true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heaver for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy; ask my Lady Beatrice else; she here comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love,' that goes with my heart, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. Almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H. Mary. Well, you could turn Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, twow?

Mary. 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 stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Mary. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Mary. Even since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Mary. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Mary. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning: I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet, 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?

Mary. 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 Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour? Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns 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. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no homester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases our 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 it 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 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, Benedict, Hero, Beatrice, and Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards. [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. Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoint, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it. Claudio. Know you any, Hero? Hero. None, my lord. Friar. Know you any, count? Leon. I dare make his answer, none. Claudio. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he! [Leave. Claudio. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter? Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me. Claudio. And what have I to give you lack, whose may counterpoise this rich and precious gift? [worth D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again. Claudio. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thank- There, Leonato, take her back again: [fulness. Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She’s not the sun in semblance of her honour. Behold how like a maid she blushes here! O, what authority and show of truth Can cunning sin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood as modest evidence To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that saw her, that she was a maid, By these exterior shows? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious bed; Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty. Leon. What do you mean, my lord? Claudio. Not to be married, Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton. Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof, Have vanquish’d the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,— [known her, Claudio. 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. D. Dog. It shall be sufligence. 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. [Execute Leonato and Messenger. D. Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: where his lordship wants him to examination these men. Verro. And we must do it wisely. D. Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here’s that shall drive some of them to a nonecom: only get the learned writer to set down our excom- munication and meet me at the gaol. [Execute.
ACT IV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE I.

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!
If half thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
That pure impurity and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you
down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come
thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.

Ben. How doth the lady?


Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Leon. O 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 the thimk thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid 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,
Whom smirch'd thou thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins';
But thou didst make me love and mine I praised
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drop's too few to wash her clean again
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. 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 believ'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirrn'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger
made

Which was before bard'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foullness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little; for I have only been
Silent so long and given way unto
This course of things.
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 seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, cunning, I know nothing,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some bitting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she doth not think it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Her. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which made his present doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you 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;
[our.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of hon-
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villains.

Friar. 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 of it.
[our,

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so not to be friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them utterly.

Friar. Pause awhile, And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretely 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

Bene. Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her be-
half
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travell look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out
That what we have we enjoy at the worth
While's we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While's it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul.
Than when she 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.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape.
ACT IV. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  SCENE II.

Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim 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,
But cut the eyes, thine eyes, thine minds and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardsness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and en-
dure. [Exit all but Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. Will not desire that?
Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.
Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is
wronged.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me
that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. Do I love nothing in the world so well as
you: is not that strange?
Beat. Strange as the thing I know no it.
It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing
so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not;
I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry
for my cousin.

Beatrice, thou love me.

Bene. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and
I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Beatrice. What with no sauce that can be devised to it.
I protest I love thee.
Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Beat. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I
was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that
none is left to protest.

Beat. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. If! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Beat. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here; there is no
love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Beatrice. —

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Bene. You dare easier be friends with me than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,
that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kins-
woman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in
hate? Thou canst, to take hands; and then,
with public accusation, uncovered slander, un-
mitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I
would eat his heart in the market-place.

Beatrice. —

Beat. Hear me, Beatrice. — [saying! 

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice.—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slander-
dered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat —

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely
testimony, a goodly count, Count Confect: a sweet
galant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake:
or that I had any friend would be a man for my
sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,
valour into 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 much thinking, therefore I will
die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than
swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio
hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge
him. I will kiss your hand; and so I leave you.
By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.
As you have done of me, so think of me. Go, comfort
your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, fare-
well.

SCENE II. — A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns;
and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole assembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhi-
bition to our mine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be
examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.

What is your name, friend?

Borachio. 

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Con-
rade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.

Masters, do you serve God?

Con. [Yea, sir, we hope. 

Borachio. 

Dog. 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 al-
ready that you are little better than false knives;
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 about with him. Come you hither,
sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is
thought you are false knives.

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?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to ex-
amine you must call forth the watch that are their
acusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that 's the eatest 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 thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy
look, I promise thee.
SCENE I.—Before Leonato’s house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; and it is not wisdom thus to second grief against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, which falls into mine ears as profitless as water in a sieve: give me not counsel; nor let no comforter delight mine ear. Such a one whose doings do suit with mine, bring me a father that so loved his child, whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine, and bid him speak of patience; measure his woe the length and breadth of mine; and let it answer every strain for strain. As thus for thus and such a grief for such, in every lineament, branch, shape, and form: if such a one will smile and strike his head, bid sorrow wag, cry ‘hem!’ when he should groan; patch grief with provers, make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters; bring him yet to me, and I will dismount and gain patience. But there is no such man: for, brother, men can counsel and speak comfort to that grief which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, their counsel turns to passion, which before would give preceptual medicine to rage, petter strong madness in a silken thread, charm aches with air and agony with words: no, no; ‘tis all men’s office to speak patience to those that wring under the load of sorrow, but no man’s virtue nor sufficiency to be so unwise when he shall endure the like himself. Therefore give me no counsel: my griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Thence do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace, I will be flesh and blood; for there was never yet philosopher that could endure the tooth patiently, however they have writ the style of gods and made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak’st reason: nay, I will do so. My soul doth tell me Hero is belied; and that shall Claudio know: so shall the prince and all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord. Are you so hasty now? well, all is one. [lord: D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him? Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissenter, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword; I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand, if it should give your age such cause of fear: In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me: I speak not like a dotard nor a fool, as under privilege of age to brag. What I have done being young, or what would do I were not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head, thou hast so wrong’d mine innocent child and me that I am forced to lay my reverence by, and with grey hairs and bruisie of many days, do challenge thee to trial of a man. I say thou hast belied mine innocent child; thy slander hath gone through and through her heart, and she lies buried with her ancestors; O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, save this of hers, framed by thy villany! Claudio. My villany? Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord, I’ll prove it on his body, if he dare, despite his nice fence and his active practice, his May of youth and bloom of lusthoid.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so taft me? Thou hast kill’d my child: if thou kill’st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: but that’s no matter; let him kill one first; win me and wear me; let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow
ACT V.  MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  SCENE I.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence; Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.  

Leon.  But, brother Anthony,— [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: 
But, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops! 
Leon.  Brother Antony,— 
Ant.  Hold you content. What, man! I know 
them, yea, 
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,— 
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys, 
That lend cog and liquid, deprave and slander, 
Go anticy, show outward hideousness, 
And speak o' half a dozen dangerous words, 
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst; 
And this is all. 
Leon.  But, brother Antony,— 
Ant.  Come, 'tis no matter: Do not you meddle; let me deal in this. 
D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake 
your patience. 
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death: 
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing 
But what the man and woman of proof. 
Leon.  My lord, my lord,— 
D. Pedro.  I will not hear you. 
Leon.  No! Come, brother; away! I will be heard. 
Ant.  And shall, or some of us will smart for it. 
[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio. 
D. Pedro.  See, see; here comes the man we 
went to seek. 

Enter Benedick.

Claud.  Now, signior, what news? 
Bene.  Good day, my lord. 
D. Pedro.  Welcome, signior; you are almost come 
to part almost a fray. 

Claud.  We had like to have had our two noses 
snapped off with two old men without teeth. 
D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think-
est thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have 
toos been young for them. 
Bene.  In a false quarrel there is no true valour, 
I came to seek you both. 

Claud.  We have been up and down to seek thee; 
for we are high-proof melancholy and would 
have more than we say. Wilt thou use thy wit? 
Bene.  It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it? 
D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side? 
Claud.  Never any did so, though very many have 
been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we 
do the minstrels: draw, to pleasure us. 
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale. 
Art thou sick, or angry? 

Claud.  What, courage, man! What though care 
killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill 
care. 

Bene.  Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an 
you charge it against me. I pray you choose an-
other subject. 

Claud.  Nay, then, give him another subject: this 
last was broke cross. 

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think he be angry indeed. 
Claud.  If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle. 
Bene.  Shall I speak a word in your ear? 
Claud.  God bless me from a challenge! 
Bene.  [Aside to Claudio] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I 
will protest your cowardice. You have killed a 
sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. 
Let me hear from you. 

Claud.  Well, I will meet you, so, I may have 
good cheer.

D. Pedro.  What, a feast, a feast? 

Claud.  I, faith, I thank him: thou hast led me to a 
calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve 
most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not 
find a woodcock too? 

Bene.  Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily. 

D. Pedro.  I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy 
worth, as I am a signior, Tuesday. I said, 
'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.' 

Why? said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I 
believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on 
Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morn-
ing; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues. 
Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy 
perticular virtues: yet at last she concluded with 
a sigh, thou wast the bestest man in Italy. 

Claud.  For the which she wept heartily and said she 
cares not. 

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, 
an if she did not hate him deadly, she would 
love him dearly, for the old man's daughter told us all. 

Claud.  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 
horns on the sensible Benedick's head? 

Claud.  Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells 
Benedick the married man!' 

Bene.  Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. 
I will leave you now to your gossip-like 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, for your brother the bastard is fled from 
Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and 
inocent lady. For my Lord Lackebeard there, he and 
I shall meet: and, till then, peace be with him. [Exit. 

D. Pedro.  He is in earnest. 

Claud.  In most profound earnest; and, I'll war-
rant you, for the love of a man! 

D. Pedro.  And hath challenged thee. 

Claud.  Most sincerely. 

D. Pedro.  What a pretty thing man is when he 
goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit! 

Claud.  He is then a giant to an ape; but then 
is an ape to a man. 

D. Pedro.  But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, 
my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother 
was fled? 

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with 
Conrade and Borachio.

Dog.  Come you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, 
she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: 
na, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must 
be looked to. 

Prio.  How now? two of my brother's men 
bound! Borachio one! 

Claud.  Henricken after their offence, my lord. 

D. Pedro.  Officers, what offence have these men 
done? 

Dog.  Marry, sir, they have committed false re-
port; moreover, they have spoken untruths; sec-
ondarily, they are slander: sixth and lastly, they 
have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust 
things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves. 

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; 
thirdly, I ask thee what their offence; sixth and 
lastly, many they are committed; and, to conclude, 
what you lay to their charge. 

Claud.  Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; 
and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. 
D. Pedro.  Who have you offended, masters, that 
you are thus bound to your answer? this learned
ACT V.  
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  
SCENE II.

constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who in the night overheard me 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 court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you dis-graced her, when you should marry her: my villain they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Rans not this speech like iron through your blood?

Clau. I have drunk poison whereas he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yeas, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treach-And fed he is upon this villain. [ery.

Clau. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

D. Pedro. With thy 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. [Exit Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to- D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero. [Exit.

Leon. [To the Watch] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Leonato's garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, de-serve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Morg. 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.

Morg. 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.

Morg. 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 bucklers.

Morg. 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 maidens.

Morg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come. [Exit Margaret.

[Stirs] The god of love, That sits above, And knows me, and knows me, How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing: but in loving, Leonard the good swimmer, Trotius the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quidnam carpet-mon-

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gers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme: I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scream,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for, 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then! Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now; and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came: which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkind.

Bene. Thou hast fainted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge: and either I must shortly hear him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts didst thou first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spit it for my sake, I will spit it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the wheel spins.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamber and a quarter in rhum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worn, his conscience, and no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder old cell at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

SCENE III.—A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato? A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [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; For the which, with songs of woe, Round about her tomb they go. Midnight, assist our moon; Help us to sigh and groan, Heavily, heavily.

Gravestones from the high and yield your dead, Till death be uttered, Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night! Yearly will I do this right.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, Friar Francis, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent? Leon. 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.

Ant. 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.

Leon. 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.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior.
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: '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’s your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin’d.
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. Here comes 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?
Claud. I’ll hold my mind, were she an Ethiopie.
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?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull,
Thou, fear not, man; we’ll tip thy horns with gold
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at Jusly Jove,
When he would play the noble beast ‘n love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable look;
And some such strange bull leap’d your father’s cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleep.
Claud. For this I owe you: here comes 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.
Claud. Why, then she’s mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand.
Before this friar and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:

[Unmasking.

And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero!

Frier. Nothing certain:
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv’d.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualify;
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I’ll tell you largely of fair Hero’s death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
Benedick. [Unmasking] I answer to that name. What is your will?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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

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 cormorant devouring Time,
The end of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force;
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here: 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 paunches 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 baser slaves;
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die!
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there:
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oaths is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir; then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth,
If study's gain be 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 dazzles by, that eye shall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others’ books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven’s lights
That laugh to see them be out-witted
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name. [reading!]

King. How well he’s read, to reason against
Dum. Proceeded well, to make all good proceeding
Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the
weeding.

[Breeding.
Biron. The spring is near when green geese are
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaking frost
That bites the first-born infants of the
spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud
summer boast:
Before the birds any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May’s new-fangled 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, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay
with you:
And though I flatter for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I’ll keep what I have swore
And hide the penance of each three years’ day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I’ll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

[Biron reads. ‘Item, That no woman shall come
within a mile of my court:’ Hath this been pro-
Long. Four days ago. [claimed]
Biron. Let’s see the penalty. [Reads] ‘On pain of
losing her tongue. Who devised this penalty?
Long. Mark that did I.
Long. To fright them hence with that dread

[Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

[Reads] ‘Item, If any man be seen to walk with
a woman within the term of three years, he shall
die; and such a 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 decept, sick and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired 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. Three thousand times within this three years
For every man with his affects is born, [space;
Not by might master’d but by special grace;
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on mere necessity.
So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribers.
And he that breaks them in the least degree

Stands in atender 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, that 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 mouth 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 light
For interim to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain lost in the world’s debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion’s own knight.
Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke’s own person?
Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace’s tharborough: but I would see his own
person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
There’s villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contents thereof are as touching
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How lowsoever 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 moderately:
or to forbear both.
Biron. Well, sir, let it as the style shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaquenetta. The manner of it was, I was taken with
the manner.
Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those
three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting
with her upon the form, and taken following
her into the park; which, put together, is in manner
and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,
it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman:
for the form,—in some form.
Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and
God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?
Biron. As we would hear an oracle.
Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken
after the flesh.

King [reads]. ‘Great deputy, the welkin’s vice-
gerent 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 lie say it is so, he is, in
telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words?

Cost. Of other men’s secrets, I beseech you.

King [reads]. ‘So it is, besieged with sable-coloured

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ACT I.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I.

melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy healthily-loving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts most grace, 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, I mean, I walked upon: it is yelepest thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, belothist, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where, it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth;—

Cost. Me?

King [reads]. 'that unlettered small-knowing
Cost. Me? [soul,]

Cost. Still me?

King [reads]. 'which, as I remember, height Cost.

Cost. O, me! [tart]

King [reads]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to the established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O with—but with this I pass

Cost. With a wench.

King [reads]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.

If I am, as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repu'te, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Cost. 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 ARMAZO.

Biron. This not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed 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 wash week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:

And go we, lords, to put in practice that Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exit King, Longaville, and Dumain.

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 true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same.

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. I go, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenile?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenile, as a congruent epithet appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertaining title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little. [apt?

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. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: thou hastest 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 fiteth the spirit of a base learner.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye 'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

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 new-ordained courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: me-think's is not the way of 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 repu'te and carriage.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II.

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 precioso in the world's esteem, To parley with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe,

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou dost me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. But one of the four complexions? [too.

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist.

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red, Her faults will ne'er be known, For blushing cheeks by faults are bred And fears by pale white shown: Then if she fear, or be to blame, By this you shall not know, For still her cheeks possess the same Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Arm. [Aside] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[Exit Dull and Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exit Moth and Costard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is bases, 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 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! Adieu! what! 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.
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No whileth be an applicant in court:
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him his daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Iaste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
Prim. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
First Lord. Lord Longaville is one.
Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigord and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well suiteth him the station of his birth,
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose equal hath power to cut, whose will still w ill
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prim. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most that most his humours know.
[Grow.
Prim. Such short-lived wits do wither as they Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumnain, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to wit, glorious arms in hand.
I saw him at the Duke Alencson's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was disburseed by my father in his ward.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begots occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prim. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
First Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Reenter Boyet.
Prim. Now, what admittance, lord? Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt: He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his uncoupled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter King, Longaville, Dumnain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre:
Prim. 'Fair! I give you back again; and 'welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours: and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.
King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
Prim. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.
King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
Prim. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prim. Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prim. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise.
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
This deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseech me.
You'saue to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in a word.
King. Madam, I will; if suddenly I may.
Prim. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perplexed 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. If thou dost know it, I was there.
Ros. 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.
[Will tire.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time 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 lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you believe me.
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 ward.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety 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 gilded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prim. You do the king my father too much wrong
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
ACT III.

L O V E S L A B O U R S L O S T.

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.
Boyet. We arrest your word.
Boyet. You can produce acquittances For such a sum from special officers.
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come.
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
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 excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again. [Grace!]
Boyet. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Exit. Biron.]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations: I would be glad to see it.
Biron. I would you heard it goan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says ‘ay.’
Biron. Will you prick ‘t with your eye?
Ros. No point, with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living! Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring. Dunn. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alencson, Katharine her name.
Dunn. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.
[Exit. Long.]

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that
Were a shame.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boyet. Her mother’s, I have heard.
Long. God’s blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Faltonbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [Exit Long.
Biron. What’s her name in the cap?
Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [Exit Biron.
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.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.
Boyet. 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?
[Offering to kiss her.
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, gentle,
agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here ‘t 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?
[Retire 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 impressed’d,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed’d:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock’d in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, 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 margin did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I’ll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
As 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 mad wenchens?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.
Moth. Concollect.

[Enter Armado and Moth; Armado singing.] Scent of the air! Go, tenderness of years; take
this key, give enlargement to the swan, bring him
festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to
my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French
Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?
Moth. No, my complete master: but to jog off a
tune at the tongue’s end, canary to it with your feet,
humour it with turning up your eyelids, sign a note
and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if

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you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you sniffed up love by smelling love; with your hat hen's cause you the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too close to ridiculous suspense, but a spin and away. These are complements, these are humourists; these betray nice wenchies, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you not me?—that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O.—

Moth. 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

Arm. Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? [no.

Moth. Minimé, honest master; or rather, master, I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He requites me a cannon: and the bullet, that's he: shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. 'Thump then and I flee.' [Exit. Arm. A most acute juvenile; voluble and free of grace! [face: By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy Most rude melancholy, value gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Retreat Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some guinea, some riddle: come, thy Pen. Cost. No egum, no riddle, no 'venyo; no salve in the mail, sir; O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no 'venyo, no 'venyo; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou'enforced laughter; thy silly thought my spleen: the heating of my lungs provokes, too long in one time, but a spin and away. O, pardon me, my stars! Both the insensitive take salve for the 'venyo, and the word 'venyo for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think then other? is not the 'venyo a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to

Some obscure precedence that hath tofor been sain. I will example it:

The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the 'venyo.

Moth. I will add the 'venyo. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my 'venyo.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good 'venyo, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat. To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose; Let me see; a fat 'venyo; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a
Then call'd you for the 'venyo. [shin.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in; [bought; Then the boy's fat 'venyo, the goose that you And he enters the market. [Exit. Arm. But tell me: how was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly. Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that 'venyo: I Costard, running out, that was safely within. Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some 'venyo, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wast immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose. Arm. I'll use thee thy liberty, set thee from duration; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [giving a letter] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best word of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

Moth. Like the sequel, J. Signior Costard, adjus.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my inconstancy Jew! [Exit Moth. Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle?—'One penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three farthings worth of silk. Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi! you! Biron. Stay, slave; I must employ thee: [Exit. As thou will win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat. [Exit Cost. When would you have it done, sir? Biron. This afternoon.
ACT IV.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I. — The same.

Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his horse
Against the steep uprising of the hill? [so hard
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Who'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For, hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I fear that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me and again say
O short-lived pride! Not fair? ask for woe! [no?
For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be 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't.
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes.
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise sake, when to strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues 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 loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Solo imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: — O my little heart! —
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, I! love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going a right, 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 wightely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to: it is a plague
That Cupid will improve for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady and some Joan. [Exit.
ACT IV.  LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  SCENE II.

beggar; for so witnesseth 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 rings' robes; for titles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profuse my lips on thy feet, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
To thee thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submit his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

PRIN. What plume of feathers is he that indited
This letter?

[Exeunt Prin.

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear
Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

[erewhile.

PRIN. 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.

PRIN. Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

[To Ros. Here, sweet, put up this: 't will be thine
another day.

[Exeunt 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 hons; 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 deere?
Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on.
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 was a man when King Peen 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, and 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 it!

Mor. A mark marvells 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. tide o' the bow hand? 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 belie your
hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving
the pin.

Mor. Cost. As come, you talk gracefully; your lips
Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: chal-
lenge her to a bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good-night, my
good owl.

[Exeunt Boyet and Marn.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord. O, come, the ladies and I have put him down. O' my throat, most sweet jests! most incoy vulgar
wit!

When it comes so smooth off, so obsesly, as it
were, so fit.

Armado o' the one side.—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a'
will swear!

And his page o' the other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
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
estimable of a good book.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sangius, in blood;
ripe as the pomeower, who now hangeth like a jewel
in the ear of cælæ, the sky, the welkin, the heaven;
and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the
soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. The Master Holofernes, the epitaphs are
sweetly varied, like a scholar' at the least; but, sir,
I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hau credo.

Dull. 'T was not a hau credo; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of
insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explic-
ation; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, os-
tenature, to show, as it were, his inclination, after
his undressed, unpollished, uneducated, unpruned,
untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, un-
confirmed fashion, to insert again my hau credo for a
deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a hau credo; 't was a
pricket.

Hol. 'Twice-sod simplicity, his coactus!’ [look!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou
Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that
are bred in a book:
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drank
ink: his intellect is not replenished: he is only an
animal, only sensible in the droller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we
thankful should be,
Which of us taste and feeling are, for those parts
that do frustrify 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 new shape.

But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by
your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not
five weeks old as yet? [ian Dull.

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, good-
Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was
no more of high conscience. [score.
And raught not to five weeks when he came to live.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true, indeed; the collusion holds in the
ACT IV.        LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.        SCENE III.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
[der; All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder
Which in her arms doth embrace]. Sir that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning beams, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly

If you find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, care.

Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for snuffing out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgini, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

I will overglaunce the superscription: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment.'

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.

[Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell me of the father: I do fear colourable 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 fore-said child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [To Dull] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pruce verba. Away! the gentle are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Biron, with a pear.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courting myself: they have pitched a toil; 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 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? My sidelong will I not. If I do not faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to melancholy; and

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Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ay me! Biron. [Aside] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid, tint the plume of 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 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 coach doth carry thee;
So rides thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of pleasures! O fair excellence,
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: [ety, Thou dost see the triumvir, the corner-cap of society.
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
O, rhymes were guards on wanton Cupid's
Disfigure not his slope.

[Reads.] Long. 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 goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Voices are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair Juno, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour vow; in thee is it:
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?

[Aside. Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh
A green gorse a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.]
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the long.
By whom shall I send this?—Company!

[Steps aside.]

Biron. All hid, all hid: an old infant play.
Like a dead god here sit I in the sky.
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More saeks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter Dumain, with a paper.

Dumain transform't! four woodcocks in a dish! Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane comb!
Dum. By Jove, the wonder in a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted.
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her thimder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.—[shine.
Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
Dum. 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
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remember'd.
Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in sacers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

[Exit.]

Dumain. Once more I'll mark how love can vary
Dum. [reads.]

On a day—alack the day!—

Love, whose month is ever May,
Strip'd a blossom past its pitch, excel,
Playing in the wanton air:

Through the vaulted leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet.
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Dumain. 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 perjur'd note:
For none on earth where all amends do note.

Long. [advancing] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'heard and taken napping so.

King. [advancing] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such:
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria: Longaville,
Dumain 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 sigils seek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries:
One, her hair was gold, golden crystal, the other's eyes:

[To Long.] You would for paradise break faith and troth;

[To Dum.] And love, 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 speak! how will be spend his wit
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
ACT IV.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE III.

For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

_Biron._ Now step I forth to whipt hypocrisy.

[Advancing.

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reproveh
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 perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sounding!
But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershott?
You found my note; 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 sigs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a pig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where have my grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A candle, ho!

_King._ Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

_Biron._ Not you to me, but 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 groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning 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 gallops so?

_Biron._ I post from love: good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

_Jag._ God bless the king!

Cost._ Some certain thing!

_King._ What present hast thou there?

_Cost._ A wife, mistress, is a great dignity.

_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.

_Jag._ Beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it: 't was treason, he said.

_Biron._ Jaquenetta, read it over. [Giving him the paper.

_Where hast thou it?"

_Jag._ Of Costard.

_King._ Where hast thou it?

_Cost._ Of Dun Adriamado, Dun Adriamado.

[ _Biron tears 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.

[Gathering up the pieces.

_Biron._ To Costard] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.

_Guilty._ My lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

_King._ What? all this Abbe?

_Biron._ That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

_Dum._ Now the number is even.

_Biron._ True, true; we are four.

_Will these turtles be gone?"

_King._ Hence, sirs; away! _Cost._ Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[ _Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta._

_Biron._ Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore we must we be worsen.

_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 head and stricken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

_What peremptory eagle-eyed sighted mixe

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

_King._ What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee?

_Biron._ O, my love, her mistress, is a great dignity.

 Ents an attending star, scarce seen a light.

_Biron._ My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the eul'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where seem'd a worth'ly fire, makes one dignify,

_Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beaut' doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:

 испи the sun that maketh all things shine.

_King._ By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

_Biron._ Is ebony 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._ Black is the face of hell.
The lute of dungeons and the suit of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

_Biron._ Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of

If in black my lady's brows be deck'd, _light._

It morns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

_Dum._ To lie like her are chimney-sweepers black.

_Long._ And since her time are colliers counted bright.

_Crack._ And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion

_Dum._ Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

_Biron._ Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colors should be wash'd away.

_King._ 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you

_I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day._

_Biron._ I'll prove her fair, or talk 'til doomsday here.

_She._ Devil will fright thee then so much as

_Dum._ I never knew man hold vale 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,

_Their 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 scurvity, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is initiated, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armagnac.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thronatical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasmes, such insociable and point-devisive companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, b, t; he calleth a calf, cunt: half, half; neighbour vocatur nebour; neighbour alabre, not, nolle; this is abhomina, which he would call abominable: it

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this? are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quibbles, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. True, sir; it's more than need.
Have at you, then, affections men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And absence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
[From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;]
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Wyl. Universal plopping potions up
The apple-wafted taverns.
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself
And where we are our learning likewise is;
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leden contemplation have found out
Such airy numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have end, and sublimates?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immersed in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cocked snails;
Love's tongue leaves dulcissimae glossas in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules!
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides!
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heavenly drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fools were you these women to forswear,
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose our spirits to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfills the law,
And who can sey love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gazoles by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the thought of the romance is shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure;
Light wenchles may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exeunt.]
insinuateth me of insanie; anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.
Nath. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.
Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratched, sir, I observe.
Nath. Videone quis venit?
Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Arm. Chirrah! [To Moth. Hol. Chirrah chirrah, not 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 aims-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.
Arm. [To Hol.] Monsieur, are you not lettered?
Hol. He teaches boys the horn-book. What is a b, spelt backward, with the horn on his
Hol. Ba, puerita, with a horn added. [head? Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, qui, countermand?
Arm. The third 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 rejoiceth 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.

[gig. Moth. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy Moth. Lend me thy horn to make one, and I will whip about thy infanty circums circum,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny, thou other pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thouwert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.
Hol. O, I smell also Latin; dunghill for unguem. Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singeled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?
Hol. Or monks, the hill.
Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.
Hol. I do, sans question.
Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.
Hol. The posteriors of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, swell 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 being; having other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, daily with my excrement, with my mustardo, but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, lest the king would have me present the princess, sweet cluck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curious and your sweet self are good at such enchantments and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have accosted you withal, 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. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccæus; 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 have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake: and I will have an apology for that purpose.
Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done.' Hercules! now thou crushest the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—
Hol. I will play three myself.
Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!
Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?
Hol. We attend.
Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique.
I beseech you, follow.
Hol. Via, good Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.
Dull. Neither have I spoken none neither, sir.
Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

[play. Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the lay.
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 with diamonds! Look you what I have from the loving king? Ros. Madame, came nothing else along with that? Prin. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Write o' both sides the leaf, margin and all, That he was fain to seal on Cujjiu'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 would never be friends with him: a 'kill'd your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might ha' been a grandam ere she died: And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Act V. Love's Labour's Lost. Scene II.
ACT V. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. SCENE II.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word? KATH. A light condition in a beauty dark. Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out. KATH. You'll mar the light by taking it in spuff; There's darkness darkly and the argument Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark. KATH. So do not you, for you are a light wench. Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light. KATH. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me. Ros. Great reason; for 'tis cure still past care.

Prioress. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd. But, Rosaline, you have a favour too: Who sent it? and what is it? Ros. I would you knew. An if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great; be witness this. Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron: The numbers true; and, were the 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! Prioress. Any thing like? Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. Prioress. Beautious as ink; a good conclusion. Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book. Ros. Ware pencils, ho! let me note thine debtor, My red penwork, in my golden letter; O that your face were not so full of O's! Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beseech you all shrews. Prioress. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from the other main? Kath. Madam, this glove. Prioress. Did he not send you twain? Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover Some thousand verses of a faithful lover, A huge translation of hypocrisy, Very compiled, profound simplicity. [ville: Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Long ago. The letter is too long by half a mile. Prioress. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart The chain were longer and the letter short? Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part. Prioress. We are all so foolish as to mock our lovers so. Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so. That same Biron I'll torture ere I go: O that I knew he were but in by the week! How would I make him fawn and beg and seek And tear his hair and chew his times And spend his prodigal wits in booteless rhymes And shape his service wholly to my hests And make him proud to make me proud that jests So pertinacious would I o'ersway my state That he should be my fool and I his fate. Prioress. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd. As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd, Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool. Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such ex- cess As woman's talent to wantonness. [cess Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote; Since all the power thereof it doth apply To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity. Prioress. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Enter Boyet.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace? Prioress. Thy news, Boyet? Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare! Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are Against your peace: Love doth approach disguise, Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence. Prioress. Saint Denis to Saint Coupé! What are they That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say. Boyet. Biron, for the cool of a devoce; I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour; When, lo! to interrupt my purpose rest, Toward that shade I might behold address The king and his companions: warily I stole into a neighbour thicket by, And overheard what you shall overhear; That, by and by, disguised they will be here. Their herald is a pretty knavish page, That well by heart hath comm'd his embassage: Action and accent did they teach him there; Th' must thou speak, 'and thus thy body bear,' And ever and anon they made an jest Presence majestical would put him out; 'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shall thou see; Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously,' The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil; I should have fear'd her lord she been a devil.' With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder, Making the bold wag by their praises bolder: One rubb'd his elbow thus, and deerd and swore A better speech was never spoke before; Another, with his finger down his shirt, Cried 'Vail!' we will do't, come what will come! The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;' The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell. With that, they all did tumble on the ground, With such a zealous laughter, so profound, That in fathom three did make undul's appear To check their folly, passion's solemn tears. Prioress. But what, but what, come they to visit us? Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus, Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess. Their purpose is to parle, to court and dance Unto his several mistress, which they'll know By favours several which they did bestow. Prioress. And, will they so? The gallants shall be For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd; [task'd; And not a man of them shall have the grace, Despite of it, to see a lady's face. Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, And then the king will court thee for his dear: Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine, So shall Biron take me for Rosaline. And change not the penny srand all your loves Woo contrary, deceived by these removes. [light, Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in Kath. But in this changing what is your intent? Prioress. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs: They do it but in mocking merriment; And mock for mock is only my intent, Their several counsels they unbosom shall To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal Upon the next occasion that we meet, With visages display'd, to talk and greet. Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't? Prioress. No, to the death, indeed will not move a foot; Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace, But while 't is spoken each turn away her face. Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart, And quite divorce his memory from his part. Prioress. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out. There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown, To make theirs ours and ours none but our own: So shall we stay, mocking intended game, And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [Trumpets sound within. Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [The Ladies mask.
Enter Blackamoors with music: Moth; the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the face of the earth! —

Boyet. 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, their villain, their eyes [views! —

Moth. That ever turned their eyes to mortal

Out —

Boyet. True; out indeed. [safe.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits; vouchsafed.

Not to behold —

Biron. [Aside to Moth] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes, — with your sun-beamed eyes —

Boyet. 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, Boyet; If they do speak our language, 't is our will That some plain man recount their purposes:

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Biron. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles To tread a measure with her on this grass. [a mile.

Boyet. They say, that they have measured many

To tread 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.

Boyet. 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.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,

Are number'd in the travel of one mile? [you: Biron. We number nothing that we spend for

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it without accompt.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded now.

King. Blessed 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 to dance! Than change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged? [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:

Curtsy, 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.

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 chant.

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,

Methelgin, wort, and malbsey: 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 grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a Mar. Name it. [word?

Dum. Fair lady.—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.

Kath. What, was your vizard 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 vizard half,


Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No. 'Tis not; you'll not be your half.

Take all, and wane it: it may prove an ox. [mocks.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.

[They converse apart.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenchens 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 Clouded the eagles' flight.

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.


Ros. Not: one word more, my maids; break off, Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff! King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple Prin. Twenty adieux, my frozen Museovits. [wits. [Exit King, Lords, and Blackamoors.

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at? Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out. [lit.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have: gross, gross; fat,

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingling-poor fiend! Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
*Prin.* Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
Mor. Dumain was at my service, and so he was.
No person which I have serv'd in all this while was mute.
Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he called me?
*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith,
*Prin.? Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
*Prin.* And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.
Mor. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
*Prin.? What? the king?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air. [stood.
*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be under-
Disguised in their mask'd; their wits, like angels,
Put on their weeks; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
*King.* Rebuoke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
*Prin.* You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torrents though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, you'd with integrity.
*King.* O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
*Prin.* Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
And a mess of Russians to drink and eat.
*King.* How, madam! Russians!
*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In commendation gives in courtly disguise.
We few indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools: but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
*Boyet.* This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
*Boyet.* 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.
*Boyet.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
*Ros.* All the fool mine?
*Boyet.* I cannot give you less.
*Ros.* Which of the vizards was it that you wore?
*Ros.* They, 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.
[Exit. Let us confess and turn it to a jest. [sad?
*Prin.* 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.
*Boyet.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for per-
jury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruse me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches pent!
Not to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
ACT V.  LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE II.

Nor never come inizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggots ostentation:
I do foresee them; and I here protest, [know!]—
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God
Henceforth my wooing mind shall express'd
In russet yes and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la! —
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Ronsansans, I pray you.
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on these three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited, you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do see.
[us.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace! for I will not have do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans.
Some fair excuse.
[expression.
Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
Where did you whisper in your own ear? [her.
King. That more than all the world I did respect
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will re-
King. Upon mine honour, no. [jeet her.
Your oath once broke, you force not to foreswear.
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he could wed her with his own true love.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! thine noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my
I never swore this lady such an oath. [troth,
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the prince I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a complain;
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some rumble-news, some treacher-knight, some
ICK.
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours: and then we,
Following the signs, woud but the sign of she.
Now, for a juggling trick,
We are again forewarned, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
[To Boyet.
Foretell our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you 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 trestler, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allowed;
Die when you will, a smack shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
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 vane false,
For every one pursent's 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, if we 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 whereabouts that doth amount:
for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect
one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of
Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the
degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take
some care.
[Exit.
King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis
some policy.
[pany.
To be scarce show worse than the king's and his con-
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 confounds 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, honey
moun-
tan, for, I assure you, I do fancy that 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-
thies. He presents Hector of Troy: the swain,
Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander:
Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas.

Macabeus;

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SCENE II.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other

Biron.  There is live in the first show.  [five.

King.  You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron.  The peasant, the braggart, the hedge-rod, and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King.  The ship is under sail, and here she comes

amain.

Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost.  I Pompey am.—

Boyet.  You lie, you are not he.

Cost.  I Pompey am.—

Boyet.  With Hubbard's head on knee.

Biron.  Well said, old mocker: I must needs be

friends with thee.

Cost.  I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

Dum.  The Great.

Cost.  It is, 'Great,' sir:—

Pompey surnamed the Great:
That oft in field, with his targe and shield did make
my foe to sweat: [by chance,

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 does say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I

Prixest, the fool and the boy.

Cost.  'T is 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 east, west, north, and south, I spread my con-
quering might:

My sentence plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet.  Your nose says, no, you are not; for it

stands too right.

Biron.  Your nose smells 'no' in this, most 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.

Boyet.  Most true, 't is right; you were so, Al-

Biron.  Pompey the Great,—

Cost.  Your servant, and Costard.  [sander.

Biron.  Take away the conqueror, take away Al-

Nath.  To Sir Nath.  O, sir, you have overthrown

Alisander the conqueror!  You will be scraped out
of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds
his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to
Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy.  A conqueror,
and afraid to speak! I run away for shame, Alis-
ander.  [Nath.  retires] There, an 't shall please you; a
foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and
soon dashed.  He is a marvellous good neighbour,
faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander,—

alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'ertopped.  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 shrimp, [canis;

Thus did he strangle serpents in his hands.

Quoniam he seemeth in minority,

Ergo I come with this apology,

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish,

Moth retires.

Judas I am,—

Dum.  A Judas!

Hol.  Not Iscariot, sir.

Judas I am, yelped Maccabaeus,

Dum.  Judas Maccabaeus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron.  A kissing traitor.  How art thou proved

Dum.  I, Alisander; I am,—

The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol.  What mean you, sir?

Boyet.  To make Judas hang himself.

Hol.  Begin, sir; you are my elder.  [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?

Boyet.  A cittern-head.

Dum.  The head of a bodkin.

Biron.  A Death's face in a ring.

Long.  The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet.  The pommel of Caesar's falchion.

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.  And worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in counte-
nance.

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.

Boyet.  Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum.  For the latter end of his name.

Biron.  For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—

Judas, away!

Hol.  This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet.  A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark,

he may stumble.  [Hol.  retires.

Prin.  Alas, poor Maccabaeus, how hath he been

bailed!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron.  Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hec-
tor in arms.

Dum.  Though my ncoes come home by me, I

will now be merry.

Long.  If Armado was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet.  But is this Hector?

King.  I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Long.  His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum.  More calf, certain.

Boyet.  No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron.  This cannot be Hector.

Dum.  He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm.  The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-

Gave Hector a gift.—  [mighty,

Dum.  A gilt nutmeg.

Biron.  A lemon.

Long.  Sack with cloves.

Dum.  No, cloven.

Arm.  Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Lion;

A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum.  That mint.

Arm.  Such nectar, Longaville, rich in tongue.

Long.  I must rather give it the rein, for it runs

against Hector.

Dum.  Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm.  The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;

sweeticks, beat not the bones of the buried:

when he breathed, he was a man.  But I will for-

ward with you, sir; by my device.  [To the Princes]  Sweet

royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.  [lighted.

Prin.  Speak, brave Hector: we are much de-
ACT V.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE II.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slippers.
Boyet. [Aside to Dum.] Loves her by the foot.
Dum. [Aside to Boyet.] He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounts Humilial,-
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. Is not that so?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick: the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou inflammize me among poten-
tially heats shall say?
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Arm. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: 'I'll slash; 'I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.
Dum. Never a lend, nor Worthies!
Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Arm. What reason have you for 't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.
Boyet. True. And it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, 'I'll be sworn, he wore none but a disheelt of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam! 
Prin. Welcome, Mercade; But that thou interrupt'st our errament. 
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father- 
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so; my tale is told. 
Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have not the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exit Worthy.

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-holidy we have borne ourselves In the chase of ladies, to the great gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue: Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.
King. The extreme parts of time extremely form
All causes to the purpose of his speed, And often at his very loose declines That which long process could not arbitrate; And though the mourning brow of progeny Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy sun which falls in pinnacled convenance, Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow juste it From what it purposed; since, to wall friends lost Is not by much so wholesome-profitable As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
Prin. I understand you, but 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, fashioning our humours Even to the opposed end of our intents: And in what we hast seem'd so 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, of bankets and of forms, Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll To every varied object in his glance: Which part-coated presence of loose love Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes, Have misbecome our oaths and gravities, These heaven-born eyes, that look into 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 bonnast and as lining to the time: But more devout than this in our respects Have we not been: and therefore met your loves In their own fashion, like a merriment. 
Dum. Our letters, madam, should much more than Long. So did our looks.
Biron. 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 two last signs Have brought about the annual reeling, If this austere insensible life Change not your offer made in heat of blood; If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, But that it bear this trial and last love; Then, at the expiration of the year, Come 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 intituled in the other's heart. 
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny, To throttle 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.

[Enter Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?]

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack’d,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

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?

Ros. 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.

Ros. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. What is my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft 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 wounding flouts,
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 whiles that smooth-faced wooers say:
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible;
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that’s the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
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; befall 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 wantsa 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 Jaquinetta 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,

This side is Ilium, 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: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on eaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen’s cocks,
When turtles tread, and rocks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo,

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
When blood is nipp’d and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whit;

Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson’s saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian’s nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-whit;

Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after

the songs of Apollo. You that way: we this way.

[Exeunt.]
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. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE—Athens, and a wood near it.

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 lingers my desires, Like to a step-dame or a dowager Long withering out a young man’s revenue. [night; Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in Four nights will quickly dream away the time; And then the moon, like to a silver bow New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate, Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments; Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth; Turn melancholy forth to funerals; The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit Philostrate.

Hippolyta, I wo’d thee with my sword, And won thy love, doing thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key, With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! The. Thanks, good Egeus: what’s the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint Against my child, my daughter Hermia. 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-tokens 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 either to this gentleman Or to her death, according to our law Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis’d, fair maid: To you your father should be as a god; One that composed your beauties, yea, and one To whom you are but as a form in wax By him imprinted and within his power To leave the figure or disfigure it. Demetrius is a worthy gentleman. Her. So is Lysander. The. In himself he is; But in this kind, wanting your father’s voice, The other must be held the wortlier. Her. I would my father look’d but with my eyes. The. 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. The. Either to die the death or to abjure For ever the society of men. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires; Know of your youth, examine well your blood, Whether, if you yield not to your father’s choice, You can endure the livery of a nun, For aye to be in shady cloister mew’d, To live a barren sister all your life, Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood, To undergo such maiden pilgrimage; But earilier happy is the rose distil’d, Than that which withering on the virgin horn 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 sealing-day betwixt my love and me, [moon—
For everlastings bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to do For disobedience to your father's will, Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would; Or on Diana's altar to protest For eye austerities and single life.

Lynd. Believe, sweet: That is resolved, Lysander, yield Thy crisis to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius; Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love, And what is mine my love shall render him. And she is mine, and all my right of her I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well 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 the boasts can be, I am beloved of beauteous Hermia: Why should not I then prosecute my right? Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head, Made love to Neda's daughter, Helena, And with her soul; and she, sweet lady, doth, Devoutly dotes, dotes in impiety. Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess that I have heard so much, And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof; But, being over-full of self-affairs, My mind did best dispence of Demetrius, come; And come, Egeus; you shall go with me, I have some private schooling for you both. For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself To fit your fancies to your father's will; Or else the law of Athens yields you up— Which by no means may extenuate — To death, or to a vow of single life. Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love? Demetrius and Egeus, go along; I must employ you in some business Against our nuptial and confer with you Of something nearly that concerns ourselves. Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. 

[Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale? How chance the roses there do fade so fast? By heaven, what fault of mine, which I could well Beget them from the temper 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 love. Lys. Or else misgравed 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. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice, War and the laws did make a strong league to it, Making it momentary as a sound, Swift as a shadow, short as any dream; Brief as the lightning in the collied night, That, in a spout, unfolds both heaven and earth, And are a man hath power to say 'Believ'.

Her. Behold! So quick bright things come to confusion.

Lys. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, It stands an edict in destiny: Then let us teach our trial patience, Because it is a customary cross, As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs, Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, 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, good Hermia, may I be free; 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 Hermia, To do obedience to a moment of May, There will I stand 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 knittest souls and prospers loves, And by that fire which burn'd the Cartage 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. [Ena. 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! [air Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear, When what is green, when hawthorn buds appear. Sickness is catching: O, were a favour so. Yours would I catch; fair Hermia, ere I go; My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye, My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, The rest I 'ld give to be to 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, I pray you, let me know what affection move! Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me. Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me. Her. His f issoy, Helena, is no fault of mine. [mine! Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face; Lysander and myself will be at this place. Before the time I did Lysander see. Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me: O, then, what graces in my love do dwell, That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell! Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold: To-morrow night, when Phoebus 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 devised to steal. Her. And in the wood, where often you and I Upon fair rose-blossom, or sweet violet, sit, Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet, There my Lysander and myself shall meet; And thence from Athens turn away our eyes, To seek new friends and stranger companies. Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thon for us; And grant our wish that we may be thus! Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [Exit Herm. Hel. [Exit Herm. As you on him, Demetrius doth you. [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 err, dotting on Hermia's eyes, so I, admiring of his qualities. Things base and vile, holding no quantity, love can transpose to form and dignity; love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; and therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind: nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste: wings and no eyes figure unheedly haste: and therefore is love said to be a child, because in choice he is so oft beguiled. As waggish boys in game themselves forswear, so the boy Love is perjured 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 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense: but herein mean I to enrich my pain, to have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II.—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 scrup. 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 Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split. The raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates; and Philibbus' ear shall shine from far, and break and make the foolish Fates. This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players.

This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.
Flu. Here, Peter Quince.
Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.
Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?
Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.
Flu. Nay, faith, let 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. 'Thysne, Thysne!' '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.
Snout. Here, Peter Quince.
Quin. You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father. Snout. The joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play at length.
Snout. 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 should shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.
All. That would hang us, every mother's son.
Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies 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 barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con 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, fall me not.
Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most old play, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.
Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.
Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt.]
SCENE I.—A wood near Athens.

Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and Puck.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,

Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve those to lead through the glimmering:

To dea her orbs upon the green.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be:

In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,

In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek her, and dress them up;

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Farewell, thou loth of spirits; I'll be gone:

Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath.

Because that she as her attendant hath

A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;

She never had so sweet a changeling;

And jealous Oberon would have the child

Killed, and set in the forest wild;

But she perforce withholds the loved boy,

Crown'd him with flowers and makes him all her joy:

And now they never meet in grove or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight shone,

But they do square, that all their elves for fear

Create no corn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite

Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he?

That frights the maidens of the village,

Skin withal, and sometimes labour in the quern

And bootless make the breathless housewife charm;

And sometime make the drink to bear no harm;

Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

That those Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck:

Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st ast right;

I am that merry wanderer of the night.

I jest to Oberon and make him smile

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a fily foal:

And sometime lurk I in a gossips' bowl,

In very likeness of a roasted crab,

And when she drinks, against her lips I bob

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,

Sometimes for three-foot stool misdaketh me;

Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,

And 'taller' cries, and falls into a cough;

And then the whole quire hold their higs and laugh,

And waxen in their mirth and cease and swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But rough Fairy! here comes Oberon, [gone!]

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were

Enter, from one side, Oberon, with his train; from the other, Titania, with hers.

Ober. Ill met by moonlight, fair and queen Titania.

Titania. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip-hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Ober. Tarry, rash woman; am I not thy lord?

Titania. 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

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,

Come from the farthest steppe of India?

But that, forsooth, the bounding Amazon,

Your buskin'd mistress and your mortal love,

To Theseus must be welded, and you come

To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Ober. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,

Glance at my credit with Hippolyta?

Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

[uight

Didst thou not lead through the glimmering:

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair Egle break his faith,

With Ariadne and Antiope?

Titania. These are the forgeries of jealousy:

And never, since the middle summer's spring,

Met we on earth in dale, forest or mead,

By paved fountain or by rushy brook,

Or in the beached, margin of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whispering wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,

As In revenge, have suck'd up from the sea.

Contagious fogs; which falling in the land

Have every pelting river made so proud

That they have overcome their continents:

The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn

Hath rotten in his youth for lack of rain.

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;

The nine men's morris is ill'd up with mud.

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green

For lack of truant are indistinguishable:

The human mortals want their winter here;

No night is now with hymn or carol blest:

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

Pale in her anger, washes all the air,

That rheumatic diseases do abound;

And thorough distemper is we see

The seasons alter: hoary-headed froses

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,

And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds

Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,

The chiding morn, and all the winter change,

Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,

By their increase, now knows not which is which:

And this same progeny of evils comes

From our debate, from our dissension;

We are their parents and original.

Ober. Do you amend it then? it lies in you:

Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

I do but beg a little changeling boy,

To be my henchman.

Titania. Set your heart at rest:

The fairy land buys not the child of me.

His mother was a votress of my order:

And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,

Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,

And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sand's,

Marking the embark'd traders on the flood,

And when we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive

And grow big belled with the wanton wind;

Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait

Following,—her womb then rich with my young

Would imitate, and sail upon the land, [sign,

To fetch me trilles, and return again,

As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.

But she, being mortal, of the same died;

And for her sake do I rear up her boy,

And for her sake will not part with him.

Ober. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Titania. 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 spread no flowers.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tit. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exit Titania with her train.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
Till I torment thee for this trick of thine! [grov

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 whisper'd tales of love from ancient hours,
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 throne by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the immortal vales were put to rest,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free,
Yet mark'd I where the bough 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 in 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.

As I take this charm from off her sight,
I close my eyes to with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.

But when I have this power,
I shall not lose it,
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 shew me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and woe within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hec. Get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And every word that doth prove 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 and where shall I lay in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my

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 hill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginitv.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are so vocal,
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

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.

[Exit Dem.]

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,

To die upon the hand I love so well.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

[Exit.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do

[Exeunt.

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 cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with reere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coze, and some keep buck
The clanging sylvl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.
A Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well: 
One alack stand sentinel.

Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love sake,
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear.
When thou wakest, He is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near. [Exit.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way: [wood; We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Herm. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

Herm. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

Herm. I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that he heart we cannot part of it;
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.

Lys. Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Herm. Lysander reddles very prettily:
Now much besheer he my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!

Herm. Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Lys. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eye's I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence.—Who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said.

Despised the Athenian maid;
And here, the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.

Prettily so, she durst not lie.
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy:
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.

When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Dem. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Dem. O, wilt thou darkness 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, whereas she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes,
How came her eyes so bright? 
Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:

They marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's spleney 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. [Awaking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transcendent Helena! 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?

Dem. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia still lies you: when be content.

Lys. Content, with Hermia, she lies; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things great and small are in their season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will

And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, 't is not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you may not find my heart, sweet friend:

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!

Lys. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [They sleep.

Hel. And never mayst thou come Lysander near!

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest sleep to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do lose.

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. [Aeoftyng] Help me, Lysander, help me!
Fly for my life!
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, 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?
Ah, where are you? speak, an 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. Not yet, and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this bough-borne-brake our tiring-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 not bear pleasure. First, Pyramus must drive a sword to kill himself: which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?
Snout. By'r lakin, a perilous fear.
Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.
Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out of fear.
Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?
Star. I fear it, I promise you.
Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shiel 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 such.
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 defect,—"Ladies,—'r Fair ladies,—I would wish you,—or 'I would request you,—or 'I would correct 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 Such the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Bot. A calendar, a calendar I 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. Any one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

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 rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake: and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.
Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swagger-
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? [ing here,
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet.—
Quin. Odours, odours.
Bot. Odours savours sweet:
So hath they breath, me dear, Thyby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile.
And by and by I will to thee appear.

Flute. Must I speak now?
Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flute. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that; yet you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter: your cue is past: it is, 'never tire.'

Flute. O,—As true as truest 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! [Exit 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:
Some time 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 Snout.

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.
[Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[Sings.

The osuel cock so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill.—

Titania. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [Sings]

The Finch, the sparrow and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dare not answer nay:

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry ‘cuckoo’ never so?

Titania. I pray thee, gentle mortals, sing again:

Mimick with much enamour’d of thy note;

So is mine eye enthrall’d to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue’s force perforce doth move me

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: the more the pity that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go:

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit of no common rate:

The summer still doth tend upon my state;

And I do love thee, therefore, go with me;

I’ll give thee fairies to attend on thee,

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Peas. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apples, peacocks 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 put to wings the tidings from painted butterflies.

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:

Not to him, elves, and do him courteous.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship’s mercy, heartily: I beseech your worship’s name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,

good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father.

Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-and-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house; I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Titania. 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.

[Exit.

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 dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread up Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Thespeus’ nuptial-day.

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter’d in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass’s nose I fixed on his head;
Anon his Thespeus must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye,
Russel-patedoughs, many in sort,
Rising and calling at the garden gate,
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;
He murdertears and help from Athens calls. [strong,
Their sense this weak, lest with their fears thus
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns in 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 hast thou yet latch’d the Athenian’s eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish’d too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he 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, who shall make him that loves you so?

Puck. Lay breath so better on your bitter toe.

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 him 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 bored and that the moon
May through the ether slip and so displease
Her brother's nocturnall with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, lock your lines, that clear,
As wonder 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 look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not some tear, and tender heart,
An adder did it; for with doublure tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprisned mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here through the whis she 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.
[Exit
Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistak'd
quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprison must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that one man holding
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. Flower of this purple dye,
Hilt with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky,
When thou wakist, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.
Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond complaint 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 beal prefpostiously.

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 me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kill'd me, didst thou wish me fray?
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [Awaking] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,
divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
| Crystal is mauldy, O, how rife in show
| They lies, and kissing cream grow and grow!||
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crown
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your remittance:
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 me for a thing so low.
To vow, and swear, and superfluous my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my heart;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:
If e'er I 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.
Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eye more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth injure the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly dist 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 hide,
ACT III.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SCENE II.

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know
The hate I 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.
Injurious Hermia! just ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul decision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us?—O, is it all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
Yet but an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, when you make me wonder by my heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maldently:
Our love should sport, I may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Herm. I am amazed at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection.
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate?
But miserable most, to love unloved?
Yet you should pity rather than despise.

Herm. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; 't is partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent! Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
Helm, my life, my life!—oh life!—[prayers.
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come! I Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope!

Dem. No, no: he'll ...

Seem to break loose: take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

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Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minims, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scour your servies.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou desirest, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
[Exeunt 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 curtse company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away.
[Exit.

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else commit'st thy knavery willfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have pointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:
He therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry velkin 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 petty 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 fruitless vision,
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; [there.
At whose approach, ghosts, wandring here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shapes upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light
And must for eye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all flory-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns his black eye as it on fair scenes.
But, notwithstanding, haste: make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
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.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me, then,

To plainest ground.

[Exeunt Lysander, as following the voice.

Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou looke'st 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.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

The villain is much lighter-heele'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. [Lies 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 darest; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And darest 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 buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Fainting constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! shine comforts from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest;
And sleep, that sometimes shits up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[Exeunt.

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curtst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Exeunt.

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound.

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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 scenes.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head, And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy. Bot. Where's Peaseblossom? Peas. Ready. Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb? Cob. Ready. Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overthrown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed? Mus. Ready. Bot. Give me your yarn, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur. Mus. What's your will? Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for me thinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch. Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love? Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones. Tit. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat. Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow. Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's heard, and fetch thee new nuts. Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [Exeunt fairies.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwine; the female ivy so Enrings the barking fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I doze on thee! [They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Obe. [Advancing] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity: For, meeting her of late behind the wood, Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool, I did upbraiid 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 temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; And that same dew, which sometime on the buds Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls, Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes. Like tears that did their care disgrace bewail, When I had at my pleasure taunted her And she in mild terms begg'd my patience, I then did ask of her her changeling child; Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent To bear him to my bower in fairy land. And now I have the boy, I will undo This hateful imperfection of her eyes: And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp From off the head of this Athenian swain; That, he awaking when the other do, May all to Athens back again repair. And think no more of this night's accidents But as the fierce vexation of a dream. But first I will release the fairy queen. 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! what visions have I seen! Methought I was enamour'd of an ass. Obe. There lies your love. Puck. How! how! are these things to pass? O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now! Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head. Titania, music call; and strike more dead Than common sleep of all these live the sense. Tit. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep! [Music, still. Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep. [with me, Obe. 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 lark: Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad, Trip we after the night's shade: We the globe can compass soon, Swiftelier 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 wined within.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester; For now our observation is perform'd; And since we have the vaward of the day, My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Un Couple in the western valley; let them go: Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. 

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjuction,

Hipp. 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. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind, So faithful, so styled, and their heads are hung With ears that sweep away the morning dew; Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bull; Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells, Each under each. A cry more tuneable Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: [These? Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are Egeus, This Helena, old Nedar's Helena: I wonder of their being here together. 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? Egeus. It is, my lord. The Go, and the huntsman wake them with their horns. [Horns and shout within. Lys, Dem., Hel., and, wake and start up. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past: Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? Lys. Pardon, my lord. The I pray you all, stand up. 

You know two are rival enemies: How comes this gentle concord in the world, That hatred is so far from jealousy, To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity? Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly. 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 behold him, so it is,— I came with Hermia hither: our intent Was to come from Athens, where we might, Without the peril of the Athenian law, Egeus. 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 their purpose hither to this wood; And in fury hither follow'd them, Fair Helena in fancy following me. But, my good lord, I shot not by what power,— But by some power it is,—my love to an Hermia, Melted as the snow, seems to me now As the remembrance of an idle gaud Which in my childhood I did dot upon; And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, The tears and the pleasure of mine eye, Is only Helena. To hear her voice Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia: But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food; But, as in health, come to my natural taste, Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, And wish for evermore to be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met: Of this discourse we more will hear anon. Egeus, I will overbear your will; For in the temple, by and by, with us These couples shall eternally be knit: And, for the watching of something worn, Our purposed hunting shall be suspended. Away with us to Athens; three and three, We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. Come, Hippolyta.

[Exeunt The., Hipp., Ege., and train.

Dem. These things seen small and undistinguishable far-off mountains turned into clouds. I'll go. Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye, When every thing seems double.

Hel. So mithinks: And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, My 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?


Hel. And Hippolyta. 

Lys. And he bid us follow to the temple. 

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him; And by the way let us recount our dreams. [Exeunt.

Bot. [Arackingly] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh! Pyramus! Flute, thou fellow, mender! Snout, the timber! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom: and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[Exeunt.

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.

Snug. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any hand-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramount for a sweet voice.

Flu. 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.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during the rest of his life; he could not have escaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of
The More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fancies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!
Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More with invention than fancy's images
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.
The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Joy, gentle friends! Joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

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?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Made choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.

The. [Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp,'
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hereules.

[Reads] 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanauls,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage?
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
[Reads] 'The thrice three Muses mourning for the
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'

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. Is there any ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-hearted men that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now.
And now have told their unbreathed 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 conn'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.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle the air practised in their fears
And in conclusion doubtly 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.
ACT V.  
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  
SCENE I.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Phil. Soplease your grace, the Prologue is address'd.  
The. Let him approach.  [Flourish of trumpets.

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will. 
That you should think, we come not to offend, 
But with good will. To show our simple skill, 
That is the true beginning of our end. 
Consider then we come but in despite. 
We do not come as minding to content you, 
Our true match, Us. All for your good. 
We are not here. That you should here repent you, 
The actors are at hand and by their show 
You shall know all that you are like to know. 
The. This fellow doth not stand upon points. 
Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; 
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it 
is not enough to speak, but to speak true. 
Hipp. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a 
child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government. 
The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing 
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, per chance you wonder at this show; 
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain. 
This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 
This bounteous lady Thisbe is certain. 
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present 
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers Sunder;  
[content 
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are 
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder. 
This man, with horn, dog, and branch of thorn, 
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know, 
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn 
To meet at Ninn's 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 fall, 
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain. 
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, 
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain; 
Whereat, with blade, with bloody shameful blade, 
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast; 
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade, 
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, 
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain 
At large discourse, while here they do remain.  
[Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine. 
The. I wonder if the lion be to speak. 
Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when 
many asses do. 
Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall 
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall; 
And such a wall, as I would have you think, 
That had in it a crannied hole to think. 
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby, 
Did whisper often very secretly. 
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show 
That I am that same wall; the truth is so: 
And this the cranny is, right and sinister, 
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper. 
The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better? 
Dem. It is the Wittiest partition that ever I heard 
discourse, my lord.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grimlook'd night! O night with hue so 
O night, which ever art when day is not! [black! 
O night, O night! allack, allack, allack, 
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! 
The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should 
curse again. 
Pyr. No, a truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me' 
is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am 
to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will 
full pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my 
For parting my fair Pyramus and me! [noons, 
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones, 
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee. 
Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink, 
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think. 
Pyr. 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 me kill. 
Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true. 
This. As Shafalus to Procrus, to you. [wall! 
Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile 
This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all. 
Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway? 

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.  
[Exeunt Pyramus 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 bear without warning. 

Hipp. 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. 
Hipp. 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 
[door, 
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 joiner, am 
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam; 
For, if it should as lion come in strife 
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.  

This. A very gentle beast, and of a good con- 

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that 
ever I saw. 
Lion. 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 
valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is 
well for you, I leave it to his discretion, and let us listen 
to the moon.  

[Sent: 
Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon pres- 

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

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Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [Roaring] Oh — [Thistbe runs off.]

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

This. The well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

And The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.

This. 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 sprite! But mark, poor knight, What dreadful dole is here! Eyes, do you see? How can it be? O dainty duke! O dear! Thy mantle gone! What, shan't I with blood! Approach, ye Furies fell! O Fates, come, come, Cut thread and thrum:

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

This. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear: Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.

That, come, tears, confound; Out, sword, and wound

The paw of Pyramus; Ay, that left paw.

Where heart doth hop: [Stabs himself.]

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,
Now am I dead; 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.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

This. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us. [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 lil'y lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone: Lovers, make moon: His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk;

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word: Come, trusty sword;

Come, blade, my breast I imbru: [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.

Dot. [Stealing 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 pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garret, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [A dance.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time. I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn As much as we this night have overwatch'd. This palpitating play hath well beguiled The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed. A fortnight hold we this solemnity, In nightly revels and new jollity. [Exit.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars, And the wolf behoards the moon; Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, All with weary task forborne. Now the wasted brands do glow, Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, Puts the wretch that lies in woe In remembrance of a shroud. Now it is the time of night That the graves all gaping wide, Every one lets forth his sprite, In the church-way paths to glide: And we fairies, that do run By the triple Hecate's team,
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.  
Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire:  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier;  
And this ditty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it trippingly,  
Thu. 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.}  

Obe. Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray,  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be;  
And the issue there create  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be;  
And the blots of Nature's hand  
Shall not in their issue stand;  

Never mole, hare lip, nor scar;  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be.  
With this field-dew consecrate,  
Every fairy take his gait;  
And each several chamber bless,  
Through this palace, with sweet peace;  
And the owner of it bless  
Ever shall in safety rest.  
Trip away; make no stay;  
Meet me all by break of day.  

{Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.}  

Puck. If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,  
That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend:  
If you pardon, we will mend:  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call:  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.  

{Exit.}  

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 adder 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 aught that I can tell.—Act III, Scene ii.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Duke of Venice.
The Prince of Morocco.
Antonio, a merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.
Salario.
Salarino.
Gratiano.
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.
Balthasar, servant to Portia.
Stephano.
Portia, a rich heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting maid.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Goaler, 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, 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 signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pages of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curst to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would,
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear,
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Sal. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea you do;
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing beclouded would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know, Antonio,
is sad to think upon his merchandise.
Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say
You are sad,
Because you are not merry; 'tis were as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salen. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:kinsman,
We leave you now with better company. [merry,
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.
[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,
We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio:
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
To wind about my love with circumspection;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have;
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prizing now the lesser part.

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, Gratius' sister.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colehos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money and commodity;
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, no shop would buy our counsels and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold degree: such a bare is madness in 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 thought by the dead a will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any 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 describe them; and according to me describe, level by level, in my full doubt.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe
him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

**Por.** Then there is the County Palatine.

**Ner.** He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'If you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry laughter, and you will prove the worst philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

**Por.** Now say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

**Por.** God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better habit of frowning than the County Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throttle-sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

**Ner.** What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

**Por.** You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the company unworthy in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour everywhere.

**Ner.** Will not think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

**Por.** That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed it 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 a little better than a beast; and the worst that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

**Ner.** If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

**Por.** Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

**Ner.** You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their 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 an old Shylock, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

**Por.** Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier; that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

**Por.** Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

**Por.** 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 Servant.**

**Serv.** How now! what news?

**Por.** The four kings seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

**Por.** If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his morose; if he favours the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

While we shut the gates upon one wooper, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.

**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. [Be bound.

**Bass.** For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

**Bass.** May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

**Shy.** Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

**Bass.** Your answer to that.

**Shy.** Antonio is a good man. [trary?

**Bass.** Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

**Shy.** Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me not 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 it so: you may.

**Shy.** I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will think on it. May I speak with An-cha.

**Bass.** If it please you to dine with us. [tonio?

**Shy.** Yes, to smell pork: to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarine 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 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 exchange hence 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 nicks, 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! 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? Tota, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
ACT II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
ACT II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE II. — VENICE. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo;' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. My conscience says, 'No: take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; 'Vilia! says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something growing to a be, 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 my Jew master, who, God bless that mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnat; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to offend 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?

Laun. [Aside] Sanseverino, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn 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 son'tics, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [Aside] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I see see, you talk of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, with all my heart; but it may please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, Good forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might 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 out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my full-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest.
Enter Bassanio, with Leonado 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.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify —

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a deal as much as my father shall specify.

Bass. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins —

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall utterly unto you —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is pertinent 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?

Laun. 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, [suit: And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment]

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentlem.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy Leave leave of thy old master and inquire My lodgings. Give him a livem. More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swallow upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a moral trifle of wives alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scarcely. 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 Leonado, think on this: These things being bought and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night.

My best esteem and acquaintance: bie thee, go.

Leon. 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.

Law. Love-news, in faith.

Lor. Your leave, sir.

Law. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew To supper to-night with my new master the Christian. Lor. Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go, gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.

Will you prepare for this masque to-night? I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sal. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Salario and Gratiano.

SCENE V.—The same. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge. The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:— What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize, As thou hast done with me:— What, Jessica!— And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;— Why, Jessica, I say! 


Law. 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 repose.

Shy. So do this. 

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'm the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four years in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica: Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum And the vile squealing of the wyre-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 foppery 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.

Law. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window, for all this:

There will come a Christian by, 

Shy. Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit. 

Jes. His words were 'Farewell mistress;' nothing 

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder; Snarl-small in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild-cat: drones hive not with me; But more I plight 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 in thirsty mind. [Exit. 

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost, I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salario, masqued.

Sal. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo Desired us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Shy. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Jes. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse that doth not tread again His tedious measures with the unslaked fire That he did pace them first? All things that are, Have with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. How like a younger or a prodigal! The scarfed bard puts from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the trumpet wind! How like the prodigal cloth she return, With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails, Lean, rent and beggar'd by the trumpet wind! Sal. 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?

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 loves so much? And now who knows But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? [thou art. Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, [paths. For I am much ashamed of my exchange: But love is blind and lovers cannot see. The pretty follies that themselves commit; For if they could, Cupid himself would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy. 

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shame? They in themselves, the snare, are too light. Why, 'tis 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;

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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 Gentile and no Jew. 

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily; For she is wise, if I can judge of her, And fair she is, if that nine 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 Salarino.)

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Ike, Ike, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'T is nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you. No more to-night: the wind is come about; Bassanio presently will go aboard: I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight Than to be under sail and gone to-night. (Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go draw aside the curtals and discover The several caskets to this noble prince. Now make your choice among the caskets.

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 lea-en casket? Mor. 'Who chooseth me must 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 stoops not to shows of dross; I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead. What says the silver with her virgin hue?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he 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 deserve! Why, that's the lady: I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes, In graces and in qualities of breeding; But more than these, in love I do deserve. What if I stay'd no further, but chose here? Let's see once more this saying graven in gold; 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her; From the four corners of the earth they come, To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint: The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds Of while Arabia are as throughfares now For princes to come view fair Portia: The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar To stop the foreign spirits, but they come, As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia. One of the three containeth a heavenly picture. Is 't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation To think so base a thought: it were too gross To rib her cereloch in the obscure grave. Or shall I think in silver she's immured, Being ten times undervalued to tried gold? Or shall I think that no rich 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. (He unlocks the golden casket. Mor. O hell! what have we here? A carrion Death, within whose empty eye There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing. [Reads] and that if glisters is not gold. Often have you heard that told: Many a man his life hath sold But my outside to behold: Gilded tombs do worms infold. Had you been as wise as bold, Young in limbs, in judgment old, Your answer had not been inscr appet'd: Fare 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: [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 Salarino and Salario.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail: With him is Gratiano gone along; And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Sal. The villain Jew with outeries raised the wind That 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.

Sal. I never heard a passion so confused, So strange, outrageous, and so variable, As the dog Jew did utter in the streets: 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter! Fleed with these Christian ducats! Fleed with these Christian ducats! Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter! A sealed 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.

Sal. Let good Antonio look he keep his day, Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd. I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday, Who told me, in the narrow seas that part The French and English, there miscarried A vessel of our country richly fraught: I thought upon Antonio when he told me; And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salar. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear; Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slander not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.
Salar. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—Belmont. 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 trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you find them empty, without shed,
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'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
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 mutitute, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pricks not to the interior, but, like the market,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what little thou dost bear;
'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.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.
Ar. What's 'here'? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?
[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 I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[Exeunt Arragon and train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed 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.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here: what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,
To wit, besides commendats 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-spurrier comes before his lord.
Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is too kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa: for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!
SCENE I.—Venice. A street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unheeded 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 chances of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. 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 slips of proliﬁxity 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! —

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

Shy. How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Salar. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salan. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.—

Salar. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel! [Judge.

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad 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 courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, 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? feel with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance

be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villain you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. [Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I feared 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.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he laid of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tormentest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit: for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tardy: pause a day or two Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile. There's something tells me, but it is not love,

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I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And sere men are not tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venure for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had ever seen into 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 bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though you, 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;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforce do speak anything.
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por. Well then, confess and live.
Bass. What 'sho be called 'fuss' and 'love',
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? Then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownd monarch: such is it
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
That creep as charming and life-room's ear
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With beaured 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?
Howbeit, how nourish'd?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing feet; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
'Tis done in it,--Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward show be least 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 damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve them of them?
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of heroes and famous men.
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubled! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which wherein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped 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 Cupidchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will never taste;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge.
'Twixt man and man: but thou, thou meanest head,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose 1: joy be the consequence!
Por. (Aside.) Methinks all the earth doth fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrauced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
O love,
Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rein thy joy; scan this excess.
You feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?

[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeitt! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the backs of men,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden net to entrap the waters of men.
Faster than gannets in cold winds: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnished. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[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 more.
If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Glibly in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
To begin. Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I now.
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtuous beauties, livings, 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 in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so well 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 part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be a vantage point to exclaim on you.
Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the vacts, no such oration as
Where every something, being blunt 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!
For no part of me, from the first till now,
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. Madam, with all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eye, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the basket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooring here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, it last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved 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 stake down?
[Stake down.
Gra. No: we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his in-hold?
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. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour. Form my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying: nay,
To come with him along.
Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.
Bass. Enraged at the 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
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer you stranger: bid her wel!
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
hath lost. [Paper, paper.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in this same
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half myself;
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotter paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the plain truth:
I ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing: for, indeed,
I have 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 gapping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marrying rocks?
Saler. Not one, my lord.
Por. Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at all hours and night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificos
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture; justice aye has the game.
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 give him: and I know my lord,
If law, authority and power do not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
ACT III.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE IV.

Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! \[Exeunt.\]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceiver
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a lover you are to relief
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
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:—hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa and myself,
Until her 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. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exeunt Jessica 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 rendest this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And look, what notes and curiosities he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the transect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[Exit.}

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Por. Shall we see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
ACT IV.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE I.

Venice. A court of justice.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace. [sweat

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to an

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

No drop of mercy. [sweat

Ant. I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify

His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate

of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to

Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-

wealth that you can the getting up of the negro's

belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Lau. It is much that the Moor should be more

than reason: but if she be less than an honest-

woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word!

I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into

silence, and discourse grow commendable in none

only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare

for dinner.

Lau. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Godly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you!

then bid them prepare dinner.

Lau. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the

word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Lau. Not so, sir; neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt

thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant?

I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain

meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the

table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to din-

ner.

Lau. For the table, sir, it shall be served in;

for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming

to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and con-

elcts shall govern.

[Exeunt.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words; and I do know

A many fools, that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet

The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;

For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;

And if on earth he do not mean it, then

In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else

Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow.

Even such a husband

Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Lau. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the

father are to be laid upon the children: therefore,

I promise ye, I fear ye! 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.

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 now 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.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you

say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Laun-

celot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Laun-

celot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no

mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's

daughter: and he says, you are no good member

and that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury, and am arm'd

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

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 malice

To the last hour of act; and then 't is thought


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ACT IV.  

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  

SCENE I.  

Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of flesh, which I demand of thee,  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeit,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moity of the principal:  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so irritated on his back,  
Ere now a royał; and by thy tender,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never skill'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.  

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.  
[pose;  
Sly. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carriion flesh than to receive  
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat  
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
To have it, are you answer'd yet?  
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,  
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what his end.  

There is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a woolen bag-pipe; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?  
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man.  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.  
Sly. I am not bound to please thee with my an-  
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?  
Sly. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?  
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.  
[Sly. Shall I then answer thee as thou dost answer the  
Ant. I pray thee, think you question with the Jew:  
You may as well go stand upon the beach  
And bid the main flood hate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,  
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that,—than which what's harder?—  
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make not the offer, use no further means,  
But with all brief and plain conveniency  
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.  
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.  
Sly. If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were hur'd away a, every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.  

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?  
Sly. 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 use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burthen's? 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.  

Saler.  

My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.  

Duke. Bring in the letters; call the messenger.  
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!  

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.  
Ant. I am a ta'en in the snare of the book's  
Meetest 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 Norissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.  

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?  
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.  

[Presenting a letter.  
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?  
Sly. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt grace.  

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 keenness  
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?  
Sly. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.  

Gra. O, be thou damned, inscrutable 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 trunk of meagre carrion spirits  
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 wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.  
Sly. Till the black soul be burnt, and the deal scorch'd  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:  
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.  

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend;  
A young and learned doctor to our court.  
Where is he?  

Ner. He attended 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 Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter.  

Clerk. [Reads.]  

My lord, I have 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 the merchant; we turned our books together; he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him have a reverent ear; and, 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 learner Bellario, what he  
And here, I take it, is the doctor come. [writes:  
Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.  
Give me your hand. 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 am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?  
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.  
Por. Is your name Shylock?  
Shy. It is my name.  
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow:  
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.  
You stand within his danger, do you not?  
Ant. Ay, so he says.  
Por. Do you confess the bond?  
Shy. Then must the Jew be merciful.  
Por. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.  
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain’d,  
It appears in all actions of perfect heaven.  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
’Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty.  
Wherein deth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God’s  
When mercy季节s justed. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That, in the cause of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence ’gainst the merchant there.  
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond,  
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?  
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
Yea, twice the sum: if that my willingness,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o’er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.  
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:  
’Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
And lay an example on the same example  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.  
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!  
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.  
Shy. Here ’tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.  
Por. Shylock, there’s thrice thy money offered thee.  
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.  
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew can claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant’s heart. Be merciful  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.  
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter none; I stay here on my bond.  
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.  
Por. Why then, thus it is:  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.  
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!  
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.  
Shy. ’Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elderly art thou than thy looks!  
Por? Therefore lay bare thy bosom.  
Shy. Ay, his breast.  
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?  
’Nearest his heart’: those are the very words.  
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
The flesh?  
Shy. I have them ready. [charge,  
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.  
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?  
Por. It is not so express’d: but what of that?  
’Twere good you do so much for charity.  
Shy. I cannot find it; ’t is not in the bond,  
Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?  
Ant. But little: I am arm’d and well prepared.  
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom; it is still her use;  
To let the rich man with his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow  
An age of poverty; from which lingers penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio’s end;  
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,  
And repent not that he pays your debt;  
Por. For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I’ll pay it presently with all my heart.  
Bass. Antonio, I am maruis, my wife  
Which is as dear to me as life itself:  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteeem’d above thy life:  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you. [aside.  
[that,  
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.  
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.  
Ner. ’Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make the unquiet house.  
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a  
Would any of the stock of Barabas  
[daughter;  
Hath been her husband rather than a Christian!  
[aside.  
We tride time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.  
Por. A pound of that same merchant’s flesh is thine:  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.  
Shy. Most rightful judge! [breast,  
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;  

ACT IV. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. SCENE I.
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh;' Take thou thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh; But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice. [Judge] [Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned
Shy. Is that the law?] [Por. Thyself shalt see the act: For, as thou urg'st justice, before God 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 hushe:
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 twentieth part
Of one poor scrap, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip, [feiture.]
[Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-
Shy. Give me my principal; and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall pay the costs of 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 incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. I hear that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
[Exit Brother Luke.]
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
Punishments by this, you and the Turk in:
[sprits, For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
[Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the pay
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 can content: so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it.
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do repent, and,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here. [say?]
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou
Shy. I am content. 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.
[Exit Shylock.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[Exeunt Duke and his train.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous palms withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a favor: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me. [yield.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
[To Ant.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
[To Bass.] And, for your love, I'll take this ring
from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I would have nothing else, I would have this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it. [value.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on 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 the thing: thou art in offers;
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
And when she put it on, she made me vow [wife;
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.
Por. That excuse serves many men to save their
gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
ACT V.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

She would not hold out enemy for ever.
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[Exit Portia and Nerissa.

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Into Antonio's house: away! make haste.
[Exit Gratiano.

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this
And let him sign it: we'll 'way to-night [deed
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

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
Trollus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand.
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Jason.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
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,
Since sought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in his heart,
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! 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 he is attended, and I thank 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's are To their right praise and true perfection! Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion And would not be awaked. [Music ceases.]

Lor. That is the voice, Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. [cuckoo
Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home. Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths, Which speed, we hope, the better for our words. Are they return'd?

Por. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before, To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa; Give order to my servants that they take No note at all of our being absent hence; Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [A tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet: We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not. Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick; It looks a little paler: 'tis a day Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light; For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, And 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 season, thou art Antipater's [friend, To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to For, as I hear, he was much bound for you. [him, 
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. You are very welcome to our house: It must appear in other ways than words, Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To Ner.] By yonder moon I swear you do In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk: [me wrong;
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part, Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter? Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paistry ring That she did give me, whose posy was For all the world like cutler'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. Gra. He will wear it if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth, A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk, A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee: I could not deny it but you see my finger.

Por. You were to blame! I must be plain with you, To part so slightly with your wife's first gift; A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger And so riveted with faith unto your flesh. I gave my love a ring and made him swear Never to part with it; and he kept his word; I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano, You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief: An't were to me, I should be mad at it. Bass. [Aside] Why, I were loath to cut my left And swear I lost the ring defending it. [hand off, Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed Deserved it too; and then, his boy, the clerk, That took such 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. 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 nought would be accepted but the ring, You would abate the strength of your displeasure. Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring, Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, Or your own honour to contain the ring, You would not then have parted with the ring. What man there is so much unreasonable, If you had pleased to have defended it With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty To urge the thing held as a ceremony? Nerissa teaches me what to believe: I'll die for 'till she has worn the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul, No woman had it, but a civil doctor, Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him And suffer'd him to go displeased away; Even he that did uphold the very life Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady? I was enforced to send it after him; I was best 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,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg’d
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e’er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I’ll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband’s bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I’ll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I’ll mar the young clerk’s pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are come not-withstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there’s an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him, that had your husband’s ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring,

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him; pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor’s clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return’d; I have not yet
Enter’d my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that stolc me cucksold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I’ll give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess’d of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop mamma in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter’gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter’gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor’s clerk.

Well, while I live I’ll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa’s ring. [Exeunt.

Solano. 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!
Justifies! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

Act II. Scene vili.

109
AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke, living in banishment.
Frederick, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
Amiens, lords attending on the banished duke.
Jaques, Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
Charles, wrestler to Frederick.
Oliver, Jaques, sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
Orlando, Adam, Dennis, servants to Oliver.
Touchstone, a clown.
Sir Oliver Martext, a vicar.

Corin, shepherds.
Silvius, 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.

Lords, pages, attendants, &c.

SCENE—Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.

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 manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam; that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Orl. What man are you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir. I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Orl. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your logs and cat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Orl. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Orl. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Orl. What, boy?

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Orl. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wilt thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast milled on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Orl. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allotrary my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Orl. And what will thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Orl. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with
my old master! He would not have spoke such a word. [Exit Orlando and Adam.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will disyse my rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke: and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander. Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a design against thee by poison, entwined in his appear to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of due love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intention or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stoutest 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 lie then 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 put such a device as he by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anaomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize money, and I'll keep my word.

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [Exit Charles.] Now will I stir this gamerster: 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 engagingly disposed, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long: this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [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 lov'est me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had disdained thee but now as I did, thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldest thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so rigorously 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 burn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see: what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in all sport neither; for I do see before me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of due love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intention or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

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ACT I.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE II.

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cei. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unnuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cei. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cei. Well said, who is't thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cei. My father's love is enough to honour him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cei. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.

Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news. [young.

Cei. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their Ros. Then shall we be news-crumped. [able.

Cei. All the better; we shall be the more market-

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good Cei. Sport! of what colour? [sport.

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer Ros. As wit and fortune will. [you?

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cei. Which is, as I say, a little matter.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,— Ros. Thou lostest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cei. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried. Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons.— Cei. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents,' Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, that is, the crudest. Youonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weep- Ros. Alas! [ing.

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cei. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cei. 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 you the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam. [fully.

Cei. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successes.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it. I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cei. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Well done: 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 challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of your youth.

Cei. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes and 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 be put forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shame that was never triumph; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cei. And mine, to eke out hers. [in you!

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived Cei. Your heart's desires be with you!

Char. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Orl. Nay, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to be more: these, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cei. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the hand. [They wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cei. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout. Charles is thrown.

Duke F. No more, no more.
Ovl. 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?

Ovl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

[man else:]

_Duke F._ I would thou hast been son to some

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy; [deed,
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this
Hast thou not come another day in another house,
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hast told me of another father.

_[Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau._

_Cel._ Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

_Ovl._ I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that call
To be adopted heir to Frederick. [ing,

_Ros._ My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

_Cel._ Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

_Ros._ Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain from her neck.

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
Shall we go, cousin? [means.

_Cel._ Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

_Ovl._ Can I not say, I thank you? My better

_parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands
Is but a quaintain, a mere lifeless block. [fortunes;

_Ros._ He calls me back: my pride fell with my
I'll ask him what he would. 'Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

_Cel._ Will you go, coz?

_Ros._ Have we with you. Fare you well.

_[Exeunt Rowland and Celia._

_Ovl._ What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

_[Re-enter Le Beau._

_Le Beau._ Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he mustabuse all that you have done.
The duke is humourous! what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

_Ovl._ I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling? [manners;

_Le Beau._ Neither his daughter, if we judge by
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I, and every one of you, my lord.
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

_Ovl._ I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

_[Exit Le Beau._

Thus must I from the smoke into the smoother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind!

_[Exit._

SCENE III.—A room in the palace.

_Enter Celia and Rosalind._

_Cel._ Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have
have mercy! not a word?

_Ros._ Not one to throw at a dog.

_Cel._ No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come,
lame me with reasons.

_Ros._ Then there were two cousins laid up: when
the one should be lame with reasons and the other
mad without any.

_Cel._ But is all this for your father?

_Ros._ 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 foolery: if we walk not in the trodden
paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

_Ros._ I could shake them off my coat: these burs
are in my heart.

_Cel._ Hem them away. [him.

_Ros._ I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have
_Cel._ Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

_Ros._ O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself!

_Cel._ O, a good wish upon you! you will try in
time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests
out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it
possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so
strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

_Ros._ The duke my father loved his father dearly.

_Cel._ Doth it therefore ensue that you should love
his son dearly? By this kind of cliese, I should
hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;
yet I hate not Orlando.

_Ros._ No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

_Cel._ Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

_Ros._ Let me love him for that, and do you love
him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

_Cel._ With his eyes full of anger.

_[Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords._

_Duke F._ Mistress, dispatch you with your safest
And get you from our court. [haste

_Ros._ Me, uncle.

_Duke F._ You, cousin;

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Then diest for it.

_Ros._ I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me;
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborne
Did I offend your highness.

_Duke F._ Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself;
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

_Ros._ Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends: enough.

_Duke F._ Thou art thy father's daughter; there's

_Ros._ So was I when your highness took his duke—
So was I when your highness banish'd him: [dom;

_Treason is not inherited. my lord;_
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.
Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else she had with her father ranged along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young then 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, cat together,
And whereas'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable:
She is too subtle for thee; and 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
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. [Verse: Duke:]
If you oust 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?
Will thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I change thee; be not thou more grieved than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, 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 not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
Ros. Why, wilt thou shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maid's 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 smirch my face,
The like you: that we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A bow-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse 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 Alleena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if these assay'd to steal
The clearness in a fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. 'Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

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 curvius court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy frag
And shrill 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 slattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me I am am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venemous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing,
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of Fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled foals,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

ACT II.
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques, 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens; 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there? Thus most of the virtuous live and thrive Through the body of the country, city, court. Yea, and of this our life, wearing that we Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse, To fright the animals and to kill them up In their assign'd and native dwelling-place. [tion? Duke F. And did you leave him in this contemplation? Sec. Lord. 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 my court Are of consent and sufferance 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 unmade and of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. [loft Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly overheard Your daughter and her cousin much commend The part did in, and how he most distinguished That did but lately foil the sinnewy Charles; And she believes, wherever they are gone, That youth is surely in their company. [hither;

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant If he be absent, bring his brother to me; I'll make him find him: do this suddenly, And let not search and inquisition quail To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there? [master!
Adam. What, 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 overcome The bonny priser of the humours duke? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not, master, to some kind of men Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master, Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter? Adam. O unhappy youth! Come not within these doors; 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 beat his brains, and this night he means To burn the lodging where you now do lie And you within it: if he fall of that, He will have other means to cut you off. I overheard him and his practices. This is no place; this house is but a butchery: About it, fear it, do not enter it. [go? Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food? Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce A thievish living on the common road? This I must do, or know not what to do: Yet this I will not do, do how I can; I rather will subject me to the malice Of a diverted blood and bloody brother. [crows, Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred The thrifty hire I saved under your father, Which I did store to be my foster-nurse When service should in my old limbs lie lame And unregarded age in corners thrown: Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed, Yea providently caters for the swallow Be comfort to my age? Here is the gold; All this I give you. Let me be your servant: Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty; For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood, Nor did not with unashamed foreheads woo The means of weakness and delity; 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 to the graceful world, When service sweet for duty, not for meal! Thou art not for the fashion of these times, Where none will sweet but for promotion, And having that, do chose their service up Even with the having: it is not so with thee. But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree, That cannot so much as a blossom yield In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry. But come thy ways; we'll go along together, And ere we have thy youthful wages spent, We'll light upon some settled low content. Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee, To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. From seventeen years till now almost fourscore Here lived I, but now live here no more. At seventeen years many their fortunes seek; But at fourscore it is too late a week: Yet fortune cannot recompense me better Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

SCENE IV. — The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind for Ganymede, Celia for Aliena, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits! Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.
Ros. I would find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena! Cel. 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; this is more fool 1 when I was at home, I knew 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 seem you still.
Sil. O Corin, that thou know'st how I do 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 sign'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
I assure I think did never 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 dost then ne'er love so heartily!
If then 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,
Wearying 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 Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [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 battlet and the cow's
dugs that her pretty chotl hands had milked; and
I remember the wearing of a peascod instead of her,
from whom I took two coals 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 speak'st 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. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.
Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale
in me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.
Cel. His name?
Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.
Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.
Cel. His name?
Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cel. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that's my cue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment.
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed;
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.
Cel. 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 sheepevote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture
And now will mend thy wages. I like this
And willingly could waste my time in it. [place,
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold;
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—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, more, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he reads me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.

He is too disputable for my company: 'Tis 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 despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and case,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he.
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that 'ducdame'?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek Invocation, to call fools into a
circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.  
    Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared.  
    [Exeunt severally.

SCENE VI.—The forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lies a down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.  

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy 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. Well 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.  

Cheerily, good Adam!  
    [Exeunt.

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.  

Here he was merry, hearing of a song.  

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,  

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.  

Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.  

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.  

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life  

That your poor friends must woo your company?  

What, you look sober?  

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,  

A motley fool; a miserable world!  

As I do live by food, I met a fool:  

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  

And rai'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  

In good set terms and yet a motley fool.  

'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I.  

'No, sir,' quoth he,  

'Call me no fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'  

And then he drew a dial from his poke,  

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  

Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock;  

Thus we may see, quoth he, 'how the world wags:  

'It is but an hour ago since it was nine,  

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;  

And so, from hour to hour, we ripec 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 dial,  

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  

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 is this?  

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a court-  

And says, if ladies be 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, which he winces, and pens  

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 opinions that grow rank in them.  

That I am wise, I must have charity  

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;  

And they that are most galled with my folly,  

They 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 bob: if not,  

The wise man's folly is anonymized  

Even by the squandering glimpses of the fool.'  

I must give my name to one leave  

To speak my mind, and I will through and through  

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,  

If they will patiently receive my medicine.  

[Do.

Duke S. 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,  

As sensual as the brutish stint itself;  

And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  

Wouldst thou discharge into the general world.  

Jaq. Who is the wight that cries out Thus can there in any private party?  

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  

Till that the weary very means do ebb?  

What woman in the city do I name,  

When that I say the city-woman bears  

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  

Who can come in and say that I mean her,  

When such a one as she she is her neighbour?  

Or what is he of basest function  

That says his bravery is not on my cost,  

Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  

His folly to the metre of his speech?  

Therein there; how then? what then? Let me see  

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  

Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,  

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,  

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?  

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.  

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.  

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?  

Duke S. If he be mad, man, by thy  

Or else a rude despiser of good manners.  

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentle-  

ness shall force  

More than your force move us to gentleness.  

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.  

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak, you so gently? Pardon me. I pray you:  

I thought that all things had been savage here;  

And therefore put I on the countenance  

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are  

That in this desert inaccessible,  

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  

If ever you were lock'd in a darksome cage,  

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
ACT III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

If ever sat at any good man's feast,
And ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
That gentle was 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 beno 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.

_Orl._ Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a dox, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first 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.

_Orl._ I thank ye; and be bést 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.

_Joe._ All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewing and puking in the nurse's arms,
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' eyebrow. 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 the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

_Re-enter Orlando, with Adam._

_Duke S._ Welcome. Set down your venerable
And let him feed. [Burthen.

_Orl._ I thank you most for him.

_Adam._ So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

_Duke S._ Welcome; fall to! I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

_Song._

_Ami._ 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! into the green holly:
Most friendship is felning, 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 forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

_Duke S._ If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were, [son
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly liam'd 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.

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, where soever he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

_Ol._ O that your highness knew 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._

_Orl._ Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtuous witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [Exit.

_Enter Corin and Touchstone._

_Cor._ And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

_Touch._ Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleases 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. How any the shepherd? Or if I the plenty of art and though I the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good posture makes fat sheep, and I a great cause of the night is lasting of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never 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 jallous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not so. Touchstone; 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. Thou told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come, come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shall again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and suspend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uneasily flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You are 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 harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bazed to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated, old, euckoldly 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, That as the world-bears Rosalind, All the pictures fairest lined Are but black to Rosalind.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Celn. Didst thou hear these lines?

Ros. O, yes, I heard all the toil, 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.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. Didst thou ever hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for here look what I found on a palm-tree. It was never so berhymed since Pythian ages' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! is it 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 yet again wonderful, and after that out of all as high as my heart.

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am carriaphile 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 apace. I would thou cou'dst answer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I 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. Be 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 not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou 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 shalt 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 fresh 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.

Ros. It may well be 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.

Cel. Cry 'holla!' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curves unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Ros. 'Tis he: blink by, and note him.

Jac. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jac. God be wi' you; let 's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jac. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favourably.

Jac. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jac. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jac. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jac. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jac. You are very human; I think 'twas made of Alarico's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jac. The worst fault I have is to be in love.

Orl. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jac. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jac. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jac. I'll fancy no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I'll bid you the glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit Jaques.

Ros. [Aside to Celia] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forestier?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else seeing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And what may not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir; Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. 'I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I love thee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'might, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily
because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of labor, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penny; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soft. With a shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place? [Is kindled.

Ros. As the coy that you see dwell where she hangs their pretty finery, their sister, here; in the curls of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. I am that no shepherd, no shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place? [Is kindled.

Ros. Have I 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 such sensitiveness as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I 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 Rosalin'd on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all forsooth, defacing the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fop, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotient of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you; he taught me 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 upon it, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your horse should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbut- tuned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your apparel, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you then so unskillful in all the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that lie, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes show? [ouch.

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-

ished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whipper-ins are in love too. Yet I profess caring it by three knees, and, if I were to choose anyone, no burden of heavy tedious penny; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconsistent, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no pass-

Ros. I would cure 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 where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you? Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as that capricious 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 for-

Aud. Your tedious verse doth make me want patience; truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Touch. Do you not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Aud. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers do feign.

Touch. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Aud. 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?

Aud. 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!

Aud. I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul suit were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next
village, who had promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [Aside] I would fain see this meeting.

And. Well, the gods give us joy.

Touch. Jaq is man enough, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but hornbeasts. 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 village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. 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 Ol. I am none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Ol. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [Aside] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? I was very well met; God had you for your last company; I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: may, pray be cov.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley? [cred.

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wasp-cast: then one of you will prove a shrivum 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 a most honest master marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hitherfor to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

but,—

Wind away.

Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[Sir Oliver Martext, Touchstone and Audrey.]

[Exit Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.]

Sir Ol. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knife of them all shall flout out of my calling. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—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 Angora 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. 1 faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was 'is not; 'tis besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings.

Cel. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, atwight the heart of his lover; as a pulsy tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounds 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 here on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shephersse That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the new row of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove: The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Sil. Sweet Phoebe, do not scorn me; do not, Say that you love me not, but say not so [Phoebe; In bitterness. The common executioner, Whose heart the accustam'd sight of death makes Falls not the axe upon the hallowed 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.

Phoe. I would not be thy executioner: I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 'Tis pretty, pure, and very probable, That eyes, that are the frailst and softest things, Who shut their coward gates on atomies, Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee: Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down; Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers! Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee: Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
ACT IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE I. — The forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are afflicted, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might.

Rosal. Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Phe. Sweet Phebe,

Rosal. And, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Phe. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Rosal. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Phe. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

Rosal. If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

Phe. By giving love your sorrow and my grief

Rosal. Were both exterminated.

Phe. Thou hast lost my love: is that not neighbourly?

Rosal. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Rosal. Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

Phe. And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

Rosal. But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Phe. Thy company is more to me,

Rosal. I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:

Phe. But do not look for further recompense

Rosal. Than thine own goodness that thou art employ'd.

Phe. So holy and so perfect is my love,

Rosal. And I in such a poverty of grace,

Phe. That I shall think it a most pitiful crop

Rosal. To glean the broken ears after the man

Phe. That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

Rosal. A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spake to me ere

Rosal. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

Rosal. And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

Phe. That the old carpion once was master of.

Rosal. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;

Phe. 'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.

Rosal. But what care I for words? yet words do well

Phe. When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

Rosal. It is a pretty youth: not very pretty.

Phe. But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:

Rosal. He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Rosal. Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Phe. Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

Rosal. He is not very tall; yet for his years he is tall.

Rosal. His leg is but so so; and yet it is well:

Phe. There was a pretty redness in his lip,

Rosal. A little riper and more lusty red

Rosal. Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the diff-

Phe. Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

Rosal. There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

Phe. I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sance her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill-will do I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

Phe. For I am failer than vows made in wine:

Ros. Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

Phe. 'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Ros. Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Phe. Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,

Ros. And be not proud; though all the world could see,

Phe. None could be so abused in sight as he.

Ros. Come to our flock.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I am neither the scholar's melancholy,

Ros. Which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical,

Jaq. Nor the courtier's, which is proud,

Ros. Nor the soldier's, which is ambitious,

Jaq. Nor the lawyer's, which is politic,

Ros. Nor the lady's, which is nice,

Jaq. Nor the lover's, which is all these:

Ros. But it is a melancholy

Jaq. Of mine own, composed of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry

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in contemplation of my travels, in which my often ramble and ramble was 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.

Jug. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. But your experience was soon: 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!

Jug. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[Exit.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him Orlando is Rosalind. [heart-whole.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wood of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he builds his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be 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 virtuous.

Cel. It please 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 to spare no barren words: all is as good as it is. Would you say to me now, an I were your very very

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke. [Rosalind?

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they hang, find themselves, and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift to

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Kiss. Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit, no Rosalind.

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, vide-licit, in a love-case. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned him; and if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went

but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mad, for, I protest, her brown might kill me.

Ros. By the love of God, I tell you so: but 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 wilt thou have me? [and all.

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.


Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Orlando.

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 the 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-pigion over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more greedy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or wise? She can: not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 't will out at the keyhole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out of the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt? Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. [that?

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse

Ros. Mary, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

[hours.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two

Orl. I must attend the drak at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue
of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so,
come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so
God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not
dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or
come one minute behind your hour, I will think
you the most pithatical break-promis and the most
hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call
Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band
of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and
keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert in-
deed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines
all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.
[Exit Orlando.

Col. You have simply misused our sex in your
love-prate: we must have our doublet and hose
plucked over our head, and show the world what
the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou
didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love!
But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an un-
known bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Col. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you
pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same with a bastard of Venus
that was begotten of thought, out of conceit of spleen
and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses
every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be
judge how deep I am in love. 'I'll tell thee, Aliena,
I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find
a shadow and sit till he come.

Col. And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

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?

Fore. 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.

And him my love to bear.

[The rest 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.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two
o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Col. 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.

Sil. 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 as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were I man as rare as phoenix. 'Od my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a husband's hand: 'tis no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle brain
Could not stop forth such a harsh and rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me: mark how the tyrants
writes.

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [Reads] Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whilest the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!

Whilest you chide me, I did love;

How then might your prayers move!

If these that brings this love to me
Little knows this love in me:

And by him seal up thy mind;

Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;

And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Col. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him no, he deserves no pity.

Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee
an instrument and play false strains upon thee not to
be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see
love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to
her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee;
if she will not, I will never have her unless thou en-
treat for her. If you be a true lover, hence; and not a
word; for here comes a company. [Exeunt Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you

know,

Where in the pursuice of this forest stands

A sheepe-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Col. West of this place, down in the neighbour

bottom:

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream

Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

But at this hour the house cloth keep itself;

There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,  
Of female favor, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister: the woman low  
And browner than her brother.' Are not you  
The old house of the house I did inquire for?  
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.  
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?  
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stain'd.  
Cel. I pray you, tell it.  
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,  
And mark what object did present itself:  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
Who with his head nimble in threats approach'd  
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unliink'd itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with elders all drawn dry,  
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
This seen, Orlando did approach the man  
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.  
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;  
And he did render him the most unnatural  
That lived amongst men.  
Oli. And well he might so do,  
For well I know he was unnatural.  
Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,  
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?  
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness,  
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurrying  
From miserable slumber I awaked.  
Cel. Are you his brother?  
Ros. Was't you he rescued?
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 heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figured in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he; now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which is I?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of her, or, clown, thouliest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or, in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy: I have a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter Corin.  

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend.

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 wo? and, woeing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the godliness of it in question, the property of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I esteem no more, either live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all the contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my answer.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the sight of two rams and Caesar's thronasional 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 climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. Here are they in the very wrath of love and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I am weary of the infinite, with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind and so near your heart's desire cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.

Phoe. Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phoe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness. To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungenteel to you: But you are a good forsworn; by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you. I love. Phoe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phoebe.

Phoe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phoebe.

Phoe. 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 Phoebe.

Phoe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am 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 Phoebe.

Phoe. 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? Ros. Who do you speak to? 'Why blame you me to love you?' Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear. Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To Sil.] I will help you, if I can: [To Phoe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To Phoe.] 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 you, and you shall be married to-morrow: [To Sid.] I will content you, if what pleases you content you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orl.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [To Sid.] as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.  

Sid. I'll not fail, if I live.  

Phe. Nor I.  

Orl. Nor I.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

And I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.  

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.  

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.  

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' th' middle.  

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or splitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prolongs 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 unmatrixable.  

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. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?  

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.  

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged: You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?  

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdom to give with her.  

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring Orlando, that would I, were I of all kingdoms king.  

Ros. You say, you will marry me, if I be willing?  

Phe. That will I, should the hour after.  

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?  

Phe. So is the bargain.  

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?  

Sid. 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 else refusing me, to wed this shepherd: Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me: and from hence I go, To make these doubts all even. [Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively catches of my daughter's favour.  

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him Methought he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.  

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!  

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.  

Touch. To which man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure: I have flaunted a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tutors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.  

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?  

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.  

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.  

Duke S. I like him very well.  

Touch. God 'did you, sir; I desire you of the like, I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulative, 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 that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foil ouster.  

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.  

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such droll diseases.  

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?  

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Conteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Moste. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spoke not true: this is called the Reproof Vulant. If again 'it was not
well cut," he would say; I lied: this is called the Counterclock Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Did you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, I quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort. Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Counterclock Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, but the law Division:

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven, When earthly things made even.

Atoned together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter: Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither.

The 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.

[To Orl.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,

Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne'er a wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I say,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth, holds true contents,

You and you no cross shall part:

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,

Feed 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 honoured;

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. [me!]

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

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, In his own judgment, public and preposterous.

His brother here and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world,

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restored to them again.

That were with him exiled. This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man:

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

To one his lands withheld, and to the other:

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest let us do those ends

That here were well begun and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number

That have endured shame and good fortunes with us

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity

And fall into our rustic revelry.

Play, music! And you, brides and bridgemen all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the Duke.

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 convertites

There is much matter to be heard and heard.

[To Duke] You to your former honour I beseech you;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[To Orl.] You to a love that your true heart doth merit:

[To Phe.] To you of love and land and love.

[To Sil.] You to a long and well-deserted:

[To Touch.] 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 no person common; what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these

As we do trust they 'll end, in true delights. [rites.

[Enter Jaques de Boys.

EPilogue.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushies, 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 I have said you: I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had bad things that were past you, compiled 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 curtsey, bid me farewell.

[Exeunt.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, a tinker. Persons in the
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, Induction.
and 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, suitors to Bianca.
Hortensio,

Transo, servants to Lucentio.
Blondello, servants to Petruchio.
Grumio,
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 XIX.]

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an alcohole on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue! Sly. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pullabris; let the world slide: sessa! [burst? Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third- borough. [Exit. Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll an- swer 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. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd; And couple Cloudder 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, Behman 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 sum 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 we were convey'd to bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers, A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself? [choose.
First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he waked. [fancy.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless Then take him up and manage well the jest: Carry him gently to my fairest chamber And hang it round with all my wanton pictures: Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet: Procure me music ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound; And if he chance to speak, be ready straight And with a low submissive reverence Say 'What is it your honour will command?' Let one attend him with a silver basin Pull of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers; Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your Some one be ready with a costly suit [hands?] And ask him what apparel he will wear; Another tell him of his hounds and horse, And that his lady mourns at his disease: Persuade him that he hath been lunatic; And when he says he is, say that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mighty lord. This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs: It will be pastime passing excellent, If he be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play As he shall think by our true diligence [our part, He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently to bed with him; And each one to his office when he wakes. [Some hear out Sly. A trumpet sounds. Sirrah, go see what trumpet's that sounds: [Exit Servingman.

Beliike, some noble gentleman that means, Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serr. An't please your honour, players That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.
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 Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, since once he play’d a farmer’s eldest son: ‘T was 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. Fear not, my lord; I will contain our Lord. ’Tis very true: thou didst it excellent. Well, you are come to me in happy time; The rather for I have some sport in hand Wherein your cunning can assist me much. There is a lord will hear you play to-night: But I am doubtful of your modesties; Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,— For yet his honour never heard a play,— You break into some merry passion And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs, If you should smile he grows impatient. [selves, A Player. Fear not, my lord; I will contain our Were he 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 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 a knight is hold and observed in noble ladies Unto their lords, by them accomplished: Such duty to the drunkard let him do With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy, And say ‘What is’t your honour will command, Wherein your lady and your humble wife May show her duty and make known her love?’ And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses, And with declining head into his bosom, Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy’d To see her noble lord restored to health, Who for this seven years hath esteemed him No less than king and lord, his beggar: And if the boy have not a woman’s gift To rain a shower of commanded tears, An onion will do well for such a shift, Which in a napkin being close convey’d Shall in despite enforce a watery eye, See this dispatch’d with all the haste thou canst: Anon I’ll give thee more instructions. [Exit a Serv’man. 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 may use them with ease from laughter When they do homage to this simple peasant. I’ll in to counsel them; have my presence May well abate the over-merry spleen Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt. SCENE II. — A bedchamber in the Lord’s house. Enter not at Sly, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ever and other appurtenances; and Lords. Sly. For God’s sake, a pot of small ale. First Serv. Will’t please your lordship drink a cup of such? Sec. Serv. Will’t please your honour taste of these conserves? Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear today? Sly. I, Christopher Sly; call me not ‘honour’ nor ‘lordship’; I ne’er drunk 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 but the that I have this morning on them, oftentimes than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; my, sometime 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 infused with so foul a spirit! Sly. What, would you make me mail? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly’s son of Burton-leas, by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincholfe, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the liest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestrawed: here’s— Third Serv. O, this is it that makes your lady Play? I mean, sirs, your lordship shall have them! [droop! Sec. Serv. O, 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 think thee of thy birth Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck. Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays [Music. And twenty caged nightingales do sing: Or wilt thou play? we’ll bring to a couch Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed On purpose trimm’d up for Semiramis. Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground: Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp’d, Their harness studed all with gold and pearl. Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt? Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift As breather deer, ay, fleeter than the roe. Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight Adonis painted by a running brook, And Cythera all in sedges hid, Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, Even as the waving sedges play with wind. Lord. We’ll show thee Io as she was a maid, And how she was beguiled and surprised, As lively painted as the deed was done. [wood, Third Serv. Or Daphne running through a thorny Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds, And at that sight shall all and gods stop, So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn. Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord: Thou hast a lady far more beautiful Than any woman in this waning age. [for the First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed Like curious floods e’er-run her lovely face, She was the fairest creature in the world; And yet she is inferior to none. Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady? Or do I dream? or have I dream’d till now? I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak: I smell sweet savours and I eat sweet things: Upon my life, I am a lord indeed And not a tinker nor Christopher Sly. Well, bring our lady hither to our sight; And once again, a pot o’ the smallest ale.
ACT I.

THE TAMING OF THE SREWH.  SCENE I.

See. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These five years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.
Sly. These five years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I need to speak of all that time?

First Serv. O, yes, my lord, but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say you would present her at the last,
Because she brought stone jars and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor
such maid,
Nor no such men as you reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
And Peter Turph and Henry Pinmergev
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor no man ever saw.
Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?
Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband?

My wife should call me 'lord': I am your good-
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and hus-
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I say it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.
Sly. All madam, or Joan madam? [ladies.
Lord. 'Madam,' and nothing else: so Lord calls
Sly. Madam, wife 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 th' time about forty years by bed.
Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the last sound of yawning,
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-
Are come to play a pleasant comedy.
I come, For so your doctors hold it very meet.
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment.
With which they bring a thousand and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a
comenity a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?
Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.
Sly. What, household stuff?
Page. It is a kind of history.
Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit
by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be
younger.

Flourish.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, 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 by my father's love and leave am arm'd
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 tracity through the world,
Lucentio, come of the Bentivoli,
Lucentio'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 wish to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdono, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To seek the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,

Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quits a beloved
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where wills and desires
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Bianccllo, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and
Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder;
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleas-
ure.

Grc. [Aside] To cart her rather: she's too rough
for me.

There, Tranio, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a state of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
Under this sun, this golden hour and mould. [for you,
Kath. I' faith, it be, you shall never need to fear:
Wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-leg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.
Hor. Yet our till such devils, good Lord deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord! [ward:
Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pastime 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.
Hor. Peace, peace.
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
Keth. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
Bieta. 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. Poor Bianca! thou may'st bear Minerva's
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you 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 penance 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 well by me.
Hor. Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.
Keth. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though,
belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave,
ha! [Exit.
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good,
here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides.
Farwell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.
Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray,
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parole, 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 encourage the good specialally.
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, that there be so very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio, thou knowest not how, for thou couldst not light a candle, would he take her with all faults, and lovingly?
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipted at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apple; but consider; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't refresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring.
How say you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is this possible?
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As 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 the servant
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captam quam quaes minimo.'
Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what '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 hand,
When with the kynde she kiss'd the Cretan strand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her
Began to scold and raise up such a storm [sister
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.

Tra. 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 curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, you must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But
art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio. [Exit.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part.
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them. [Luc. Basic, content thee, Luc. I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and part and pay thy son:
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.

'1's hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once

13
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tru. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am fied to be obedient;
For so your father charged me at our parting,
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio.

Enter Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that mad
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For I quarrel since I came ashore.
I kill'd a fish to-day; and fear I was deserv'd;
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!
Tru. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
[daughter.
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's,
I advise.

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of company.
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, that
Thyself execute, to make one among these wooers;
If thou ask me why, sufficient, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt.

The presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you not; you do not mind the play.
Sly. Yes; by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 't were done! [They sit and mark.


Enter Petruchio 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 trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Grum. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any at home to bestow your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me soundly.
Grum. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's gate.
Grum. Why is my master 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 beyond all measure, The very image of a woman, neither more nor less. I would not wed her for a mine of gold. [jeffet: Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st 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. Hort. She is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman: Her name is Katharina Minola, Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. Pet. I know her father, though I know not her; And he knew my deceased father well. I will call her Hortensio; 'tis no time to venture my To give you over at this first encounter, Unless you will accompany me thither. Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and disfigure her with it that should make her eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir. Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, And her withholdst from me and other more, Suitors to her and rivals in my love, Supposing it a thing impossible, For those defects I have before rehearsed, That ever Katharina will be woor'd; Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, That none shall have access into Bianca Till Katharine the curst have got a husband. Gru. Katharine the curst! A title for a maid of all titles the worst. Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace, And offer me disguised in sober robes To go to Baptista as a gentleman, Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca; That so I may, by this device, at least Have leave and leisure to make love to her And unsuspected court her by herself. Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folk, 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. Gru. A proper striding and an amorous! Gre. O, very well, I have perused the note. Harsh you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand; And see you read no other lectures to her: You understand me: over and beside Signior Hortensio, the curst; I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too, And let me have them very well perfumed: For she is sweeter than perfume itself To whom they go to. What will you read to her? Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you As for your patron, and you and me, As firmly as yourself were still in place: Yea, and perhaps with more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir. Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is! Gre. O this woodcock, what an ass it is! [Pet. Petruchio, sir! Hor. Hortensio, mum! God save you, Signior Hortensio. 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 On this young man, for learning and behaviour Fit for her turn, well read in poetry And other books, good ones, I warrant ye. Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman Hath promised me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no wit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, so beloved of me. [prove. Gre. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall Gru. And that his bags shall prove. Hor. Greenes, how now time to vent our love? Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curst Katharine, Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. Gre. So said, so done, is well. Hortensio, have you told him all her faults? Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. [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 hope 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 I God's name: You shall have me assisting you in all. But will you woo this wild-cat? Pet. Will I live? Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent? Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat? Have I not heard great 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 think I am such a woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to hear As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs. Gre. Hortensio, hark: This gentleman is happily arrived, My mind presumes, for his own good and ours. Hor. I promised we would be contributors And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er. Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her. Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner. Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello. Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold, Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way To the house of Signior Baptista Minola? Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is 't Tra. Even he, Biondello, the man you mean? Gre. Harsh you, sir; you mean not her to— Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do? Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray. Tra. I love no chiders, sir. 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? Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence. Hor. Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free For me as for you? Gre. But so is not she. Tra. For what reason, I beseech you? 195
ACT II.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.  SCENE I.

Bap. Was ever gentlewoman thus weighed as I? But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, with Hortensio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Blondelio bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Petr. And, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly. [leave.

Petr. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me 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, [Presenting Hortensio. Cunning in music and the mathematicks, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. [sake.
Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good But for my daughter Katharine, this I know, She is not to try your turn, the more my grief.
Petr. 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?

Petr. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son.

Bap. Art thou a man well known throughout all Italy? [sake.

Petr. I know him well: you are welcome for his Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too: Baccare! you are marvellous forward.
Petr. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing. [wooning.

Gre. 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, freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting Luciento], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service well.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. [To Tranio] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger; may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tran. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That in a little change call me a stranger 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 Free access and favour as the rest: And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tran. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir. Take you the lute, and you the set of books; You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within! Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To your daughters; and tell them both, These are their tutors: bid them use them well. [Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Bianco 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 solely heir to all his 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 small thesetting of my lands, And in possession twenty thousand crowns. Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, In all my lands and leases whatsoever: Let specialties be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained, That is, her love; for that is all in all. Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father, I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together They do consume the thing that feeds their fury: Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: So to her and so she yields to me; For I am rough and woo not like a kinsman. [Speed! Pet. Ay, 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 hens. [lute? Bap. Why, then thou castst not break her to the Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me. I did but tell her she mistook her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering; When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, '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 shrieked, and call'd me several names, And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms, As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench; I love her ten times more than ever I did: O, how I long to have some chat with her! Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited: Proceed in practice with my younger daughter; She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns. Signior Petruchio, will you go with us, Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do. [Exit all but Petruchio. Bap. I will attend her here,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes. Say that she raih; why then I'll tell her plain How she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear As morning roses newly wash'd with dew: Say she be mute and will not speak a word; Then I'll commend her volubility, And say she uttereth piercing eloquence; If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks, As though she bid me stay by her a week; If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day When I shall ask the bans and when be married. But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharine.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear. Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me. Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate, And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst; But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom, Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate, For daubing Kate and therefore, Kate, Take this of me, Kate of my consolations: Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, Myself am moved 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. What, what's a moveable? Kath. A join'd-fool. 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 you. Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee; For, knowing thee to be but young and light— Kath. Too light for such a swallow as you to catch; And yet as heavy as my weight should be. Pet. Should be! should—laugh! Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee? Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard. Pet. Come, come, you wassp; if faith, you are too angry. Kath. If I be waship, best beware my sting,
ACT II: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

SCENE I

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear its sting? In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. A lady's tongue is fit to talk of tails: and so farewell.
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.
Kath. So may you lose your arms;
If you are wise, you are no more a man;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a cocchub?
Pet. A comely cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a raven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are a winder.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go. [so.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle,
Thou art as pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech; yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor have 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-twist
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keepst command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chase and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, [bed:
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, was I told you you were rough and coy and sullen,
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame thee Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Comfierable as other ladies hold Kamtes.
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?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in
your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me well, and to one at home to write
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for folly only.
For she's so forward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucerce for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee
hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good
night our part! [self:
Pet. Be patient, gentleman; I choose her for my-
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'T is bargain'd twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung upon my neck and kissed me.
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacoek wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Provide me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine. [hands;
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We shall have rings and things and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine severally.

Gre. What ever clapp'd so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
And venture madly on a desperate mart. [part,
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay frett'ring by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. You longling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipp. stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound
this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Suy. Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Pet. What can you offer her that liveth within
The city Basins and ewers to have her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arms counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
ACT III.

THE TAMING OF THE SHEREW.

SCENE I.

Fine linen, Turkey cushions bos’d with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Powder and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the odd,
Sixscore fat oxen staidling in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers;
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That ’tis come well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father’s heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I’ll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Of Signior Gremio has in Padua:
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch’d you, Signior Gremio?

Grem. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not so much in all:
That shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles’ road.
What, have I chok’d you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, ’tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two gallusses,
And twelve galleyes: these I will assure her,
And such a house as may her mind set next.

Grem. Nay, I have offer’d all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vided.
Bap. Now, most corny of your offspring is the last;
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?
Bap. 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 brink’d to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

Grem. Adieu, good neighbour. [Exit Baptista.

Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gentler, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit. Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither’d! hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
’T is in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call’d supposed Vincenzo;
And that is a winch: 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.

ACT III.

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not: Old fashions please me best: I am not so nice, To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serr. 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 of both: I must be gone. [Exit Bianca and Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [Exit. 

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant: Methinks he looks as though he were in love: Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging, Hortensius will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit. 

SCENE II. — Padua. Before Baptista’s house.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, 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 bridegroom when the priest attends To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage! What says Lucentio to this shame of ours? Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forced To give my hand opposed against my heart Unto a mad-brain rudesly full of spleen, Who wou’d in haste and means too wed at leisure. I told you, I, he was a frantic fool, Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour: And, to be noted for a merry man, He ’ll woo a thousand, ’point the day of marriage, Make feasts, invite friens is, and proclaim the banes; Yet never means to wed where he hath wou’d. Now must the world point at poor Katharine, And say, ’Lo, there is mad Petruchio’s wife, If it would please him come and marry her! 

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too. Upon my life, Petruchio means but well, Whatsoever fortune doth befall him from his word: Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise; Though he be merry, yet withal he’s honest. Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[Exit gossiping, 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. I saw no thing 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 times 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 chapless; with two broken points; his horse hipped with an old motley saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glinders and like to more in the chine; and this, often burst, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, spo’d with spavins, rayed with the yelows, past cure of the lives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begmwn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-logged before and with a half-checked bit; and a head-stall of sleep’s leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced and a woman’s crupper of vulture, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in sunds, and here and there pieced with packthread. Bap. Who comes with him? Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world car-parsioned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot- hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and the humour of forty fancies pricked in ’t for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Chris’tian footboy or a gentleman’s lackey.

Tra. ’Tis some old humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel’d. Bap. I now glad he’s come, bowso’er 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.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who’s at Bap. You are welcome, sir. [home? Pet. And yet I come not well. Tra. Not so well apparel’d As I wish you were. Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus. But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride? How does my father? Gentles, methinks you from 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 nother, that you come so unprompted. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-sore to our solemn festival! 

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain’d you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself? Pet. Tedium it were to tell, and hard to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. But where is Kate? I am longing from her: The morning wears, ’tis time we were at church. Tra. See not your bride in these unrevenerate robes: Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine. Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I’l visit her. Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her. Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha’ done with words: To me she’s married, not unto my clothes: 200
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid him narrow my pride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[Exeunt Petruchio and Gremio.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

[Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.]

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father’s liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man, whate’er he be.
It skills not much, we’ll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisu,
And make assurance here in Padua.
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bionca’s steps so narrowly,
’Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I’ll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in the crowd:
We’ll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Lucentio;
All for my master’s sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Grem. As willingly as e’er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Grem. As a bridgroom say you? ’t is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Grem. Why, he’s a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she’s a devil, a devil, the devil’s dam.

Grem. Tut, she’s a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I’ll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, Is this your wife? shall I say
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quothe he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop’d again to take it up,
The mad-brain’d bridgroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest:
Now take them up, quothe he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

Grem. Trembled and shook: for why, he stamp’d
And swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done
He calls for wine: ‘A health!’ quothe he, as if
He had been afoar, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff’d off the muscadel
And threw the sops in all 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 kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo:
And I seeing this came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marrying never was betwixt
Hark, hark! I hear the mistrels play.

[Music.

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have 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 should be so hasty?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would treat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself.
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. ·Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. ·Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.


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 tomorrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way:
You may be jagging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I ’ll not be gone till I please myself:
’T is like you ’ll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:

I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

[mand.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and dominate,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I’ll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.

Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

Kate: I’ ll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with

laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistresses, what’s your opinion of your sister?

Bianca. That, being mad herself, she’s madly nated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junks at the feast.
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom’s place;
And let Bianca take her sister’s room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let’s go.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

THE Taming OF THE SHREW.

SCENE II.
SCENE I.—Petruchio's country house.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou dost hurt the horses, I will ask the wages of thy hand. 

Curts. Come, thou hast trod my carpet three times. 

Gru. Am I not a very poor old man? I am about six months old. 

Curts. Is it too hot? 

Gru. Is it the weather? Good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world? 

Curts. A cold world. 

Gru. What! a cold world? Is it cold in every office, and therefore fire; do thy duty, and have thy master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 

Curts. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news. 

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy! lo! boy!' and as much news as will thaw. 

Curts. Come, you are so full of cony-catching! 

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewn, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order? 

Curts. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news. 

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out. 

Curts. How? 

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 

Curts. Let's ha't, good Grumio. 

Gru. Lead thine ear. 

Curts. Here. 

Gru. [Strikes him.] Curts. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. 

Gru. And therefore 't is 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.—

Curts. Both of one horse? 

Gru. What's that to thee? 

Curts. Why, a horse. 

Gru. 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 miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she washed through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. [She.] 

Curts. By this reckoning he is more shrew than 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, Sugarsop and the rest: let their hearts below; you number their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsestail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready? 

Curts. They are. 

Gru. Call them forth. 

Curts. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress. 

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own. 

Curts. Who knows not that? 

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her. 

Curts. I call them forth to credit her. 

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them. 

Enter four or five Servingmen. 

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio! 
Phil. How now, Grumio! 
Jos. What, Grumio! 
Nich. Fellow Grumio! 
Nath. How now, old lad? 
Gru. Welcome, you:—how now, you:—what, you—we have had this much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat? 

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master? 

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master. 

Enter Petruchio and Katharina. 

Pet. Where be these knives? 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 knife I sent before? 

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before. 

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge! Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knives with thee? 

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made. And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd the heel; There was no link to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing; These were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory: The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you. 

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. 

[Exeunt Servants. 

[Singing] Where is the life that late I led— Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome. —Soud, soud, soud, soud!
Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with your boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[Sings] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogues! you prick my foot avry.
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. [Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-eared knife!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?

What's this? mutton?

First Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it? I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.]

You needless jollheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'tis burnt and dried away:
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exit.]

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Pet. He kills her in her own humour.

[Exit.]

Enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul, knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exit.]

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-gorged,
For the sharp end will not take the other.
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 bake and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
I last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault.
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend...
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and bawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is 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.
Enter Biondello.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long That I am dog-weary: but at last I spied An ancient angel coming down the hill, Will serve the turn.

Tru. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercantante, or a pedant, I know not what; but from all apparel, In guilt and appearance surely like a father. Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tru. If he be credulous and trust my tale, I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio, And give assurance to Baptista Minola, As if he were the right Vincentio. Take in your love, and then let me alone. [Exit Lucentio and Bianca.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tru. And you, sir; you are welcome. Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two: But then up further, and as far as Rome; And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life. Tru. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. One of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid! And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Tru. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua To come to Padua. Know you not the cause? Your ships are at sea, and the duke, For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him, Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly: 'Tis marvellous, but that you are but newly come, You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so; For I have bills for money by exchange From Florence and must here deliver them. Tru. Well, sir, to do you courtesy, This will I do, and this I will advise you: First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been, Pisa I have, and grave cities I have seen. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him; A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tru. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say, In countenance somewhat doth resemble you. Dis. [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tru. To save your life in this extremity, This favour will I do you for his sake; And think it not the worst of all your fortunes That you are like to stay at Venice, and the duke, His name and credit shall you undertake, And in my house you shall be friendly lodger: Look that you take upon you as you should; You understand me, sir: so shall you stay Till you have done your business in the city: If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do: and will repute you ever The patron of my life and liberty.

Tru. Then go with me to make the matter good. This, by the way, I let you understand; My father is here look'd for every day, To pass penn's of a dowry in marriage 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here; In all these circumstances I'll instruct you: Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. [Exit.]

Scene III. — A room in Petruchio's house.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite is vast, What did he marry me to famish me? [Hears] 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, giddily for lack of sleep, With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed: And that which spites me more than all this wants, He does it under name of perfect love; As who should say, if I should sleep or eat, 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death. I prithee go and get me some repast; I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it. Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat. How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me. Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon. Gru. And you, the mustard is too hot a little. Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest. Gru. Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mush. Or else you get no beef of Grumio. [tard. Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt. Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef. Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [Beats him. That feed'st me with the very name of meat: Sorrow on thee and all the jack of you, That triumph thus upon my misery! Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.


Pet. Plead up thy spirit, and look cheerfully upon me. Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee: I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st not it; And all my pains is sorted to no proof. I'll take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand. Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks; And so shall mine, before you touch the meat. Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame. Come, Mistress Kate, I'll hear you company. [He. Pet. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st Much good do it unto thy gentle heart! Kate, eat asleep: and now, my honey love, Will we return unto thy father's house And revel it as bravely as the best, With silk'd coats and caps and golden rings, With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things: With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery, With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery. What, hast thou dined? The tailors stays thy leisure, To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Taillor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments; Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak. Pet. Why, this was moulded on a perringer;
TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Act IV., Scene iii.
A velvet dish: fie, fie! ’tis lewd and filthy: Why, ’tis a cockle or a walnut-shell, A knuckle with a twist, a baby’s crumb; Away with it! come, let me have a bigger. 
Kath. I’ll have no bigger: this doth fit the time, And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too, And not till then.
Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste.
Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak; And speak I will; I am no child, no babe: Your betters have endured me say my mind, And if you cannot, best you stop your ears. My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, Or else I’ll go and blast my courtesy to death, 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 pultry cap, A custard-collar, 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 will have, or I will have none.
[Exit Haberdasher.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see’t. O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here? What ’s this? a sleeve? ’tis like a demi-cannon: What is this? a gown, carved like an apple-tart? Here’s 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.
Tai. You 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 kennel home, For you shall hop without my custom, sir: I’ll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion’d gown, More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-Belike you mean to make a puppet of me. [able.
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of me.
Tai. 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, nall, Thou flax, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou! Braved in the town, carded like an apple-tart! Here away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant: Or I shall so be-meet thee with thy yard As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest! I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.
Tai. Thy worship is deceived; the gown is made Just as my master had direction: Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?
Gru. Thou hast faced many things.
Tai. I have.
Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.
Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to test.
Pet. Read it. 
Tafi. [Reads] "With a small compassed cape;" Gru. I confess the cape. 
Tai. [Reads] "With a thick sleeve;" Gru. I confess two sleeves.
Gru. Error! the bill, sir; error! I the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I’ll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.
Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.
[odds. 
Hor. God-a-mercy, Gruino! thou hast no Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
Gru. You are ’t the right, sir: ’tis for my mis-
Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master’s use. [tress.
Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mis-
stress’ gown for thy master’s use!
Pet. Why, sir, what’s your conceit in that? [for: 
Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think
Take up my mistress’ gown to his master’s use!
O, fie, fie, fie!
[Paid.
Pet. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor
Go take it hence: be gone, and say no more.
Hor. Tailor. 
Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your Even in these honest mean habiliments: [father’s Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor; For ’tis the mind that makes the body rich; And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, So honour peareth in the meanest habit. What is the jay more precious than the lark, Because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is theadder better than the edel, Because his painted skin contents the eye? O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse For this poor furniture and mean array. If thou account’st it shame, lay it on me; And therefore frollic: we will hence forthwith, To feast and sport us at thy father’s house. Go, call my men, and let us straight to him; And bring our horses unto Long-lane-end; There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. Let’s see; I think ’tis now some seven o’clock, And well we may come there by dinner-time. 
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, it is almost two: And ’twill be supper-time ere you come there. Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse: Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do, You are still crossing it. Sirs, let ’t alone: I will not go to-day; and ere I do, It shall be what o’clock I say it is.
Hor. [Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before Baptista’s house.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please you that I call? 
Pet. Ay, what else? and but I be deceived Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago. In Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
Tra. ’Tis well; and hold your own, in any case, With such austerity as ’longeth to a father.
Pet. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
’Twere good he were school’d.
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. His 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?
Bion. I cannot tell; expect they areibus about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum prius loco ad impluritem solum,' 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 Bid but Bianca farewell for ever and a day. \[say,\]
Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot err: I know a wenches 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 against you with your appendix. \[Exit.\]
Luc. I trust, and so you said: she will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt? 
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: 
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. \[Exit.\]

SCENE V.—A public road.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Servants.

Pet. Come on, 'tis God's name; once more toward our fathers.'

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon! 
Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, 
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list, 
Or else I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Every cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, And be it moon, or sun, or what you please: 
An if you please to call it a rush-candle, 
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say it is the moon.
Kath. The moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun; 
But sun it is not, when you say it is not; 
And the moon changes even as your mind. 
What you will have it named, even that it is; 
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should 
And not unluckily against the bias. \[run,\]
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[To Vincentio.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too; jayaw? Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? 
Such war of white and red within her cheeks! 
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, 
As these two eyes become that heavenly face? 
Fair lovely maid, once more when good day to thee. 
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and 
Whither away, or where is thy abode? \[sweet,\] 
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
ACT V.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio does not come this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, Grumio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house: My father's bears more toward the market-place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here. And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signor Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signor Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

Pet. Thou liest; his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Pet. Lay hands on the villain: I believe 'n means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

And now by law, as well as reverend age, I may entitle thee my loving father; The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not, Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem, Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Vin. Do I assure thee, father, so it is. Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof; For our first erriment hath made thee jealous.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing Biondello] Come hither, crack hempest. Bion. I hope I may choose, sir. [Get me?]

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you for- Bion. Forget you no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello. Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

[Exit.

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy.

[They retire.

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tru. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my ser vant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tru. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tru. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SCENE II.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time is ripe when ringer leads. I'll smile
To smile at snares and perils overthrown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
I feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

PET. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
PET. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HOR. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PET. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
WID. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

PET. You are very sensible, but yet you miss my
mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

PET. Roundly replied.

WID. No more, but that you talk too much.
PET. Conceive by me! How like is Hortensio that?
HOR. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
PET. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

WID. [Round:] Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns,
I pray you, tell me what you mean by that.
WID. You husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his wee:
And now you know my meaning,

Kath. A very mean meaning.

WID. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

PET. To her, Kate!
HOR. To her, widow!
PET. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
HOR. That's my office.
PET. Spoke like an officer: ha to thee, lad!

Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likest Gremio these quick-witted folks?
GRE. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Bian. Head, and butt! an haughty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
VIN. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll
sleep again.

PET. Nay, that you shall not: since you have be-
have at you for a bitter jest or two!
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

Bian. Katharina, and Widow.

PET. She lath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd;

O, sir, Lucentio to slip'p'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs its head itself and catches for his master.

PET. A good swift simple, but something curriish.

KATH. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

PET. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
LUC. I thank thee for that girl, good Tranio,
HOR. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PET. 'N has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it main'd thee to out right.

PET. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Luc. Enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bian. 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?

PET. [Execut Biondello, Tranio, and Petrant, as fast as may be.

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

PET. How hast thou offended?

Luc. Where is Lucentio?

PET. Here's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bear'd thine eye.

GRE. 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?

PET. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he to Cambio his own countenance gave;
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.

PET. But do you hear, sir? have you married my
daughter without asking my good will?

VIN. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go
to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villain.

PET. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown.

PET. Lucentio and Bianca.
GRE. My cake is dought; but I'll in among the

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 home again. Come, sirrah,
let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee,
love, stay.

PET. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate,
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exit.
ACT V.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE II.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then. Content.


Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

Bap. Son, 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.

Pet. How! she is busy and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Grce. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Luc. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

[Exit Bion.

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. She will not.

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharine!

Re-enter Katharine.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharine.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now, fair beafal thee, good Petruchio!
The wished 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.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-won virtue and obedience.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter Katharine, with Bianca and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafeu, an old lord.
Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
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 Dow.
Violents, neighbours and friends to the Mariana,
Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE — Roussillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.— Roussillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roussillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father — O, that 'twas! how sad a passage! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made mature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease. [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 skillful 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 fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity: they are virtues and traits too: in her they are the better for their simplicities: 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.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that? [father

Count. Be thou best, Bertram, and succeed thy 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 check'd for silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What heaven move 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.

Count. Bertram and Lafeu.

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father; And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination

Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone: there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. 'Twere 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.
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 fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak 't 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 barriède it against him?

Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he be in; and our virginity, though valiant,
in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us
some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you,
will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers
and blowers up! Is there no military polley, how
virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will
quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him
down again, with the breach yourselves made, you
lose your city. It is not politic in the common
wealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of
virginity is rational increase and there was never
virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were
made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by
being once lost may be ten times found; by being
ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion;
avoid 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; 't is against
the rule of nature. To speak on the part of
virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most
infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a
virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be
buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a
desperate offender against nature. Virginity
breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself
to the very jarring, and so dies with feeding his own
stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle,
made of self-love, which is the most inhibited 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 prin-
cipal 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
were it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss
with lying; the longer kept, the less worth; off
with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of re-
quittance by force, like an old courtier, wears her
cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable:
just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear
not now. Your date is better in your pie and your
porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity,
your old virginity, is like one of our French with-
cred pears, it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 't is a
withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet
't is a withered pear; will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet... There shall your master have a thousand loves.
A mother and a mistress and a friend,
A phoenix, a conqueror, and 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?

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: 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, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. Thou hast supposed me to keep 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 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 so full of businesses, I cannot answer
these acutely: but will return a perfect courtier; in the
which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee,
so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and
understand what advice shall thrust upon thee;
else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine
ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou
hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none,
remember thy friends: get thee a good husband,
and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell.

[Exit.]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow 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 be strange attempts to those
That weigh their chains 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.

SCENE II.—Paris. The king's palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France,
with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braveing war.
First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it.

A certainty, vouche'd from our cousin Austria.

With caution that the Florentine will move us

For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend

Prejudicates the business and would seem

To pursue our denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom,

Approved so to your majesty, may please

For ampest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,

And Florence is denied before he comes:

Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see

The Tuscan service, freely have they leave

To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve

A nursery 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 Ronsillon, my good

Young Bertram. [lord,

Kneel.] Yon youth thou hearest 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 thanks and duty are your majesty's.

First Lord. I trust that prudence, which now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship

First tried our soldiership! He did look far

Into the service of the time and was

Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;

But on us both did haggish age steal on

And would not out of art. It much repairs me

To talk of your good father. In his youth

He had the wit which I can well observe

To-day in your young lords; but they may jest

Till their own scorn return to them unnoted.

For they can hide their levity in honour:

So like a courtier, contemn 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

Exceptions bid him speak, and at this time

His less hand: who were below him

He used as creatures of another place

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,

Making them proud of his humility,

In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man

Might be a copy to these younger times;

If he had follow'd 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. [say—

King. Would I were with him! He would always

Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,

To grow there and to bear,—Let me not live;—

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 snuff

Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses

All but new things disdain; whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies

Expire for fashions. This he wish'd: I

after he 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;

They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count.

Since the physician at your father's died?

He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet.

Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out

With several applications: nature and sickness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;

My son 's no dearer.


SCENE III.—Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of

my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty and make fould the clearness of our deservings,

when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone,

Sirrah; the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: It is my slowness that I do not;

for you know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaverys yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor

Count. Well, sir. [fellow.

Clo. No, madam; 'tis not so well that I am poor,

though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,

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 then?

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 wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that

the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,

such as they have.

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 cuck-

old, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cheris-

hes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan

and old Pousyan the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one;

they may foul horns together, like my deer i' the heath.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For all the ballad will repeat.

Clo. 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 me come to you: of her I am to speak.

**Count.** Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

**Clo.** Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, why the Grecians sacked Troy?

**Count.** And done, done done, was this King Priam's joy?

**Clo.** With that she sighed as she stood, with that she sighed as she stood, and gave this sentence then; among nine bad if it be good, and in the world, and in this world, 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, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a 'pluck one.

**Count.** You'll be gone, sir, kneave, and do as I command you.

**Clo.** That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! though honesty be no purity, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

**Count.** Well, now.

**Stew.** I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

**Count.** Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

**Stew.** Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me; alone she was; and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were equal: Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knights surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ever I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

**Count.** You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself; many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.

Enter Helena.

**Count.** You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

**Hel.** Mine honourable mistress.

**Count.** Nay, a mother:

**Hel.** Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,' Methought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother,' That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; and put you in the catalogue of those That were enwrapped mine: 'tis often seen / Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds 

**Count.** A native slip to us from foreign seeds:

**Hel.** You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care;

**Count.** God's mercy, madam! does it curl thy blood To say I am not another? Where is the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? Why? that you are my daughter?

**Hel.** That I am not.

**Count.** I say, I am your mother.

**Hel.** Pardon, madam; the Count Rousillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from honour'd name; no note upon my parents, his all noble; my master, my dear lord he is; and I His servant live, and will his vassal die: Count must not be my brother.

**Hel.** Nor I your mother?

**Count.** You are my mother, madam; would you were,— So that my lord your son were not my brother,— Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers, I care no more for it than I do for heaven, So I were not his sister. Can't no other, But, your daughter, he must be my brother? [Law: 

**Count.** Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again? My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross You love my son; invention is ashamed, Against the proclamation of thy passion, To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true: But tell me then, 'tis so: for, look, thy cheeks Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours That in their kind they speak it: only sin And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so? If it be so, you have a goodly clue: If it be not, forswear it: lowe'er, I charge thee, As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, To tell me truly.

**Hel.** Good madam, pardon me!

**Count.** Do you love my son?

**Hel.** Your pardon, noble mistress!

**Count.** Love you my son?

**Hel.** Do not you love him, madam?

**Count.** Go not about; my love lieth in 't a bond, Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose The state of your affection; for your passions Hang to the full apprehend.

**Hel.** Then, I confess, here on my knee, before high heaven and you, That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your son.

**Count.** My friends were poor, but honest: so's my love: Be not offended; for it harms but him That he is loved of me: I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suit; nor would I have him till I do deserve him; yet never know how that desert should be. I know I love in vain, strive against hope; yet in this curst leam and intemperate love I still pour in the waters of my love And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love.
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dion
Was both herself and love: O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

**Count.** Had you not lately an intent,—speak
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 presciptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In headfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
The king was in receipt of a rare
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king isrender'd lost.

**Count.** For Paris, was it? speak.

**Par.** An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.
**Ber.** I shall stay here the forchese to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.

**First Lord.** There's honour in the theft.

**Par.** Commit it, count.

**Sec. Lord.** I am your necessary; and so, farewell.

**Ber.** I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured

**First Lord.** Farewell, captain.

**Sec. Lord.** Sweet Monsieur Paroles!

**Par.** Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spirit one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

**First Lord.** We shall, noble captain.

**Par.** Mars dote on you for his novices! what will
**Ber.** Stay: the king.

**Sec. Lord.** Exit Lords.

**Par.** [To Ber.] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adian; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cup of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

**Ber.** And I will do so.

**Par.** Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. 

**Enter Lafau.**

**Laf.** [Kneeling] Pardon, my lord, for me and for
**King.** I'll fee thee to stand up.
ACT II.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  SCENE I.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought this pardon. I would not have 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 ask'd thee mercy for't. [Thus;

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No, O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if [medicine
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a
That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With swiftly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to arouse King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemann a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor Sce; my lord, there's one arrived;
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my worship; wilt you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafau, bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, I'll flit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit. King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafau, 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 what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
Knowing him is enough. 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 bade me store up, as a triple eye;
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance
With all 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 those complaintable state, say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

Hel. I shall then pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine own consent;
Humbly entreating 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 related to the will of him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Of does them by the greatest minister:
So holy writ in babies hath judgment shown, [flown
When judges have been babies; 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 promised, and it is his
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits. [maid;

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reep thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not and must not be so bold that I may
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think and think I know most sure
My art is not past power nor you past care.

King. Art thou so confused? within what space
Hopes thou thy cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thousands minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A trumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Scar'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended. [speak

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, 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 if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shall thou give me with thy kindly hand
What business is in thy power to command;
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to choose as thou dost.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served;
ACT II.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  SCENE III.

So make the choice of thy own time, for I, Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must. Though more to know could not be more to trust, From whence thou camest, how tended on: but rest.
Umquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho! If thou proceed As high as word, my deed shall match thy need.  [Flourish.  Exit.]

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 slowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.
Count.  To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!
Clo.  'Tis my wish, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all questions.
Count.  Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits
Clo.  It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.
Count.  Will your answer serve not to all questions?
Clo.  As fit as ten grats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the buckold to his horn, as a scolding quene to the nun's knife, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the puddling to his skin.
Count.  Have you, sir, an answer of such fitness for all questions?
Clo.  From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.
Count.  It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.
Clo.  But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.
Count.  To be bagging 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.]
Count.  Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves
Clo.  O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.
Count.  I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.  [you.
Clo.  O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant
Count.  You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.
Clo.  O Lord, sir! spare not me.
Count.  Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'scape 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.  
Clo.  O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well again.
Count.  To be your end: to your business, Give Ellen
And urge her to a present answer back:  [this,
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
This is not much.
Clo.  Not much commendation to them.

Count.  Not much employment for you: you understand me?
Clo.  Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.
Count.  Haste you again.  [Exit severally.

SCENE III. — Paris.  The King's palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf.  They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terros, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.
Par.  Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.
Ber.  And so 'tis.
Laf.  To be relinquished of the artists,—
Par.  So I say.
Laf.  Both of Galen and Paracelsus.
Par.  To Right; so I say.
Laf.  Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—
Par.  Right; so I say.
Laf.  That gave him out incurable,—
Par.  Why, there 'tis; so say I too.
Laf.  Not to be helped,—
Par.  Right: as 'twere, a man assured of a —
Laf.  Uncertain life, and sure death.
Par.  Just, you say well; so would I have said.
Laf.  I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.
Par.  It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing,
You shall read it in—what do ye call there?
Laf.  A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.
Par.  That 's it; I would have said the very same.
Laf.  Why, your dolphin is not hustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect.
Par.  Why, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinerous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be
Laf.  Very hand, of heaven.  [the—
Par.  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.
Par.  I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Lafeu 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 lend her a coranto.
Par.  Mort du vinigre! 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 healthful hand, whose banish'd I sense Thou hast repel'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 guests: this youthful
Of noble backs and at my beslowing, [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—
Hel.  To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, and they none to for—
Laf.  I'd give my Curial and his furniture.
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.
King.  Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath through me restored the king to health.  
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.  
I have been made wealthy, and therein wealthiest,  
That I protest I simply am a maid.  
Please it your majesty, I have done already;  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, [fused,  
We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be re-  
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;  
Wilt thou ever come there again?  
King. Make choice; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.  
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs 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-ace for my life.  
Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes and her humble love!  
Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.  
Hel. My wish receive,  
What 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 ennuons of.  
Hel. Be not afraid that your hand should take;  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!  
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have  
her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the  
French ne'er got '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  
drink 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. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech you  
In such a business give me leave to use  
The luxury of mine own discretion.  
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,  
What she has done for me?  
Ber. Yes, my good lord;  
But never hope to know why I should marry her.  
King. Thou know'st she has 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 physician's daughter! my wife! Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever! [which  
King. Thou only title thou disdain'st in her, the  
i can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous, save what thou disliks't,  
A poor physician's daughter, and the least  
Dislike of virtue for the name: but do not so:  
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,  
It is a dropped honour. Good alone  
Is good; the meanest is the fairest;  
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 changes itself to charm, and adorns  
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave  
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest: virtue and she  
Is her own dower; honour and wealth for me.  
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.  
King. Then 'tis 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 dast in vile misprision shake up  
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,  
We, poising us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honour where  
We please to make it. If thou dost thy contempt:  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
Into the staggerings and the careless base.  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate  
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.  
Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider  
What great creation and what dote of honour  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,  
Is as 'twere born so.  
King. Take her by the hand,  
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise  
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate  
A balance more replete.  
Ber. I take her hand.  
King. Good fortune and the favour of the king  
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony  
Shall seem the heraldry of this young brief,  
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou loveth her,  
Thy love's to me religious: else, do's err.  
[Exeunt all but Lafcien and Parolles.  
Laf. [Advancing] Do you hear, monsieur? a word  
Par. Your pleasure, sir?  
[with you.  
Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his  
recountation.  
Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!  
Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?  
Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood  
without bloody succeeding. My master!  
Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?  
Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.  
Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is  
of another style.  
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you  
are Laet. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;  
which title age cannot bring thee.  
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.  
Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a  
pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vein  
Of thy travel; it might not pass: but the scars and  
the battered plates about thee did manifestly dissuade me  
from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen.  
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ACT II. 

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. SCENE IV.

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. [Exit.

Par. He hath made the privilege of antiquity upon thee. 

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord have mercy on thee for a lien! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I love it when I give me thy hand. [Exit. 

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indulgence. 

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy then. 

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it. [Exit. 

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple. 

Par. Well, I shall be wiser. 

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a snare o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know. [Exit. 

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable indulgence. 

Laf. I would it were well-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 lording of authority. I'll beat him by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of — I'll beat him, an I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress. 

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God? 

Par. Ay, sir. 

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: neither art thou a general officer, 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 is the matter, sweet-heart? [sworn, 

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have I will not bed her. 

Par. What, what, sweet-heart? 

Ber. O my Paroles, they have married me! I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. 

Par. France is a dog-dole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot; to the wars! 

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet. 

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars! 

He wears his honour in a box unseen, 
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home; 
Spending his manly marrow in his arms, 
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet 
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions 
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades; 
Therefore, to the war! 

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 cupricice 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? 

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she is a very well, and wants nothing in the world; but yet she is not well. 

Hel. If she be very well, what does she all, that she's not very well? 

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things. 

Hel. What two things? 

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly! 

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady! 

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes. 

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knife, how does my valiant officer, when he is under a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord. 

Laf. Go to, sir: you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the 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. 

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'Tis hard: 

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Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go: 

The king has done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so. 

[Exeunt.
ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE I.

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?
Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his 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. [Exit.

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 approb.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark
for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great
in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Laf. And have them sinned against his experience
and transgressed against his valor; and my state
that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my
heart to repent. Here 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?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter
end of a dinner; but one that flies three thirds
and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings
with, should be once heard and thrice beheld. 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 cus-
tard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than
suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at
your prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe
this of me, there can be no kernd in this light nut;

the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not
in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of
them tame, and know their nature. Farewell,
monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you
have or will 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 clog.

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 ministerion 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 muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great; farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 't is 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? Fare-
well.

[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, coragio! [Exit.

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, [heard
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer. [France

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,

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ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE II.

But like a common and an outward man,
That great figure of a counsellor frames
By self-unactive motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in uncertain 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. Exeunt.

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. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court:
our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing
like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court:
the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin
to love, as an old man loves money, with no stom-
Count. What have we here? 

Clo. E'en that you have there. 

Exit.

Count. [Reads] I have sent you a daughter-in-law:
she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I 
have waded her, not bedded her: and sworn to 
take 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
distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprision 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 I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does; the danger is in standing to 't; that's
the loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they move you to tell me: for my part, I
only hear your son was run away. 

[Exit.

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. [men, 

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentle-
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start, [upon
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,
There 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
I am a man: 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;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety; he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
Of speed. [in France.

Hel. [Reads] Till I have no wife, I have nothing
'Tis better.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
hard, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
'There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

First Gent. A servant, lady, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Paroles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he. [niss.

Count. A very tamed fellow, and full of wicked-
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his indiscipline.

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 worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[Exeunt 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 hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I,
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limis 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;
I am the counterfeit that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 't were
I met the rav'n lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were
That all the miseries which nature owes
ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE V.

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousil. Whence honour but of danger wins a scar; [lon, As oft it loses all: I will be gone: My being here it is that holds thee hence: Shall I stay here to do 't no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house And angels offered all: I will be gone, That pitiful rumour may report of his flight, To consolation thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, 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! [Exit. This very day, Great Mars, I put myself into thy file: Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exit. 

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. The Count's palace.

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's pilgrim, thither gone: Ambitions love hath so in me offended, That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon, With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of war My dearest master, your dear son, may live: Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far His name with zealous fervour sanctify: His taken labours bid him me forgive: I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth From courtly friends, with camping foes to live, Where death and danger doges the heels of worth: He is too refined and fair for death like 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, reprove him from the wrath Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo, To this unworthy husband of his name: Let every word weigh heavy of her worth That he doth weigh too light: my greatest grief, Though little he does feel it, set down sharply. Dispatch the most convenient messenger: When haply he shall hear that she is gone, He will retire: and hope for death once more: Hearing so much, will speed her foot again, Led hither by pure love: which of them both Is nearest to me, I have no skill in sense

To make distinction: provide this messenger: My heart is heavy and mine age is weak; Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [Exit. 

SCENE V.—Florence. Without the walls. A tucket after.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violanta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourably by our 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 Parolles; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the breach of maidenhood, cannot for all that disuade succession, but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

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 palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. And I care not, 'tis. [A march a'fter.] 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?

Dia. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours.

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Ronsillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that bears most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Dia. Whate'er he is, He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 't is reported, for the king had married him Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady. There is a gentleman that serves the count Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?
ACT III. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. SCENE VI.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Diu. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wil. I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do
A shrewd turn, if she pleased. [her
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Mar. He does indeed;
And brokens 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.

Wil. The gods forbid else!

Wil. So, now they come:

Drum and Colours.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That Escalus.  Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Diu. 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.

Wil. I like him well. [man?

Diu. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond 's that same
knife
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Diu. That jack-an-apes with scars: why is he
melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: look,
he has spied us.

Wil. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

Diu. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will
sing you
Where your host will host: of enjou'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

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 biding,
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?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any matter, but to speak of him
as he is, 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 were 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 un-
take to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I
am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will
bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose
no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of
the adversaries, when we bring him to our own
tents. Be but your lordship present at his 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
cloth will be found, 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-
er, hinder not the honour of his design: let him
fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely
in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.
Par. 'But a drum! 't is 't 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 Caesar 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: that the merit of
service is seldom attributed to the true and exact
performer, I would have that drum or another, or
'his jaeet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur;
if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring
this instrument of honour again into his native
quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go
on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit:
if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak
of it, and extend to you what further becomes his
greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your
worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. 'Ill 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 farther from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my
lord: but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thon't valiant: and, to the possi-
bility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee.

Par. Farewell.

Ber. I love not many words. [Exit.

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is
not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; 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?  
Sec. 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 full to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.  
First Lord. We'll make you some sort with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sport you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.  
Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.  
Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.  
Sec. Lord. As't 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 misdoubt 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.  
Hel. Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay and pay again [daughter,  
When I have found it. The count he woes 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 choicest: yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
Howerer 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 clastely 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 persever,  
That time and place with this deceit so lawful  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics 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.  
Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this  
Hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak  
What terrible language you will: though you 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 inter-  
preter.  
Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows  
he not thy voice?  
First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.  
Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou  
to speak to us again?  
First Sold. Even such as you speak to me.  
Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers  
i'the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath,  
a smack of all neighbouring languages: therefore we  
must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to  
know what we speak one to another; so we seem to  
know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs'  
language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for  
you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But  
couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in  
a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.  

Enter Parolles.  
Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill  
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I  
have done? It must be a very plausible invention  
that carries it: they begin to smoke me; and dis-  
wishes have of late knocked too often at my door.  
I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart  
loath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures,  
not daring the reports of my tongue.  
Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine  
own tongue was guilty of.  
Par. What the devil should move me to under-  
take the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant  
of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such  
purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say
I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I are not given. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. Oh, 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 baring of my beard; and to say it was in straitagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould 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 scarce make that be believed.

Par. If I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's.—

[Alarum within.]

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villiana par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize and blindfold him.]

First Sold. Boskos tromuliole 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 undo the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy back.


Sec. Lord. Oscoribidechos volivorce. [yet; First Sold. The general is content to spare thee And thou art 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 wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acedro linta. Come on; thou art granted space. [Exit, with Paroles guarded. A short altercation within.]

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillion, and my brother, [muffled We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. 'A' will betray us all unto ourselves:

Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dial. No, my good lord, Diana. 224

Ber. Titled goddess; And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was When your sweet self was got.

Dial. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be. 

Dial. 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 compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dial. Ay, so you serve us

Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves

And mock us with our barreness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dial. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,

But the plain single vow that I wish'd on.

What is not holy, that we swear not by, [me,

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 whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him: therefore your caths

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.

Dial. I see that men make rapes in such a scarf

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.

Dial. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose. 

Dial. Mine honour's such a ring:

My chastity's the jewel of our house,

Bequeathed down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world

In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom

Brings in the champion Honour on my part,

Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:

My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,

And I'll be bid by thee.

[ber-window: Dial. 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 conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: then

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 taken to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

Dial. For which live long to thank both heaven

You may so in the end. [and me!}

ACT IV. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. SCENE II.
ACT IV. A LL'S W ELL T HAT E NDS W ELL. SCENE III.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all me.
I have the like story; he had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so brazen,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
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 it he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthily blazed upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly 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 gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he flees his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

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 treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream overflows himself.

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 dictated to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches space: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he comes for our 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 deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. 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 her office to say is come, was faithfullly confirmed by the rector of 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 our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despire, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where's your master?

Sec. His master. 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 command.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of 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 think, 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 prophet.

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 spurs 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 her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has it?

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: 'tis hard, hard.

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portortarosa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a petty, I can say no

First Sold. Bosko chiumoro.

First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [Reads] 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

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First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?  
Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-savingslave!  
First Lord. You're deceived, my lord: this is  
Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was  
his own phrase,—that had the whole theoretie of war  
in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the  
chapel of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for  
keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have  
every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

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. For wrongs, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.
Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, 
the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [Reads] 'Demand of him, of what  
strength they are a-foo't. ' What say you to that?
Par. By a truth, sir, if I were to live this present  
hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a 
hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corumbas,  
so many; Jaques, so many; Gallitian, Cosmo, Lod-  
owick, and Gratif, two hundred and fifty each; 
mine own company, Chistopher, Vaunond, Bellit,  
two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-flower  
rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fif-  
ten thousand poll; half of which dare not shake  
the snow from off their cascosk, 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. Well, that's set down. [Reads] 'You  
shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dauinim  
be there? That Frenchman: what his reputation  
is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and  
expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were  
not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to  
corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this?
Par. What do you know of it?
Ber. I beseech you, let me answer to the partic-  
ular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dauinim?
Par. I know him: a was a butcher's prentice in  
Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the  
shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that  
could not say him na.

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  
Flenges'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. What is his reputation with the duke?
Par. The duke knows him for no other but a  
paramour of mine: and writ 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 let- 
ters in my tent.
cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually. [Dumain?]
First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Sec. Lord. Why does he ask of me?
First Sold. What's he be?
Par. E'er a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he carries any lackey; marry, in courting on he has the cramp.
First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine? [Rousillon.] 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 unman yourself, and hie him 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.]
SEME V.—Rousillon. The Count's palace. [Exeunt Bertram and Lords.]
First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.
Par. But 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 their thoughts were great, 'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall; simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive, I'll after them. [Exit.]
SCENE IV.—Florence. The Widow's house.
[Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.
Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be the surety: 'fore whose throne 't is needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel: Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks: I duly am fafford'd His gold in pelfies; to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hits him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.
Hel. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.
Hel. Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dowler, 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 saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night: so just doth play With what it leathes for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.
Din. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.
Hel. Yet I pray you: But with the word the time will bring on summer, When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our wagen is prepared, and time revives us: Hel.'s men. Swiss. We COUNTER THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown; Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.}
**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, gauged with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

The use of your own virtues, for which

I shall continue thankful.

**Gent.** What's your will?

**Hel.** That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king,

And aid me with that store of power you have

To come into his presence.

**Gent.** The king's not here.

**Hel.** Not here, sir! Not, indeed;

He hence removed last night and with more haste

Than is his use.

**Wid.** Lord, how we lose our pains!

**Hel.** All's well that ends well yet,

Though time seem so adverse and means unfruitful.

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

**Hel.** He enquired after himself, and is with the French.
Enter Lafeu.
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 muddied within: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship.
[Exit.

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'écu for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business. [word.

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. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word, then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum? 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! lost 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Housillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, 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, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done I the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'beares it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And wath'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, But first I beg my pardon, the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady Offence of mighty note; but to himself. The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive, Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither; We are 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 oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him So't is our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.

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 and a hail In me at once: but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth; The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blunders, 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 stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue Where the impression of mine eye influxing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me, Which wap'd the line of every other favour; Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen; Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object: thence it came That she whom all men praised and whom myself, Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away From the great comp't: but love that comes too late, Like a renounceful 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: Off 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 knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin: The main consents are had; and here we'll stay To see the widow's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease! [Bless! Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name Must be digested, give a favour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, That she may quickly come. [Bertram gives a ring. 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 To would relieve that craft, to prove Of what should steal 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,  
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought  
I stood engaged: but when I had deserv'd  
To the own fortune, and inform'd her fully  
I could not answer in that course of honor  
As she had made the overt're, she ceased  
In heavy satisfaction and would never  
Receive the ring again.

Plutus,  
That knows the tint and multiplying medicine,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science  
Than I have in this ring; 't was mine, 't was Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her: call'd the saints to surety  
That she would never put it from her finger  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
Where you have never come, or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

Ber.  
She never saw it.

King.  
Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine  
honour;  
And makest conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman, — and I shall prove so;  
And yet I know them, thou dost hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring. Take him away.

My forepast proofs, however the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him!  
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber.  
If you shall prove  
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husband'd her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. [Exit, guarded.

Enter a Gentleman.

But Gracious sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not:  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath for four or five removes come short  
To tender it herself. I undertake it,  
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliants, who by this I have  
Is here attending: her business looks in her  
With an importing visage: and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern  
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads] Upon his many protestations to  
marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say  
it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower:  
his vows were forfeited to me, and my honour's  
paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice:  
grant it me, O king! in you I best lies; otherwise  
a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf.  
I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and  
toll for this: 't'll none of him.

Laf.  
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 of Helen, lady,  
Was fouly snatch'd.

Count.  
Now, justice on the doors!

Enter Bertram, guarded.

King.  
I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.
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 I remain virtuous, 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?
Dier. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.
Date.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of
Dier. And this was it I gave him, being abed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dier. I have spoke the truth.

• Enter Paroles.

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.
Dier. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
Not fearing the displeasure of your master, [you,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an
honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him,
which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this
woman?
Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you? [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! [mand.
Par. I am a poor man. and at your majesty's com-
Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty
orator.
Dier. 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 mo-
tions, as promising her marriage, and things which
would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will
not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou
canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in
thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you
say, was yours?

Dier. Ay, my good lord.
King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Dier. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?
Dier. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it then?
Dier. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dier. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.
Dier. 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.

Dier. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dier. I'll put in bail, my liege.
King. I think thee now some common customer.
Dier. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this
while?

Dier. 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.

Dier. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir:

[Exit Widow.

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And shall surety 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 kiek:
So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. * Both, both. O, pardon!
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 intruce,
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 Paroles] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handker-
cher: so,

To Paroles [thee]: I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.
[To Diana] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dover;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou keepest 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 better 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,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.

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TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, brother to Viola.
Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, friend to 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 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 lank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough: no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she 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.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloestress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her: when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:

Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

SCENE II.—The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, 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 lies in Elysium.
Vio. Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sir?
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 assure yourself, 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 Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereeto thy speech servest 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 murmurs,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
Vio. O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is!  
Cap. That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the duke's.  
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet 'tis the  
I will make thee think, and keep my mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,  
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid  
For such discourse as happily shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;  
Thou shalt present me as an enuch 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 enuch, and your mate I'll be:  
When my tongue blazes, 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  
My brother, Sir Toby, you must come in  
Earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great  
Exception 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 fool-  
Ish knight that you brought in one night here to be  
her guest.

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  
ducates; 'tis a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! lie plays o' the  
viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages  
word for word without book, and hath all the good  
Gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, 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  
Substactors 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  
Covetous fellow that will not drink to my niece till  
his brains turn o' the toe like a parsi-top. What,  
Wench! Castillano vulgo! for here comes Sir An-  
drew Agueface.

Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir and. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby  
Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew! [Belch!  
Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.
Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. Have there these things legs hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? 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-place. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy legs, 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 revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee capper: ha! higher: ha! ha! excellent!

[Exit.

**SCENE IV.**—The Duke's palace.

**Enter Valentine, and Violia 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 inconsistent, 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 afoot. 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. This is the loveliest prelude to my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall be the more to set my woe; She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect. Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair. Some four or five attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best When least 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 barbitile strife! Whose I woe, 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 is that well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that sitting-born, or 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. You will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then? [Points. Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two things. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fail.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as happy a man of either flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more of that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [Exit.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very well prove false; and I, the trustier fellow, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapius? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

**Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.**

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

[Exit.

Oli. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the fool. 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 mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the better mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what reigned? As there is no true cuckold but calanish, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, eculesus non facet 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. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, 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 ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the
better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

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 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.


Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it over 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 Viola. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty. — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her; I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beattles, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will go 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. [poetical.

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: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabbet; 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 deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me hath taught me more of your entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit Maria 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! in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.
Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.
Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: 'tis not well done?

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 cruelest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. 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, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices so divulged, free, learn'd and valiant
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's name,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal laudations of my name
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
 HALLOO your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.

What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

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
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

Oli. 'What is your parentage?'

Vio. 'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentlewoman.' 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.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't: be he the, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind;
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.

[Exit.]
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. Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Vi. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vi. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it shall be so returned; if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vi. I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That 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 churlish 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, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am lady, now alas to me!—

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.

SCENE III.—Olivia's house.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diliculorum surgere,' thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, a-bed by late shall be by 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. As I may reasonably; 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 '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 footing last night, when thou spokest of Pigmoromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus; 'twas very good, I' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy kindlihood, hadst not I?

Clo. I did importune thy gratification: for Malvolio's nose is no whiststock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give 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 mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no more by moonlight,
To hear the birds singing,
Where the bee sucks,
There he has set me:
His eye made me derelict and bare
In every wise man's son doth know.

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 melodious 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 dulce 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'st!' [Catch sung.

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' 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. [Catch sung.

Enter Maria.

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-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men we be.' Am not I consanguineus? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [Sings] There dwell 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 it more natural.

Sir To. [Sings] 'O the twelfth day of December,—
Mar. For the love o' God, peace!' 

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you?

Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gab-
ide like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozier's catches without any mitigation or remission of voice, as there is no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbour you as her kinman, she's nothing allied to your disorder. If you can separate yourself and your misdeemours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby,

Clo. 'Hys eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'No, you are not.'

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Then 'tis the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crums. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of month.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not guil him into a newyard, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affected ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swaiths: 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? [To work.]

Sir And. To have it in my hands: I'll 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 expressness 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 hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. 'T will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[Exit To.]

Sir To. Good night, Peuthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[Exit To.]

SCENE IV. — The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, [friends] That old and antique song we heard last night: Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these. She's a beaute, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that? Sir And. I was adored once too. Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i'the end, call me cut. Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will. Sir To. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack: 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [Exit.]}
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 to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song I had last night. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain; The spinster and the knitter in the sun And the two maidens that weave their thread With do no to chant it: it is soothly, bones And dally with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

S O N G .

Clo. Come away, come away, death, And in sad cypress let me be laid; Fly away, fly away, breath, 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 blacko cmn let there be strown; Not a friend, not a friend greet My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save, Lay me, O, lay me, where music was, Sad true lover never find my grave, To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Duke. 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 taffeta, for thy mind is a very oap. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[Cesario 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 giddily as fortune; But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Sir To. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for thy 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 to woman's heart So big, to hold so much; they lack retention. Also, their love may be call'd appetite, No motion of the liver, but the palate, That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much: make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love is most to men may owe: In faith, 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? her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love, But let concealment, like a worm? 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. Was not this love indeed? We men may say more, swear more; but indeed Our shows are more than will; for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house, And all the brothers too: and yet I know not. Sir To. Shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exeunt.

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 regardly rascally sheep-lifer 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 't he sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative pilot 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 exulted 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 plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strocy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. He on him, Jezebel!

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Act II.  
Twelfth Night; Or, What You Will.  
Scene V.


Mal. Having been three months married to her, 
Sir To.  O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!
Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To.  Fire and brimstone!  
Fab.  O, peace, peace!  
Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir To.  Bolts and shakles!  
Fab.  O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.  
Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel.  Toby approaches; courtesies there to Sir To. Shall fling their fellows live?  [me,—

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 lips then?  

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of
Sir To.  What, what?  [speech,'—
Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.'  
Sir To.  Out, scab!  

Fab.  Nay, patience, or we will break the sinews of our
Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And.  That's me, I warrant you.

Mal.  'One Sc ме, malapert,'—[foul.  
Sir And.  I knew 't was I; for many do call me
Mal.  What employment have we here?  

[Taking up the letter.  

Fab.  Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To.  O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate
Mal.  By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's.  It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And.  Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal.  [Heads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes;'—her very phrases! By your leave, wax.  Soft! and the impression her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?'  

Fab.  This wins him, liver and all.

Mal.  [Heads] Jove knows I love:  
But who?  
Lips, do not move;  
No man must know.  

No man must know.  What follows? the numbers altered!  'No man must know:' if this should  
Sir To.  Marry, hang thee, brock!  
Mal.  [Heads] I may command where I adore;  
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:  
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab.  A fustian riddle.  

Sir To.  Face, or French, 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 wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal.  'I may command where I adore.'  Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady.  Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that re semble something in me,—Softly!  M, O, A, I,—

Sir To.  O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold season.

Fab.  Sower will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.  [name.  
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.  [cry O!  
Sir To.  Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him  
Mal.  And then I comes behind.  

Fab.  Ay, an you had any eye here, you might see more distraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to many every one of these letters are in my name.  Soft! here's the postscript.  

[Heads] 'If this fall into thy hand, resolve.  In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open; let thy blood and spirits embrace them; and, to imbue thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slumber and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity; she thus adjured thee, and she sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'est to be; 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.

The Fortunate-Unhappy!  Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will battle Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination lead me; for every reason exciteth to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.  

[Heads] '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.

[Exit.  
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 jest.
Sir And.  Nor I neither.

Fab.  Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To.  Will 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.

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?
Sir And. I' faith, or neither?
Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vita with a midwife.
Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?
Clown. No, sir. I live by the church.
Vio. Art thou a churchman?
Clown. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.
Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!
Vio. Nay, that's certain: they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.
Vio. Why, man?
Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced
Vio. Thy reason, man? [them.

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. 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 pilgrims are to her rings; 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.
Clown. 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.

Clown. 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 him, I am thy lady within?]

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clown. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.
Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Exit Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyages.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir; than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter. [my legs.

Vio. I will answer you with guilt and entrance.

But we are prevented.

Enter 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 lath no voice, lady, but to your most present and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed';
I'll get 'en all three all ready.

Olivia. 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.

Olivia. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Olivia. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth. [yours.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Olivia. 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 whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

Olivia. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to sollicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. [Aside. Dear lady—

Olivia. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that out of you, in a shameful cunning.
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrant wars heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree of love.

Vio. No, not a grize: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pitie enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!

(Clock strikes. The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
This, for the day, due west. 

Vio. Then westward-ho! Grace and good dispo-
Attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me. [are.
Vio. And do you think you are not what you
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
Casario, by the roses of the spring,
(noon.
By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,
I love thee so, that, unguar all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter.
Love's child's good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's fears to you deplore.

[Exit Oli.]

SCENE II.--Olivia's house. [Exeunt.}

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir

Andrew.

Sir To. Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours
to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed
upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell
me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason.
ACT III. TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. SCENE IV.

SCENE III.—A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than flint steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy what might befall your travel. Being skillless in these parts: which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospital: 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 uncertain 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 'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies I did some service; of such note indeed, That were I late here it would scarce be answer'd. Seb. Belike you shew great number of his people. Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time and quarel 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 dui: 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 to-morrow, and to please, Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, think'st, is not for like markets, sir. Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you For an hour.


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 you is bright more oft than begg'd or bor'd. I speak too loud. [Frow'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, possessed, madam.

Oli. What should he make of him? he be rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wit.

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.


I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet 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! y, 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 boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 't was well writ. Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.' Oli. Heaven restore thee! [stockings,—

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow Oli. Thy yellow stockings! Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.' Oli. Cross-gartered! [be 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 appeared to me very pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd 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.

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria. Ser. O, ho! will you come no more? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This conceits 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 slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue touch with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity,' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be look'd to: 'fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adhers together, that no drum of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that adhers he can cut 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 Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.
ACT III. TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. SCENE IV.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?
Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.
Sir To. I would, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.
Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?
Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? so, so, you? What, man! defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.
Mal. Do you know what you say?
Mor. You, and you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!
Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.
Mor. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.
Mal. How now, mistress!
Mor. O Lord! Fab. Sir To, Prithee, 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 To. Why, how now, my buckow! how dost thou, cheek?
Mal. Sir!
Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!
Mor. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.
Mal. My prayers, minx! [Liness.
Mor. 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. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.
Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.
Mor. The house will be the quieter.
Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is come, and may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.
Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.
Fab. Is't so saucy?
Sir And. Ay, is 't. I warrant him: do but read.
Sir To. Give me. [Reads] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy 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 show thee no more.'
Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.
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.'
Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—Sir To. [Reads] 'I will waylay thee going home; where 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 o' 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, bid him not: I'll give't him.
Mal. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.
Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baddy: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou savest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives mankind more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!' Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit. Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aaguecheek 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 impetuous. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

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 unto a heart of stone And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault:
But such a headstrong penitent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof. [bears
Vio. With the same 'haviour 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 if you refuse it you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?
Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.
Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that Which I have given to you?
Vio. I will acquit you.
Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him. I know not; but thy interjester, full of despite, Brady as a headstrong penitent, at the orchardend; dismount thy tuck, be wary in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful 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

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what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man to deal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?
Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his inence at this moment is so implausible, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. 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 to 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. The, as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight the manner of his offence to him: 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 arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?
Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skillful blood, and lest 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.

[Exeunt.]

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, sword and love, and he gives me the stunk 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 fience, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[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 be thought 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 lie is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!
Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[They draw.]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentle-

Have done offence, I take the fault on me: [man
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you? [man
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.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon.
Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.
Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
Ant. You do mistake me, sir. [well,
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. I must obey. [To Vio.] This comes with seeking me.
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.
Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.
Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindless you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
But out of my love and loyalty,
I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffee.

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 upbrand you with those kindless
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, go. [see here
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
Snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What's that to you? The time goes by:

But I hope vile and idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unknow'd:

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Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'er-lustful'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad! away with him!

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[Exit with Officers.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, he now taken for you!
Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian:
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He 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.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.'

Sir And. An I do not—

[Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exit.

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?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.

Nothing that is so is.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some page or other, and now applies it to a fool. Vent thy folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. 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. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit.

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 be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. 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 must I have an ounce or two of this mulatpont blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Ho! Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold! Sir To. Madam!

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SCENE II. — Olivia's house.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very witilly said to a niece of King Gorbothe, 'That that is'; so, I being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that but that,' and 'is but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good Mal. [With] Who calls there?

[Knave.

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.
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. 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, I am not mad; Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
Clo. Madman, thou earnest: 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 all this?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clo. What think'st 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.
Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
Sirs. My most exquisite Sir Topas!
Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.
Mai. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.
Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would be 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. "Alas, why is she so?"
Mal. Fool. I say!
Clo. "Sir cloves another — Who calls, ha?"
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deservre well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.
Clo. Master Malvolio?
Mal. Ay, good fool, whom shall I be, or, if I seem to be thy 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, and ministers to me, ass, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.
Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble habbable.
Mal. Sir Topas!
Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.
Clo. Ails, sir, be patient. What sayest 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, I am not mad; Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
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Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would be 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.

SCENE III.—Olivia’s garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel ‘t and see ‘t; And though ‘t is wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet ‘t is not madness. Where’s Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service; For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes And wrangle with my reason that persuades me To any other trust but that I am mad. Or else the lady’s mad: yet, if ’twere so, flowers, She could not sway her house, command her foil-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, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace. He shall conceal it Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I’ll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another re-

Fab. Anything; [quest.

Clo. Do not be in such haste 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. As you live, 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

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: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your graven 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 along with you, it may make my bounty easier.

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.

Vio. 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 besmear'd As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war: A bawling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizeable; With which so many a goodly ship he made With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy and the tongue of loss [iter? Cried famine out of so much market dried up; that's the matter. First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the Phenix and her fraught from Candy; And this is he that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private habiliments we apprehended him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: I know not what 't was but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!

What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me: Antonio never yet was thief or pirate.

Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingrateful boy there by your side, From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: His life I gave him and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication; for his sake Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning, Not meaning to pertake with me in danger, Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty years removed thing While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town? [fore.

Ant. To-day, my lord, and for three months be-

Vio. No intermin, 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. [ness:

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.

Vio. What would my lord, but that he may not Wherein Olivia may seem servicable? Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Oli. Madam!—

Vio. Gracious Olivia.—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty burns me.

Oli. If it be sought to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear When I have been his music.

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perseverance? you uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and unauspicous alters My soul the faithfulness offerings hath breathed out That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be-

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That turns men from my true place in your favour, Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still; But this your minion, whom I know you love, And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. Come, boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mis-

Vio. I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, [chief: To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Oli. And I, most just, apt and willingly, To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
ACT V.  TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  SCENE I.

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punishing my life for flattering of my love!
Ol.  Ay me, detected! how am I beguiled!
Vio.  Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Ol.  Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
_Duke._  Come, away!
Ol.  Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
_Duke._  Husband!
Ol.  Ay, husband: can he that deny?
_Duke._  Her husband, sirrah!
_Vio._  No, my lord, not I.
Ol.  Alas, it is the harshness of thy fear
That makes thee strange straitly to provoke.
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._

_Ol._  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.
Hath newly reasserted 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,
Strength'nd by interexchange of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'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 denouncing cell! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

_Vio._  My lord, I do protest—

_Ol._  O, do not swear!
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.

_Ol._  What's the matter?
_Sir And._  He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

_Ol._  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? [dismantle him.]  

_Sir And._  'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

_Vio._  Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you;
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I 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 drunk, he would have tickled you otherthanas he grates you.

_Duke._  How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

_Sir Tb._  That's all one: has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Set, didst see Dick surgeon, set? _Clo._  O, he's drunk. Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were at eight! the morning.

_Sir Tb._  Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pan'y: I hate a drunken rogue.

_Ol._  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 Tb._  Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knife, a thin-faced knife, a gull!

_Ol._  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 a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive that 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, e'ft in two, is not more twin Than these two seeming brooches. Which is Sebastian?

_Ol._  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?

_Seb._  What countryman? what name? what parentage?

_Vio._  Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suiter to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us.

_Seb._  A spirit I am indeed; But am in that dimension grossly clad Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say: Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!

_Vio._  My father had a mole upon his brow.

_Seb._  And so had mine. [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 and indited his happy raving That day that made my sister thirteen years.

_Vio._  If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain 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 mistook:
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; rest noble is his blood. If this be so, as yet the glass 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 over-swear; And all those swearings keep as true in soul As doth that orbent continent the fire That severs day from night.
Act V. 

Twelfth Night; or, What You Will. Scene I.

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 Madd'ned, means: he upon some action 
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit, 
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's. 

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither: 
And yet, alas, now I remember me, 
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract. 

Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian. 

A most extracting frenzy of mine own. 
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. 
How does he, sirrah? 

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the 
stakes's end as well as a man in his case may do: 
has here writ a letter to you: I should have given 
you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles 
are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are. 

Oli. Open 't, and read it. [delivered. 

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool 
delivers the madman. [He reads'] 'By the Lord, mad. 

Oli. How now! art thou mad? [am']— 

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your 
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must 

Oli. Prifhee, read 't thy right wits. [allow Vox. 

Clo. as solemn a manner; but to read his right 

wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, 
and give ear. 

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To Fabian. 

Fab. [Reads] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, 
and the world shall know it: though you have put 
up to my darkness and given my drunken cousin 
rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses 
as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that 
induced me to the semblance I put on; with 
the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, 
or you much shame. Think of me as you please. 
I leave my duty a little mustloth of and speak out 
of my injury. The Madly-used Malvolio, 

Oli. Did he write this? 

Clo. Ay, madam. 

Duke. This savours not much of distraction. 

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. 

My lord, so please you, these things further thought 
To think me as well a sister as a wife, [Exit Fabian. 

On, One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you, 
Here at my house and at my proper cost. [offer. 

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your 
[To Vio. You must master quits you; and for your 
service done him. 
So much against the metre of your sex, 
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, 
And since you call'd me master for so long. 
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be 
Your master's mistress. 

Oli. A sister! you are she. 

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio. 

Duke. Is this the madman? 

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same. 

How now, Malvolio! 

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, 
Notorious wrong. 


Mad. Lady, you may. Pray you, peruse that 
You must not now deny its your hand: [letter. 
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; 
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention: 
You can say none of this: well, grant it then 

And tell me, in the modesty of honour, 

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, 
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you, 
To put on yellow stockings and to frown 
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people; 
And, acting this in an obedient hope, 

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, 
Kep in a dark house, visited by the priest, 
And made the most notorious gerk and gull 
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me this. 

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, 
Though, I confess, much like the character: 
But out of question 't is Maria's hand. 
And now I do both me, it was she 
[ing. 

First told me thou wast mad; then camest in sniil- 
And in such form as this, which I expected 
Upon thee in the letter. Prifhee, be content: 
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee; 
But when we know the grounds and authors of it, 
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge 
Of thine own cause. 

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak, 
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come 
Taint the condition of this present hour, 
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, 
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby 
Set this device against Malvolio here. 

Upon some stubborn and uncorrigible parts 
We had conceived against him: Maria writ 
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance; 
In recompense whereof he hath married her. 

How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, 
So rather back on it, tell me revenge, 
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd. 
That have on both sides pass'd. 

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee! 

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, 
and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir 
Topas, sir: but that's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, 
I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, 
why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you 
smile not, he's gagg'd!' and thus the whirligig of 
time brings in his revenges. 

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of 

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused. 

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 convicts, 
A solemn combination 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. 

[Exeunt all, except Clown. 

Clo. [Sings] 

When I was that 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 knaves 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 begun, 
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 PERSONÆ.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo.
Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
Archdamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
Autolycus, a rogue.
A Mariner.

A Gasier.
Hermione, queen to Leontes.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a lady attending on Hermione.
Mopsa, a Shepherdess.
Dorcas, a Shepherdess.

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 Archdamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—

Cam. Sicilia cannot show itself 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 attended with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

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.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes: if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exit.

SCENE II. — A room of state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
They shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'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 snapping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly:' besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother, than you can put us to 't.

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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Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.  
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace till  
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 proclaim’d: say this to him,  
He’s beat from his best ward.  
Leon. Well said, Hermione.  
Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong;  
But 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 distaffs.  
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, Leonetes,  
I love thee not a jot o’ the clock behind  
What lady-she her lord. You shall stay?  
Pol. No, madam.  
Her. Nay, but you will?  
Pol. I may not, verily.  
Her. Verily!  
You put me over with limber vows; but I, [oaths,  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with  
Should yet say—Sir, no, or the other. 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 dread—Verily,  
One of them you shall be.  
Pol. Your guest, then, madam:  
To be your prisoner should import offending;  
Which is for me less easy to commit  
Than you to punish.  
Her. Not your gaoler, then,  
But your kind hostess. Come, I’ll question you  
Of my lord’s tricks and yours when you were boys:  
You were pretty lordlings then?  
Pol. We were, fair queen,  
Two lads that thought there was no more behind  
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.  
Her. Was not my lord  
The verier wag o’ the two? [the sun,  
Pol. We were as twin’d lambs that did frisk I  
And blest the one, no other. What we changed  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream’d  
That any did. Had we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne’er been higher rear’d  
With stronger blood, weshould haveanswer’d heaven  
Baldly ‘n’t guilty; the imposition clear’d  
Hereditary ours.  
Her. By this we gather  
You have tripp’d since.  
Pol. Temptations have since then been born to’s; for  
In those unledged days was my wife a girl;  
Your precious self had then not cross’d the eyes  
Of my young play-fellow.  
Her. Grace to boot!  
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say  
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on:  
The offences we have made you do we’ll answer,  
If you first sinnd with us and that with us  
You did continue fault and that you slipp’d not  
With any but with us.  
Leon. Is he won yet?  
Her. He’ll stay, my lord.  
Leon. At my request he would not.  
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest.  
To better purpose.  
Her. Never?  
Pol. What have I twice said well? when was’t  
before? I prithee tell me; cram’s with praise and make’s  
As fat as tane 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 furlongs ere  
With spurt we beat 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 ‘t; I long.  
Why, that was when  
Three crubbed months had sour’d themselves to  
death,  
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand  
And clap thysel my 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 false and mingling bloods.  
They shall have temper cordis on me: my heart smiles;  
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; ’t may, I grant;  
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
As’s now they are, and making practic’d 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?  
Man. Ay, my good lord.  
Leon. I feeks!  
Why, that’s my bawcock. What, last 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 skeer, the heifer and the calf  
Are all call’d neat.—Still virginaling  
Upon his pala!—How now, you wanton calf!  
Art thou my calf?  
Man. Yes, if you will, my lord.  
Leon. Thou want’st a rough pash and the shoots  
that I have,  
To be full like me: yet they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,  
That will say any thing: but were they false  
As 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 welkin eye: sweet villain!  
Most dear’st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may’t  
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre: [be?  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?  
With what’s Unreal thou concrete art,  
And fellow’st nothing: then ’t is very credent  
Thou mayst co-join with something: and thou dost,  
And that beyond commission, and I find it,  
And that to the infection of my brains  
And hardening of my brows.  
Pol. What means Sicilin?  
Her. He something seems unsettled.  
Pol. How, my lord!  
What cheer? how is ‘t with you, best brother?  
Her. As you look  
Pol. 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 past history, I do recall
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbridled,
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 sudden, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Main. No, my lord, I'll fight. [brother,
Leon. You will? why, happy man be's done! My
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Doth. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offered with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your gravier steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what it bear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours: the garden: shall's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,
Be you beneath the sky. [Aside] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the nep, the bill to him!
And arms her with theboldness of a wife
To her allowable husband! [Excit Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.

[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.

Gone already!

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I [love:
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and lumour
Will be my knoll. Go, play, boy, play. There have
Or I am much deceived, cuckold's ere now: been,
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been spiced in 's absence
And his pond fund'd by his next neighbor, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in t'
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revoluted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bloody planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it.
From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. Now, boy! bow?

Main. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.

What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Manilius; thou art an honest
Boy, more that a gentleman. [Exit Manilius.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?
[Aside] They're here with me already, whispering,
'Sicilia is a so forth'; 't is far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,
Thou went he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be per-
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 blood: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business turnblind! say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha! [Stay here longer.

Cam. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy! The entreaties of your mistress I satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councill, 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 honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,

Leon. May I be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I was willful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence.
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wise: 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 desy 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,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently that honesty
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flux-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress charged or say'd without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

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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Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours mutter? be the midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these noth-
If this be nothing. [Lights, Con.]
Good my lord, be cured
Of this discourse opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
Con. No, no, my lord.
Leorn. Say it be, 'tis true.
Con. Who does infect her?
Leorn. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I [hanging
Hail seeming true, and bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thirths, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—who from meamer form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
This in earth and earth there sees heaven,
How I am galled,—infeldest bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Con. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Malicious like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,
I make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goats, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Gives hell to the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so bencil?  
Con. 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.
Thou dost advise me
Even as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Con. 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.
Leorn. This is all;
Do't and thou hast one half of my heart:
Do not, thou split'st thine own.
Con. I'll do 't, my lord.
Leorn. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [Exit.
Con. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisons
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourished after, I'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Porsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reigns now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.
Con. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news? the court?
Con. 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, 
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
Leaves me to consider what,—I beseech you,
That changeth thus his manners.
Con. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and
dare not?
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 compliances are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus altered with 't.
Con. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk: [ter
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, with no less adorns
Our gentry 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, imprison 't not [edge
In ignorant concealment.
Con. I may not answer.
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incedency 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.
Con. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour and by him [sel,
That I think honourable: 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.
Con. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Con. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Con. 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.—A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamilius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if I were a baby still. I love you better.

See. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a patch:

See. Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye; The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'd wanton with us, If we should have you.

See. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, [sir, now
And tell ' s tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall ' t be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and gobkins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful.

Mam. There was a man — [at it.

Her. Nay, come, sit down: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly; Yond crickets shall not hear it.

ACT II.

By this discovery lost. Not be uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have uttered 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

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 he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill- ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Com. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [Exit.
ACT II.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

Look on her; mark her well; be but about
To say she's 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 hum or ha, those petty brands
That calumni doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumni will sour
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she's honest;' but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He was as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: 'tis thing to know.
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees
And marry do distinguish and 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 feareyler with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself.
But will not say vile prince, that she is
A bed-swever, even as bad as those
That vulgar give bold'st titles, ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. If I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be 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 mistres.
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 never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. 'Go, do our bidding; hence!'

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence: in which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, her queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless;
I the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife: I'll go in couples with her;
Then when I feel and see her to farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peace.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused and by some putter-on
That will bade 'm for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-ward'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some live;
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by my honour
I'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather gib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Case: no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungey earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my
lord.

Leon. Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsel, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupid
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves.
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation.
For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleonemis and Dion, whom you know
Of such sufficiency; now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
ACT II.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE II.—A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him.

Lett him have knowledge who I am. [Exit Gent.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! 'Tis lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdrew yourselves. [Exit Gentleman and Attendants.

Gaol. 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 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn: [them!
These dangerous unsafe hours: 'tis the king; beshrew
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your 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 most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!

Paul. I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Emil. 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 enables himself to
The anger of the king nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest; it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus: mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being, — part o' the cause,
She 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 Serv. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Serv. 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 Serv. [Fie, fie! no thought of
The very thought of my revenges that way
him: Reckon upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, [une:
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Sec. Serv. 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.
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon.  A gross hag!
Paul.  Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon.  Once more, take her hence.
Paul.  A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon.  I'll ha' thee 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 ignore make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon.  On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul.  I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your 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.  Thou, traitor, last set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that last
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 canst bring to her. If thou refuse
And will encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.
Ant.  I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
Lords.  We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon.  You're liars all.  [credit:
First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
We have always truly served you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.
Leon.  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 hither;
You that have been so tenderly oblivious
With Lady Margery, your midwife where, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adven-
To save this brat's life?  [ture
Ant.  Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo
And boldness impose: at least thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon.  It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant.  I will, my lord.
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.

SCENE I.—A sea-port in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion. Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet, Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing The common praise it bears. Dion. I shall report, For most it caught me, the celestial habits, Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence Of the grave warriors. O, the sacrifice! How ceremonial, solemn and unearthly It was I' the offering! Cleo. But of all, the burst And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, That I was nothing! Dion. If the event o' the journey Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!— As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo Turn all to the best! These proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like. Dion. The violent carriage of it Will clear or end the business: when the oracle, Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up, Shall the contents discover, something rare Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses! And gracious be the issue! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers. Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce, Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried The daughter of a king, our wife, and one Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice, which shall have due course, Even to the guilt or the purgation. Produce the prisoner. Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen Appear in person here in court. Silence! Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending. Leon. Read the indictment. Off. [Reads] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and ar-

raigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night. Her. Since what I am to say must be but that Which contradicts my accusation and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me To say 'not guilty': mine integrity Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so received. But thus: if powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blush and tyranny Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know, Who least will seem to do so, my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devised And play'd to take spectators. For behold me A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so; since he came, With what encounter so uncertain I Have strain'd to appear thus: if one jot beyond The bound of honour, or in act or will That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin Cry fie upon my grave! Leon. I never heard yet That any of these bolder vices wanted Less indiscretion to gainsay what they did Than to perform it first. Her. That's true enough; Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me. Leon. You will not own it. Her. More than mistress of Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, 

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### 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 all a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love, freely
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude [spoke].
To you and toward your friend, whose love I had
Even from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy, I know not how it tastes; though it be dish’d
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man:
And why he left your court, the gods themselves;
With 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._

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 I should confound more than avails; for as Thy wrath hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

_Her._

Sir, spare your threats: The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruit of my body, from his presence
I am barr’d, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr’d most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hai’d out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim’d a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i’ the open air, before,
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should confound more than avails; for as
But yet hear this; mistake me not: no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn’d
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake. I tell you
This 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 delivered;
Of great Apollo’s priest and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in ’t.

_Cleo. Dion._ All this we swear.

**Leon.** Break up the seals and read.

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**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._ Praised.

**Leon.** Hast thou read truth?

Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

**Leon.** There is no truth at all! the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

**Enter Servant.**

_Serv._ My lord the king, the king!

**Leon.** What is the business?

_Serv._ O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen’s speed, is gone.

_How! gone!_ (down)

**Leon.** Apollo’s angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione secons.] 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 overcharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

_Off._ [Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.]

Apollo, pardon
My great profusion! against thine oracle!
I’ll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing ‘t and being done: he, most humane
And fill’d with honour, to my kingly guest
Uncles’p my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
The king feared himself condemned.
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

**Re-enter Paulina.**

_Paul._ Woe the while! O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too! 

_First Lord._ What fit is this, good lady? _Paul._ Paul. What studied torment, tyrant, hast for me?
In leads or odes? what old or newer torture?
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, _O_, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, star’d mad! for all
Thy by-gone folleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray’dst Polixenes, ’t was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingratitude: nor was ’t much,
That wouldst have poison’d good Camillo’s honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done’t:

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Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
The tears that fell from seats of State and grace
That could conceiving a gross and foolish sire
Blankish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'wre,'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dearest creature's death, and vengeance
Not dropped down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid it!
Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring [nor oath
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I could do the gods. But I am a tyrant,
Do not repeat these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
However the business goes, you have made fault;
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd [help
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be piti'd of thee. Prithhee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows.

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. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blasts. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills been done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: '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.
ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and to
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untir'd
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To overthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now receiv'd; I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now revelling and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed sopace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her causes
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis 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.

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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.

Com. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [Exit.]

SCENE III. — A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With height! 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 height! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With height! with height! 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 a snapper-up of unconsidered tribes. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.

A prize! a prize! [Enter Clown.]

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Ant. [Aside] If the spring be, the cock's mine. Clo. I cannot do 't without shutters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice, —what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noses for the shepherds, the shepherd, the shepherd-men-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates; — none's that out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or twain for the shepherds, the shepherds, — but that I may beg: four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Ant. O that ever I was born! [Grovelling on the ground.]

Clo. I' the name of me —

Ant. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death! Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Ant. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alack for me! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Ant. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Ant. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Ant. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Ant. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Ant. [Picking his pocket] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Ant. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed

Ant. 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.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Ant. 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, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts workshops, fairs and bear-baitings.

Ant. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run away.

Ant. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I

Clo. How do you now? [warrant him.]

Ant. 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.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Ant. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Ant. Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hurt enough to purchase your splice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

[Sings] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hunt the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.]

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.
Peering in April’s front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on ’t.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremities it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark 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 feathers
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 tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How should he see, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow’d 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 among them: Jupiter
Become a bull, and bellow’d; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robbed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I am 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.

Per. 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 I my life.

Thou dearest 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. But, gentle:
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let’s be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopses, Dorcas, and others,
with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant: welcomed all, served all;
Who would have thou known, now how? now here,
At upper end o’ the table, now i’ 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. If you are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting; pray you, bid
These unknown friends to your 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.

Flo. [To Sir.] Sir, welcome:
It is my father’s will I should take on me
The hostess-ship of the day. [To Cam.] You’re welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there’s rosemary and rue: these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherd,—
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 pleasantness shares
With great creating nature.

Flo. 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 gentler scion to the wildest stock:
And make an conceive a buck 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 bastard.

Per. I’ll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish [fore
This youth should say ‘t were well and only there-
Desire to breed by me. Here’s flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi’ the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You’re very welcome.

Cam. I should leave gazing, 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 frighted thou letst 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 unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phebus in his strength — a malady
Most incident to maid: bold exilips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him over and over!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried, [flowers:
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
Menthinks 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 shall letters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'll have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'll have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstaun'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me do the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose.
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smackes of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
Come, strike up!

[Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Slep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: 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 there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Slep. 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.

Serv. O master, if you but did hear the pedlar at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe: no, the bagpipe could not move you: he
sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money;
he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's
ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in.
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dole-
ful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Nob. He has 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 burthen of dildos and fadings, 'jump her
and thump her,' and where some stretch-mouthed
rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break
a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to
answer 'Wooop, do me no harm, good man; 'puts
him off, slights him, with 'Wooop, do me no harm,
good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours I the
rainbow: points more than all the lawyers in Boho-
mia can learnedly handle, though they come to him
by the ground, nickles, caddles, cambries, lawns:
why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or god-
desses; you would think a smock were a she-angel,
he clouds to the sleeve-hand and the work about
the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee bring him in; and let him approach
singing.

Per. 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 'll think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyper black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quofts and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled
as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain rib-
bons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but
they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or
there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may
be, he has paid you more, which will shame you
to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will
they wear their plackets where they should bear
their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you
are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these
secrets, but you must be little-tattling before all our
guests? 'Tis well they are not longer: charm your
tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a
tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened
by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore it behoves men to be wary. [Here.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in
print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a
user's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-
bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat ad-
dore's heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a userer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mis-

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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 she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as

Dor. Is it true too, think you? [true. And I have heard at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mep. Let’s have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of ’T wo maids wooning a man: ’t’s scarce a maid westward but she sings it; ’t is in request. I can tell you.

Mep. We can both sing it: if thou ’t bear a part, thou shalt hear; ’t is 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
When it is night, and thou to bed;
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.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me;
Then 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. Wenches, I’ll buy for you both. Pedlar, let’s have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.

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 fogs for your head,
Of the new’st and finest, finest wear-a?
Come to the pedlar,
Money ’s a medler,
That doth utter all men’s ware-a. [Exit.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three wise-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gaubols, because they are not in’t: but they themselves are o’ the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we’ll none on ’t: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we were out.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let’s see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the side.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you’ll know more of that hereafter.

To Cam.] Is it not too far gone? ’T is 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 teaching. 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 ran The pedlar’s silken treasury and have pour’d it To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these: 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 Of Ethiopian’s tooth, or the fam’d snow that’s By the northern blasts twice o’er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out: But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess. [Exit.

*Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. Do, and be witness to’t.

Pol. Fairly offer’d.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter, Say you the like to him? I cannot speak So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain! And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to’t: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I’ the virtue of your daughter: one being dead, I shall have more than you can dream of yet; Enough then for your wonder. But, come on, Contract us ‘fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand; And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you; Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more, Is not your father grown incapable Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear? Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Flo. Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd, but nothing alter'd: what I was, I am; more straining on for plucking back, not following my leash unwillingly.

Com. 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 do not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Com. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'tis 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 where I come, father; I am heir to my affection.

Com. 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.

Com. 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 thereof gain'd, for all the sun seas or the close earth wounds or the profound sea hides In unknown fathoms, 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 do 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.

Com. O my lord! I would your spirit were easier for advice, or stronger for your need.

Hark, Perdita [Drawing her aside.

I'll hear you by and by.

Com. 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 thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo; I am so fraught with curious business that I leave out ceremony.

Com. Sir, I think you have heard of my poor services, 'tis 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.

Com. Well, my lord, if you may please to think I love the king And through him what is nearest to him, which is your gracious self, embrace but my direction: If your more ponderous and settled project May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There shall be no dispute, but by
— As heavens forend! — 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.

Com. Have you thought on
A place wherefo you 'll go?
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselfes to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Com. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair prince,
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 arms and, but —
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere I the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for your visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Com. 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.

I am bound to you:

Com. There is some sap in this.
A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To earth'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 forth to be: besides you know
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Com. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven
years Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She be for the return of our.

Com. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE IV.

For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescribed.

That I must bear a part.

No remedy.

Have you done there?

Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Nay, you shall have no hat.

[Giving it to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Adieu, sir.

Fio. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word [king

[Aside]

What do I now shall be to tell thee
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

The swifter speed the better.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain:
every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging,
yields a careful man work.

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.

Nay, but hear me.

Go to, then.

Sic being none of your flesh and blood, your
flesh and blood hath not offended the king; and so
your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him.
Show those things you found about her, those secret
things, all but what she has with her: this being done,
let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Tell, 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.

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.

Though him not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my
pedlar's excrement. [Takes off his false beard.] How
now, rustics! whither are you bound?

To the palace, an it like your worship.

Your affairs there, what, with whom, the
collection of that fardel, the place of your dwelling,
your names, your ages, of what having, breeding,
and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me
have no lying, it becomes both tradesmen, and
they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them
for it with stamped coin, not stuffing steel: therefore
they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one,
if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shew. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier.
Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfold-
ings? hast not my gait in it the measure of the
court? receives not thy nose court-colour from
being reflected on the baseless court-contempt?
Thinketh thou, for that I insinuate, or leane
from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?
I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push
on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon
I command thee to open thy affair.

Shew. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant:
say you have none.

[hen.

Aut. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor

Clo. How hast thou that are not simple men?
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shew. His garments are rich, but he wears them
not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fan-
tastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the
picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel?

Wherefore that box?

Shew. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel
and box, which none must know but the king; and
while he shall know within this hour, if I may
come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shew. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone
abroad a new ship to purge melancholy and air him
self. For, if thou best able man of thing's serious, thou
must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should
have married a shepherd's daughter.

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 any man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make
heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are ger-
mans to him, though removed fifty times, shall all
come under the hangman: which though it be great
pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling
rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter
come into grace! Some say he shall be steged; 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
flayed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's
nest; then stand till he be three-quarters and a drum
dead; then recovered again with aqua vitae or some
hot menstron; then let him be tied up, as he is, and in
the hottest day prog nostication proclaims, shall he be
set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a
southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him
with flies blown to death. But what talk we of
these truitory rascals, when our sires' shadows being so capital? Tell me,
for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have
to the king: being something genteely considered, I'll

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ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd a saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down more penitence than done 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 blemishes in them, and so still think of the wrong that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Cleo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Ant. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you. [Hecest.

Cleo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even Shem. Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[Exit.

ACT V.

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, which 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.

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Cleo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even Shem. Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[Exit.

Will have fulfilled their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Isn'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. This 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 list 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 speakest truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'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 chose 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. [Exit.

Paul. Unless another,
ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Cleo. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To check she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

That shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never tell 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 presense.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That ever the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast 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 then. 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 proslytes
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
[Execute Cleomenes and others.
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Praise, 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,
Conceiving you were 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 begetting wonder as

You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly,—the society,
Amitio 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, by infancy
Which waits upon worn times hath something seized
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 bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person? Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
Whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting his highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
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 climax here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
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 amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
While he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weather.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here enters 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?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were preferred by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, is there such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of none less wise than 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 was in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with motions of despair. But enough, they shall be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; and again weeps over his former loss. He moves 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 lares report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence 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 followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But 0, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embraces, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

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 prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came bravely to be confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, but one sign of dolor to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had
ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See these clothes? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kinsmen may be father and brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son: do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Aut. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Clo. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Aut. 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.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leom. O grave and good Paulina, the great com-

That I have had of thee! 

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services

You have paid home: but that you have vouch-
safed,

With your crown'd brother and these your con-

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never

My life may last to answer.

Paul. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: but we came

To see the statue of your 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,

Exeld whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it

Lonely, apart. But here it is; prepare

To see the life as lively mock'd as ever

Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers

Hermione standing like a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.

Comes it not something near?

Paul. 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.

Paul. 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.

Paul. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is

Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,

Even with such life of majesty, warm life,

As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!

I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me

For being more stone than it? O royal piece,

There's magic in thy majesty, which has

My evils conjured to remembrance and

From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,

Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave, And do not say 't is superstition, that

I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's

Not dry.

Pol. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,

So many summers dry: scarce any joy

Did ever so long live; no sorrow

But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
**Act V.**

**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'll have show'd it.  [mine—
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed; and that those
Did verily bear blood?—[veins

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let he, let be.
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 bear blood?—[veins

Paul. 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 afflic you farther. [but

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks, there's
If 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 rudeness upon her lip is wet;
You mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is 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.

't is time: descent; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,

Bequeath to death your numbness, fear from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:

Hermione comes down.

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speaks not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

Leon. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon your daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how
found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match, [mine;
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place,
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissembler'd: hastily lead away. [Exeunt.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

DRAVMATIS 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 Guey, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.
Peter of Poumret, a prophet.
Philip, King of France.

Lewis, the Dauphin.
Lymoges, Duke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulph, 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 my behaviour to the majesty.
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning! 'tis borrow'd majesty!' [France

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother, Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island and the territories, To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine, Desiring thee to lay aside the sword Which sways usurpingly these several titles, And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controlment of fierce and bloody war, To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my The farthest limit of my embassy. [month, 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 sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said How that ambitious Constance would not cease Till she had kindled France and all the world, Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole With very easy arguments of love,

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must With fearful bloody issue arbitrate. [us.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So touch my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy Come from the country to be judged by you That ever I heard; shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbey's and our priories shall pay This expedition's charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his bastard brother.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman

Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son, As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, A soldier, by the honour-giving hand Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king; That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may. [mother Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy And wound her honour with this diffluence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a'pops me out At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land! K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger Both he lay claim to thine inheritance? [born,
KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land. But once he slander’d me with bastardsly: 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!— Compare our faces and be judge yourself. If old sir Robert did beget us both And were our father and this son like him, Ol’ sir Robert, father, on my knee I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee! K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here! Ely. He hath a trick of Ceur-de-lion’s face; The accent of his tongue affecteth him. Do you not read some tokens of my son In the large composition of this man? K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak, What doth move you to claim your brother’s land? Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father, With half that face would he have all my land: A half-faced great five hundred thousand pence. Rob. My conclusion, when that my father lived, Your brother did employ my father much,— Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land: Your tale must be how he employ’d my mother. Rob. And once dispatch’d him in an embassy To Germany, there the whole world to view. To treat of old affairs touching that time. The advantage of his absence took the king And in the mean time sojourn’d at my father’s; Where how he did prevail I crave to speak. But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores Between my mother and my mother’s land, As I have heard my father speak himself, When this same hasty gentleman was got. Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath’d all His lands to me, and took it on his death That this my mother’s son was none of his; And if he were, he came from the world Full fourteen weeks before the course of time. Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine, My father’s land, as was my father’s will. K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate; Your father’s face and body be true-born, And if she did play false, the fault was hers; Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother, Who, as you say, took pains to get his son, Had of your father claim’d this son for his, That this my mother’s son was none of his; In sooth, he might; then, if he were my brother, My brother might not claim him; nor your father, Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes; My mother’s son did get your father’s heir; Your father’s heir must have your father’s land. Rob. Shall then my father’s will be of no force To dispossess that child which is not his? Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir, Than was his will to get me, as I think. [bridge

Ely. Whether hast thou rather be a Faulconbridge And thy brother, to the shame of thy land, Or the reputed son of Ceur-de-lion, Lord of thy presence and no land beside? Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape, And I had his, sir Robert’s his, like him; And if my legs were as such rid-robins, My arms and such elk-skins stuff’d, my face so thin That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose [goes! Lest men should say ‘Look, where three-farthings And, to his shape, were heir to all this land, Would I might never stir from off this place, I would not be sir Rob in any case. [time, Ely. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy for- Bequeath thy land to him and follow me? I am a soldier and now bound to France. [chance. Bast. Brother, take you my land, I’ll take your face hath got five hundred pound a year, Yet sell your face for five pence and I is dear. Madam, I’ll not bow you into this face. Ely. Nay, I would have you go before me thither. Bast. Our country manners give our betterways. K. John. What is thy name? Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun; Philip, good old sir Robert’s wife’s eldest son. K. John. Rob. Mine heart here beareth his name whose form thou bearest: Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great, Arise sir Richard and Faulconbridge. [hand, Bast. Brother by the mother’s side, give me your father gave me honour, yours gave land. Now blessèd be the hour, by night or day, When I was got, sir Robert was away! Ely. The very spirit of Faulconbridge! I am thy grandson, Richard; call me so. [though? Bast. 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 dares not stir by day must walk by night, And have is have, however men do catch: Near or far off, well won is still well shot, And I am, how’er I was begot. [desire; God. John. Christopher; now hast thou A landless knight makes thee a landed squire. Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed For France, for France, for it is more than need. Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee! For thou wast got i’ the way of honesty. A foot of honour better than I was; But many a many a foot of land the worse. Well, now can I make any Joan a lady. ‘Good den, sir Richard!’— God-a-mercy, fellow!— And if his name be George, I’ll call him Peter; For new-made honour doth forget men’s names; ‘Tis too respective and too sensible 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 knock at the diest and catenize, My picked man of countries: ‘My dear sir,’ Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin, ‘I shall beseech you’—that is question now; And then comes answer like an Absey book: ‘O sir,’ says answer, ‘at your best command; I esteem your employment but so little;’ ‘No, sir,’ says question, ‘I, sweet sir, at yours: And so, ere answer knows what question would, Saving in dialogue of compliment, And talking of the Alps and Apennines, The 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 doth not smack of observation; And so am I, whether I smack or no; And not alone in habit and catenize, Exterior form, outward accoutrement, But from the inward motion to deliver Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age’s tooth: Which, though I will not practise to deceive, Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn; For it shall make the fool the other rising. But who comes in such haste in riding-robins? What woman-post is this? hath she no husband That will take pains to blow a horn before her? Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney. O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady! What brings you here to court so hastily?
ACT II.

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.

LADY F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he, that holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BAST. My brother Robert? old sir Robert’s son?

COBRAUND, the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it sir Robert’s son that you seek so? [bow.

BAST. Nay, thou unreverend Sir Robert’s son: why scorn’st thou at sir Robert?

He is sir Robert’s son, and so art thou. [awhile.

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave.

GURNEY. Good leave, good Philip.

BAST. Philip! sparrow: James, there’s toys abroad: anon I’ll tell them more.

[Exeunt Gurney.

LADY F. I am not old sir Robert’s son:

Sir Robert might have eaten his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne’er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:

We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg. [too.

BAST. Knight, knight, good mother, Basillise-like.

What! I am dubb’d! I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert’s son;

I have disclaim’d sir Robert and my land;

Legitimation, name and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

LADY F. Ilast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-But as faithfully as I deny the devil. [bridge.

BAST. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduced

To make room for him in my husband’s bed:

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge:

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urged past my defence.

BAST. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father:

Some sinner do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Subjected tribute to commanding love,

Against whose fury and unequal force

The aweless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard’s hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts

May easily win a woman’s. Ay, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dare to say, that we are not well

When I was got, I’ll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hast said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies; I say ’t was not. [Exeunt.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I.

AUST. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their
In such a just and charitable war. [words

K. PHI. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be
Against the brows of this resisting town. [bent

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cul the plots of best advantages:

We’ll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen’s blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONST. Stay for an answer to your embassy,

Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right which place 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, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have stay’d, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I,

His marches are expedient to this town,

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Atte, stirring him to blood and strife;

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;

With them a bastard of the king’s deceased

And all the unsettled honours of the land,

Rash, inconsiderate, airy voluntaries,

With ladies’ faces and fierce dragons’ spleens.

Who have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here;

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits

Than now the English bottoms have waft o’er
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.

[Drum beats.]
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off all other circumstance: they arrest hand,
To parley or to fight: therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion;
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard,
Lords, and forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace
Our just and lineal entrance to our own; I permit
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
While we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contumacy that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armours here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-facing infant state and doom to 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 frame into a brain as long a volume,
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right
And this is Geoffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood both in these temples beat,
When see the crown, that thou o'er-merestor?ere?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission,
France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
In every breast of strong authority
England's sake,
Alas! what thoughts
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Ahuck, thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. No, more; it is to be usurped downing up.

Elit. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.
Elit. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Lik'er 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 wise young mother was no true begot,
It cannot be, an if thou unber his mother.

Elit. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
Aust. Peace! peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't: I faith, I will, ' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's roar
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:
But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What crack is this same that deals our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

[Enter Wood and fools, break off your conver-
K. John, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to his 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.

Elit. 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.

A. Th. 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.
Elit. His mother's shame him so, poor boy, he weeps.

[No!]

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shame,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; [eyes
Ay, with the wretches that receive heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Elit. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and
call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The domr of heaven. [Re-enter an answer.
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eldest 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,
Smitten but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague, her sin his injury,
Her injury the beaule to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Elit. Thou unadvised 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 canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temper-
It ill-beseems this presence to cry aim [ate:
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon'd like to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

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; [walls?
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—
K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your encomium:
They and their close followers, enfeebled, and
Ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confronts your city's eyes, your wrinkling 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 disabated, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But for your faith in the King,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscar'd your city's threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouche safe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour’d spirits,
Forwarried in this action of swift speed,
Crave and balance within your gates:
K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow’d upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plunketagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes... Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal’d up.
Our canons’ malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex’d retire,
With unmask’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 are our country’s good report,
’T is not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour’d in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession? [subjects: First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England’s For him, and in his right, we hold this town. K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time
Have we ramm’d up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
And if not that, I bring you witnesses, [the king?] Twain and their deeds of England’s breed—
Bast. Bastards, and else.
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as
Bast. Some bastards too. [those— K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
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 heavens falling fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom’s king!
[arms!
K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to
Bast. Saint George, that swung the dragon,
and e’er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess’ door, [home,
Teach us some fence! [To Aost.] Sirrah, were I at
At your den, sirrah, with yourlieness,
I would set an ox head to your lion’s hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aost. Peace! no more.
Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we’ll
In best appointment all our regiments. [set forth
Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. 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 hand 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 discou’rd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are on high, 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 malicious day:
Their armours, that march’d hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen’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 let us in, [behind,
First Cit. Heralds, from off 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
blows;
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 pervade
With course and distum’d by the confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean. [of blood,
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,
This present hour is like to spring us in
This climate looks over, Before we will lay down our just-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.  

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O, now death, the friend of the friendless man,  
Have done, add to the book of time.  

Bast. Our brothers, not our princes,  
Battled in that field;  
And now he feasts, mowing the flesh of men,  
In undetermined differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry ‘haxove!’ kings; back to the stained field,  
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!  
Then, let it be one part confusion  
The other’s peace; till then, blows, blood and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsman yet admit?  
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who’s your king?  
[The 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 deputies,  
And bear possession of our person here,  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.  
For there’s no realm that I do not deny;  
And till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr’d gates;  
King’d of our fears, until our fears, resolved,  
Be by some certain king purged and deposited.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout  
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 mumins of Jerusalem;  
Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,  
Till their soul-tearing clamours have bravi’d down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:  
I’d play incessantly on these Jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dispose ye your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again;  
Turn them to the battle, and to the point;  
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall call forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Shall it be your policy?  
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our  
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then after right who shall be king of it?  

Bast. An if thou hast the meate of a king,  
Being wrong’d as we are by this peevish town,  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;  
And when that we have dash’d them to the ground,  
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell  
Not work upon ourselves, but both on hell.  
K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?  
K. John. We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city’s bosom.

Aust. 1 from the north.  
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south  
Shall strike their drift of bullets on this town.  

Bast. O prudent discipline! from north to south:  
Austria and France shoot in each other’s mouth:  
I’ll stir them to it. Come, away, away!  

First Cit. Hear us, great kings; vouesafe awhile to stay  
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;  
Win you this city without stroke or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field;  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.  

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to  
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady  
Is niece to England; look upon the years  
[Blanch,  
Anjou’s daughter.  

John. Of Lewis the abashed and lovely maid!  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
That love ambitious sought of much 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 banks that both do feed;  
And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,  
With swifter than the wind they perish’d his  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance: but without this match,  
The sea en rag’d is not half so dear,  
Lions more confidant, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion, no, not Death himself  
In mortal fury half so prerogu’d,  
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here’s a stay  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
Out of his rags! Here’s a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
What cannoneer bestow this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;  
He gives the bastardo with his tongue:  
Our ears are cut off; not to the point,  
But buffets better than a fist of France:  
Zounds! I was never so ethump’d with words  
Since I first call’d my brother’s father dad.  

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely lie  
Thy now unsus’ded assurance to the crown,  
That your 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,  
Least zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,  
Cool and congrual again to what it was.  

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten’d town?  
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been for-  
To speak unto this city: what say you?  
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely  
Can in this book of beauty read ‘I love,’  
Son,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea,  
Except this city now by us besieged,  
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,  
Hold hand with any princess of the world.
ACT III.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I.

K. Ph. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's eye. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find true love. A wonder, or a wondrous miracle, the shadow of myself form'd in her eye; which, being but the shadow of your son, becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow: I do protest I never loved myself—

Till now I've been by myself beheld. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye! Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy himself love's traitor: this is pity now; he hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should in such a king's oath in such haste to this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[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 brook, that still breaks the patent of faith, that daily break-vow, he that wins of all, kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, who, having no external thing to lose, but the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that, that smooth-faced broth, this all-changing word, 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 hawd, this rogue, this all-changing word, clapp'd on the outward eye of sickle France, hath drawn him from his own determined aid, 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 angels would salute my palm; but for my hand, as unattempted yet, like a poor beggar, railed on the rich. Well, whilst I am a beggar, I will rail; and say there is no sin but to be beggar. And being rich, my virtue then shall be to say there is no vice but beggary. Since kings break faith upon commodity, gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The French King's pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace! False blood to false blood jointed: gone to be friends! Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces? It is not so; thou hast misspoke, mishandled; be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again: it cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so: I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word is but the vain breath of a common man: believe me, I do not believe thee, man; I have a king's oath to the contrary. Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick and capable of tears, oppressed 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 diest but jest, with my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce, but they will quake and tremble all this day. What do'st thou mean by a fool and thy head? Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? What means that hand upon that breast of thine? Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum, like a proud river peering o'er his bounds? 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.

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KING JOHN.

ACT III.

KING JOHN. SCENE I.

Sol. As true as I believe you think them false.
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,
And show me how to follow falsehood fortune,
As doth the fury of two desperate men
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:
This tale thou hast made a truth full lain.
Sol. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that hast thee so confound,wert grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's woe,
Full of unpleasing shots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content.
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And France, my best supporter, is his part,
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd it on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is in wealth, Fortune to England, John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sol. Pardon me, madam, I may not go without you to the kings. [thee:
Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoope.
To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kind England, for my part, take a part
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[Seats herself on the ground.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch,
Blononor, the Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
Ever in France shall be kept festival: [day
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre clothy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [Rising. What is this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury,
or, if it must stand still, get wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lost that their hopes prodigiouely be cross'd;
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yet in a hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

'St. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;
You cause in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you are a traitor, and with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings.
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace! [Aust. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
Peace, John: thou little valiant, great in villany! [coward!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Thou dost not speak like man: for man's sake,
I been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

[limbs.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on these recreant
Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thy-

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is
I Pandulph, of for fair Ambrose of St.
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chancellor-bishop,
Of Canterbury; from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more. that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under Him that great supremacy,
Where do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in
K. John. Though you and all the kings of Chris-
tendom
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
ACT III.

KING

JOHN.

SCENE I.

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the hands that thread my foes.

Pau'd. 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 that shall be call’d,
Canonized, and worshipp’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 return; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pau'd. There’s law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

[Right.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong;
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pau’d. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Ell. Look’st thou pale, France? do not let go thy
hand.

Const. Look to that, devil; lest that France re-
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf’s-skin on his regrant
limbs.

Aust. Well, Russian, I must pocket these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say’st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Benthink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Bland. That’s the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

[Here

Bland. The Lady Constance speaks not from her
But from her need.

[faith.

K. Phi. O, if thou grant my need,
With only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down [this.

K. Phi. I am perplex’d, and know not what to

Pau’d. What canst thou say but will perplex thee
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed? [more,

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person
yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry these two, as this twain together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-swanth faith, peace, purity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No less than we well have our hands
To clasp this royal bargain up of peace.

K. Phi. With slaughter’s pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall we not by holy purged blood,
So newly join’d in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this siege and this kind regret?

Play fast and lose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody lost,
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 the shall be best
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pau’d. 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 chained lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Bast. And make the faith thy only faith to faith;
And like a civil war’st set oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform’d,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swarest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistsook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falseshod falseshood cures, as fire cooks fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn’d.
It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion,
[swearst.
And may not be performed by thyself,
And make an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure
To swear, swearest only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And must forsworn, to be thou dost swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will’t not be?

K. Phi. Will not a calf’s-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Bland. Upon thy wedding-day?

Const. Against the blood that thou hast married?

Bland. What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter’d men?

K. Phi. Shall bray the brains, and lacerate the brains, drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! ay, alack, how now
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 true uncle.

Con. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneading, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven! [may
Blank. No, nor shall I see thy love: what motive
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee up-
holds,
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour! 
Lee. I nurse thy majesty doth seem so cold,
Where thou shouldst rear and respect; I will pull you on.
Paul. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will
fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish’d majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. John. Thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.
[Time, 
Bast. Old Time—the clock-setter, that bale sexton
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blank. The sun’s o’ercast with blood: fair day,
aden!
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 whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I never pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play’d.
Lee. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blank. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[Exit Bastard.
France, I am burn’d up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can alay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.
K. Phi. 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 threatens. To arms
let’s lie! 
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarmms, executions. 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.

Blod. My lord, I 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.

K. John. [To Elior] So shall it be; your grace shall
stay behind 
[sad:
So strongly guarded. [To Arthur] Cousin, look not
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [To the Bastard] Cousin, away for Eng-
land! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbeys; imprisioned 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. Bell, 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 return: and, if I live, by your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.
Eli. Come hither, little kinsman: bane, a word.
K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hu-
bert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of deth
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 order.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee,
Hub. I am much bounden to thy majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou last no cause to say
so yet,
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne’er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound 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 baked 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 harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my truth, I think thou lov’st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake
Though that my death were adjunct to my act
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I’ll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And whereas’er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I’ll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
Hub. My lord?
Hub. He shall not live.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I’ll not say what I intende for thee:
Remember, Madam, fare you well.
I’ll send those povers o’er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee.
K. John. For England, cousin, go;
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On towards Calais, ho!
[Exeunt.
Enter K. Phi. Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armada of convulsed sail
Is scattered and disjointed by the tempest:
Pand. Comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so far?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost? [ill]
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone?
Or ruthless tyrants in the spoil of France?

Lev. What! he hath won, that hath he fortified?
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 find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the mouth of heaven declaring the breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death; O amiable lovely death!
Thou odorous stench! sound rotteness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones
And touch thy drowsy brow.
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

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 shake the world;
And raise from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear, but hears the voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canalized, cardinal;
For by the right of nature a cardinal,
My reasonable part produces reason:
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were lie:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand virtuous friends
Do grieve themselves in social grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
'O that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty!'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have a good say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday surmise,
There was not such a grievous creature born.
But now will cannot sorrow eat their soul
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grant of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's ease.

Lev. There's nothing in this world can make me
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Joy: vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweetest world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have I lost by losing this day?

Lev. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye,
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won;
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lev. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each not a single dust, but each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplace'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for I cannot be false.

Lev. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lev. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
ACT IV.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal.
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;
No natural exhalation in the sky;
No scope of nature, no dis temper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event.
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
Abortive, presages and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.
Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side,
Or as a little snow, tumbling about.

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence.
For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us
If you say ay, the king will not say no.

[Execut.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these iron rods; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me.
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.

[Execut 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 merry as my day is long:
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and 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: pray,
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 dispituous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
May you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And will I.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight hid your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
I and a man chek'd up the heavy time.

[Aside] What lack you?

Hub. Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your
Of what good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes theft never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indigation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but
Hubert's.


Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do. [out

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so hoisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily.

Thrust these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

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ACT IV.

KING JOHN.

SCENE II.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[Executes Executors.
Arth. Alas, I then have child away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him hark back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in
your an;urs,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrid.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
Being create for comfort, to be used [grief,
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in his burning coal.
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out
And swear'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it percelance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Smatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only do look
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends;
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Execut.
Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
Think you I hear the shears of destiny? [me?
Have I command or not on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury: I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forged grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

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
Power for any foreign preparation.

Was blood in the bosom of a land,
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunken?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard: if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have 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 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 Pomfret.

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
A loft the fooul, and can give audience
To your tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express,
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fannsfated;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams.
Not keen in nothing but in their fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds tredding on his heels;
To whom he sang, 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 dist
thou 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 hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return
For I must use thee. [Exit Hubert with Peter.
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st 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-enkindled 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 affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

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 be that speech cloth grieves the hearer's wrist.
Whilest 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 shears and miserere 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 enlattin'd and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?

Why urg'st 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 humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the other side of fear:
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour 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 off the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst thou not been by, A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame, This murder had not come into my mind; But taking note of thy abhor'd aspect, Finding thee fit for bloody villany, Art, and that with such ministers as I I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death; And thou, to be everarded to a king, Made it no conscience to destroy a prince. 

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or made When I spake darkly what I purposed, Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face, As bid me tell my tale in express words, [off. Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break And those thy fears might have wroth fears in me: But thou didst understand me by my signs And didst in signs again parley with sin; Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent, And consequently thy rude hand to act The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name. Out of my sight, and never see me more! My nobles leave me; and my state is braved, Even as a wreath with which I have beheld, Or have you read or heard? or could you think? Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? could thought without this object, Form such another? This is the very top, The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, Of murder's arrow; this is the lowest shame, The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this: And this, so sole and so unmatchable, Didst give a holiness, a purity, To the yet unbegotten sin of times; And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, Examined by this heinous spectacle. 

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work; The graceless action of a heavy hand, It that be the work of any hand. 

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand! We had a kind of light what would ensue; It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand; The practice and the purpose of the king: From whose obedience I forbid my soul, Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life, And breathing to his breathless excellence The incense of a vow, a holy vow, Never to taste the pleasures of the world, Never to be infected with delight, Nor conversant with ease and idleness, Till I have set a glory to this hand, By giving it the worship of revenge. 

Pem. Our souls religiously confirm thy words. 

Big. Enter Hubert. 

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you: Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you. 

Sal. O, he is bold and bludges not at death. 

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone! 

Hub. I am no villain. 

Sal. Must I rob the law? 

[Drawing his sword. 

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again. 

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say; 

Big. By heaven, I think my sword 's as sharp as yours: I would not have you, lord, forget yourself, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; Let me, by marking of your rage, forget Your worth, your greatness and nobility. 

[man? 

Big. Out, duaghill! darest thou brave a noble-
ACT V.  

KING JOHN.  

SCENE I. — King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulf, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand The circle of my glory.  

Pand. Take again From this my hand, as holding of the pope Your sovereign greatness and authority.  

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 revolt; Our people quarrel with obedience, Swearing allegiance and the love of soul To stranger blood, to foreign royalty. This inundation of mistemper'd humour Rests by you only to be qualified: Since then pass not; for the present time's so sick, That present medicine must be minister'd, Or overthrow incursible ensues.  

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest Upon your stubborn usage of the pope; But since you are a gentle converte, My tongue shall blush in this storm of war And make fair weather in your blistering 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  

ACT V.

JOHN.

SCENE I.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.  

Hub. Upon my soul—  

Bast. If thou didst but consent To this most cruel act, do but despair; And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread That ever spider twisted from her womb Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself, Put but a little water in a spoon, And it shall be as all the ocean, Enough to stifle such a villain up. I do suspect thee very gentle.  

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought, Be guilty of the stealings that sweet breath Which was embounded in this beauteous clay, Let hell want pains enough to torture me. I left him well.  

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms. I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way Among the thorns and dangers of this world. How easy dost thou take all England up! From forth this morsel of dead royalty, The life, the light and truth of this rich realm Is fled to heaven! and England now is left To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth The unwielded interest of proud-swelling state. Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest And snarl in the gentle peace of heaven; Now powers from home and discontentments at home Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits, As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast, The imminent decay of wrested pomp. Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can Hold out this tempest. Bear away those And follow me with speed: I'll to the king: A thousand businesses are brief in hand, And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.  

[Exeunt.  

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 yield'd; nothing there holds But Dover castle: London hath received, But 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 will amazement hurries up and down The little number of your doubtful friends. K. John. Would not my lords return to me again, After they heard young Arthur was alive?  

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the An empty casket, where the jewel of life streets, By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away. K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.  

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew. But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad? Be great in act, as you have been in thought: Let not the world see fear and sad distrust Govern the motion of a kingly eye: Be stirring as the time: be fire with fire; Threaten the threateners and outface the brow Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, That borrow their behaviours from the great, Grow great by your example and put on The dauntless spirit of resolution. Away, and glister like the god of war, When he intendeth to become the field:
Act V.  

KING JOHN.  

Scene II.  

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?  [there?  
And fright him there? and make him tremble  
O, let it not be said: forage, and run  
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,  
And grasp prenentus eye, he has it so high.  [me,  
K. John.  The legs of the people hath been with  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.  

Bast.  

mocking O inglorious league!  
Should we, upon the footing of such lord,  
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce  
To arms invassy? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.  

K. John.  Have thou the ordering of this present  

Bast.  

Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.  "Excitent.  

Scene II. — The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.  

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.  

Lev.  

My Lord Melyn, this let he be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the present offers of these lords again;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.  

Sol.  

Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  

And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith  
To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
By using many. O, it grieves my soul  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker! O, and there  
Where honourable rescue and defence  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong,  
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends,  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;  
With what a step affect these lords again  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks.—I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here?  
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!  
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grasp thee unto a pagan shore;  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of many, and not to spend it so unneighbourly!  
Lev.  

A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect!  

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That 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 not eyes, and makes no man amazed  
Than had I seen the vault of heaven  
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.  

Come, let us to the strife of your empires;  
To divide these waters between us,  
And make a peace between you,  
And to the work of peace.  

Enter Pandulph.  

Hail, noble prince of France!  

The next is this, King John hath reconciled  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
That so set out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome.  
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.  

Lev.  

Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chastised 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 with that which is an end,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
And, now it is half-conquered, must I back?  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,  
What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action? Is 't not I  
That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
And such a step to my claim?  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks.—I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here?  
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!  
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grasp thee unto a pagan shore;  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of many, and not to spend it so unneighbourly!  
Lev.  

A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
Between compulsion and a brave respect!  

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?
Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world, Let me have audience! I am sent to speak:
To my high lord King John, and to thee, my kinsman, John, As I am sent to you. I come to learn how you have dealt for him; And, as you answer, I do know the scope And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite, And will not temporize with my entreaties; He duty says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed, The youth says well. Now hear our English king; For thus his royalty doth speak in me. He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This apish and unmanly apprais'd,
This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepared To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
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 dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawn's lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out In vaults and prisons; and to hurl and shake Even at the crying of your nation's crown,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman; Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement? No: in the gallant monarch is the burns And like an eagle o'er his sery towers
To sose annoyance that comes near his nest.

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Xeroes, 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 gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts To fierce and bloody inclination. [peace; Leav. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in We grant thou asse outcast us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabber.

Paw. Give me leave to speak.
Bast. No, I will speak.
Leav. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war Plead for our interest and our being here. [out; 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 bruised 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.

Leav. Strike up your drums, to find this danger out.
Bast. And thou shall find it, Dauphin. do not doubt. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The field of battle.

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.
Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long, Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!
SCENE V.—The French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lev. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set.

But sunk and made the western welkin blush,

When English measure backward their own ground

In faint retire, O, bravely came we off,

When with a volley of our needless shot,

And wond 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

His present purpose are again to bear thee hence;

And your supply, which you have wish’d so long,

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lev. Ah, foul shrewd news! bleslirew 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,

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinestead 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 art 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 eyless

Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue

Should escape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news

abroad?

Hub. Why, why here walk I in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what’s the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.

Bast. Do you know me the very wond of this ill news:

I am no woman, I’ll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison’d by a monk:

I left him almost speechless; and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil, that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time.

Then, 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 pereadventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come

back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon’d them,

And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!

I’ll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide:

These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;

Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

Away before: conduct me to the king:

I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The orchard in Swinestead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood

Is touch’d corruptibly, and his pure brain,

Which some suppose the soul’s frail dwelling-house,

Doth by the idle comments that it makes

Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds be-

That, being brought into the open air, [lief

It would alay the burning quality

Of that fell poison which assalleth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Doth he still rage? [Exeunt Bigot.

Pem. He is more patient

When you let him off; 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 cygneet to this pale faint swan,

Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,

And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings

His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born

To set a form upon that indigist

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 fire

Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison’d.—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast

And none of you will bid the winter come [off:

To thrust his icy fingers in my bow,

Nor let my kingdom’s rivers take their course

Through my burn’d bosom, nor entreat the north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait

And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my

That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.

Within me is a hell: and there the poison

Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize

On unreapicable condemned blood.

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Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion, And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd.
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a cloath
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [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 minded
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 Pandulp 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 linear state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [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, [true,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true. [Eloquent.

Panulp.—Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Constance.—Thou art not holy to beseel 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.—Act III., Scene iv.

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THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Richard the Second.
Duke of Anjou, son to the Duke of York.
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, Chiefs, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE—England and Wales.

ACT I.


K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster! Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond, [caster, brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son, Here to make good the boisterous late appeal, Which then our leisure would not let us hear, Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray? Gaunt. I have, my liege. [him, K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded If he appeal the duke on ancient malice; Or worthily, as a good subject should, On some 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 A'ld't 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, lusty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege! [Mow. Each day still better other's happiness; Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap, Add an immortal title to your crown! [us, K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters As well appeareth by the cause you come; Namely, to appeal each other of high treason. Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray? Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech! In the devotion of a subject's love, Tendering the precious safety of my prince, And free from other misbegotten hate,
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
Said it, in honour thou doit, in word I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight. [charge?]
K. Rich. Of that I say, and lay to Mowbray's
It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him. [it true:
Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land, [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,
Sovereigns' fortune, and blood of England.
And consequently, like a traitor coward, [blood:
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To set for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
More. 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. [ears:
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 must thou know, thy tongue is as low,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.
More. O, God defend my soul from such deep
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight? [sin!
Or with pale beggar-feare impair my height
Before this out-dared bastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish tooth! All live of my lord, [shame,
And spilt it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face. [Exit Gaunt.
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day:
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we can not atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry;
Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. [Exitant.

SCENE II. — The Duke of Lancaster's palace.

Enter John of Gaunt with the Duchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Dost more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But since correction demands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root: Some of those seven are dried by nature's course, Some of those branches by the Destinies cut; But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester, One vial full of Edward's sacred blood, One flourishing branch of his most royal root, Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt, Is luck'd down, and his summer leaves all faded, By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe. [wounb, Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee Made man in man; and through thou livest and breathed, Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent In some large measure to thy father's death, In that thou seest thy wretched brother die, Who was the model of thy father's life. Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair: In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered, Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life, Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee: That which in mean men we intitle patience Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life, The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death. Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute, His deputy anointed in His sight, Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully, Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift An angry arm against His minister. Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself? Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence. Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt. Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold Our cousin Hereford and left Mowbray light: O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear, That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast! Or, if miscourse miss the first career, Be Mowbray's sin so heavy in his bosom, That they may break his foaming courser's back, And throw the rider headlong in the lists, A caiffit recreant to my cousin Hereford! Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife With her companion grief must end her life. Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry: As much good stay with thee as go with me! Duch. One word more: grief boundeth where it falls, Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: I take my leave before I have begun, For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done. Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York. Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so; Though this be all, do not so quickly go; I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?— With all good speed at Flashy visit me. Alack, and what shall good old York there see But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls, Unrestored officers, untried troops? And what hear there for welcome but my groans? Therefore commend me; let him not come there, To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere. Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die: The last leaf of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exeunt.

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. [stay

KING RICHARD II. SCENE III.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and others. When they are set, enter Mowbray in arms, defendant, with a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion The cause of his arm's entering in arms: Ask him his name and orderly process To swear him in the justice of his cause. [art

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou Art and why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms, Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel Speak truly on thy knightly leave and thy oath; [incl: As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Who hither come engaged by my oath—[folk; Which God defend a knight should violate!— Both to defend my loyalty and truth To God, my king and my succeeding issue, Against the Duke of Hereford that appeas me; And, by the grace of God and this mine arm, To prove him, in defending of myself, A traitor to my God, my king, and me: And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, apppellant, in armour, with a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms, Both who he is and why he cometh hither Thus platted in habiliments of war, And formally, according to the laws, Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither, Before King Richard in his royal lists? [rel? Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel Like true knight, so defend thee heaven! Bolingbroke. 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! Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists, Except the marshals and such others Appointed to direct these fair designs. [hand, Bolingbroke. Lord marshal, let our kinsman sovereign's And bow my knee before his majesty: For Mowbray and myself are like two men That vow a long and weary pilgrimage; Then let us take a ceremonious leave And loving farewell of our several friends. [ness, Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your high And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave. K. Rich. We will descend and fold them 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 with me, but not revenge thee dead! Bolingbroke. O, let no noble eye profane a tear For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear: As confident as is the falcon's flight Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. My loving lord, I take my leave of you Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle; Not sick, although I have to do with death, But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath. Lo, as at English feasts, so I regard The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet: Of thou, the earthily author of my blood, Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, Both 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. [perous! Gaunt.
God in thy good cause make thee prosper;
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy;
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to
right me.

Mow. How ever 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 mere heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as Joanct as to jest
Go I to fight; the truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right! Boling. Sir, as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

Mar. Go bear this lams to Thomas, Duke of
Norfolk.

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and
Derby.
Standing, for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke
of Norfolk.

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire
And to plot, contrive or think out all ill
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mow. 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 sun's hands had wearied
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;
Since thos) hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Mow. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stay;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griefed heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Phank'd four hundred. [To Boling.] Six frozen
waters spent.
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my lord: but in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
ACT I.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE IV.

Can change their moods and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son. [live.
K. Rich. But not a minute, king, that thou canst
give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to forrow me with age,
But Cannot 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 banished'd upon good advice,
Where'ry thou tongue a party-verbist gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst
say:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination years to
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it slits, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on
thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu!
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

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. And 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 seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have length'nod
And added years to his short banishment, [hours
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
Observe his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these
thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere 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 coffer's, with too great a court
Look, and liberal progress, appearing it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest;
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
[strewed,
The grass whereon thou'rt cast the presence
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance;
For an act of grace.

[Finis.]
ACT II.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE I.

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news? [lord,
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

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 coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentle men, let's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!
All. Amen. [Exeunt.

ACT 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
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth? [last
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear. [breath;
Gaunt. O, but I doubt that way of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony; [vain,
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in
pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose:
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Was in remembrance more than things long past;
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of 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
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity —
So it be new, there's no respect how vile —
That is as wide a place as I'd have had,
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Which doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose: [lose.
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And this sepulchre in stibborn Jersey
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate corrompt,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands, [land,
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 stibborn Jersey
Of the world's ransum, blessed Mary's son,

RICHARD. This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die presuming it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea.
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds:
God's subjects, England, for all that we went to conquer others,
Methought I saw a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scoundrel vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard and Queen, Aumerle, Bushy,
Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.
York. The king is come; deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts being raged do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? how is 't with aged
Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd i
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt,
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their
names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee. [live?
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that
Gaunt. No, men living flatter those that
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 knows I see thee ill;
Ill 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 appointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whiter 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,
Dethoping thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself,
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king;  
Thy state of law is bondsclave to the law;  
And thou—  
K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an auge’s privilege,  
Darest with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
With fury from his native residence.  
Now, by my seat’s right royal majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great Edward’s son,  
This thing that runs not the descent of thy head  
Should run thy head from thy unrevenered shoulders.  

Gawat. O, spare me not, my brother Edward’s son,  
For that I was his father Edward’s son;  
That blood already, like the pelican,  
Hast thou ta’st out and drunkenly caroused;  
My brother Gloucester, plain well-earning 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 wither’d flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!  
Convey 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 sullen have;  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.  
York. I do beseech your majesty, imprint his words  
To wayward sickness and age in him:  
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear  
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.  
K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford’s love,  
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.  

[Enter Northumberland.]  

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your  
K. Rich. What says he?  

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.  

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt  
Though ends it ends in a moral woe.  

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.  
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,  
Which live like venom where no venom else  
But only they have privilege;  
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,  
Towards our assistance we do seize to us  
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,  
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess’d.  
York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?  
Not 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 cheek,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign’s face.  
I am the last of noble Edward’s sons,  
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:  
In war was never lion raged more fierce,  
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,  
Than was that young and princely gentleman.  
His face was not the favorer of fortune,  
Accomplish’d with the number of thy hours;  
But when he frown’d, it was against the French  
And not against his friends; his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend and spent not that  
Which his triumphant father’s hand had won;  
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

[Enter]  

O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,  
Or else he never would compare between.  
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what’s the matter?  

York. O my liege,  
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, 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 one deserve to have an heir?  
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
Take Hereford’s rights away, and take from Time  
His charters and his customary rights;  
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;  
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king  
But by fair sequence and succession?  
Now, afore God — God forbid I say true! —  
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford’s rights,  
Call in the letters-apatent that he hath  
By his attorneys-general to sue  
His lively, and deny his offer’d homage.  
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,  
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts  
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.  
K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands  
His plate, his goods, his money and his lands.  
York. I’ll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof, there’s none can tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood  
That their events can never fall out good.  

[Exit.  

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire  
Bid him repair to us to Ely House  
To see this business. To-morrow next  
We will for Ireland; and it is 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. Enter King, Queen, Aumerle,  
Bushy, Green, and Bagot.]  

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.  
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.  
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.  
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 speak more  
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 good at all that I can do for him;  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.  

North. Now, afore God, ’tis shame such wrongs  
In him, a royal prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land.  
The king is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform,  
Merely in hate, ’gainst any of us all,  
That will the king severely prosecute  
Cost us, or cost them all our lives and 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?  

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North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not.
But basely yielded upon promise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
Wil. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken
North. Reproach and dissolution hang out over
him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
but by the robbing of the banished duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer:
And unavaoided 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 call upon that does,
How we 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,
The very thoughts of us, therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port le Bane, a
In Brittany, received intelligence [day
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham,

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis
Quoint.
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If they shall off with yoke, Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redem from broking dawn 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 Ravenspurgh;
But if thou faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go. [that fear.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them
Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-loving heaviness
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king I did; to please my,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause [self
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save hilding 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. He is come: an 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
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
And shapes of grief, more than himself, to wall;
Which, look'd on as it is, is sought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, three-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye, [not seen;
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. Indeed, it may be so, but inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: how'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 shrink.
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 revenging that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known: what
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I writ.

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 hopest 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. This 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 repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurgh.
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,
With all the powerful friends, are ded to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-
land
And all the rest revolted faction traitors? [cester
Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Wor-
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him.
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my
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 fatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort 's in heaven: and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save York,
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 surfeited
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
York. He was? Why, so! go all which way it may. [cold]
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 had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars? [me.
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon
Go, fellow, get these home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or 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 too;
But time will not permit: all is uneven,
And every thing is left as it was say'd.
[Exit York and Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.
Green. But, I think, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the fault of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king. [castle
Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We there shall part that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York strives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exit.
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?  

Enter Berkeley.

Berke. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Boiling. 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 can reply to ought you say.

Berke. Mistake me not, my lord; ’tis not my  
meaning  
To raze one title of your honour out:  
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boiling. I shall not need transport my words by  
Here comes his grace in person. [you;  
My noble uncle! [Kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy  
Whose duty is deceivable and false. [kneel,  
Boiling. My gracious uncle—  
Grace me no 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  
march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war  
And ostentation of despiséd arms?  
Canst 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 palsy, chastise thee  
And minister correction to thy fault!  
Boiling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:  
On what condition stands it and wherein?  
York. Even in condition of the worst degree,  
In gross rebellion and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish’d man, and here art come  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In braving arms against thy sovereign.  
Boiling. 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 methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,  
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn’d  
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties  
Pluck’d from my arms 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 rouse 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 distrain’d and sold,  
And these and all are all amiss employ’d.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And I challenge at law; attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.  
York. The noble duke hath been too much abused.  
Boiling. It stands your grace upon to do him right.  
York. Base men by his endowments are made  
great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:  
I have had feeling of my cousin’s wrongs  
And laboured all I could to do him right;  
But in this kind to come, in bravmg arms,  
Be my own cause, and in this way,  
To find out right with wrong, it may not be;  
And you that do avert him in this kind  
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.  
York. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is  
But for his own; and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;  
And let him ne’er see joy that breaks that oath!  
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:  
I cannot 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 stoope  
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.

Boiling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:  
But we must win your grace to go with us  
To Bristol castle, which they say is held  
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to wind and pluck away.  
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet I’ll  
pause:  
For I am loath to break our country’s laws:  
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:  
Things past redress are now with me past care.

SCENE IV.—A camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay’d ten  
And hardly, save for our counsellor, [days,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:  
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.  
Cap. I’st thought the king is dead; we will not  
stay.  
The bay-trees in our country are all wither’d  
And meteor 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 ruffians dance and leap,  
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other to enjoy by rage and war:  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.  
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well 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, woe and unrest:  
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [Exit.

ACT II.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE IV.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bristol. Before the castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, pris-

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your peremptory hews,
For 'tis too charitable yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have mislaid 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 stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
From 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, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our
And plac'se the injures with the pain of hell. [sobs
Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dis-
patch'd.

[Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commands.
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Drums: flourishment and colours. Enter King Richard,
the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?
Ann. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the
After your late tossing on the breaking seas? [air
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for
To stand upon my kingdom once again. Joy
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favours with my royal hands.
Feed not thy people, my dear earth, nor
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder
Whose double tongue may with mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjunction, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall faller in foul rebellion's arms. [king
Cur. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse.
The proper'd means of safety and redress.
Ann. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! I know'st not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, that but the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders and treasons rise in lusks,
The cloak of night beingpluck'd from off their
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revel'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face;
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight, [right.
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sol. 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, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand lighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state:
For all the Welshmen, burning their dear dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.
Ann. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace
so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Ann. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. In, arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him! K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart prepared: The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold. Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care; And what loss is it to be rid of care? Strives Bolingbroke, who is he that makes us? Greater he shall not be: if he serve God, We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so: Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend; They break their faith to God as well as us: Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay: The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd To bear the tidings of calamity. Like an unseasonable stormy day, Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores, As if all the world were all dissolved in tears, So high above his limits swells the rage Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel. White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps Against his 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: Yea, distaff-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 Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot? What is become of Bushy? where is Green? That they have let the dangerous enemy Measure our clothes with so much 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! [Exeunt. K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without re-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, chary love, I see, changing his property, Turns to the sorrest and most deadly hate: Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound And lie all low, graved in the hollow ground. Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead? Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads. Aum. 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 our deposed bodies to the ground? Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's, And nothing can we call our own but death And that small model of the barren earth Which serves as paste and cover to our bones. For God, my liege, let us waste our ground. And tell sad stories of the death of kings: 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 rounds the mortal temples of a king Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits, Seating his father and great pomp, allowing Him a breath, a little scene, To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks, Infusing him with self and vain conceit, As if this flesh which walls about our life Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus Comes at the last and with it what we are: Boreas through his castle wall, and farewell king! Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood With solemn reverence: throw away respect, Tradition, form and ceremonious duty, For you have but mistook me all this while: I live with bread like you, feel want, Taste grief, need friends; subjected thus, How can you say to me, I am a king? Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wall their But presently prevent the ways to wall. [woes, To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength, Gives in your weakness strength unto your foes, And so your follies fight against yourself. Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight: And fight and die is death destroying death: Where fearing dying pays death servile breath. Aum. My father hath a pow'r at his disposal, And learn to make a body of a limb. K. Rich. Thou chidesst me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come To change blows with thee for our day of doom. This ague fit of fear is over-blown; An easy task it is to win out thy power. 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 your southern gentlemen in arms Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth [To Aumerle. Of that 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, we're slave, shall kingly we obey. That power I have, discharge; and let them go To car the land that hath some hope to grow, For I have none: let no man speak again To alter this, for counsel is but vain. Aum. My liege, one word. K. Rich. He does me double wrong That wounds me with the lacerities of his tongue. Discharge my followers: let them hence away, From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. -- Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Attendants, and forces.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed With some few private friends upon this coast. North. The news is very fair and good, my lord: Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would be seen the Lord Northumberland
To say, 'King Richard, I have, I have the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.
North. Your grace 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. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know not yet, or oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.
Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royalty is man's, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy.
Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; King Richard lies
Within the limits of thy limes and stone:
And as thou art the Earl of Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman.
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. O, believe it is the Bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come:
Every one at his knee to lay his arms in power,
Provided that my banishment repel'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
Rash'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let Messer Percy without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perceived.
Metthinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy checks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parsely without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter
on the walls; King Richard, 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 every pistil of the duteous flowers are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Could his obeisance: slack, slack, 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 ourself thy lawf ul king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their dues? ally to our presence?
If we be not, show us the league of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he be profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and I oppose not myself
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke—for yond metthinks 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 crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears;
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming within her line of 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 commend to rust,
His barb'd 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. [turns
To Aumerle.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king re-
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd with more than devotion:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debate 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?
Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
Till time lend friends and friends their helpful
words.
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? [beat,
That's better! I'll give thee scope to
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke. [submit
K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he
The king shall have 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 generous palace for a hermitage,
ACT III.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE IV.

My gay apparel for an almsman’s gown,
My figured gobleets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer’s walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I’ll be buried in the king’s highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects’ feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign’s head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep’st, my tender-hearted cousin!
We’ll make foul weather with despaired tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make them fruitful in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves.

Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there lies
Two kinsmen dead their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give word now leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you; may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glistening
Flaxman,
Waxing he 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’s owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[Exit from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard and his Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.

My gracious lord,— [He kneels down.
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you delase 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,
Thus high at least, although your knees be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine
own.
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 strongest and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you would have, I’ll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[Flourish. Exit.


Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this gar-
To drive away the heavy thought of care? [den,
Lady. Madam, we’ll play at bowls.
Queen. ‘T will make me think the world is full of
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we’ll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we’ll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy? Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
I doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I’ll sing.
Queen. ’T is well that thou hast cause;
But that thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou
weep.
[good.
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you
Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do 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,
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They’ll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is for them with woe.
[Queen and Ladies retire.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some suppurgtance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an ancient headshrinker,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ’d, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, which without profit snick
The soil’s fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showering, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of frowardness, her face is up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
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 reeds which his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,
That seem’d in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck’d up root and all by Bolingbroke,
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they deadomer?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized 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 cut through natural veins 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 bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall be
depos’d?

Gard. Depress’d he is already, and deposed
’T is doubt he will; letters came last night
ACT IV. KING RICHARD II.

SCENE I.—Westminster Hall.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and another Lord, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind; What though this know of noble Gloucester's death, Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle. Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that tongue

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd. In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted, I heard you say, 'tis not my arm of length, That reacheth from the westmost English court As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head; Amongst much other talk, that very time, I heard you say that you had rather refuse The offer of an hundred thousand crowns Than Bolingbroke's return to England; Adding withal, how blest this land would be In this your cousin's death. Aum. Princes and noble lords, What answer shall I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars, On equal terms to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honour sfoil'd With the attendant of his slanderous lips. There is my gage, the manual seal of death, That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest, And will maintain what thou hast said is false In thy heart-blood, though being all too base To stain the temper of my knighthly sword. Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shouldest not take it up. Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best In all this presence that hath moved me so. Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy, There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine: By the same token, thy cousin's head stand'st, I heard thee say, and vainly thou spakest it. That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death. If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest; And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. [day. Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that 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 mischance, that art so light of foot, Doth not thy embassage belong to me, And am I last that know'st 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 gat'st may never grow. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies. Boling. 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.

SCENE II.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour. Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this. Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true In this appeal as thou art all unjust; And that thou art so, there I throw my gage, To prove it on thee to the extremest point Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest. Aum. An I do not, may my hands rot off And never brandish more revengeful steel Over the glittering helmet of my foe! Another Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle; And spurn thee on with full as many lies As may be hollow'd in thy treacherous ear From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn; Engage it to the trial, if thou darest. Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all: I have a thousand spirits in one breast, To answer twenty thousand such as you. Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well The very time Aumerle and you did talk. Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then; And you can witness with me this is true. Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is. Fitz. Surrey, thou liest. [true. Surrey. Dishonourable boy! That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword, That it shall render vengeance and revenge Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie In earth as quiet as thy father's skull: In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn; Engage it to the trial, if thou darest. Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse! If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness, And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies, And lies, and lies: there is my lord's faith, To lie thee to my strong invective. As I intend to thrive in this new world, Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal: Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men To execute the noble duke at Calais. Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage, That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this, If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour. Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage, Till Norfolk he repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be, And, though mine enemy, restored again.
To all his lands and signories: when he's returned,  
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.  

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.  
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought  
For Christ in his glorious Christian field,  
Streamimg the ensign of the Christian cross  
Against black jacks, 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 hallowed unto his Catholic 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 appellant,  
Your differences shall all rest under gage  
Till we assign you to your days of trial.  

Enter York, attended.  
York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high 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. Now, as I thought, I'll ascend the regal  
Car. Marry, God forbid!  

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.  
Would God that any in this noble presence  
Were the appointed judge  
Of noble Richard! then true nobles would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?  

Thebes are not judged but they are by to hear,  
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,  
And lie himself not present? O, forbind it, God,  
That in a Christian climate souls relish  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!  
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king,  
My Lord of Hereford here, whom ye call king,  
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy:  
The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
And future ages groan for this foul act;  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars  
Saul'll kin with kin and kind with kind confound;  
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
O, if you raise this house against this house,  
It will the woefullest division prove  
That ever fell upon this earth.  
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,  
Lost child, child's children, cry against you ' woe!  

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your  
Of capital treason we arrest you here.  

York. My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge  
To guard this little people and our State.  
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.  

Boling. Fetch him forth Richard, that in common  
He may surrender; so we shall proceed  

Without suspicion.  

York. I will be his conduct.  

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,  
Procur your sureties 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 am I sent for to a king,  
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs;  
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me  
To this submission. Yet I well remember  
The favour of these men not mine?  
Did they not sometime cry, ' all hail!' to me?  
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve, [none.  
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,  
God save the king! Will no man say amen?  
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
God save the king! although I be not he:  
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.  
To do what service am I sent for lither?  
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. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize  
Here cousin; [the crown;  
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.  
Now is this golden crown like a deep well  
That owes two buckets, filling one another,  
The empty bucket ever daub'd with gold:  
The other down, unseem and full of water:  
That bucket down and full of tears am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.  

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.  
K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are  
You may my glories and my state dispose. [mine.  
But not my griefs; still am I king of those. [crown.  
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your  
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares  
My care is loss of care, by old care done; [down.  
Our carrying of care, by new care won:  
The cares I give I have, though given away;  
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.  

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?  
K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;  
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  

York. How now! Keith, how now Keith, I will undo myself:  
I give this heavy weight from off my head  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
Kith mingle, liegemen!  
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:  
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;  
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:  
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbrok'd that swear to thee!  
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,  
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!  
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,  
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!  
God save the king! unking'd Richard says,  
And send him many years of sunshine days!  
What more remains?  

North. No more, but that you read  
These accusations and these grievous crimes  
Committed by your person and your followers  
Against the state and my most constant.  
That, by confessing them, the souls of men  
May deem that you are worthyly depos'd.  

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out  
My weaved-up folly? Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee then to be a troop  
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldest,  
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,  
Containing the deposing of a king.
ACT V.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE I.

London. A street leading to the Tower.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way to Julius Caesar’s ill-erected tower, to whose fint bosom my condemned lord is doom’d a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke: here let us rest, if this rebellious earth have any resting for her true king’s queen.

Enter Richard and Guard.

But soft, but see; or rather do not see, my fair rose wither: yet look up, behold, that you in pity may dissolve to dew, and wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

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; [Dashes the glass against the ground. For there it is, crack’d in a hundred shivers, Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, How soon my sorrow hath destroy’d my face. Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy’d the shadow of your face.


Boling. Name it, fair cousin. K. Rich. ‘Fair cousin?’ I am greater than a king: For when I was a king, my flatterers Were then but subjects; being now a subject, I have a king here to my flatterer. Being so great, I have no need to beg. Boling. Yet ask. K. Rich. And shall I have? Boling. You shall. K. Rich. Then give me leave to go. Boling. Whither? [sighs. K. Rich. Whither you will, so I was from your Tower. K. Rich. O, good I convey? conveyers are you all, That rise thus nimbly by a true king’s full. [Exeunt 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 Aumerle. Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld. Car. The woe’s to come; the children yet unborn Shall feel this day as sharp to them as torn. Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? Abbot. My lord, Before I freely speak my mind herein, You shall not only take the sacrament To bury mine intents, but also to effect Whatever I shall happen to devise. I see your brows are full of discontent. Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears: Come home with me to supper; and I’ll lay A plot shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.

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 flint be lodged in thee, When triumph is become an alehouse 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 still another, sweet, To grim Necessity, and he and I Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France And cloister thee in some religious house: Our holy lives must win a new world’s crown, Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT V.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke deposed the throne? the time intellect hath he been in thy heart? the lion dyed, and the king of beasts is dead. And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage to be o'erpowers; and wilt thou, pupil-like, take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod, and fawn on rage with base humility, which art a lion and a king of beasts? K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if augur but I had been still a happy king of men. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Duke of York's palace.

Enter York and his Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest, when weeping made you break the story off, of our two cousins coming into London. York. Where did I leave? Duch. At that sad stop, my lord, where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke, mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, which his aspiring rider seem'd to know, with slow but stately pace kept on his course, whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!' You would have thought the very windows spake, so many greedy looks of young and old through casements darted their desiring eyes upon his visage, and that all the walls with painted imagery had said at once 'Jesus preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!' Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning, bareheaded, lower than his proud sized neck, bespoke them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen: and thus still doing, thus he pass'd along. Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

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 combating with tears and smiles, the badges of his grief and patience, that had now stood, under some extraneous purpose, steel'd the hearts of men, they must perform have melted and barbarism itself have pitied him. But heaven hath a hand in these events, to whose high will we bound our calm contents. To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now, whose state and honour I for aye allow. Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was; but that is lost for being Richard's friend, and madam, you must call him Rutland now: I am in parliament pledge for his truth and lasting fealty to the new made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son; who are the violets now that strew the green lap of the new come spring? Amur. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not. God knows I had, as lie had none as one. [Exeunt. York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of life, ye cropp'd before you come to prime. What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs. Amur. For ought I know, my lord, they do. York. You will be there, I know. Amur. If God prevent not, I purpose so. Bosom. York. What seest that, that hangs without thy ear, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthriftiness? It is full three months since I did see him last: If any plague hang over us, 'tis he. I would to God, my lords, he might be found: Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there, For there, they say, he daily doth frequent, With unrestrained looses and impieties. Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes, And beat our watch, and rob our passengers, Which he, young wanton 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. What and said the gallant? Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews, And from the common 'st creature pluck a glove, And wear it as a favour: and with that He would unhorse the lustiest challenger. [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? [looks Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares so And wildly? [majesty, 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. [Exit Percy and Lords. 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 heinous e'er it be, To win thy after-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 but twenty minutes more to live. Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing. Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast 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 forbids 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, begets his penitence: 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 sheddest manacled blood on mountains, From whence this stream through muddy passages Hath held his current and debiled himself! Thy overflow of good converts to bad, And thy abundant goodness shall excuse This deadly blot in thy digressing son, Shall his virtue be his vice's bawd; And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
KING RICHARD. II.

SCENE V.

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [Within] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced supplicant makes this eager cry?

Duck. A king, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love loving not itself none other can.

York. Thou fraticulous woman, what dost thou make
Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear?

Boling. Sweet York, be patient. Hear not, gentle liege.

Duch. Rise up, good aunt.

WAY. Not yet, I thee beseech,
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give place, till thou bid me rise,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
York. Against them both my true joints bended
I'll must thee thrive, if thou grant any grace! [be.
Duch. Plead's he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prays but faintly and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow;
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have.

Duch. Good aunt, and now.

Duch. Nay, do not say, 'stand up,'
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up,'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say 'pardon,' king; let pity teach thee bow;
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, 'pardon me, milord.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my fair husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eyes begin to speak; set thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our cruel prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

Duch. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Duch. 'Pardon' him, as mad shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a knelling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain.
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art. [abbot,

Duch. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the
With all the rest of that consorted crew.
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
To fill their lives with sorrow and with woe.
Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.


SCENE IV. — The same.

Enter Exton and Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake,
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?

Ser. These were his very words.

Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it
And urged it twelve times, did he not?
[twice, Ser. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he, wistfull look'd on me;
As who should say, 'I would thou were the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart:'
Meing the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — Pomfret castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studyng how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In honour of the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are internexit
With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,
It is as hard come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last: like silly beggars
Who sitting in the stocks refuse their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight ask nothing: but whate'er I be,
Bolt or let nor men nor destiny:
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!

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ACT V.  KINo RicHoRD II.  SCENE VI.

So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the dauntlessness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Hath a man ever seen me?* I think not.
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
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point, [watch,
Is pointing, and in my brain they make time, from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clannous 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 I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music made me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-lamenting world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The most of us is ten groats too near.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groomsman of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
With much ado at length have gotten leave [York,
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on ram Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd;
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That rode him eat bread from my royal hand:
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wash'd, and fill another room in hell.
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jaunting Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou gavest me.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say. [Exit.  Groom.

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it, as thou art wont to do.
Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who
late came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Thee! [Beats the keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.
Gasps, and falls another in hell.
[He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That stagger'd thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
[land.
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd; O would the deed be good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This deed king to the living Surely the hear;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

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 Cheester 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 [piness.
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discourse in this paper here.
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 Scely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminder,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
 Thy king's doom and sentence of his pride.
Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou 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 fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast
A deed of slander 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 prison 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 by thy head day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinence:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
March sadly after; grace my mournings here;
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.
THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, sons to the King.
John of Lancaster.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falstaff.

Sir Michael, a Friend to the Archbishop of York.
Pons.
Gadshill.
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.

SCENE — England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for friended peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in straits afar remote.
No more the thirsty shame 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-becoming ranks,
March all one way and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-shathed 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.
Fortune, with a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase those pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose 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 cousen Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedition.
West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when all athwart there came

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that 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-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

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 beaten 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.

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King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest
In envy that my Lord Northumberland [me sin
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whose 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 cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet;
Then is my steel Harry, and he mine. [Exeunt.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife. [ter, West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is Wores;
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our heroes' griefs of Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.
West. I will, my liege. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. An apartment of the Prince's.
Enter Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of
old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper
and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldest
truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the
time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack
and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds
and dials the signs of leaping-houses and the blessed
sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffets,
I see no reason why thou shouldest be so super-
fluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, I do some near me now, Hal; for we
that take purses go by the number of the seven stars,
and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so
fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wags, when thou art
king, as God save thy grace,—majesty I should say,
for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve
to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wags, when thou art king,
let not us that are squires of the night's body be
called the thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's
foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the
moon; and let men say we be men of good government,
being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and
chaste mistress the moon, under whose coun-
tenance we steal.

Prince. Thou speakest well, and it holds well, too;
for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth
ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea
is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of
gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and
most insolently spent on Tuesday morning; got with
sweetly purpose to Jerusalem, the praise of him,
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gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and
most insolently spent on Tuesday morning; got with
sweetly purpose to Jerusalem, the praise of him,
th' 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. The art thou dunned for keeping thy word with the devil.  

Prince. Else he had been dunned for cozening the devil.  

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock early in the朝, there are parties going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespeake supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.  

Fal. Heur ye, Yeward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.  

Poins. You will, chaps?  

Fal. Well, who will make one?  


Fal. There 's neither honesty, mankind, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.  

Prince. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a bad- 

Fal. Well, that 'tis said [easp.  

Prince. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.  

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou  

Prince. I care not. [art king.  

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and my lord,—  

Prince. Hath any of you drawn 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 speak' est may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of what we want com- 

tenance. 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 manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill 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. [forth?  

Poins. How shall we put with them in setting?  

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other ap- 

pointment, to be ourselves.  

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie 

them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immsark our noted outwits, to gar- 
mants. [for us.  

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard  

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cawards as ever turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll furnish arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what ex- 
	

'Freudisms he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the  

Prince. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I 'll sup. Farewell.}

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit.  

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold  

The unyoked humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the bale contagious clouds  
To smoother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing fit for play,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing piouser but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off  
And pay the debt I never promised on  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill:  
Redeeming time when men think least I will. [Exit.  

SCENE III.---London. The palace.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.  

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  

Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me: for accordingly  
You tread upon my patience: but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather hate myself,  
Mighty and to be feared, than my condition:  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.  
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The honour and greatnesse here intended on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.  

North. My lord,—  

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
Sir, your presence here is ill-timed and peremptory,  
And majesty never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us: when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.  

[Exit Wor.  

You were about to speak. [To North.  

North. Yea, my good lord.  

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprison  
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.  
Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
The breathless and faintness too much upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfumed like a milliner:  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever this he had,  
He gave his nose and took 't away again;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff: and still he smiled and talk'd,  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untainted knaves, unmanly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded My prisoners in your majesty's behalf. I then, all smarling with my wounds being cold, To be with thee; but thou art not of that sort. Out of my grief and my impatience, Answer'd negligently I know not what, He should, or he should not; for he made me mad To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman Of guns and drums and wounds;—God save the mark!— And telling me the sovereign's thing on earth Was paracelsi for an inward bruise; And that it was great pity, so it was, This maugre my heart, I dismiss'd him And out of the bowels of the harmless earth, Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd So cowardly; and but for these vile guns, He would himself have been a soldier. This laid unjointed that of his, my lord, I answer'd indirectly, as I said; And I beseech you, let not his report Come current for an accusation Betwixt my love and your high majesty. Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said To such a one, as he himself confound'd At such a time, with all the rest retold, May reasonably die and never rise To do him wrong or any way impeach What then he said, so he musy 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 wilfully betray'd The lives of those that he did lead to light Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower, Whose heart and soul were burn'd in the Earl of March Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then, Be emptied 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 revoluted Mortimer. Hot. Revoluted Mortimer! He never did fall off, my sovereign liege, But by the chance of war: to prove that true He never did stand on warlike ground; Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took, When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank, In single opposition, hand to hand, He did confound the best part of an hour In changing hardiment with great Glendower: Three times they 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 tumbling reeds, And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank Bloodstain'd with these valiant combatants. Never did bitter and rotten policy To so pester'd with a populous 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 belie him, Percy, thou dost belie He never did encounter with Glendower: I tell thee, He durst as well have met the devil alone As Owen Glendower for an enemy. Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer: Send back such as pretend not to your 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. Hot. An if the deed be done, as I conceive King Henry, Blunt, and train. 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: Yes, on his head be guilt! Tis my own veins, And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust, But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer As high in the air as this unhumble 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 he cheek look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. Wor. I do not blame him, nor shall he be proclaim'd By Richard that dead is the next of blood? North. He was; I heard the proclamation: And then it was when the unhappy king,— Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth Upon his Irish expedition; From whence he intermitted did return To be deposed and shortly murdered. [month Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide Live scandaliz'd and fouly 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 subordination, shall it be, That you a world of curses undergo, Being the agents, or base second means, The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? O, pardon me that I descend so low, To show the line and the persons first That wherein you range under this subtle king; Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, Or fill up chronicles in time to come, That men of your nobility and power Did gage them both in an unjust behalf, As both of you — God pardon it! — have done, To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose, And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke? And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded and shock'd 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,— Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more: And now I will unclasp a secret book, And to your quick-conceiving discontents I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, As full of persons and events of that time, 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 sink or swim: Send danger from the east unto the west, So honour cross it from the north to south, And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs To rouse a lion than to start a hare! North. Imagination of some great exploit Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap, To pluck those things from the pale-faced moon, Or dive into the bottom of the deep, Where fathom-line could never touch the ground, And pluck up drowned honour by the locks; So he that doth redeem her thence might wear Without corvail all her dourk, and But out upon this half-faced fellowship! Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the form of what he should attend. Good cousin, give me weight for a while. Hot. I cry you mercy. Wor. Those are your prisoners.— They are noble Scots. 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. You start away And lend no ear unto my purposes. Those prisoners you shall keep. Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat: He said he would not ransom Mortimer; Forbid my tongue to speak of Mortimer; But I will find him when he lies asleep, And in his car I'll hollo 'Mortimer!' Nay, I'll have a starving shall be taught to speak Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him, To keep his anger still in motion. 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 met with some mischance, 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. Fool. North. Why, what a wapstung and impatient Art thou to break into this woman's mood, Tying the beam to no forgone but thy own! Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with rods, Nettled and stung with pimaries, 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; 'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept, His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,— 'Sblood!— When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle. Hot. You say true; Why, what a carefree deal of courtesy This fawning greyhound then did proffer me! Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,' And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin;' O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me! Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done. Wor. Nay, if you have not, so it again; We will stay your leisure. Hot. I have done, faith. Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners. Deliver them up without their ransom straight, And make the Douglas' son your only mean For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons Which I shall send you written, be 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. Hot. Of York, is it not? Wor. True; who bears hard His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop. I speak not 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. Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot: And then the power of Scotland and of York, To join with Mortimer, ha? Wor. And so they shall. Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd. Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed, To save our heads by raising of a head; For, bear ourselves as even as we can, The king will always think him in our debt, And think we think ourselves unsatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay us home! And see already how he doth begin To make us strangers to his looks of love. Hot. He does, he does: we'll be 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-ho! 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, ostler! Ost. [Within] Anon, anon. First Car. I pritchee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

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 plague, this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died. First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him. Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas; I am sting like a tench. First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is
ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Car. The commonwealth shall allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds deal as a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gallon of bacon and two rases of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charingscross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An' it were not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God soft! I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, boy, I'll be hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Execut Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yeusternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' elixirs, I give thee these two hundred marks in marks.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pray 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 Joan 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 sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-lawyer, nor any long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great onyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet such, I 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 ligour'd 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. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[Execut.

SCENE II.—The highway, near Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a guammed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins! and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am assured to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I escape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deal 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 stony-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 if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have I any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not hear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, 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 in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

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**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 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us. Fal. How many be there of them? Gads. Some eight or ten. Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us? Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch? Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but you, I say unto you, are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends! What a frisky-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commands the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself; lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York? O, God! How far is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month; and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in so verily of fear and cold heart, will he to that king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, 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 the Travellers.

**First Trav.** Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

**Travellers.** Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them: fleece them.

Poins. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbelled knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjorars, are ye? we'll jure ye, faith.

[Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merly 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.

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 valour in that Poins than in a Prince. Your money! [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 booty behind them.]


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 lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. Now, the rogue roars! [Exeunt.

**SCENE III.**—Warkworth 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, to tell yours, my lord, your fool, out of this nettle, 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, my lord? I say unto you, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends! What a frisky-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commands the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself; lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York? O, God! How far is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month; and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in so verily of fear and cold heart, will he to that king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, 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.

Hot. How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what's 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 sittest alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; and given thy treasures and thy right hand To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy? In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed: O! Courage! to the field! And thou hast talk'd Of sal卑ues, of victories, of trophies, of tents, Of pallasadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilikis, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heathy head. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden hest. 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 Gilliams with the packet gone? Hot. He is, my lord, an hour ago. [sheriff? Hot. If hath Butler brought those horses from the Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now. Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-car, is it not? Serv. It is, my lord. Hot. That roan shall be my throne. Well, I will bring him straight: O esperance! 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.  

[Enter Prince and Poins.  

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.  

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?  
Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hodgesheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leasch 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 courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England. I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your waterings, 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 bottle; and, the poor beggars that never quote other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon,' anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-

moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny dwarf to what end he gave me the sugar, and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a Poins. Francis! [precedent.  

Prince. Thou art perfect.  
Poins. Francis!  

[Exit Poins.  

Enter Francis.  

Franc. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.  
Prince. Come hither, Francis.  
Franc. O Lord!  
Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?  
Fros. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—  
Poins. [Whitken] Francis!  
Franc. Anon, anon, sir.  
Prince. Five years! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dost thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?  
Franc. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.  
Poins. [Whitken] Francis!  
Franc. Anon, anon.  
Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis, or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!  
Franc. My lord?  
Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agatering, Duke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—  
Franc. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?  
Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to  
Franc. What, sir?  
Poins. [Whitken] Francis!  
Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? [Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.  

[Enter Vinter.  

Vint. What, 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 Vinter.] Poins!  

Re-enter Poins.  

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.  
Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?  
Poins. As merry as cricketers, my lad. But bark ye, 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 humours since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.  

Re-enter Francis.  

Franc. What's o'clock, Francis?  
Franc. 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 up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'If I were three times dead, I should start again.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many lusty thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a triffe, a tribe.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mother Tolter: 'Here!' says the drunkard. Call in ruts, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gaddesby, Bardolph, and Peto; 
Francis following with wine.

Pois. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?
Fal. A plague of all cowards! I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew neither stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is this the manner in which to speak? [He drinks.]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titian kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but rognery to be found in villainous men: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotter, erring. There live not three gods men, behogged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutton you taste?
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! Why, what, whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that; and Peto there?
Pois. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me a coward, why, I'll strike 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 caust. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me then that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drink to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards, I still say it.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's 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 a hundred for it.

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 'scape by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doubled, 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, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—
Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.
Gads. And bound them, and I saw them bound.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—[Other.]

Fal. And understood the rest, and then came in the 
Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, than I am no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, let me see my horse. Thou knowest my new ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Pois. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus. [Now.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even

Fal. In buckram?
Pois. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal? [Anon.

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—
Pois. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seen of the eleven I paid. 

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knives in Kendall green came at my back and got drive at me: but it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?
Pois. Concerning reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. I

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dunce neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-liker! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-
ACT II. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE IV.

yard, you sheweth, you bow-case, you vile standing-tack.

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Prince. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimblly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave, art thou, to lack 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?

Prince. Mark, Jack.

Prince. Come, 's we hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. 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 Hereules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the hart. 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, clasp to the doors: watch to-night, pray tomorrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship gone to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovset 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 father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. Has he gravity out of his bed at midnight? shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I 'll send him packing.

[Exit.]

Prince. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peter; 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?

Peter. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. But this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous deeds.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and went taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst an evil word on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Of lives and earthly purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't age, 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 like a blast. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracey from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Ammon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook — what a plague call you him?

Fal. 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 sprawl flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sprawl.

Fal. Well, that rash he had good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as shanking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the 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 against as that good Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? dost not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a wit, 't faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

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 hald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou see what my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Caumbyes' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O, this is excellent sport, 't faith!

Fal. WEEP not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!
ACT II.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

SCENE IV.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trustful queen;
For 'tis t'ot stop the flood-gates of her eyes.
Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied. Peace, where's the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish handle of thy nether lip, that doth withold me. If then thou be my son. To be, like this the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micier 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 oft heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth delile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in measure but in words only. But, since I am about toere 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 corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lendly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, true books. Look, your son. To be, like this the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micier 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 oft heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth delile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in measure but in words only. But, since I am about toere 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. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poultier's Prince. Well, here I am set hare.

And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap. [Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord! Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without inward spirit? I deny not thy nature, but this to thee in particular: if you will deny the sheriff, so: if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

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.

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.

Cus. 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, to-morrow, 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 matter lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord. I think it be two o'clock.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. The Archbishop's house.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

**Mort.** These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

**Hot.** Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

**Glend.** No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy: sit, good cousin Hotspur. For by that name as oft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

**Hot.** And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

**Glend.** I cannot blame him; at my nativity The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cresses; and at my birth The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shaked like a coward.

**Hot.** Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

**Glend.** I say the earth did shake when I was born. **Hot.** And I say the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

**Glend.** The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble. **Hot.** O, then the earth shook to see the heavens And not in fear of your nativity, [on fire, Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions; oft the temning earth Is with a kind of collie pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisoning of unruly wind Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving, Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth Our grandam earth, having this distemperate, In passion shook.

**Glend.** Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave To tell you once again that at my birth The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely manourous to the frighted fields. These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; And all the courses of my life do show I am not in the roll of common men. Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea? That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, Which calls me out as wild, or hath read to me? And bring him out that is but woman's son Can trace me in the tedious ways of art And hold me pace in deep experiments.

**Hot.** I think there's no man speaks better Welsh. I'll to dinner. [Exit. **Mort.** Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

**Hot.** Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them? **Glend.** Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command The devil.

**Hot.** And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil. If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence. O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil! **Mort.** Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

**Glend.** Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

**Hot.** Home without boots, and in foul weather too! How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

**Glend.** Come, here's the map: shall we divide our According to our threefold order ta'en? [Right **Mort.** The archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits very equally: England, from Trent and Severn hitherto, By south and east is to my part assign'd: All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore, And all the fertile land within that bound, To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you The remnant northward, lying off from Trent. And our indentures tripartite are drawn; Which being sealed interchangeably, A business that this night may execute, To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth To meet your father and the Scottish power, As is appointed, at Shrewsbury. My father Glendower is not ready yet, Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. Within that space you may have drawn together Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentlemen. **Glend.** A shorter time shall send me to you, lords: And in my conduct shall your ladies come; From whom you now must steal and take no leave, For there will be a world of water shed Upon the parting of your wives and you. [here, **Hot.** Methinks my moeity, north from Burton In quantity equals not one of yours: See how this river comes me cranking in, And cuts me from the best of all my land A huge half-moon, a monstrous canteel out. I'll have the current in this place damn'd up; And here the smug and silver-Trent shall run In a new channel, fair and evenly; It shall not wind with such a deep indent, To rob me of the rich a. [both. **Glend.** Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it **Mort.** Yea, but Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up With like advantage on the other side; Gethling the opposed continent as much As on the other side it takes from you. **Wor.** Yea, but a little charge will trench him here

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ACT III.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE I.

And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I 'll have it so: a little charge will do it.
Grend. I 'll not have it after'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Grend. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Why, that will I. [Welsh.
Hot. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in
Grend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I learned to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry,
And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry new
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen cansticke turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axe-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Grend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I 'll give thrice so much land
To those as will bring friends.
But in the way of bargains, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Grend. The moon shines fair; you may away by
I 'll haste the writer and withal:
[night:
Break your wifes of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.
[Exit.
Mort. Fri, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd grizzly and a mouten raven,
A couching hon and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skinble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
[To, This was that hecquys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go
But mark him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, aailing wife;
Worse than houses, he had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warn you, that man is not at all:
Might so have tempt'd him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
blood,—
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation. [speed!
Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.
Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Grend. My daughter weeps: she will not part
With you:
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars. [Percy
Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.
[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.
Grend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon.
[The lady speaks in Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heau
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
[ens In such a parley should I answer thee.
[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 triant, love,
Tell me how by art thou language:
thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bowr,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Grend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[The lady speaks again in Welsh.
Mort. O, I am ignorant of this! [down
Grend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleasest 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 betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness' 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.
Grend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand 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. [lap.
[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?
Hot. No.
Lady P. Then be still.
Hot. Neither; 't is 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.
[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.
Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear
like a counsel-maker'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 sarronet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walkst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 't in sooth;
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guarders and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing, LADY; I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.
An' the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

[Exit.]

Glov. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as hot I Lord Percy is on fire to go,
by this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [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
must have some private conference: but be near
For we shall presently have need of you.

[Exit 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 revengence and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such Lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I arm doublets I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, where my youth
Hath fancy wander'd and irregular,
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.
They place to counsel thou hast rarely 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 forethink thy fall,
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-backney'd in the eyes of men,
So state and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession.

And left me in repulse 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 let me in repulse be heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a rote pontifical,
Ne'er 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 shallow jesters and rash bawin wits,
Soon kindled and soon put out at last,
Mingleth his royalty with capping fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every headless valiant comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To lose the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than the little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo 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 sam-like majesty.
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowzled 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 the very sight thou dost me dishonour,
Forsworn, for thine last lost thy princely privilege
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 tell that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thriche 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 heads against the lighted laws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverence bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms,
Never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose head and great and glorious
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, taken him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the month of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through fire and fathom, fear
Base inunions and the art of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so: you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them that much sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head.
must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No. I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a momento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my case should be: 'By this fire, that's God's angel,' but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rennest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought thee these cheap at the nearest Chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly! [burned.]

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away wisely since this last action? do I not live? do I not dwell? 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; these high deeds, Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fettle, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it come singing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; more 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
ACT IV.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.
Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.
Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly?
How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.
Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prizhee, let her alone, and list to me.
Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked; this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.
Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.
Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.
Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing.

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 should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Host. 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 slandereth me most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, 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: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

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? no, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandum of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. Thou confess then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Host. 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, prizhee, 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 lack; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

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.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. 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, Percy, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. [Exit Percy.] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. There shall 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.

Hot. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [Exit.]
Enter a Messenger with letters.

Vhat letters hast thon 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. 'Zounds! 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 theene
He with much fear bade me by his place.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now, 
(feast

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 députation 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 with his mind, as with his might,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no qualifying now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our posses. What says Gower here?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gush, a very limbo upper;
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 once? to set so rich a man
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.

'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 no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbiterment,
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 dream of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use;
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise.
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-lurvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. A word, sir: I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
Whose carriage, as I know, was some days
After his May-day: and now is he in
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plumed like strigilés that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the months 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 vauet a chilly axe, that strike the seat.
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in
March, when he is best.

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. But I am on fire
To hear this rich reprimis is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt.
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and we'er part as the mouth of May,
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole batle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill
me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through;
we'll to Sutton Cotill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it
make twenty, take them all. I'll answer the coin-
age. Bid my lieutenant Petru meet me at town's
end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a
soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press
dannably: I have got, in exchange of a hundred
and fifty soldiers: three hundred and odd pounds, I press me none but brawny householders, yeoman's sons; I require none out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banes: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a strick foul or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluton's dogs licked for nutmeg, and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revoited tapsters 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 prodiags lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the giblets and pressed the jointed bodies. Eye hath seen so much sacrificial. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had glyves 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 too napkin for my nieces. And now their pride and mettle is asleep. Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a horse is half the half of himself. The hoarse of the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated and brought low: The better part of ours are full of rest. The number of the few, well with 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 voucluse me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to You were of our determination! [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 anointed majesty. But to my charge. The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefs, and whereupon You conjure from the breast of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land Audacious cruelty. If that the king Have any way your good deserts forgotten, Which he confesseth to be manful, 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. The nature of your griefs, and whereupon 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 unprofit outlaw sneaking home, My father gave him welcome to the shore; And when he stood him down to God He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, To sue his liver and beg his peace, With tears of innocency and terms of zeal, My father, in kind heart and pity moved, Swore him assistance and performed it too. Now when the lords and earls of the realm Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cup and knee; Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,

SCENE III.—The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.


Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.
ACT V.  FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE I.

Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his yow
Made to my 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 lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that did anguage 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 warrant 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 oaths on oaths, committ'd wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt.  Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot.  Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impaw'd
Some surety 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.  Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.  If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M.  My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

Arch.  Like enough you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must ride 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 shew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled 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.  [Exeunt.

Arch.  And so there is: but yet the king hath
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt;
And many more, and warlike men of estimation and prudent in arms.

Sir M.  Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well.

Arch.  I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear.
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speak: For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
And he hath heard of our dispositions,
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 Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King.  How bloody the sun begins to peer
Above you bushy hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperate.

Prince.  The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King.  There 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 now 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 unkit

This churlish knot of all-aborred 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 mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.  [then?

King.  You have not sought it? how comes it
Vul.  Rebellion lay in hollow ways, and he found it.

Prince.  Peace, chiewet, peace!

Wor.  It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother and his son,

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ACT V.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

SCENE II.

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, ever be ready to your 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
Bestride me, so 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing. But a colossus can do thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 't were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.

[Exit.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay
him before his day.

That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woot'd
To grasp the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by you, used us so
As that gentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We ev'rywhere fled, to detract you, I suppose,
Out of your sight and raise this present 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 in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulately
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some false colour that may please the eye
Of their changelings and poor contents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of patriotism, to meddle and mislay;

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:
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak to my shame,
I have a truant beck to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty —
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. [thee,

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 theyand you, young man,
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And their office do, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my Lord of Westminster.

Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king doth bid you be present.

Doug. Forthwith him by the Lord of Westminster.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of my grievances,
Of his oath breaking: which he answered thus,
By now forswareing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With hauyghty arms this hateful name in us.
**ACT V.**

**FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.**

**SCENE IV.**

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**Re-enter Douglas.**

Dougal. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth, [thrown And Westmorland, that was engaged, did bear it; Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on. With this news of Wales stood forth before the king, And, nephew, challenged you to single fight. Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads, And that no man might draw short breath to-day But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, How soon his tardy? seem'd it in contempt? Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life Did hear a challenge urged more modestly, Unless a brother should a brother dare To gentle exercise and proof of arms. He gave you all the duties of a man: Trim'm up your praises with a princely tongue, Speak your deservings like a chronicle, Making you ever better than his praise By still dispraising praise valued with you; And, which became him like a prince indeed, He made a blushing cifal of himself; And chid his truant youth with such a grace As if he master'd there a double spirit Of teaching and of learning instantly. There did he pause: but let me tell the world, If he outlive the envy of this day, England did never owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his wantonness. Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured On his follies: never did I hear Of any prince so wild a libertine. But be he as he will, yet once I thought I will embrace him with a soldier's arm, That he shall shrink under my courtesy. Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends, Better consider what you have to do Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue, Can lift your blood up with persuasion. Enter a Messenger. Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. Hot. I cannot read them now. O gentlemen, the time of life is short! To spend that shortness basely, were too long, If life did ride upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour. An if we live, we live to tread on kings; If die, brave death, when princes die with us! Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair, When the intent of bearing them is just. Enter another Messenger. Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace. Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale, For I profess not talking; only this — Let each man do his best: and here draw I A sword, whose temper I intend to stain With the best blood that I can meet withal In the adventure of this perilous day. Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on. Sound the lefty instruments of war, And by that music let us all embrace: For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall A second time do such a courtesy. [The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exult."

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**SCENE III.** — Plain between the camps.

The King enters with his power. **Alarum to the battle.** Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt. Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus Thou cross'st me? what honour dost thou seek Upon my head? Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas; And I do haunt thee in the battle thus Because some tell me that thou art a king. Blunt. They tell thee true. [bought Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-thy hath Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry, This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee, Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. Blunt. I was not born a 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, hast 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; Semblably 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 all his wardrobe, piece by piece, Until I meet the king. Hot. Up, and away! Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt. **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 lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here? Enter the Prince. Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff [sword; Under the hoods of vapant enemies, Whose death they cry 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 such a king. 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 sack 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 carbonado of me. I like not such ginning 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, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland. King. I prithee, Harry, with thyself: thou bleed'st too much. Lord John of Lancaster, go with you him. Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up, Lest your retirement do amaze your friends. 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 strife and pride lies treading bloody roads. And rebels' arms triumph in massacres! Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland, Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come. Enter Prince and Westmoreland. Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancastre. I did not think thee lord of such a spirit: Before, I loved thee as a brother, John; But now, I do respect thee as my soul. King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior. Prince. O, this boy lends mettle to us all! [Exit. Enter Douglas.

Douglas. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads. That wear those colours on them: what art thou, That counterfeit'st the person of a king? King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at So many of his shadows thou hast met [heart not and the very king. I have two boys Seek Percy and thyself about the field. But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily, I will assay thee: so, defend thyself. Douglas. I fear thou art another counterfeit; And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king: But mine I am sure thou art, who'er thou be, And thus I win thee. [They fight: Douglas falls. Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art Never to hold it up again! the spirits [like Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms: It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee; Who never promises but he means to pay. They fall. [Enter Hotspur.

Lest all the building honours on thy crest. I'll crop it, to make a Garland for my head. Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you. Re-enter Douglas: he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls. Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth! I better brook the loss of brittle life Than those proud titles thou hast taken on of me; They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh: But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool; And time, that takes survey of all the world, Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy, But that the earthy and cold hand of death Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust, And food for— [Dies. Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart! I'll-weave ambition, how much art thou shrunken! Would that this body did contain a fit, A kingdom for it was too small a bound; But now two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. If thou wert sensible of courtesy, I should not make so dear a show of zeal: But let my favours hide thy mangled face: And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself For doing these fair rites of tenderness. Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven! Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, But not remember'd in thy epitaph! What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! I could have better spared a better man: O, I should have a heavy miss of thee, If I were much in love with vanity. Death hath not struck so fat a deal to-day, Though many dearer, in this bloody fray. Embow'd will I see thee by and by: Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit. Fal. [Rising up] Embow'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow: O, thou art a time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had me sect and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing con- futes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [stopping him], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [Takes up Hotspur on his back. Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast Thou ta'en the maiden sword: [thou flesh'd Lan. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
ACT V.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE V.

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, speak; we will not trust our eyes Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [throwing 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 Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, 'tounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[Exit Prince of Wales and Lancaster.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [Exit.

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 give grace, Pardon and terms of love to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl and many a creature else Had been alive this hour, If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence. Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to; And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me. [too:

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon Other offenders we will pause upon. [Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.

How goes the field? [saw

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; And falling from a hill, he was so bruised That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you This honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Douglases, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free: His valour shown upon our crests to-day Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy, Which I shall give away immediately. [power.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed, To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop, Who, as we hear, are busily in arms: Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day: And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exeunt.
THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Rumour, the Presenter.
King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Henry V., Prince John of Lancaster, Prince Humphrey of Gloucester, Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Westmoreland. Earl of Surrey.
Gower.
Harcourt.
Blunt.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
A Servant of the Chief-Justice.
Earl of Northumberland.
Lord Mowbray.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Bardolph.
Sir John Coleville.
Travers and Morton, retainers of Northumberland.
Sir John Falstaff.
His Page.
Bardolph.
Pistol.
Poins.
Peto.
Shallow,
Silence,
Davy, Servant to Shallow.
Mundy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf, recruits.
Fang and Snare, Sheriff's officers.
Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
Doll Tearsheet.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.
A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

SCENE — England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. 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 slanders ride, The which in every language I pronounce, Stuffing the ears of men with false reports. I speak of peace, while covert enmity Under the smile of safety wounds the world: And who but Rumour, who but only I, Make fearful musters and prepared defence, Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief, Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war, And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures, And of so easy and so plain a stop That the blunt monster with uncounted heads, The still-discordant wavering multitude,

Can play upon it. But what need I thus My well-known body to 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 anointed head as low as death. This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns Between that royal field of Shrewsbury And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone, Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland, Lies crafty-sick: the posts come 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.]
ACT I.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE I.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — The same.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter opens the gate.

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

[Exeunt Porter.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute
Should be the father of some stratagem:

The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you 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
Killed by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since 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-rove him on the way;
And he is furnished with no certainties
More than he haply may retain from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes
with you?

Tro. My lord, Sir John Umfraville turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Outrode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopped by me to breathe his bloodyed horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold,
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the pouting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,

Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again:

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur 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,
ACT I.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE II.

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than while they vainly at their safer
Fly from the field.
Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot.
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was taken.
The loss of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

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 heartly word, but for the duty that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

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 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 have I no judgment. Thou wast born mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to walk at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the Juvenile, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and though I can 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 out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he were a bull-man ever since his father was a bachelor. He shall keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledom about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the gluton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achiophil! a rascally yeo-forssooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whore's smooth-pates do now bear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; 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 ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two or twenty right reels of that as a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.
ACT I.  SECOND PART OF

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the noblemant that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't 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. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder: my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. What's a young knife, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the other's side. If it were worse than the name of rebellion can tell lie to me in 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 lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. By your leave, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell 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 wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! away!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day! God be pleased to grant your lordship a health: 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 rash of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have regard to your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whorsen apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. Come, my lord, let us; I'll speak with you. A man may be a very sick, yea, even a dying man, and yet be not very foolish. But I'll speak with you. And I'll tell you, I am now as well as I was ever in my life. For I lie as well as I lie; and, as I lie, I am as well as I am.

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 case of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled with.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the hecis would amend

the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I could be so patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws, and this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in his belt cannot live in less.

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 misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with all the great bells in my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gull any new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gaul's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet over-posting that action.

Fal. My lord, I'll tell.

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wasseill candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, 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 valor is esteemed but bad; gladness for 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 rash of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have regard to your health.

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? But be, Sir John.

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with lauling and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only to be judged by my understanding: and he that will capper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repent: marry, not in ashes and 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!

Ful.  
God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just.  
Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry.  
You are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Arch Bishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Ful.  
Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.  
But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I think not but there will be blood with you. 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 pep 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.  
If 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 scourged to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just.  
Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Ful.  
Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just.  
Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.  
Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.

Ful.  
If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.  
A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a can part young limbs and leechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.  
Boy?

Page.  
Sir?

Ful.  
What money is in my purse?

Page.  
Seven groats and two pence.

Ful.  
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.  
I will know where to find me.

[Exit Ful.  
A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe.  
'T is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: 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 needs;
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?

Morb.  
I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied in the way how in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast.  
Our present muster grows upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And, though we have few lords to head them, and of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.  
[eth thus;

L. Bard.  
The question then, Lord Hastings, stand—
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast.  
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 his assistance by the hand;  
And then, in a thousand several fashions
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain should not be admitted.

Arch.  
'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.  
[Hope,  
L. Bard.  
It was, my lord; who lined himself with
Eating the more, in the prime of his
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast.  
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
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant and desir
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 outweights ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all?  
Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation.

Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; 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 churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast.  
Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that the now 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

Hast.  
To us no more; may, not so much, Lord Bar-
For his divisions, as the times do bawl,—
[dolphins
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the uniform king
In three divided; and his coffer's sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.  
[together

Arch.  
That he should draw his several strengths
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast.  
If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.  
[hither?

L. Bard.  
Who is it like should lead his forces

Hast.  
The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst 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 trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy golden bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wilt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'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 throw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criesst now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this! 'O thoughts of men accursed!
I would and to come seems best; things present worst.
Moreb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be
gone. [Exeunt.]


Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and
Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?
Fang. It is entered.
Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeo-
man? Will 't stand to? Fang. Sirrul, where's a Snare.
Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered
him within my space.
Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
for he will stab.
Host. Has 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 be out: he will fain look 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' come but
within my ve—
Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you,
he's an intuitive thing upon my score. Good Mas-
ter Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let
him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie-
corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle;
and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head
in Lambert street, to Master Smooth the silkman:
I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so
openly known to the world, let him be brought in
to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a
poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and
borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and
fubb'd off, and fubb'd 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 becomes; and that arrant malouse-
nose knave, 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.

Faul. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the
matter?
Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mis-
tress Quickly.
Faul. Away, varieties! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off
this villain's head: throw the queen in the channel.
Fang. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee
in the channel. Will thou? wilt thou? thou bas-
tardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-
suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the
king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a
honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Faul. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Faul. A rescue! a rescue! Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou
wo't, we't thou? thou wo't, wo'ta? do, do, thou
rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!
Faul. Away, you scoundrel! you rampallian! you
fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace
here, ho!
Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech
you, stand to me.
Ch. Just. How now, Sir John; what are you
and Brawling here? [Tuss.] Doth this become your place, your time and busi-
you should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon
him?
Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please
your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and
he is arrested at my suit.
Ch. Just. For what sum?
Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for
all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and
home; he hath put all my substance into that fat
belly of his; but I will have some of it out again,
or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.
Faul. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I
have any vantage of ground to get up.
Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what
man of good temper would endure this tempest of
explanation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a
poor widow to so rough a course to come by her
own?
Faul. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?
Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself
and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon
a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber,
at the round-table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednes-
day in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy
head for liking his father to a singing-man of Wind-
sor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing
thy wound, to marry me and make me thy lady
thy wife. Canst thou dey it? Did not goodwife
Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call
me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess
of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns;
whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I
told thee they were full for a green wind? And
didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs,
desire me to be no more so familiarity with such
poor people; saying that ere long they should call
me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid
me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to
thy book-keith; deny it, if thou canst.
Faul. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she
says up and down the town that her eldest son is
like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth
is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these fool-

ish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against
them.
Second Part of King Henry IV

Scene II

LONDON. Another street.

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 does me; though it discourses the complication of my greatness to acknowledge it. Dost it not show visibly in me to desire small beer? Poins. By, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. Withal, I'll have no show of it to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the temis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a love of linen with thee when thou keepest nest racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries havè made a shift to eat up thy holland; and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruines 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.

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 for it.

Poins. Very hardly 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 hath in reason taken from me all estonation of Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrify. 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 excites 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 engraven to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears; the worst that they express, but 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 villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 'tis a matter to get a potte-pot's maidenhead?

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: at last I spied his eyes, and me-thought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

Poins. Sup, sup! Sup, sup! sup, sup, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord. Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there's his boy.

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallowes shall have wrong.

Prince. And 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 martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

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.

Page. [Reads] John Falstaff, knight,—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There'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 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, greeting. 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 leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou useth him, Jack Falstaff with my familiars, John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with all Europe.'
KING HENRY THE FOURTH. PART II.—Act II., Scene iv.
ACT II.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE IV.

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affection of delight.
In military rules, humour 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 a none, uncondescended by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold him 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 the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste. [king,

Lady P.
If they get ground and vantage of the
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recompensation to my noble husband. [mind

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt

SCENE IV. — London. The Boar's-Head Tavern.
In Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.


Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were live more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down:
and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch. By this means they supped is too hot: they'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Pouns 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 Draw. That's well: and it will be old Utis; it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperatur: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; 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. [Singing] 'When Arthur first in court—'

Empty the jordan. [Exit First Drawer. — [Singing]

And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a cold: yea, good faith.

Fal. So. So all her sect; an they be once in a cold, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them: gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. 'Yon brocaries, pearls, and ooches,' for to serve bravely is to come hale 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 muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's continencies. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hog's head? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Ho, ho, ho! a swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd rogue in Eng-land.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live 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, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tislick, the deputy, 'tother day: and, as he said to me, 't was no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'T good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; '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,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,
ACT II.  SECOND PART OF  KING HENRY IV.  SCENE IV.

Host. By my troth, captain; these are very bitter words.
Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.
Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?
Host. 'O my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.
Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calpolidis.
Come, give 's some sack.
'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thon there.

[Playing down his sword.

Come we to full points here; and are eteceterns

Pist. I, Pistole, I would be quiet. [Nothing]
Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Host. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.
Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not
Galloway nags!
Pist. Quilt him down, Bardolph, like a show-great shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.
Pist. What! shall we have incension? shall we
Imbrue?
[Snatching up his scord.

Then death encompass me asleep, and alridge my doleful days! Why, when, let grievous, ghostly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!
Host. Here's a goody stuff toward! Fal. Give me my napier, 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'! be in these tirrits and frigres. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Exit Pistol and Bardohe.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone.
Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!
Host. Are you not hurt 't the groin? methought a' made a shrewd 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, 't the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chaps: ah, rogue! if faith, I love thee; thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Pist. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest 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 bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followest him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, with curled tuft that save fighting o' days and foning o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poinis, disguis.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.
ACT II. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE IV.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?
Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler; a' would ha' clipped bread
Dol. He is a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's
thick as Tewksbury mustard! there's no more
conceit in him than is in a malet.
Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?
Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and
a' has a quill as well and gouts count and foam, and
drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, 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 hate with telling of discreet
speech; 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 avoidupols.
Prince. Would not this nay of a wheel have his
ea's cut off?
Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.
Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath
not his poll clawed like a parrot.
Poins. Is it not strange that should so
many years outlive performance?
Fal. Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunc-
tion! what says the almanac to that?
Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his
man, be not tipping to his master's old tables, his
Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.
Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most
constant heart.
Fal. I am old, I am old.
Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurry
young boy of them all.
Fal. What stuff will have a kittle of? I shall
receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-
morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll
to bed. Thou'll forget me when I am gone.
Fal. By my troth, thou'rt set me a-weeping, an
I sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself hand-
some till thy return: well, hearken at the end.
Fal. Some sack, Francis.
Prince. Anon, anon, sir. [Coming forward.
Poins. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art
not thou Poins his brother?
Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents,
what a life dost thou lead!
Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou
art a drawer.
Prince. 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?
Dol. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,
but this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art wel.
Fal. How, you fat fool! I scorched you. [Come.
Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your
revenge and 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 even before
this honest gentleman? and shall I forget?
Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so
she is, by my troth.
Fal. Didst thou hear me?
Prince. Ye, and you knew me, as you did when
you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew I was at
your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my pa-
tience.
ACT III. SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV. SCENE II.

Doll. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty nine years, come pease-cold-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Doll. [Within] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Doll. [Within] Did Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [She comes blubbering.] Yea, will you come, Doll?

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Westminster. The palace.

Enter the King in his night-gown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick; But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them: make good speed.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse, how I have frightened thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down And steel my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, And rush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under the coverings of costly state, And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody? O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile In lodgsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch A watch-case or a common lorum-bell? wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude imperious surge And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds, That, with the hurly, death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy reposè To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude, And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot,

[Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. 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 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 most stillest mind: My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd. 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 times, to see The beachy girthle of the ocean Too wide for Neptune's hips: how chances mock, And changes ill 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 ensuing, Would shut the book, and sit him down and die. 'Tis not ten years gone Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends, Did feast together, and in two years after Were they at war: it is but eight years since This Percy was the mainest of our soul, Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs And laid his love and life under my foot, Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard Gave him defiance. But which of you was by — You, cousin Neville, as I may remember— [To Warwick. When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears, Then check'd and rated by Northumberland, Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy? 'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which My cousin Bolingbroke ascended to the throne:' Though then, God knows, I had no such intent, But that necessity so bow'd the state That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss: 'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it, 'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head, Shall break into corruption; ' so went on, Foretelling this same time's condition And the division of our anity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives, Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd; The which observed, a man may prophesy, With a near prediction, of the substance 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 fulness; 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, say lord, The powers that you already have sent forth Shall bring this prize in very easily. To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd A certain instance that Glendower is dead. Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill, And these unsweeten'd hours perforce 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, Wart, Fleeble, Bullelief, a Servant or two with them.

Shall. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?
Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.
Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow?
and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-
daughter Ellen?
Sil. Ahas, a black osuel, cousin Shallow!
Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin
William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford
still, is he not?
Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.
Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly.
I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they
will have a bad Shallow yet.
Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.
Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and
I would have done any thing indeed too, and round-
ly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staf-
fordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis
Pickbone, and Will Squeue, a Cotswold man; you
had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns
o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew
where the bona-rokas were and had the best of them
all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now
Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray,
 Duke of Norfolk.
Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?
Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see
him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when
a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same
day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiter-
er, 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, 't is certain; very sure, very sure:
death, and the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all
shall die. If it be a good yoke of oxen at Stam-
ford 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
death! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him
well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!
a' would have clapped it! the clot at twelve score;
and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and
fourteen score, that it would have done a
man's heart good to see. How a score of eves now?
Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good eves
may be worth ten pounds.
Shal. And is old Double dead?
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, and by your good pleasure with me.
Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you;
my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by
heaven, and a most gallant leader.
Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good
backward man. How doth the good knight? May
I ask how my lady his wife doth?
Bard. Sir, pardon: a soldier is better accommoda-
ted 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 admirable. Accommodated! It comes of 'accommo-
dato'; very good: a good phrase.
Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word.
Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not
the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my
sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of ex-
ceeding good command, by heaven. Accommo-
dated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accom-
modated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may
be thought to be accommodated; which is an ex-
cellent thing.
Shal. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.
Fal. Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your
good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by
my troth, you like well and bear your years very
well; welcome with good Sir John.
Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master
Robert Shallow: Master Surecade, 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 the devil is 't there? 't will be the
roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so,
so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy!
Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them
do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?
Mould. Here, an't please you.
Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-lined
fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.
Sil. Is thy name Mouldy?
Mould. Yea, an't please you.
Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, I' faith! things
that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in
faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.
Fal. Prick him.
Mould. I was prick'd well enough before, an you
could have let me alone: my old dame will be un-
done now for one to do her husbandry and her
drudgery; you need not to have prick'd me; there
are other men fitter to go out than I.
Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy,
it is time you were spent.
Mould. Spent!
Fal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you
where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me
see: Simon Shadow!
Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under:
he's like to be a cold soldier.
Shal. Where's Shadow?
Shal. Here, sir.
Shal. Shadow, whose son art thou?
Shal. My 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 will serve for summer; prick him, for
we have a number of shadows to fill up the mus-
Shal. Thomas Wart! [inter-book.
Fal. Where's he?
Wart. Here, sir.
Fal. Is thy name Wart?
Wart. Yea, sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged wort.
Shal. 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
that prick he has no more John.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it:
I commend you well. Francis Feeble!
Fee. Here, sir.
Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?
Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.
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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 petticoat? 
[Exit.]

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fal. 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 forbear.
Fee. It shall suffice, sir. [Feeble.
Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green! [js next?
Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.
Ball. Here, sir.
Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Ball. Shall be the roar again.

Bell. O Lord! good my lord captain,— 
Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?
Bell. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.
Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bell. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I cannot get out of me, in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is there all? Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you see the four faces on the back, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night at the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. Sir, she lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart.
She was then a bona-roba. Dost thou hold her own?

Fal. 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. [Inn.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watchword was 'I'm but a boy!' Come, let's to dinner: come, let's to dinner: Jesus, thou days that we have seen! Come, come.

[Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.

Ball. 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 lief be bound, for jest, and yet for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Ball. Go to; stand aside.

Maud. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody
to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Sir. Fee. By my troth, I care not: a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I'll never bear a base mind, and how my destiny so; an he be not, so; a man is too good to serve 's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said: thou 'rt a good fellow.

Sir. Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?
Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.
Fal. Go to; well.
Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?
Fal. Do you choose for me.

[Shadow.

Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a tailor? I will tell you: for I am a tailor, and I will tell you how to choose a tailor. I will give you a piece of advice: I will give you a piece of advice. I will give you a piece of advice. I will give you a piece of advice. I will give you a piece of advice. I will give you a piece of advice. I will give you a piece of advice.

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Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagouet in Court: there was a little quiet fellow, and a' would manage your affairs, and a' would about and about, and come in and come out; and I had two men, 'rah, 'tah, 'tah, would a' say; 'bonnece' 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 coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! Go send me peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE I.

Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he went for all the world, like a forked rushdish, with 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 master. He had lived in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scratched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a square, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he took him home, and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young duke be a baft for the old pirate, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.  [Exit.

SCENE I. — Yorkshire. Gautree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?  [Grace.

Hast. 'Tis Gautree Forest, an't shall please your Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers To Mowbr. The number of our that we gave them out. Let us way on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?  [Ground

Enter a Messenger.


West. Of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy; And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand. Mowbr. The junctors of our that we gave them out. Let us way on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?  [Enter Westmoreland.

Mowbr. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland. West. Health and fair greeting from our general, The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster. Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in What doth concern your coming?  [Peace: West. Then, my lord, Unto your grace do I in chief address The substance of my speech. If the rebellion Came like itself, in base and abject routs, Men led not by bloody youth, guarded with dogs, And contemnenced by boys and beggarly, I say, if damned commotion so appear'd, In his true, native and most proper shape, You, reverend father, and these noble lords Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop, Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd, Whose 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 spital of peace, Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace, Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war; Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood, Your pens to lances and your tongue divine To a loud trumpet and a point of war?  [Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands. Briefly to this end: we are the amtes, And with our surfeiting and wanton hours Have brought ourselves into a burning fever, And we must bleed for it; of which disease Our late king, Richard, being infected, died. But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland, I take not on me here as a physician, Nor do I as an enemy to peace Troop in the 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 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 shall serve, to show 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. West. When ever yet was your appeal denied? Wherein have you been galled by the king? What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you, That you should seal this lawless bloody book 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, While my quarrel in the field hard And West. There is no need of any such redress; Or if there were, it not belongs to you. Mowbr. Why not to him in part, and to us all That feel the bruises of the days before, And suffer the condition of these times To lay a heavy and unequal hand Upon our honours? 23
West. The King that loved him, as the state stood then, Was forced to enforce compell'd to bid him: And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he, Being mounted and both robed in their seats, Their neighing coursers dashing of the spur, Their arm'd staves in charge, their beavers down, Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel And such true angels as their lives That by indigence from their throne. Then, then, when there was nothing could My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, [stay'd O, when the king did throw his wander down, His own life hung upon the staff he threw: Then the be down himself and all their lives That by indigence from their throne. Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke. West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what. The Earl of Hereford was resisted them. In England the most valiant gentleman: Who knows on whom fortune would then have But if your father had been victor there, [smiled? He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry: For all the country in a general voice Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on. And bless'd and grace'd indeed, more than the king. But this is mere digression from my purpose. Here come 1 from our princely general To know your grieves; to tell you from his grace That he will give you audience; and wherein It shall appear that ye deserving are just, You shall enjoy them, every thing set off. That might so much as think you enemies. Mowbr. But he hath forced us to compel this offer; And it proceeds from policy, not love. West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so; This offer comes from mercy, not from fear: For, lo! within a ken our army lies, Upon mine honour, all too confident, To give admittance to a thought of fear. Our battle is more full of names than yours, Our men more perfect in the use of arms, Our armour all as strong, our cause the best: Then reason will our hearts should be as good. Say you not then our offer is compell'd. Mowbr. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley. West. That argues but the shame of your offence: A rotten case abides no handling. Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission, In very ample virtue of his father, To hear and absolutely to determine Of what conditions we shall stand upon? West. That is intended in the general's name: I muse you no slight a question; [schedule 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 are insinu'd to this action, Acquitted by a true subject his 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. [lors, 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! On to the place of difference call the swords Which must decide it. Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit West. Mowbr. There is a thing within my bosom tells me That no conditions of our peace can stand. Hast. Fear ye 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. Mowbr. Yea, but our valuation shall be such That every slight and false-derived cause, Yea, every trivial reason, and each less Shall to the king taste of this action; That were our royal faiths martyrs in love, We shall be wronn'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 pickings grievances: For he hath found to end one doubt by death Revives two greater in the heirs of life, And therefore will he wipe his tables clean And keep no tell-tale to his memory That may report and hereafter may New to remembrance; for full well he knows He cannot so precisely weed this land As his misdoings present occasion; His foes are so enrooted with his friends That, plucking to unfix an enemy He doth intensify so and shake a friend: So that this land, like an offensive wife That hath enraged 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. 'Tis very true: And therefore be assured, my good lord marshel, If we do now make our atonement well, Our peace will, like a broken limb united, Grow stronger for the breaking. Mowbr. Be it so, Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland. Re-enter Westmoreland. West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship To meet his grace just distance between us. Mowbr. 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, Encircl'd with all that you hold in 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,
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE III.

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, Would he abuse the countenance of the king, Alack, that it is hard, when he shall是他 seven draughts In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop, It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken How deep you were within the books of God? To us the speaker in his parliament; To us it is not fit to make use of God himself; The very open and intelligent Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven And our dull workings. O, who shall believe But you misuse the reverence of your place, Employ the countenance and grace of heaven, As a false favourite doth his prince's name, In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up, Under the counterfeited zeal of God, The subjects of his substitute, my father, And both against the peace of heaven and him Have here up-swarm'd the. 

Arch. (Exit.) Good my Lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your father's peace; But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland, The time misorder'd doth, in common sense, Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form, To hold our safety up; I sent your grace The place and particulars of our grief; (court, The which hath been with scorn shoved from the Whereon this Hydræson of war is born; Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep With grant of our most just and right desires, And true obedience, of this madness cured, Scoop tamely to the foot of majesty. 

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes To the last man. 

Host. And though we here fall down, We have supplies to second our attempt: If they miscarry, their shall second them; And so success of mischief shall be born And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up Whiles England shall have generation. [shallow. 

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too To sound the bottom of the after-times. 

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them duly. 

Mowb. How far you do like their articles. [reently 

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well, And swear here, by the honour of my blood, My father's purposes have been mistook, And some about him have too lavishly Wasted his mead and authority. 

Mowb. My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd; Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, Discharge your powers unto their several counties, As we will ours: and here between the armies Let's drink together friendly and embrace, That all their eyes may bear those tokens home Of our restored love and amity. 

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses. 

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word: And thereupon I drink unto your grace. 

Host. Go, captain, and deliver to the army The true and proper words; let them have part and part; I know it will well please them. He's thee, captain. [Exit Officer. 

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland. West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains I have my mind to breed this present peace, You would drink freely: but my love to ye Shall show itself more openly hereafter. 

Arch. I do not doubt you. 

West. I am glad of it. 

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray. Mowb. You wish me health, that I may have a happy season; For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry; But heaviness forcruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow, 
Serves to say this, some good thing comes to. 
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit. 

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. 

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they upheave! 

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory. 

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest; 
For then both parties nobly are subdued, And neither party loser. 

Lan. Go, my lord, And let our army be discharged. 

Re-enter Westmoreland. 

Host. Now cousain, wherefore stands our army still? West. They are leaders, having charge from you, Will not go off until they hear you speak. [stand. 

Lan. They know their duties. 

Re-enter Hastings. 

Host. My lord, our army is dispersed already: Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses 

West. Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place. 

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason: [which And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray, Of capital treason I attach you both. 

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable? 

West. Is your assembly so? 

Arch. Will you thus break your faith? 

Lan. I have sworn thee none: I promised you redress of these same grievances Whereof you did complain; which, by mine hon- 
I will perform with a most Christian care. [hour, But for you, rebels, look to taste the due Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours. Most shallowly did you these arms commence, Pardoned you; hence and foollisly believe, Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray: 

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. Some guard these traitors to the block of death, Treason's true bed andielder up of breath. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another part of the forest. 

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Cole- 

vile, meeting. 

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray? 

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Cole- 

vile of the dale. 

Fal. Well, then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Coleville shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and 
the dungeon your place, and place deep enough; so 
shall you be still Coleville of the dale. 

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff? 

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do 
sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they 
weep for thy death; therefore rise up fear and 
trembling, and do observance to my mercy. 

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in 
that thought yield me.
ACT IV. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE IV.

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 own. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I was simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, Undo's my. 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 may you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? I have, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foudered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and human heart, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.' [serving.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your devout mind here be, and here I yield him: and beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Coleville kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders 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. Which Coleville?

Fal. Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are Thesat 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 Coleville with his confederates To York, to present execution: Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. [Exeunt Blunt and others with Coleville.

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 we with sober speed will follow you. But, 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. [Exeunt all but Falstaff.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-mongers, these they fall into a kind of male green sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and cruddy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pulsilainity 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 gone, doth guide you. Master Robert Shallow, the big kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits must me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed 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 hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like sheep, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded, and filled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and then will I visit Master Robert Shallow, the big kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits must me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed 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 hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like sheep, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded, and filled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

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 lend on to higher fields And draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our navy is address'd, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence well invested, And every thing lies level to our wish. Only, we want a little personal strength; And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot, Come underneath the yoke of government. Warr. Both which we doubt not but your majesty Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester. Where is the prince your brother? [Windsor. Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at King. And how accompanied? Glou. I do not know, my lord. King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE V.

Glow.  No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar.  What would my lord and father?  [fence.

King.  Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clar.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blot not his love,
Nor lose the good image of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being licensed, he's flint,
As humorous as winter and as sudden
As flaws concealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.  Learn this,
Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As acornitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar.  I shall observe him with all care and love.
King.  Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar.  He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King.  And how accompanied?  canst thou tell that?
[lowers.

Clar.  With Poins, and other his continual fol.

King.  Must subject the least soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary the ungilded days
And rot these trees that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!  [quite.

War.  My gracious lord, you look beyond him
The prince but studies his companions [guage,
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the lan-
Tis needful that the most inmodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated.  So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfection of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.  [comb

King.  'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her
In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who's here?  Westmoreland?

West.  Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.

The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King.  O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the launch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har.  From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I gave you to observe.
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 stomach and no food,
Rich is the pea, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

Glow.  Comfort, your majesty!—O my royal father!

Clar.  West.  My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look
up.

War.  Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Clar.  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 happily births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

Clar.  The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
This our great-grand'sire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War.  Speak, lower, prince; for the king recovers.

Glow.  This apoplectic will certainly be his end.

King.  I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pr'ythee.

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
Unless some dull and favourable hand
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.

Clar.  His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War.  Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince.  Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar.  I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince.  How now! rain within doors, and none
How doth the king?

Glow.  Exceeding ill.

Prince.  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 without
physic.

War.  Not so much noise, my lords; sweet prince,
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

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ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF  KING HENRY IV.  SCENE V.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.  
War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?  
Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the [Exit all but the Prince.  
War. Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound  
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:  
Did he suspire, 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 rigol hath divorced  
So many English kings. Thy duteous care  
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:  
My duteous care from thee is this imperial crown,  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
Derives itself to me. — Lo, here it sits thousandfold  
Which God shall guard; and put the world's whole  
Into one giant arm, it shall not force [strength  
This lineal honour from me: this from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.  
[Exit.  
King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!  
Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.  
Clar. Doth the king call?  
War. What would your majesty? How fares your  
King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?  
Clar. We left the prince here, my brother here; my  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.  
[See him.  
King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me  
He is not here.  
[Exit Warwick.  
Glov. He came not through the chamber where  
Our master stay'd?  
King. Where 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? death?  
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.  
[Exit Warwick.  
This part of his conjoinus with my disease,  
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you  
How quickly nature falls into revolt  
[Are!  
When gold becomes her object!  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains  
with care,  
Their bones with industry:  
For fear they had been engrossed and piled up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:  
When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets,  
Our souls, clad with wax, our mouths with  
We bring to it 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 tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would not beholding him have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is growing hither.  
King. But wherefore did he take away the crown?  
Re-enter Prince Henry.  
Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.  
Deport the chamber, Jealousy.  
[Exeunt 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 weary thee.  
[Thought:  
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair  
That thou wilt needs into what form thy honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind  
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast 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.  
Whom holy thoughts engag'ds in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted to thy own heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.  
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
That the heart crowned, not yet I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:  
Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to make a form:  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!  
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness!  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
Have you no 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 thou shalt make Harry from hence a knave,  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that thy care could not withstand thy riots,  
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again.  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!  
Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,  
The moist impediments unto my speech,  
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke  
Ere you with grief had brimmed your ear.  
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, that will wear a glorious spirit  
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.  
God witness with me, when I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wilderness die  
And not alive to show the glorious world  
The noble change that I have purposed!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense, And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending Hath fed upon the body of my father; Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold: Other, less fine in carat, is more precious, Preserving life in medicine potable; But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd, Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege, Accusing it, I put it on my head: To try with it, as with an enemy That had before my face murder'd my father, The quarrel of a true inheritor. But if it did infect my blood with joy, Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride; If apter, or vain, or pride of mine Did with the least affectation of a welcome Give entertainment to the might of it, Let God for ever keep it from my head And make me as the poorest vassal is That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!'  

King. O my son, God put it in thy mind to take it hence, That thou might'st win the more thy father's love, Pleading so wisely in excuse of it! Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed; And hear, I think, the very latest counsel That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son, By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways I met this crown; and I myself know well How troublesome it sat upon my head. To thee it shall descend with better quiet, Better opinion, better confirmation; For all the soul of the achievement goes With me into the earth. It seem'd in me But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand, And I had many living to upbraid My gain of it by their assistances; Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed, Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears Thou 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 stings 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 thee off; and had a purpose now To head out mercy 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 huns 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 me it; 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 Lanz- 
estor. [father! Lanz. 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. Laud be to God! even there my life must It hath been prophesied to me many years, [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.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.

Enter Shallower, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say! [low.

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shall. 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: yea, marry, William cook; bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused. Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons? Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-iron.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at 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 kieskawills, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i'the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they arearrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul liken.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wocnot against Clemens 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
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 could once 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.

Shal. Go to! I say he shall have no wrong. Look after that. [Exit.]

Fal. Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [to the Prince].

Fal. 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 semblable 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 part they must strike, and so much interwoven together, that is like so many wild-geese. If 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 men, 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 one suit, either with or without intervallums. 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 ill laid up!

Shal. [Within] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

[Exit.]

Act V. Second Part of King Henry IV. Scene ii.

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 welcome the condition of the time, Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

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 true ears and to spiritual judgment? Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd! Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. Glou. [Good morrow, cousin.]

[Row.

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. Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find, You shall stand in confidence to do no care, Sir John? I am the sorrier; would 't were otherwise. [fair; Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff Which swains against your stream of quality. Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in hon- [led by your impartial counsel, such a soul; [our, And never shall you see that I will beg A ragged and forested'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 as well on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear: This is the English, not the Turkish court; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds, But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers, For, by my faith, it very well becomes you: Sorrow belongeth to the anxious in your świata 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 must a prince of my great hopes forget So great indignities you laid upon me? What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison The immediate heir of England! Was this easy? May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten? Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father; The image of his power lay then in me: And, in the administration of his law, Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth, Your highness pleased to forget my place, The majesty and power of law and justice, The image of the king whom I presented, And strung me in my way of judgment; Whereon, as an offender to your father, I gave bold way to my authority And did commit you. If the deed were ill, Be you contented, wearing now the garland, To have your set your decrees at nought, To pluck down justice from your awful bench, To trip the course of law and blunt the sword That guards the peace and safety of your person; Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image And mock your workings in a second body. Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours; Be now the father and propose a son. Hear your own dignity so much profaned, See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted, Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd; And then imagine me taking your part.
And in your power soft silencing your son;
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place,
Moreover, my most merciful sovereign, [well;]
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. This I 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 unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done against me. There is your hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-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 govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state;
And, God consigning to my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Glocestiershire. 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 rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come cousin Silence: and then to bed.

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.

And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merry.

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 sweet, sir; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit.

Proface! What you want in mealt, we'll have it 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:

For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There'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,

And drink unto the lemon mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet 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 wastenest any thing, and wilt 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 Lord on once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Ye, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's buggins, I thank thee; the knave 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?

[Exit Davy.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.

Sil. Do me right.

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 and blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, 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 in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And heller-skeler have I rode to thee, And tidings do I bring and lucky joys And golden times and happy news of price. 

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world. 

Pist. A fortune for the world and worldlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys. 

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof. 

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. 

[Singing.] 

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be battled? Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies’ lap. 

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not thy breeding. 

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there’s but two ways, either you are a minister thereof, or a worthless knave; and I am, sir, under the king, in some authority. 

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die. 

Shal. Under King Harry. 

Pist. I’II have the Fourth? or Fifth? 

Shal. Harry the Fourth. 

Pist. A fortune for thine office! Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the Fifth’s the man. I speak the truth: When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard. 

Fal. Of what, is the old king dead? 

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just. 


Pist. What! I do bring good news. 

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow—be what thou wilt; I am fortune’s steward—get on thy boots: we’ll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [Exit Bardolph. 

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand beside me. O, if I had had time to have made new livery, 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. 

Shal. It shall be. 

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.— 

Shal. It doth so. 

Fal. My devotion.— 

Shal. 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.— 

Shal. 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;’ ’tis all in every part. 

Shal. ’Tis so, indeed. 

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage. Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contagious prison; Haled thither By most mechanical and dirty hand: [snake, House up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto’s For Doll is that Pistol speaks nought but truth. 

Fal. I will deliver her. 

[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound. Pist. There roar’d the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds. 

Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief-Jus- tice among them. 

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal! 

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal hotel of fame! 

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy! [man. 

King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what ’tis you speak? 

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!
ACT V.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE V.

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 gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have 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 tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.
Set on.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe 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 doubtlet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour 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,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. 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 displeasing play, to play 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: bate me some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so 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 cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldecastle 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 PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Fifth.
Duke of Gloucester, } brothers to the King.
Duke of Bedford,
Duke of Exeter, uncle to the King.
Duke of York, cousin to the King.
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop.
Sir Thomas Grey.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Ower, Fluellen, Macmorria, Janny, officers in King Henry's army.
Bates, Court, Williams, soldiers in the same.
Pistol, Nym, Bardolph.
Boy.
A Herald.

Charles the Sixth, King of France.
Lewis the Dauphin.
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Rambures and Grandpré, French Lords.
Governor of Harleflur.
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.

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

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, gentle 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
Apostle 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 uprear'd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs in 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 devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and week age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill
KING HENRY V.

SCENE I.

Ely. This would drink deep.
Cont. 'Tis would drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cont. The king is full of 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,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment Consideration, like an angel, came And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him, Leaving his body as a paradise, To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

SCENE II. The same. The Presence chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury? 
Eve. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle. 
West. 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 unfold Why the law Salique that they have in France Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim: And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord, to speak That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your readers or nearly charge your understanding soul With opening titles miscreate, whose right Suits not in native colours with the truth; For God doth know how many now in health Shall drop their blood in approbation Of what your reverence shall dictate 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 gives edge unto the swords That make such waste in brief mortality. Under this conjunction speak, my lord; For we will hear, note and believe in heart That what you speak is in your conscience washed As sure as salt with baptism: [Peers, 
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, 1 In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant ; 2 'No woman shall succeed in Salique land; Which Salique land the French unjustly gaze To be the realm of France, and Pharamond The founder of this law and female bar. Yet their own authors faithfully affirm That the landward of Salique land is Germany Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; 3 sons, 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 inheritrix in Salique land; Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala, Is at this day in Germany call'd Meissen. Then doth it well appear the Salique law Was not devised for the realm of France: For did the French, before Pharamond, possess Salique land Until four hundred one and twenty years After defunct of King Pharamond, I defy supposed the founder of this law;
ACT II.  

KING HENRY V.  

SCENE II.

Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Saïa, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerice,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blasia, whom 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 his issue, which should, by the lineal
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermingare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By birth defect on the full power of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold a right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Under which you pretend your true claim.

Cont. May I with right and conscience make this
The sin upon my head, dreadful sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers it is writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Shall you your property so readily
Look back into your mighty ancestors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grand sire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Marking his foot on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With your forces the edge of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of your 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 do the emperors and lords 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,
With whose love they were in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cont. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
But lay down our proportions to defend [French,
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cont. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our suffering rulers. [only.

K. Hen. We do not mean the cursing snatchers
But fear the main intention of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But stood out that the Scots might free
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cont. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath not move'd herself not when called
But taken and impound'd as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the day and both of France.
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win
Then with Scotland first begin!
For once the eagle England being in prey
To her enemies, your property
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,
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 is, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet lads,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The lazy yawning droves. To the
The lazy yawning droves. To the
The lazy yawning droves. To the
Cant. We must not arm to invade the
But lay down our proportions to defend [French,
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Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
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The lazy yawning droves. To the
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ACT II.  

KING HENRY V.  

PROLOGUE.

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 they thrive. For though men in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Cumberland,
Have, for the price of a crown, left off France.—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm’d conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest  
The abuse of distance; force a play:  
The sun is paid; the traitors are agreed.  
The king is set from London; and the scene  
Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton;  
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:  
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass: for, if we may,  
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.  
[Exit.


Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?  
Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but  
when time shall serve, there shall be smiles, but  
that shall be all as 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.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you  
friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to  
France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's  
the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer,  
I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the  
revenge of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to  
Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong;  
for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may:  
men may sleep, and they may have their throats  
about them at that time; and some say knives have  
edges. It must be as it may: though patience be  
a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be con-  
cclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife:  
good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host!  
Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host? [Pistol!  
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers,  
By my troth, not long: for we cannot  
 lodged and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen  
that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but  
it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight.  
[Pistol and Bardolph draw. ] O well a day, Lady, if he  
be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and  
murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer  
nothing here.

Nym. Pish!  
Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou pricket-car'd  
cuck of Iceland!  
Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and  
put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shag off? I would have you solus,  
Pist. 'Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The solus? in thy most nervalious face;  
The solus, in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy nay, perdy,  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do intort the solus? in thy bowels;  
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am a Barbary prince, you cannot conjure me.  
I have an humour to knock you indifferently well.  
If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you

with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would  
walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good  
terms, as I may: and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doing death is near;  
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hence, boy, hear me what I say: he that  
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hills,  
as I am a soldier.  
[Draws.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall  
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give: [abate.  
That spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in  
fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. 'Couple a gorge!'  
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 infancy  
Fetch forth the lazaret kite of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:  
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly  
For the only she; and — pauxca, there's enough.  
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my mas-  
ter, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to  
bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets,  
and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very  
Bard. Away, sir, you rogue!  
Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding  
one of these days. The king has killed his heart.  
Good husband, come home presently.

[Exit Hostess and Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We  
must to France together: why the devil should we  
keep knives to cut one another's throats? [on!  
Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food how!  
Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of  
you at betting?  
[ Exit. 
Pist. Base is the slave that pays.  
Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour  
Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.  
[They draw.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first  
thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have  
their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be  
friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies  
with me too. Prithue, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of  
you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;  
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,  
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:  
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;  
Is not this just? for I shall suffer be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?  
Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly  
to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of  
a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lament-  
able to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the  
knights; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;  
His heart is fracted and corroborate.  
Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as  
it may; he passes some humours and cares.

Pist. Let us console the knight; for, lambkins  
we will live.

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KING HENRY THE FIFTH.—Act II., Scene I.
KING HENRY V.

ACT II.

SCENE II.—Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Tis true, God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear them.

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, [selves!]

Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Hen. The king hath note of all that is intended, and knoweth on which they dream not.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed fellow,

Whom he hath dullyd and cloy'd with gracious favors—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell [yours,]

His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will board. [Masham,]

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:

Think you not that the powers we bear with us

Will cut their passage through the force of France,

Doing the execution and the act.

For which we have in head assembled them? [best.

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well per

and the conduct of us [sauid;]

That grows not in a fair consent with ours.

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish

Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch more dear'd and loved

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject

That breathes not in heart-grief and meanness

Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal: [fulness;]

K. Hen. Therefore we have great cause of thank

And shall forget the office of our hand,

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit

According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeld sinews toll,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope,

To do your grace incessant service.

K. Hen. Yes: we do hope to have

Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday,

That raill'd against our person: we consider

It was excess of wine that set him on;

And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.

Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey, Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!

It little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear

And tender preservation of our person, [eare

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French

With these so many losers? [causes:

Cam. I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign. [yours;

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir

knight,

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 these papers that you lose? [men!

So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there?

That hath so cowardly and chased your blood

Out of appearance?

Care ye with me, I do confess my fault;

And do submit to your highness' mercy.

Grey. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: 

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn your bosoms into,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers, [here,

These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge

You know how apt our love was to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents

Of his belonging to his majesty, 

Hath, for a few fight crowns, lightly conspired,

And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton: to the which

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us

Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,

What shall I say to that poor Lord Scroop? thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knewst the very bottom of my soul,

That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,

May it be possible, that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together,

As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause,

That admiration did not whoath at them:

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in

Worder to wait on treason and on murder:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it

That wrought not the same in his masterly

Hath the voice in hell for excellence:

All other devils that suggest by treasons

Do botch and bungle up consumption

With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd

From glittering semblances of pity:

But he that fow'd thee, he thou art, and this stand up,

Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

That if same demon that had gull'd thee thus

Should with his hon guilt walk the whole world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,

And tell the legions 'I can never win

A soul so easy as that Englishman's,' 

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of alliance! Show men dutiful?

Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?

Why, so didst thou: come they at no sacrifice?

Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?

Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complements,

Not working out the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgment trusting neither?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou see?

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot

To mark the full-fraught man and best indued

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;

For this revolt of thine, now lacks it like

Another fall of man. Their faults are open:

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Arrest them to the answer of the law; And God acquit them of their practices! 

_Eze._ 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 Northumberland. 

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd; And I repent my fault more than my death; Which I'll requite by my right hand, although 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 sufficiency heartily will rejoice, Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice At the discovery of most dangerous treason Than I do at this hour joy 'er myself, Prevented from a damned enterprise: My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign. [tence.

_K. Hen._ God quit you in your mercy! Hear your sen-

You have conspired against our royal person, Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his coffer Received the golden earnest of our death: Wherein you have sold your sincerity to slaughter, His princes and his peers to servitude, His subjects to oppression and contempt And his whole kingdom into desolation. Touching our person seek we no revenge; But we our kingdom's safety must so tender, Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, Poor miserable wretches, to your death: The taste whereof, God of his mercy give You patience to endure, and true repentance Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. 

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; hurrying on our way To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now But every rub is smoothed on our way. Then forth, dear countriemen: let us deliver Our puissance into the hand of God, Putting it straight in expedition. 

Cheerly to see the sign of war advance: No king of England, but the king of France. [Exeunt.

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_SCENE III._—London. Before a tavern.

_Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy._

_Pist._ No: for my manly heart doth yearn. 

Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vauing veins: Boy, bristle thy courage up: for Falstaff he is dead, And we must yet therefore. But I did like with him, wheresoe'er 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 anu it had been any christen child, a' parted ever between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way: for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a 'babbled of green fields. 

Now, Sir John! quoth I: 'tis not so bad a good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and 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. 

Host. Ay, that a' did.

_Bard._ And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not. [incarnate. 

_Boy._ Who? a' did that a' did; and said they were devils. 

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked. [women. 

_Boy._ Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire? 

_Bard._ Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches 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 

Look to my chattels and my movables: 

Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay': 

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-keechies, my boys, Thus, to suck the very blood to suck! 

_Boy._ And that's but unwholesome food, they say. 

_Pist._ Touch her soft mouth, and march. 

_Bard._ Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her. 

_Nym._ I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu, [command. 

_Pist._ Let housewifery appear: keep close. I thee 

Host. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.

_SCENE IV._—France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

_Fr. King._ Thus comes the English with full power And more than carefully it us concerns [upon us; To answer royally in our defences. Therefore, by the Duke 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.

_Boy._ My most redoubted father, 

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe: 

For peace itself should not so dully a kingdom, Though war nor no known quarrel were in question, But that defences, muster, preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected, As were a war in expectation. 

Therefore, I say 't is meet we all go forth To view the sick and 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 Whitsun morris-dance: 

For, by good like, she is souddy kingd, Her acceptors so fantastically borne 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: Qualm your grace the later assassurs. With what great state he heard their embassy, How well supplied with noble counsellors, How modest in exception, and withal How terrible in constant resolution, And you shall find his vanities forespent. Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly; As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots That shall first spring and be most delicate. 

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable; But though we think it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh The enemy more mighty than he seems: So the proportions of defence are fill'd; Which of a weak andiggardly projection Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with seanting A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong? And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him. The kindred of him hath been 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 Croissy battle by our ship-track, And all our princes captived by the hand Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales; While that his mountain siren, on mountain stand-Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, [ing, Saw his herculean seed, and smiled to see him, Mangle the work of nature and define 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 mightinesse 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.

[Eexeunt Messenger and certain Lords.

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends. [dogs Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward Most spend their mouths when they see them to threaten Runs far before them. Good my sovereign, Take up the English short, and let them know Of what a monarch you are the head: Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

Fr. King. From our brother England? Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty. He wills you, in the name of God Almighty, That you divest yourself, and lay apart The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven, By law of nature and of nations, 'long To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown And all wide-stretched honours that pertain By custom and the ordinance of time, Unto the crown of France. That you may know'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim, Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days, Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked, 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 lied From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown Even in your hearts, there will he take for it: Therefore in better cunning to search for, In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, That, if requiring fail, he will compel; And bids you, in the bowls of the Lord, Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy On the poor souls for whom this hungry war Opens his vast page: and have the kindness To turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries, The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans, For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers, That shall be swallow'd in this controversy. This is his claim, his threatening and my message; Unless the Dauphin be in presence here, To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further: To-morrow shall you hear our full intent Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin, I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt; And any thing that may not misbecome The mighty sender, doth he prize you at. Thus says my king; 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 woody vaultages of France Shall chide your trespass and return your mock In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return, It is against my will; for I desire Nothing but odds with England: to that end, As matching to his youth and vanity, I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it, Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe: And, be assured, you'll find a difference, As we his subjects have in wonder found, Between the promise of his greener days And these he masters now: now he weighs time Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read In your own losses, if he stay in France. [at full. Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind 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.

ACT III.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene In motion of no less celerity flies Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen The well-appointed king at Hampton pier Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning: In a hurry with your fancies, and in them held Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing; Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give:
To sounds confused: behold the threaten'd sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestic.

When I die, my Father, to blades and battle.

Let me behold the scene of this mighty
Battle.

K. STRONG. Then let me see the bloody
Field:
These call'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages.

With fatal mouths gaping on giddy 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 likes not: and the nimble gunner
With lining now the devilish cannon touches.

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Exit."

SCENE II. — France. Before Harleian.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford,
GloUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

K. HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
one 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;
Let it py through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'ermelt it
As fearfully as doth a galloped rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now address
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 pastures; 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!'

[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.

SCENE II. — The same.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Iarl. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the
breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knockers are too
hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case

of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very
plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours

do abound:
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field.

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I
would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes were things with me,
My purse 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! avont, you culli-
ions! [Driving them forward.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke! [whack.

Good baycock, hate thy rage; use leyni, sweet
Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins
bad humours.

[Exeunt all but Boy.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these
three swashbucklers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such anticks 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 lattice, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in felching, and in Calais they stole a fire-sho'el: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit.

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently
to the mines; the Duke of 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
conveniences of it is not sufficient; for, look you, thk
seventh day you may discuss into the duke, look
you, is digh himself four yard under the coumiers-
 mines: by Cheshu, I think a' will pow 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 Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I
will verify as much in his heerd: 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 Jany.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jany, with him.

Flu. Captain Jany is a marvelous furbolous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jany. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have you the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blew up the town, so Chrish 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; a few disputations of the discipline of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jany. It shall be vary gud, gud faith, gud captains bath: and I sal quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sal I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. I do not kno' ye so well, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa'me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throttles to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa'me, la.

Jany. By the mass, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig it the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the brief and the long. Marry, I wad 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. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affection 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 kno' it so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each Jany. A! that's a foul fault. [other.

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 discipline 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?
ACT III.

KING HENRY V.

SCENE VI.

Kath. De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fîngres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon.

Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Exécutez-vous; dites de hand, de fîngres, de nails, de arma, de bilow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie de ce.

Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; de menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà oublie ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fîngres, de mails.

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de elbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.


Comment appelez-vous le pied de la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coum.

Kath. De foot et de coum! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coum! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fîngres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coum.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.

[Exeunt.]

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 Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all

And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury,

Our seions, put in wild and savage stock,

Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds;

And overlook their grafters? [bastards!]

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman Mort de ma vie! if they march along

Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a sobbery and a dirty farm

In that nook-shotten isle of Albion. [ile?]

Con. Dien de batailles! where have they this met-

Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,

'Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,

A drench for sun-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

Decort their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frozen? O, for honour of our hand,

Let us not hang like roping feleces

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!

Poor we may call them in their native lords.

 duu. By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say

Our mettle is bred out and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth

To new-conquore France with bastard warriors.

Bour. This bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavolts high and swift contos;

Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence.

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged

More sharper than your swords, bie to the field:

Charles Deabreth, high constable of France;

You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,

Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy.

Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,

Foix, Lestrade, Bouicault, and Charolois;

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,

For your great seats now quit you of your great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With penmons painted in the blood of Harleur:

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon;

Go down upon him, you have power enough,

And in a captive chariot into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few.

His soldiers lick and famish'd in their march.

For I am sure, when he shall see our army,

He'll drop his heart into the sack of fear

And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send

To know what will come from him he will give.

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty. [us.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,

And quickly bring as word of England's fall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services

committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magannimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour

with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life,

and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt

in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly,

with excellent discipline. There is an aunchent

lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very

conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony;

and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but

I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchent Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

[Exeunt.]

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some

love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious little wheel,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a multer afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which in the moral of it, that she is turning, and incon-

stant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, you is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral. [to him; Pist.

Flu. Bardolph's, feo, and fellows sworn. For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a be: A dammed death! Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate: But Exeter hath given the doom of death For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy voice:
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee require.

Pist. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand
your meaning.

Flu. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to re-
joyce at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I
would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and
put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damned! and figo for thy friend.

Flu. It is well. [ship!

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit nascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Pist. I'll assure you, a' uttered as brave words at the prison as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoken to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the king gave them. And that is as much as the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-
tuned oaths: and what a heard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanderers of the age, or else you may be marvelous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceiue he is not the man that he would gladsly show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King Henry, Glouce-
ter, and Soldiers.

Gow. Pless your majestie! [the bridge?

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from
Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: The French is gone off, you look; and there is gal-

lant and most prave passages; marry, th' athver-
sars was the possession of the pridge; but he is

enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is mas-
ter of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdiction of th' athversary hath been very great, reacheth to the day. For my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubsles, and wheelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his hips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, something white and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French be used or abused in dishonorable lan-
guage; for when lenity and cruelty play for a king-
dom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I

know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though wert thou dead, we did but show that advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harleir, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it was full ripe: now we speak upon our eye, and our voice is imperial: England shall repeat his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested: which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the mister of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our dis-
grace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defi-
ance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose contemnation is pronounced.

So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

[back.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, I have so much hatred against the French
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much eafebeled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this trail and worthless trunk
My army but a weak and study guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered,
We shall your majesty to se a red blood
Discolour: 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.

[Exit.

Gow. I hope they will not come upon us now.
K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

Marc. The bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Bam- 
bles, 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 con-
stable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any
prince in the world.

Con. Well, a long time is this! I will not change
my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.
Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrais-
tes were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les
marines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a
hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he
touches the basement of his hoof is more mu-
sical than the pipe of Hircus.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast
for Perseus; he is pure air and fire; and the dull
elements of earth and water never appear in him,
but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts
him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you
may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute
and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of paireys; his neigh is like
the biding of a monarch and his countenance en-
forces 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,
varied praise on my pairey: it is a theme as
fluently, as illust as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent
tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 
't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for
a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the
world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their
particular actions and wonder at him. I once wrote
a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder
of nature,'—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mis-
fortune.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I com-
pounded to my curser, 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 lack.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and
you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose
off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: there that ride so
and ride not warily, fall into foul bags. I had
rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief leave 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 sow to my mistress.

Dau. ' Le chien est retourné à son propre vonis-
sement, et la truie lavée au bourbier: ' thou makest
use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress,
or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Rum. My lord constable, in England that I saw
in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many super-
fluously, and I were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who
would trot as well, were some of your brags dis-
mounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his
desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-mor-
row 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.

Rum. 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.

Rum. He longs to eate 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 by one that knows him bet-
ter 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. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Rum. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw
it but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour; and when it
appears, it will bate.

Orl. I'll will never said well.

Con. I will esp that proverb with 'There is flat-
tery 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. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie
within fifteen hundred paces of your 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 move with his fat-browned
followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they
would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any
intellect or armour, they could never wear such
heavy head-pieces.

Rum. That island of England breeds very valiant
creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable cour-
age.

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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 good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France. [ter,
Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me bet-
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 quick'en, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Command me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glow. 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!

[Exeunt all but King.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st
cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. 'Tis hard'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 flame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?


Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of
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
Unto Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap
that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?  
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.  
Pist. The figo for thee, then!  
K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!  
Pist. My name is Pistoll call’d. [Exit.  

Enter Fluellen and Gower.  

Gow. Captain Fluellen!  
Flu. So! in the name of Jesus Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aneuchet-prerogatifs and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor nibble 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 sollicity of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.  

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.  
Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?  

Gow. I will speak lower.  
Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will. [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 upon us?  
Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.  
Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?  
K. Hen. A friend.  
Will. Under what captain serve you?  
Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our affairs?  
K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.  
Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?  
K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his 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 this, 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 the less where he is.  
Bates. Then I would he were here alone: so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men’s lives saved.  
K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill; to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men’s minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king’s company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.  
Will. That’s more than we know.  
Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king’s subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the law will clear the crime.  
Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all these legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all ‘We knew as small place,’ some swelling, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.  
K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the limbs of his generation by retribution 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 unconciliated inquiuries, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant’s damnation; but then it is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitration of swords, can try it out without all unspotted soldiers: some pereadventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bullying, 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 badge, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before apprehended in no point of a private quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject’s duty is the king’s, but every subject’s soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessest lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.  
Will. ’Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.  
Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.  
K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.  
Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when their throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne’er the wiser.  
K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.  
Will. You pay him then. That’s a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private discretion can do against a monarch! you may as
ACT IV.  KING HENRY V.  SCENE II.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight, Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [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 have interred new; And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears Than from it issued forced drops of blood; Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built Two chantryes, 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.

Glu. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay; I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
This day, my friends and all things stay for me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambouls, and others.


Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh! [rides.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And dout them with superfluous courage, la! Rom. What, will you have them weep our horses' 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 hand, And your fair show shall suck away their souls, Leaving them but the shales and husks of men. There is not work enough for all our hands; Scarcely blood enough in all their sickly veins To give each naked curtle-axe a stain.
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out, And shew as for lack of sport; let us but blow them, The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
ACT IV.

KING HENRY V.

SCENE III.

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 hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our arms must not. What's to say?
A very little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall cough down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shames them passing soonfall'n;
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd 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 hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crowds,
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.

Dan. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh
And give their fasting 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.

Glou. Where is the king?

Ibid. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

[fresh.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are
Sal. God be with you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, aliens!

Ibid. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck
go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

Ibid. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Privily in both.

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do our 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 enow
To do our country's loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost:
It yeares me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would have that 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 lost,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his 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.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be remembered,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshlyRemember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; 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 manhood cheap when 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, [school,
And will with all expedition charge on support,
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from
England and co. [alone.
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I
Without more help, could fight this royal battle?
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thou-
sand 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 rancour this new business compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be engulfed. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
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 they've got his sword, tell the world, 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 do their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
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 gayness and our gift 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 slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fiercer robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn their backs upon the service. If they do this,—As, if God please, they shall,—my rason then will soon be levied.
Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ranson, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable. [well;
Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so faire thee
Thou never shall hear herald any more. [Exit.

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ranson.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away;
And how thou pleaust, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The field of battle.


Pist. Yield, cur!
Fr. Sol. Ye pense que vous ètes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.
Pist. Qualité calmee custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss. Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu! Pist. O Signieur Dew should be a gentleman: Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark; O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O signieur, thou do give to me Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi! Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de
Pist. Brass, cur! [ton brass?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Sol. We'll conquer non 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. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?
Fr. Sol. Monseur le Fer.
Boy. His name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and firk, and firk.
Pist. But him prepare: for I will cut his throat.
Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?
Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prê; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owly, cuppege gorre, permafo,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; Or mangled shall thou be by this my hand.
Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.
Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentle-
man of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.
Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.
Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?
Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de
darder aucun prisonnier, némémons, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchissement.
Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciments, et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'
Pist. Expound unto me, boy. [Angleterre.

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, valourous, and thrice-worthy signeur of Eng-

[Follow 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 Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil [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 luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!
Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!
Dou. Mort de na vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune! Do not run away. [A short alarum.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dou. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
But these the wratches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now.
Let him go hang himself, and with his carcass,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilest by a slave, no gentler 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 all as hayling in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
ACT IV.  

KING HENRY V.  

SCENE VII.

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.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant coun-
  trymen:
  But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.
  Exe. The Duke of York commendeth him to your grace.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within
  I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
  From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
  Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
  Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
  Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
  The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
  Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
  Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
  And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
  That bloodily did tawn upon his face:
  And says, '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, taught me his hand,
  And, with a feeble gripe, says, 'Dear my lord,
  Command my service to my sovereign,'
  So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
  He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
  And smote, to the heart, with blood he seal'd
  A testament of noble-ending love.
  The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
  Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
  But I had not so much of man in me,
  All my mother came into mine eyes
  And I come up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
  For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
  With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.  
[Alarum.

But, hark! 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'd; in your
  conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive:
  and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle
  'tis done this slaughter: besides, they have burned
  and carried away all that was in the king's tent;
  wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused
  every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis
  a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower.
What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, pray you, is not pig great? the pig,
  or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the
  magnificent, are all one reckonings, save the
  phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in
  Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon,
  as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander
  is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in
  the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the
  comparising 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 prays what is the
  name of the other river; but it's all one, 'tis alike
  as my fingers 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 wrath, and his choler, and his mouth
  and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also
  being a little intoxicates in his prays, did, in
  his ales and his anger, look, 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 in the figures and compar-
  isons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus,
  being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Mon-
  mouth, being in his right and his good judg-
  ments, turned away the fat knight with the great
  belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and
  knaverys, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men
  born at Monmouth, 

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry 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 their arms their payment. Enforced
  from the old Assyrian slings:
  Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
  And not a man of them that we shall take
  Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
  know'st thou 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—are the while—
  Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
  So do our vulgar drench their pleasant limbs
  In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
  Fret fellock deep in gore and with wild rage
  York out the armed feet of their dead masters,
  Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
  To view the field in safety and dispose
  Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
  I know not if the day be ours or no;
  For yet a many of your horsemen peer
  And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength; for
  What is this castle call'd that stands hard by? [it!

Mont. They call it Agincourt.
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, fought a most brave battle here in France.

K. Hen. The sound of your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavvy'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 poity, I can tell you that; God please it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, 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, as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with Bring me just notice of the numbers dead [liam: On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy, Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king. [cap? K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy hand? An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and enemy, did dare 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 rascal 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 perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black slice trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, ha!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

Will. So will I, 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 literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Canst thou keep to me, soldier?

Will. I will, my liege. [Exeunt. K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Aleoncon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Aleoncon, and an enemy to our person: if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo'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 above 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. [Exeunt.

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Follow Fluellen closely at the heels: [Gloucester, Gloucester, The glove which I have given him for a favour May haply prove him false. Fluellen, may be, 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 Captain Fluellen valiant 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. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any in the universal world, or in France, or in England! Gone. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand, 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 contemptuous treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Aleoncon.

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 borne it as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is near me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Aleoncon, that your majesty is given me, in your conscience, now?

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any mortal law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction? Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty. Will. Your majesty can not like yourself: you

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appeared to me but as a common man; witness the
night, your garments, your lowliness; and what
your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech
you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had
you been as I took you for, I made no offence; there-
fore, I beseech your highness, pardon me. [crows.
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 play your 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 pravish, and prabbles, and quarrels,
and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better
for you.
Will. I will none of your money.
Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will
serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore
should you be so pushful? your shoes is not so good:
't 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?
Her. Here is the number of the slaughtered
French [uncle?]
K. Hen. Whom prisoners of good sort are taken.
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouicquilat;
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.
K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing lammers, 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 dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Dambreth, high constable of France;
Jacques de Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Lumbardes;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
Dolphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Folx,
Beaumont and Mare, Vaudemont and Lestrade.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herold shows them another paper.
Edward the Duke of York, 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,
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. T is wonderful!
K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or that praise from God
Which is his only.
Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to
tell how many is killed?
K. Hen. By all means, but with this acknowledgment:
That God fought for us.

Flu. Was, my conscience, he did us great good.
K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung 'Non holds' and 'Te Deum,'
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then:
Where never from France arrived more happy men.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

PROLOGUE.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the
story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there: there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
A' thwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in thousand with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
Which like a mighty whiffer 'fore the king [sea,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full troply, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cesar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many woud the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences of the deep-mouth'd;
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—France. The English camp.

Enter Fluenlen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your
leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.
Flu. There is occasions and causes why and where-
fore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend,
Captain Gower: the rascally, scal'd, beggary, lousy,

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Enter Pistol.

Gow: Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu: 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God bless you, Auncient Pistol you scurvy, lousy knave, God bless you!


To have me fold upon Parce's fatal web?

Hence! I am ashamed at the smell of leek.

Flu. I seech 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's 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 not take it, scurling knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scurdlng 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 mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peel his pate four days. Bile, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your pooey coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and eat. I swing mock at thee; there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scurvy knave, heartily.

No, I pray you, thou now none away; the skin is good for your broad coxcomb. When you take occasion 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 gront to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a gront;

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy gront in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I love you anything, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodchopper, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exeunt.]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. When you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead! the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cull'd. We, I verily, I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurses of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scars,
And swear I got them in the 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, By whom this present assembly is arrived, 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. Lou. So happy be the issue, brother England, Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent, The fatal balls of murdering basilisks: The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear. Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you. Dur. My duty to you both, on equal love, Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd.

With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours, To bring your most imperial majesties Unto this bar and royal interview, Your mightiness on both parts best can witness. Since then my office hath so far prevail'd That, face to face and utilly 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, plentifuls 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 cheerer of the heart, Unpruned dies; her hedges even-bleach'd, Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas The danel, hummock and rank fumitory

Doth root upon, while that the couler rusts That should democrate such savagery.

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover, Wanting the sythe, all incorrected, rank

Conceives by idleness and nothing teems

But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckes, burs, Losing both beauty and utility

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn to want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
And all things that seems unnatural.
Which to our force into our favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities. [Exeunt Fr. and Bur.]
The Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have unscheduled briefly in your hands.

Kath. The king hath heard them; to the which as
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

K. Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'erglanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To take some of your thoughts presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
We mean to send to Hugon, go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the forerank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you be vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
sounly with your French heart, I will be glad to
hear you confess it brokenly with your English
tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Parle-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are
like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les
anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must
not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongnes
of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Our dat de tongnes de de mans is be full
of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman.
I faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy
understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no
better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst
find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think
I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no
ways to make it in love, but directly to say thus
you; 'then if you urge me farther than to say 'do
you in faith? 'I wear out my suit. Give me your
answer; I faith, do; and so clap hands and a 
bar
gain: how say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or
to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me:
for the one, I have neither words nor measure,
and for the other, I have no strength in measure,
yet a reasonable measure in strength.

Kath. If I could win a lady at least of you, or,
Kate, that would be
my armour on my back, under the correction
of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into
a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or
found my horse for her favour, I could lay on like
a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off.
But, before Gis. Kate, never changing, but keep thy
out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in
protestation: only downright oaths, which I never use
still 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
eyes for anything more than his looks, let
thy eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier:
if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to
speak to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love,
by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too.

Kath. Is it possible dat I could love de enemy
de France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love
the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me,
you should love the friend of France; for I love France
so well that I will not part with a village of it; I
will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is
mine and I am yours, then yours is France and
you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French;
which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a
new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly
to be shed off. O que vous avez le possession de moi,—
let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speech!—
done votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is
as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to
break so much more French: I shall keep more
thy French, in unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous
parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais 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
at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me merrily; the rather, gentle princess, because I see you ne'er have had my part in your eyes. Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scandal, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall preserve Courtlier and fair, Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce? "

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres cher et devin decesse?

Kath. Your majesty ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiseille dat is en France. But, monsieur le Prince, la bien fausse! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew 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 elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more to vex me than my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushing; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine: ' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt be fellow with thy King of good fellow. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de roi mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma force ne peut point que vous abaissez votre grandeur en faisant la main d'une de votre seingneur indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon tres-puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she? Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies de France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglise.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. How can you, when fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy 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-finds; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patient 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.

Bar. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bar. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. Par'don the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet roset over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bar. They are too excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bar. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

Bar. Par'don the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet roset over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath 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't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Eex. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this signature, \\

Our trescher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin, Preecharissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliae, et Hennes 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, when, in love and dear alliance, 
Let that one article rank with the rest; 
And thereupon give me your daughter.
Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood 
raise up 
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms 
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale 
With envy of each other’s happiness, 
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction 
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord 
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance 
His bleeding sword ’twixt England and fair France.
All. Amen!
K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me wit- 
ness all, 
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, 
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! 
As man and wife, being two, are one in love, 
So be there ’twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, 
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, 
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, 
Thrust in between the pation of these kingdoms, 
To make divorce of their incorporate league; 
That English may as French, French Englishmen, 
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!
K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which 
day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we’ll take your oath, 
And all the peers’, for surety of our leagues. 
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; 
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-able 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.
**THE FIRST PART OF**

**KING HENRY THE SIXTH.**

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

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**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, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky, And with them scourge the bad revolving 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. _Glu._ England ne'er had a king until his time. Virtue he had, deserving to command: His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams: His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings; His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, More dazzled and drove back his enemies Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech: He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered. _Exe._ We mourn in black: why mourn we not in 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. _Glu._ 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, whate'er we like, thou art profane. And lookest to command the prince and realm. Thy wife is proud: she holdeth thee in awe, More than God or religious churchmen may. _Glu._ 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: _Bgd._ 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 babes shall suck, Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, And none but women left to wail the dead. Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke: Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
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 I to you out of France, Of loss, of slaughter and desolation: Guianne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris, Guyors, Poictiers, are all quite lost. [corse?  Bed.  What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's shade?  They burn the base with the great towns! Will make him burst his head and rise from death.  Glou.  Is Paris lost?  Is Rouen yielded up?  If Henry were recall'd to life again,— [ghost.  These news would cause him once more yield the Exe.  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 disposing of your generals: One would have lingering wars with little cost; Another, to shew thy self, would make songs; A third thinks, without expense at all, By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd. Awake, awake, English nobility! Let not slob do thy honour new-begot: Create thee the flower-de-luces in your arms; Of England's coat one half is cut away.  Exe.  Were our tears wanting to this funeral, These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.  Bed.  Me they concern; Regent I am of France.  Give me my steeled coat.  I'll fight for France.  Aways with that Earl of Salisbury in my mind: Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes, To weep their interminable miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess.  Lords, view these letters full of bad misfortune from the English side, —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 Alencon lieth to his side.  Exe.  The Dauphin Charles is his special king; All fly to him!  O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?  Glou.  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- ing army here must march in my thoughts, Wherewith already France is overran.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess.  My gracious lords, to add to your laments, Wherewith you now belowe King Henry's hearse, I must inform you of a dismal truth: Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French, Win.  What!  wherein Talbot overcame?  is't so?  Mess.  O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown: The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.  The tenth of August last this dreadful lord, Retiring from the siege of Orleans, had, 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; His horse with pikes set before his archers; Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out from 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 Enraged wonders with his word and lance: Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him; Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew:  The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms; All the whole army stood agazed on him: His soldiers ayng his undaunted spirit A Talbot!  A Talbot!  cried out again And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.  Here had the Dauphin Charles truly been taken, 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 wreak and massacre; Enclosed with them with the base of France: A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace, Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back, Whom all France with their chief assembled strength Durst not presume to look once in the face.  Bed.  Is Talbot slain?  then I will say myself, For living idly here in pomp and ease, Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid, Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.  Mess.  O no, he lives; but is taken prisoner, And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford: Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.  Bed.  This is the thing I shall pay.  I'll haste 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; Bonfire in France I think the world will 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 craven supply, And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.  Exe.  Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn, Either to quell the Dauphin utterly, Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.  Bed.  I do remember it; and here take my leave, To go about my preparation.  [Exeit.  Glou.  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.  [Exeit.  Exe.  To Eltham will I, where the young king is, Being ordain'd to open a courier, And for his safety there I'll best devise.  [Exeit.  Win.  Each hath his place and function to attend: I am left out; for me nothing remains.  But long I will not be Jack out of office: The king from Eltham I intend to steal And sit at cheifest stern of public weal.  [Exeunt.

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 are we victors; upon us he smiles. What towns of any moment but we have?  At pleasure here we lie near Orleans.  Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts, Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.  Alen.  They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves: Either they must be dieted like mules, Or have their provender fied 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 want to fear: Remaisthence none but mad-brain'd Salisbury; And he may well in fretting spend his gall, Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char.  Sound, sound alarm! we will rush op them.
Act I. First Part of King Henry VI. Scene II.

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. [Exeunt.

Here alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean and is to raise this 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 glimmers 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 appalled.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succor is at hand:
A holy maid better with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
France, and drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sylly of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.

Speek, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Char. Go, call her. [Exit Bastard.] But first,
to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern;
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan La Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile
Where's the Dauphin? Come, 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.

Alen. From the child she can by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrained in any kind of art.

Heaven and our Lady graciously hast pleased
To shine on my contemplable estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender limits,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother designed to appear to me
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was but weak and infirm,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt see that I exceed my sex.

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.

Here they fight; and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon
And fightest with a sword of Deborah.[weak.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too

Char. Who'er helps thee, 'tis that must help me:

 impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be Alençon,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense. [thick.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostitute

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he swipes this woman to her snick;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

[know: Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do.
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

FIGHT TILL THE LAST GASP; I WILL BE YOUR GUARD. [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 enlargeth itself

Till by broad spreading it disperseth all about.

With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispursed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days, 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. [Exeunt.

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Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hally-burlly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the peace! Gloucester. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use. Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens, One that still motions war and never peace, Of recharging your free purses with large fines, That seeks to overthow 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. Gloucester. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous But to make open proclamation: [stiffe 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 charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death. Gloucester. 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, beware: 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. Gloucester. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst. Win. 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. Guen. 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, Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim. M. Guen. 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 espiers have informed me How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd, Went through a secret grate of iron bars In yonder tower to overpeer the city And thence discover how with most advantage They may vex us with shot or with assault. To intercept this inconvenience, A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have 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 spiest 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.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd! How wert thou handled being prisoner?
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
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailes;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barters' me:
Which I disclaiming scorn'd and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfo wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I had but him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell me, not how thou art entertained.
*Tal.* With scoffs and scorn's and contumelious
In open-market-place produced they me, [taunts.
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarcrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'tho' longest time 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 limstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count 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.

Gur. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

*Tal.* For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gur. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

*Tal.* What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How fairest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst my trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did never leave striking in the field,
Yet livest 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 Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Though thou art alone,
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'

Plantagenet, I will; and 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.

*Tal.* Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It racks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these hardi Faithfull Frenchmen dare.

**SCENE V.** — The same.

**Here an alarm again: and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth them; then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter Talbot.***

*Tal.* Where is my strength, my valour, and my forces?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

**Re-enter la Pucelle.***

Here, here she comes! I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll copulate thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightforward 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 stumpet.

**[They fight again.***

*Puc.* Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

**[A short alarm: then the form with soldiers.***

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

**[Exit Talbot.***

*Edw.* My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquer them as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with nonsome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whoels, we crying run away.

**[A short alarm.***

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead;
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard.
As you fly from your off-suckled 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 ever in debate while this doth last,
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.***

*Edw.* Alarum; retreat; flourish.
ACT II.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Reigner, 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, Astra's daughter, How shall I honour thee for this success? Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next. France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! Recover'd is the town of Orleans: More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not the bells aloud throughout the town? Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires And feast and banquet in the open streets, To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

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 servitors, When others sleep upon their quiet beds, Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy, By whose approach the regions of Artois, 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 baleful sorcery. Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame, Despoils his own arm's fortitude, To join with witches and the help of hell! Bur. Traitors have never other company. But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure? Tal. A maid, they say. Bed. A maid! and be so martial! Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long.

If underneath the standard of the French She carry armour as she hath begun. Tal. Well, let them 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. Bur. And I to this, Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right Of English Henry, shall this night appear How much in duty I am bound to both.

Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault! [Cry: 'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'
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.

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, lords, in all our bloody massacre
I must 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 the slam'd and statement of many beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed 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 scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When that an arm from the earth swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts [train
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Wossed all the world with word and loud report.
Bar. How ill nin? Nay, even, I
For our wars will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

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-rul'd;
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly: it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often 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?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
Port. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Seythian Tonyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the renown 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.

Mess. Is this the scope of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and witheled 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. What means this negligence of him whither
Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot: for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Port. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens
And sent our arms and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha! Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
turn to mourning.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are 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 a spacious lofty 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.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of his self?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yokest thy rebellious necks,
Razeth thy cities and subverts thy towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tud. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
Whatever I 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 feast 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 confess the error?
Suf. Faith, I have been a traitor 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, be-
 tween us.
[Pitch; War. Between two 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 quillquets 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 apparell'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 signification proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more.

Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I—
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. For thy love art thou my opinion, bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, well on: who else?
Law. 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. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye you white with these pious roses;
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear but anger that thy checks
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 turn thee to thy fashion, ye devil.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the woman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring erstwhile yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He 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
On any plot of ground in Christendom. [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.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll tell at the bar of Somerset,
We were growing in time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To succour you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well war'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 jale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my desire.
[ion!
Suf. Go forward and be choke'd with thy ambition;
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.
Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitions
Richard. [Exit.
Plan. How I am braved and must perform an
dare I
[hone
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 not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in spirit 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,
ACT II.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE V.

The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Guelers.

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 exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with hithering grief,
And pitiless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops its sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose carelessness stay is numb,
Unable to sport this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Guel. 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 gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of desairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miscaries,
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 Guel. 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. 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 no, declare, sweet stem from York's great stock.
Why didst 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 hand of a true Plantagenet and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour to a true Plantagenet and me
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath 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, if that my fading breath permit
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Heure the grand truth, grand father, to this king;
Dropped 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 Percys of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavoured, to my advancement to the throne:
The reason made these warrors 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.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
Theylaboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry, Earl of Northumberland,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-gaited is the house of the Mortimers,
And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [Dies.

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will look his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, cease; let him go to his own self
Will see his buried better than his life.
[Exeunt Guelers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaneart sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offered to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.
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 snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines, With written pamphlets studiously devised, To heap thou and thine up against my face, As I with tongue. Stones of Winchester, Stones of Gloucester thou canst accuse, Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge, Do it without invention, suddenly; As I with sudden and extemporal speech Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience.

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me. Think not, although in writing I profess'd The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen: No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness, Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks, As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious usurer, Froward by nature, enemy to peace; Lascivious, wanton, more than webesmen A man of thy profession and degree;

And for thy treachery, what's more manifest? In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life, As well at London bridge as at the Tower.

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted, The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

[safe]

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouch-st 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 haps it I seek not to advance Or raise myself, but keep my wonded calling?

And for dissension, which 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 accusations forth. But he shall know I am as good—

Glou. Thou bastard of my grandfather! Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray, But one imperious in another's throne?

Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest? Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps

And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster! Glou. Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life. Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither, then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler; It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that? Is not he bishop, that is, a holy man? [tourge, Plan. [Aside] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his

Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should; Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?' Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester, The special watchmen of our English wall, I would prevail, if prayers might prevail, To join your hearts in love and amity. O, what a scandal is it to our crown, That two such noble peers as ye should jar! Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell Civil dissension is a virulent worm That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[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 Ser. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our feet.

Sec. Ser. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.]

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish And set this unaccustom'd fight aside. [broil

Third Ser. 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 inkhorn mate, We and our wives and children all will fight And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

First Ser. Ay, and the very parings of our nails Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin again. Glou. 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 repulse To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm. You see what mischief and what murder too Hath been enacted through your enmity; Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood. Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. 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, Is by his smoothed brows it doth appear: Why look you still so stern and tragic? Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach That malice was a great and grievous sin;
ACT III.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen, Through which our Duke 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 sacks shall be a means to sack the And we be lords and 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 stratagem! And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen. Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants; Now she is there, how will she specify Where is the best and safest passage in? Reig. By the ingenuity 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 to the Talbotites! [Exit. Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend; The burning torch in yonder turret stands. Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge, A prophet to the fall of all our foes! Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends: Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin! presently, And then do execution on the watch. [Alarum. Exeunt.

An alarum. Enter Talbot in an excursion. Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy Talbot but survive thy treachery. [tears, Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress, Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares, That hardly we escaped the pride of France. [Exit. 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: 'T was full of dandel: do you like the taste? Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtier! I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own And make thee curse the harvest of that corn. Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time. [trea...
Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy tongue. If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. [peace;

The English whisperer and the rest.

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Believe your lordship takes us then for fools, To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate, But unto thee, the valiant conqueror. Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France! Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. For you, Captain! 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 Cour-de-licon's heart was buried; So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

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 weal or woe. [you.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read That sin in him was more than sin in me:

Come to the field and vanish'd quenched 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 our boasting 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?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
                             We are like to have the overthorn again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot!


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 scots Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves. [Bedsford 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! This, a double honour, Burgundy. Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects Thy noble deeds as valor's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle I think her old familiar is asleep: [now?

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his geeks?

What, all amoret Rouen hangs her head for grief That such a valiant company is fled. Now will we take some order in the town, Placing therein some expert officers, And then depart to Paris to the king.

For there young Henry with his nobles lie. Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget The noble Lord of Bedford, in the old days, But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen: A braver soldier never couched lance, A gentler heart did never sway in court; But kings and mightiest potentates must die, For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The 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 recover'd: Care is no care, but rather corrosive, For things that are not to be remedied. Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while And like a peacock sweep along his tail; We'll pull his plumes and take away his train, If Dauphin and the rest will but rule. Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto And of thy cunning had no diffidence:

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust. Dest. Search out thy wit for secret policies, And we will make thee famous through the world. Alen. We'll set thy stature in some holy place, And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint: Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good. Puc. Then thus it must be: this doth Joan devise: By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words We will entice the Duke of Burgundy To leave the Talbot and to follow us. Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that, France were no place for Henry's warriors; Nor should that nation boast it so with us, But be extirped from our provinces. Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from A title so noble as to be an Englishman. [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 Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces. There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread, And all the troops of English after him.

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. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marche Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France! Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
ACT IV.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE I.

Bur. Speak on: but be not over-toldious.
Fuc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France, And see the cities and the towns defaced By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe When death doth close his tender dying eyes, See, see the pining malady of France; Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, Which thou hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edgy sword another way; Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help. One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears, And wash away thy country's stained spoils.
Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words, Or nature makes me suddenly relent.
Fuc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny, [thee,] Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation That will not trust thee but for profit's sake? When Talbot hath set foot once in France And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill, Who then but English Henry will be lord And make his blood so thicker than thy sword.
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof, Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe? And was he not in England prisoner? But when they heard he was thine enemy, They set him free without his ransom paid, In spite of Burgundy and all his friends. See, thou, thou light'st against thy countrymen And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men. Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord; Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.
Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot, [hers And made me almost yield upon my knees. Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen, And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace: My forces and my power of men are yours: So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.
Fuc. [Aside] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and W. Look again! [Exeunt.]


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 awe'd to give true and timely wars, To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd To your obedience fifty fortresses, Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength, Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem, Let's fall his sword before your highness' feet, And with submissive loyalty of heart

A Scribes 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?

Glo. 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 were resolved of your truth, And I am heartily glad to see you in war; Yet never have you tasted our reward. Or been requerdon'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.

Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea, Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble Lord of York: [spakest? Darest thou maintain the former words thou Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage The envious barking of your saucy tongue Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is. Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York. Ver. Bark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that. [Strikes him.]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such That whose draws a sword, 't is present death, Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. But I'll unto his majesty, and crave I may have liberty to venge this wrong; When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you; And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.


Enter Sir John Fastolfo.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from To haste unto your coronation,

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee! I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next, To tear the garter from thy craven's leg.

[Plucking it off.]

Which I have done, because unworthily Thou wast installed in that high degree. Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether such that cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yes or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous

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And ill beseeming any common man, Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tud. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords, Knights of the garter were of noble birth, Valiant explorers, full of the noon day, Such as were grown to credit by the wars; Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress, But always resolute in most extremes. He then that is not furnish'd in this sort Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, Profaning his honours, and doth in his turn, And should, if I were worthy to be judge, Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain, That doth presume to boast of gentle blood. [Shout!]

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thyself be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight: Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[Exit Fastolfe.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy: [his style] Glou. What means his grace, that he hath changed No more but plain and bluntly, 'To the king!' Hath he forgot he is his sovereign? Or doth his churlish superstition Pretend some alteration in good will? What's here? [Reads] 'I have, upon especial cause, Moved with compassion of my country's wreck, Together with the pitiful complaints Of such as your oppression feeds upon, Forgive your perjury and bear with their perversities; And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of O monstrosous treachery! can this be so, That in alliance, amity and oaths, There should be found such false dissembling guile?'

King. What doth my uncle Burgundy revol't? Glou. He doth my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter contain'd? Glou. It 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? Tud. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented, I should have begg'd it might have been employ'd. King. Then gather strength and march unto him straight: Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason And to revenge once it is to flout his friends. Tud. 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, Bas. 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 why do you hang up this strange head? Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong. Bas. And I 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. Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France, This fellow here, with envious carping tongue, Upbraided the rose of those I wear; Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves Did represent my master's blushings cheeks, Whereunto only he did repugn the truth About a certain question, in the law Argued between the Duke of York and him; And with other vile and ignominious terms In confluxion of which rude reproach And in defence of my lord's worthiness, I crave the benefit of law of arms. Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord: For though he seem with forged quaint conceit To set a gloss upon his bold intent, Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him; And he himself provok'd me to this hedge, Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart. York. Will not this malice, Somerset, he look? Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will Though he'er so cunningly you smoother it. [out.]

K. Hen. My Lord, what madness rules in brain-sick men?

When for so slight and frivolous a cause Such factious enmities shall arise! Good cousins both, of York and Somerset, Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight, And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone; Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then. York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset. Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first. Bas. Confused be your strife! And perish ye, with your audacious pride! Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed With this immodest monstrous outrage To trouble and disturb the king and us? And you, my lords, methinks you do not well To take your persons in the perversions Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour, Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause. And you, my lords, remember where we are; In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation: If they perceive dissension in our looks And that within ourselves we disagree, How will their grudging stomachs be provoked To wilful disobedience, and rebel! Beside, what infamy will there arise, When foreign princes shall be certified That for a toy, a thing of no regard, King Henry's peers and chief nobility Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France! O, think upon the conquest of my father, My tender years, and let us not forego That for a trifle that was bought with blood! Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife. I see no reason, if I wear this [Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious I more incline to Somerset than York: Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both: As well they may upbraid me with my crown, Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd. But your discretions better can persuade Than I am able to instruct or teach: And therefore, as we hither came in peace, So let us still continue peace and love.

Cousin of York, we institute your grace To be our regent in these parts of France: And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot; And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors, Go cheerfully together and digest Your angry cholers on your enemies. Ourself, my lord protector and the rest, After some respite will return to Calais; From thence to England; where I hope ere long To be presented, by your victories, With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout. [Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.]

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War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not.
In that he deserved the fortune of the estate. [not;]
War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exeunt 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 deeper'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoever, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of notability,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This fansacy bandying of their favours,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when spectres are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

SCENE II.    — Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trumpet and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpet;
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.

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 even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou omnious and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong issue our bloody fight;
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour.
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[Drum o'er off.]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c.

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 yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine.
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our 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 didg't the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mass. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with all his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am bow'd by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou prince truly of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spar 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 hon-
our.
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 forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!
York. The loss, we laugh at the warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; 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 two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can
But curse me! the fate I cannot change the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[Exeunt with his soldiers.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neck and bathe in their idle loss.
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross.
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Other plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his army; a Captain of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late: I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot

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Too rashly plotted: all our general force Might with a sally of the very town Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure: Yore, by the fire, to fight him I best knew there. That Talbot's name, great York might bear the name. Cap. 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 adversary, Cries out for noble York and Somerset, To beat assailing death from his weak legions: And whilst the captain there Doth bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs, And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue, You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, Keep off aloof with worthless emulation. Let not your private discord keep away The levied succours that should lend him aid, While he, renowned noble gentleman, Yields up his life unto a world of odds: Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy, Alencon, Reignier, compass him about, And Talbot perisheth by your default. [him aid. Som. York set his hand on; York should have sent Lucy. And, as fast upon your grace exclaims; Swearing that you withdraw your levied host, Collected for this expedition. [horse; Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the I owe him little duty, and less love; And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending. Lucy. The man of England, not the force of France, Hath now enthrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot: Never to England shall he bear his life; But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strike. 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 ta'en or slain; For fly he could not, if he would have fled: And fly would Talbot never, though he might. Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu! Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The English camp near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee To tutor thee in stratagems of war, That Talbot's name might be in thee revived When sapless age and weak unable limbs Should bring thy father to his drooping chair. But, O malignant and ill-boding stars! Now thou art come into a feast of death, A terrible and unavoidable danger: There, boy, dearest boy, take up thy swiftest horse; And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape By sudden flight: come, daily not, be gone. John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son? And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother, Dishonour not her honourable name, To make a bastard and a slave of me! The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood, That basely fled when noble Talbot stood. Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain. John. He that flies so will ne'er return again. Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die. John. Tarry I but one stay: and, father, do you fly: Your loss is great, so your regard should be; My worth unknown, no loss is known in me. Upon my death the French can little boast; In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost. Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done: You fled for vantage, every one will swear; But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear. There is no hope that ever I will stay, If the first hour I shrink and run away. Here on my knee I rest a while. Rather than life preserved with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb? John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb. Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go. John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe. Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee. John. No part of him but will be shame in me. Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it. [it? John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain. John. You cannot witness for me, being slain. If death be so apparent, then both fly. Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die? My age was never tainted with such shame. John. And shall all my youth be thus embittered? No more can I be sever'd from your side, Than can yourself yourself in twain divide: Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; For live I will not, if my father die. Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son, Born to eclipse thy life the afternoon of such blame? Come, side by side together live and die; And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight: The regent hath with Talbot broke his word And left us to the rage of France 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 warm'd thy 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 irrefutable Bastard Orleans, that drew blood From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood Of thy first fight, I soon encountered, And interchanging blows I quickly shed Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base And misbegotten blood I spill of thine, Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy!' Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy, Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care, Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare? Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly? Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry! Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead: The help of one stands me in little stead. O, too much folly is it, well I wot To hazard all our lives in one small boat! If I to-day eke I with mortal men's rage, To-morrow I shall die with mickle age; 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:
ACT V.  
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  
SCENE I.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay;  
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away. [smart;  
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fail 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.  
Tul. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,  
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy side from the rest;  
And, commendable provost, let's die in pride.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led by a Servant.

Tul. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?  
Triumphant death, smeared with captivity.  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:  
When he perceived me shriek 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 guardant 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 set of blood my boy did drench  
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serc. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is born!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Tul. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to  
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
[scorn,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity.

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,  
In thy despite shall escape 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;  
I found him a Frenchman at Talbot's foot.  
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, Alencon, Burgundy, Bastard,  
La Pucelle, and forces.

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

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,  
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:  
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'  
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,  
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born  
To be the pillow of a gigllet wench:'  
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,  
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. [Knight:  
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble  
Sce, where he lies inhearsed in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms! [der.  
Bast. H ew them to pieces, hack their bones asum;  
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 preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,  
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?  
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French  
word;  
We English warriors wot 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 whom thou seek'st.  
Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfeld,  
Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Verdun 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 within the realm of France?  
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tediously 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 eye-balls into bullets turn'd,  
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!  
O, that I could but call these dead to life!  
It were enough to fright the calm of France;  
Were but 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 beseeems 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 bear them hence; but from their ashes  
shall be rear'd  
A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.  
A phoeńix that shall make all France afraid.  
Char. So be rid of them, do with 'em what thou  
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.

Senet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,  
The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glov. 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?  
Glov. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE III.

To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.

King. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such confusions and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glow. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffered his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answer 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.

Eec. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal, He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
I have considered and deliberated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glow. And for the proffer of your 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,
In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which your lordship paid
Should be deliver'd to his holiness.
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [Aside] Now Winchester will not submit, I
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
[trouw, Humphrey of Gloucester, then shall 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 sack 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. Alençon. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

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 accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, scout.
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, sir, the warning is:
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be forsworn!
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Wil. Art thou fay, say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whose-er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me;
So doth the swan her downy egrets save,
Keeping them 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 seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fian 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 daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk — if thy name be so
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I have no man to send thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit.
Before thou make a trial of her love? [I pay]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must
Suf. She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Witt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

Suf. A wad 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 marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!
Mar. He walks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain he ever so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

Suf. Madam, I have a secret to reveal. [knight
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say,
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. My soul, madam, give me hearing in a case—
Mar. Tush, women have been more private 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 that some slave be set: I am not free;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To play the golden sceptre to thy head;
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my —

Mar. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

KING HENRY VI. SCENE III.
### SCENE IV. — Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that soreness condemn’d to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this thy father’s heart out—

Have I sought every country far and near, [right]

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Much art without thy wish, I would say;

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I’ll die with thee!

Puc. Deceitful mis’r! 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 didst wonder to hear the Duke of York words:

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 kind of life hath been,

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Pie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. [man

Puc. Peasant, avault! 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 ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou diest 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.

York. Take away her; for she hath lived too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities. [demn’d!

Puc. First, let me tell you whom 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 were so many, who she may accuse.

War. It’s sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. [curse;

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my

May never glorious sun relex his beams

Upon the country where I stand above;

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 travail turn’d to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,

That in this quarrel have been overthrown

And sold their bodies for their country’s benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

By treason, falsehood and treachery,

Of our great progenitors had conquered?

O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief

The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we can conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants

As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,

We come to make the peace informed by yourselves.

What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choleric

The hollow passage of my poison’d voice,

By sight of these our baseful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,

Of more compassion and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,

You shall become true liegemen to his crown:

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear

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,

War. The greatest miracle that e’er ye wrought:

Is all your strict preciosity 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 my sister Charles I mean,

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. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:

Was neither 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 were so many, who she may accuse.

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And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,

And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man? 
This offers is absurd and reasonless.
Char. This I am glad you now yourself possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverence for their lawful king:
Shall I, for here of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be cal'd but vice-roy 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 usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.
Aken. 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 hostilitie;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although he's proud, our enemies serve.
War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condi-
Char. It shall; [tion 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, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious 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 hath astonish'd me:
Her virtue and her grace, which I have seen,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provoke the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superfluous tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
If at I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And yet, such lines are capable of 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 virtueous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord,
King. And other excellencies of Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glow. So should I give consent to blatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How should you, thinking of that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As do a builder with unlawfull 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.
Glow. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
Her father is no better than an earl? [that?
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will have it, Margaret,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glow. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles. [dower. 
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords, I disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor.
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So wothless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinion he should break it.
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 undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolue
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or fate of mine,
My tender youth was yet yet attain'd
With any passion of infaunging love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people is more, she will be
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
That excess of my invention of which
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminaye my grief. [Exit.
Glow. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he
As dur'd the youthful Paris once to grace,
Lgoes, 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 PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.
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 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.

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

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 excellency, To marry Princess Margaret for your grace, So, in the famous ancient city Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil, [eon, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alen- Seven earls, twelve barons and twenty reverend bishops, I have perform'd 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 marquess 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 thou hast given me in this beauteous face A world of earthy blessings to my soul, If sympathy of love unite our thoughts. [lord, Queen. Great King of England and my gracious Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
John Hume and John Southwell, priests.
Bolingbroke, a conjurer.
Thomas Horner, an armurier. Peter, his man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
Simcox, 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 Jordanain, a witch.
Wife to Simpcox.
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Pren- tices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

A Spirit.

SCENE.—England.

The mutual conference that my mind hath had, By day, by night, waking and in my dreams, In courtly company or at my beads, With you, mine alder-lieapest sovereign, Makes me the bolder to salute my king With ruder 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, Eng- land's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [Flourish.
Suff. My lord protector, so please your grace, Here are the articles of contracted peace Between our sovereign and the French king Charles, For eighteen months concluded by consent.

G lou. [Reads] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Mar- quess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father! — [Let the paper fall. King. Uncle, how now! [G lou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
SECOND
SCENE.

And din'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. A proper Jane, and new read on.

Car. [Reads.] Item, It is further agreed between them, that the dukies of Anjou and Maine shall be proper and charges, without having any dowry.

K. Hen. How they please us 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
To the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be performed.

Glow. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin and people, in the wars?
Did he not spend in France and Normandy?
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his bigness 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, shameful is this league!
Fate this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting their names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discours?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Glow. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roost,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Regnier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanings of the course.

Suffolk, the new-made duke, may he be suffocate,
That he may lose the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.

And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glow. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient kickings.
Lording, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

K. Hen. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

Car. It is known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Hewitch your ears with falseΝοις';
What though the common people favour him;
Calling him Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!' I fear me, lords, for this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoist Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

Suffolk. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside.
If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

Car. [Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.
Somerset. Pride come before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own prehernent,
Belaives it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
So stout and gross he was, he seemed all 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 plainness 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 wentest regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
Join we together, for the public good.

York. And, to what we can with the bride and sister,
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit 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  
greatest cause.  
Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto  
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.  
[Enter Warwick and Salisbury.]  
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;  
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy  
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:  
Suffolk concluded on the articles,  
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased  
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
I cannot blame them all: what is 't o them?  
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.  
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pilgage  
And purchase friends and give to courtzans,  
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;  
While as the sail of ships or broods  
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 must sit and fret and bite his tongue,  
While his own hands 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 Althaea burn'd  
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.  
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!  
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,  
Even as I have of fertile England's soil,  
A day will come when York shall claim his own,  
And therefore I will take the 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 humours fits not for a crown.  
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,  
To pry into the secrets of the state:  
'Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
[queen,  
With his new bride and England's dear-bought  
And Humphrey with the peers be full'n at jars:  
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.  
[Exeunt.  

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 seem'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,  
Enchased with all the honours of the world?  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Unti'dling with the same,  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold,  
What, 'tis too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
And, having both together heaved it up,  
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
And never more abuse our sight so low  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.  
Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.  
And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
Against me, dying and nephews, see,  
Duch. Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad,  
Glou. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll  
requite it  
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.  
Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-lodge in  
court,  
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;  
And on the pieces of the broken wand  
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,  
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.  
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.  
Duch. Tuf, this was nothing but an argument  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought I saw in sweet peace  
The church of Westminster,  
And in that chair where kings and queens are  
crown'd;  
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me  
And on my head did set the diadem.  
Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I judge outright:  
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,  
Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
Away from me, and let me hear no more!  
Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric  
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?  
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be check'd.  
Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.  

Enter Messenger.  

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure  
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans',  
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.  
Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?  
Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.  

[Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.  

Follow I must; I cannot go before,  
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.  
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.  
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,  
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.  

Enter Hume.  

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!  
Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.  
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's  
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.  
[Advise,  
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet  
conferr'd  
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,  
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?  
And will they undertake to do me good? [highness  
Hume. This they have promised, to show your  
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions  
As by your grace shall be propounded him.  
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
ACT I.  
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE III.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see the things effectuated to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit. Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold; Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume! Seal up your lips, and give no words but man:
The business asketh silent secrecy. Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch; Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. Yet have I gold flies from another coast; I dare not say, from the rich cardinal; And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk, Yet I do, I do. These hungry birds are plain. They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour, Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And but these conjurations in her brain. They say 'A crafty knave 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 knaves. Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck, And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall: Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [Exit.

* SCENE III. — The palace.

Enter three or four Petitions, 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 quire.

Sec. Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

Peter. Here n' 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. [me? Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with First Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. Who's that? 'To 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.

Suf. This is so, that's wrong, indeed. What's yours? What's here! [Revels] Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford. How now, sir knave!

Sec. Pet. Alas, 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.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter 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 Peter. Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Enter the supplications.

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.

Queen. 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 crown? What, shall King Henry be a pupil still 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 honor of that wrife, And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France, I thought King Henry had resembled thee In courage, courtship and proportion: But all his mind is bent to holiness. To number Ave-Maries on his beads; He is champion of the prophets and apostles, His weapons holy saws; for, to be plain, His study is his field-yard, and his loves 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 Thy highness came to England, so will I In England work your grace's full content. Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort— The impecunious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham, And grumbling York; and not the least of these But can do more in England than the king. Suf. And he of these that can do most of all Cannot do more in England than the Nevils: Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers. Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife. She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies, More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife: Strangers in court do take her for the queen: She bears a duke's revenues on her back, And in her heart she scorns our poverty: Shall I not live to be avenged on her? Contemptuous base-born callet as she is, She vaunted 'mongst her minions 'other day, The very train of her worst wearing gown Was better worth than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter. Suf. Madam, my vision has been true for her, And placed a quire of such enticing birds, That she will light to listen to the lays, And never mount to trouble you again. So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me; For I am bold to counsel you in this. Although we fancy not the cardinal, Yet must we join with him and with the lords, Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace. As for the Duke of York, this late complaint Will make but little for his benefit. So, one by one, we'll 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 denay'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place, Let York be regent: I will yield to him. War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no, Dispute not that: York is the wortlier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better's speak. War. The cardinal's not my better in the field. Duck. All in this presence are thy better. Warwick. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

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ACT I.  
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  
SCENE IV.

KING.  What mean'st thou, Suffolk; tell me, what are these?

SUFF.  Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master with so high a reason:
The words he spares are these: That Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown
And that your majesty was an usurper.

KING.  Say, man, were these thy words?

HOR.  An' tis please your majesty, I never said
Nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I
Am falsely accused by the villager's matters.

PET.  By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak
Them to me in the garret one night, as we were
Securing my Lord of York's armour.

YORK.  Base duinghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal clemency,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR.  Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the
Words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I
did correct him for his fault the other day, he did
Vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I
Have good cause of this; therefore I beseech your
Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a vil-
lain's accusation.

KING.  Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

SUFF.  This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because of York this business.
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice;
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

SOM.  I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HOR.  O, that I had the combat willing.
PET.  Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake,
Pity my case. The spite of man prevail not against
Me: O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never
Be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

SUFF.  Sirrah, or you must fight, or else 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 thee sent away.

[Flourish.  Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Gloucester's garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell,

And Bolingbrooke.

Hume.  Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell
You, expects performance of your promises.

BOLING.  Master Hume, we are therefore provided:
Will her ladyship behold and hear our excursions?

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 profane 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. [Times:
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.

SUFF.  Madam, sit you and fear not when we
Dress you in the garb of the fairer sex; we
Will make fast within a hallo'v' verge.

[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and
Make the circle; Bolingbrooke or Southwell
Reads, Conjuro te, &c.  It thunders and
Lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.
ACT II.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

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, to be sure, old Joan had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made, And what a pitch she flew above the rest! To see how God in all his creatures works! Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty, My lord protector’s hawks do tower so well; They know their master loves to be aloft And bears his thoughts above his falcon’s pitch.

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.

Glou. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

King. The treasury of everlasting joy. [thoughts Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart; Pernicious protector, dangerous peer, That slipt it so with king and commonweal! Glou. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown Tantene animis celestibus ire? [peremptory Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice; With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glou. As who, my lord?

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us. Stafford, take her to thee. [Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, 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 just

'Àoù te, 'Acida, Romanos vincere posse,' Well, to the rest:

'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?' By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

'Let him shun castles; Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains Than where castles mounted stand.'

Come, come, my lords; These oracles are hardly attain’d,

And hardly understood:

The king is now in progress towards Saint 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. [then:

'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-morrow night. Away! [Exeunt.
King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs. How irksome is this music to my heart! [lords. When such strings jar, what hope of harmony? I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying 'A miracle!'

Glow. What means this noise? Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Town. A miracle! A miracle!

Suf. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

Town. Forsoath, a blind man at Saint Alban's has seen.

Within the halfhour, heath 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 Alban's and his brethren, bearing Simpcox, between two in a chair, Simpcox's Wife following.

Car. Here comes the townspeople on procession, To present your highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glow. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the This highness' pleasure is to talk with him. [kings;

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, he was.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glow. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where was thou born? [grace.

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unshadow'd pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, earnest 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.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft Myself have heard a voice to call him so.


Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How camest thou so?

Simp. A plum-tree, master.

Glow. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.


But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glow. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst Although it were in smoke [clamors; Simpcox. Alas, good master, my wife desired some And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glow. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve. Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them;

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban. [cloak of? [Glow. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this Simp. Red, master; red as blood. [gown of? [Glow. Why, that's well said. What colour is my Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet. [is of? King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet [Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see. [Simpcox. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glow. Tell me, sirrah, what's his name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glow. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glow. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.


Simp. Saunter Simpcox, an if it please you, mas-

Then, Saunter, sit there, the lyingest 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 be distinguished by the colour, but suddenly to coalesce them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glow. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadle in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glow. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.

Glow. Now fetch me a stool either by and by.

Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glow. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beed. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and 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.

Glow. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glow. 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.

Glow. 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, lowly benta

Under the countenance and confederacy Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout.

Have practised dangerously against your state, Dealing with witches and with conjurors:

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 Glow.] And so, my lord protector, by this means Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge; To like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glow. A ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish’d as I am, I yield to thee, 
Or to the meanest groom. [ones.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked 
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy 
est.

And lo! myself be faultless, thouwert best.

Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal, 
How I have loved my king and common-weal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorrow I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, deserveth nobility, 
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’ sole 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 inassailable, 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 behind him Richard, 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 came:
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder’d 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 whose
line
I claim the crown, had issue, Phillipine, a daughter,
Whom 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 have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was 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 Phillipine,
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, for York claims in the third.
Till Lionel’s issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

York. Long live our sovereign Richard, England’s
king! [king

War. 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 Beaumont’s pride, at Somerset’s ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared 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, break we off; we know your mind
at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of War-
shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevill, this I do assure myself;
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

SCENE III.—A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Glouce-
er, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of
Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume,
and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Glouce-
er’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.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see’st, hath judged
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.
[Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere
thou go,
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.

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in the 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 reveal'd to us
The truth of that innocence of thy fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.
[Sounds a flourish.  Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A street.

Enter Gloucester and his Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a
And after summer evermore succeeds a cloud; barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sir, what's o'clock?  Ten, my lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Unehail may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nick Naste, will you not take a look
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 will prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Serc. So please your grace, we'll take her from the street.

Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame? Now thou dost pence enough. Look how they gaze! See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet, put up thy name,
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 thou a prince, protector of this land,
I think'st I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a raddle that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-felt groans.
The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometimes I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointting-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and lenient at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all.
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all 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 ever seek prevention of thy foes.  
Glou. 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 seate, So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless. Wouldst have me require thee from this reproach? Wry, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away, But I in danger for the breach of law. Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell: I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience; These few days' wonder will be quickly worn. 

Enter a Herald. 

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, Holden at Bury the first of this next month. Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. 

Exit Herald. 

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the king's commission. Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission And Sir John Stanley is appointed now [stays, To take her with him to the Isle of Man. Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here? Stand then, as I given in charge, may 't please your grace. Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray

You use her well: the world may laugh again; And I may live to do you kindness if You do it here: and so, Sir John, farewell! [well! Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not fare- Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [Exeunt Gloucester and Seringan. 

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee! For none abides with me: my joy is death; Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid, 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 conducted of my shame. Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me. 

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged. Come, Stanley, shall we go? 

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this And go we to attire you for our journey. [sheet, Duch. My shame will not be assoild with my sheet: No, it will hang upon my richest robes And show itself, attire me how I can. Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's. 

Sound a sonnet. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Parliament. 

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come: 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now. 

Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? With what a majesty he bears himself, How insolent of late he is become, How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself? We know the time since he was mild and affable, And if we did but glance a far-off look, Immediately he was upon his knee, That all the court admired him for submission: But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, When every one will give the time of day, He knits his brow and shows an angry eye And pusseth by with stiff unbowed knee, Dismissing duty that to us belongs. Small ears are not regarded when they grin; But great men tremble when the lion roars; And Humphrey is no little man in England. First note that he is near you in descent, And should you fall, he as the next will mount. Me seemeth then it is no policy, Respecting what a ravenous mind he bears, Now this the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted; Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden And choke the herbs for want of huskundry. The reverent care I bear unto my lord Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond, call it a woman's fear; Which fear if better reasons can supplant, I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke. My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York, Reprove my allegation, if you can; Or else conclude my words effectual. 

Suff. Well hath your highness seen into this duke; And, had I first been put to speak my mind, I think I should have told your grace's tale. 

The duchess by his subordination, Upon my life, began her devilish practices: Or, if he were not privy to those faults, Yet, by repute of his high descent, As next the king he was successive heir, And such high vaunts of his nobility, Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall, Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep; And in his simple show he harbours treason. The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb. No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit. 

Cay. Did he not, contriving of law, Devise strange deaths for small offences done? York. And did he not, in his protectorship, Levy great sums of money through the realm For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it? By means whereof the towns each day revolted. 

Pike. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown, Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey. 

King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us, To mow down thorns that would ail my foot, Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience, Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent From meaning treason to our royal person As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove: The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who can steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
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 caterpillars 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 the lord my king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long. [soon,
Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too
Unless the chartier more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

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 good I hoarded to my use:
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispersed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

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 you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny. [teetor,

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was pro-
Per, as I did stand to the fault that way.
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were rason for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else. [svered:
Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly an-
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name:
And that I commit you to my liege
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant
And equity exiled her highness' land.
I know their plot is to have your life,
And if my lord will make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Bolsofer's sparkling eyes blash his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy 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 stirr'd up
My fiest liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your ventures' intents,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effect'd:
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'
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 upbraid'd, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T shall make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twixt our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerly couch'd,
As if she had undergone some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beseech the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner. [sure.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him
Glou. Aha! thus King Henry throws away his
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.

[crutch.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side
And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee 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 wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here. [ment?

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 round engirt with misery,
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And blinds the wretch and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With such unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Cry after him and ask me if he come to me,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep and 'twixt each groan
Say 'Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

[Enter all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York; Somerset remains apart.
Queen. Free lords, I could not show myself with the sun's
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs, jet boats,
Too full of foolish pity, 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 good —
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 condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons happy rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More as a mistrust, than in my lord's worthye death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
York. 'Tis York that hath 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,
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were 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, 't is true; and were 't not madness,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold? [then,
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proven an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As I'll protest, to my liege,
And do not stand on quillet how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which makes him first that first intends deceat.
Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say who, I will, and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have, my Lord of Ere you can take due orders for a priest: [Suffolk,
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queen. And so say I.
York. 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 uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that cracks a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. This Somerset, as friend and father,
'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, to not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my my land
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.
Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
fire,
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? say, then, a
shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The unciivil kerns of Ireland are in arms
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will not talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[Exit all but York.
York. Now, York, or never, I'll show you fearful
And change disdain to resolution: thoughts,
Be thou hopeous to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart. [thought,
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherishing all your breasts, will lug your hearts.
'T was men thought lucky and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
While I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven and hell;
And this false tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circtum on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred law.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE II.

And sought so long, till that his thighs with darts Were almost like a sharp-quilled petroncelle; And, in the end being rescued, I have seen Him caper upright like a wild Morisco, Shaking his loose hair, and ringing his bells. Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty 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 I was told that the Duke of Suffolk now is dead, In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble: By this I shall perceive the commons' mind, How they affect the house and claim of York. Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured, I know no pain they can inflict upon him Will make him say I moved him to these 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 rasal sow'd; For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be, And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

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 to do! What have we Didst ever hear a man so penitent? [done?

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Here comes my lord. Suf. Now, sites, 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 we intend to try his grace to-day, If he be guilty, as 't is published. Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit. King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all, Proceed no further against 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.


ACT III.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.
SCENE II.

For losing ken of Albion’s wish’d coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk’s tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and see my life unfold
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father’s acts commenced 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.

War. But both of you were vow’d Duke Humphry’s foes.
And you, for death, had the good dude to keep:
’Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And ‘tis well seen he found an enemy.
Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphry’s timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect’t was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttick’s nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy. [your knife?]
Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where’s
Is Beaufort term’d a kite? Where is his talons? 
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping 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 badge.
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke Humphry’s death.
[Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Queen. He dares not call his countenuncle spirit
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Marry, be still; whatever may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong’d her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor’d court, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevills’ noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder buckles thee
And I should rob the deathman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign’s presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech
And say it was thy mother that thou meant’st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Perrick, thy self-bite’d, and thou, thy hog! 
Suf. Thou shalt be wak’d while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will draw thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I’ll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphry’s ghost.
[Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.

King. What stronger breathed than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock’d up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[4a noise within.

Queen. What noise is this?
Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our bosom! what, 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.
[Draw Sal. [To the Commons, entering] Sirs, stand apart;
the king shall know your mind.
Dread lords, I am sure, more than with 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 them they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
Then, if, in your highness' case of treatment,
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 strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That wildly glistened towards your feet, speedily
It were not necessary you were ware of,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, 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. A tedious, rude unpolish'd hint's
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I think them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet, in their absence, I must speak freely:
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the 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.
Haughty and false, if ever I kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt 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 threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these malice encouragings
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave. [wrests]

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I
The curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's root,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curt, as harsh and horrid to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As heavy laden Euphues in his leafsome cote:
My tongue should stumble in inane empty words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distrait;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burreth'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as sharp as lizards' stings!
Their musical sound as painful as a gnat,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—
Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
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 mourning tears; [hand,
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could the king be priz'd as the queen,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmise whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeat thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banish'd 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
That their thousand leaves, Leather a hundred times to part than die,
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wilt thou there;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty [prithee?]
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
And his deathcloth is printed in the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king
And whispers to his pillow as to him.
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

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
Dooming the thief of his exile, my lord's expense?
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?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe 
Dying with mother's sigh between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it 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, befal what may befal!
Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For whereas'ter 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 woful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splintered bark, so sunder we:
This way I fall 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.

SCENE IV.—The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, 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-owling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and slugging wings,
Clip dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discoulour'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
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
[yours.

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
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shall thou die; [To Suf.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

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 with mischance is seen to come.
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then shall I know the thing is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Com' 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 grin

Sal. 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 bad 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.

Suf. Pole!

Cap. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!

Ay, kernel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I damp 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 them that smilest at good Duke Humphrey's
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And weel'd be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affly a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbits of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Neviss all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms.
And not the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shamefull murder of a guiltless king
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitus omnia.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and 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 the paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain
Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more [here,]
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate,
Drones suck not eagles' blood but bob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly way thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,— [death.

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy
Suf. Goliath timor occupat armus: it is thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shall have cause to fear before I
leave thee.

What are ye daunted now? now will ye stop?
First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak
him fair.

Suf. Suffolk, imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Useful to command, untameable to please for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncov'd to the vulgar grom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
To this my nephew may never be forgot!
Great shall be my grief, by the holy word,
A Roman sword upon a bandit slave,
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutes' bastard hand
Stab'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it.
[Exit.

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 laith: 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 nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,
I say it was never merry world in England since
gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded
in handkerchief-men.

pros.

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 voca-
tion; which is as much to say, as let the magis-
trates 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 tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skin of our enemies,
to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the Butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the weaver,—

Bevis. Argg, their thread of life is spun.

Holl. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the
Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed
father.— [herrings.

Dick. [Aside] Or rather, of stealing a cale of
Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, in-
spired with the spirit of putting down kings 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] As I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lambes.—

Dick. [Aside] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter,
and sold many laces.

Smith. [Aside] But now of late, not able to travel
with her furred pack, she washes basks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [Aside] Ay, by my faith, the field is hon-
ourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for
his father had never a house but the cag.

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.
Dick. [Aside] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it teloy to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my paltry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

[Aside. God save your majesty!]

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account.

Cade. Oratory, Clerk?

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 mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: '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 I am ta'en in his plot.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general?

Mich. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.

He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself; he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [Rises] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staff. Rebellions hides, the fifth and seum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallowes, lay your weapons down:

Home to your cottages, forscake this grooms:

The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Cade. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not: It is to you, good people, that I speak, Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And Adam of the dust he was made. [March.

Cade. Marry, this; Edmund Mortimer, Earl of
Married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did he
Staff. Ay, sir.

Bro. By her he had two children at one birth.

Cade. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis The elder of them, being put to nurse, [true:
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.
Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Jack Cloth, 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 resign: but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gilded the commonwealth, and made it an emuch; 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, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staff. Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That these fly, which fly be a traitor's end.

May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors: And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exit the two Staffords, and soldiers.

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me. Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman: Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon; For they are thristy 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. [Exit.

SCENE III. — Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords 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 behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill two hundred [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 heels till I do come to Lon-
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF  KING HENRY VI.  SCENE VII.

Don, where we will have the mayor's sword borne
by

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break
open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
march towards London.  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — London.  The palace.

Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with
Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the
Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate;—
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the
rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
But should again make war on them.

Queen. Ah, barbarous vigilars! hath this lovely
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
Face
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now! what news? why comest thou
in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence's house,
And calls your grace usurper openly
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they
head.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
'Until a power be raised to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. I'll read it, my lord, and take it my
note.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath got 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
And horse us as

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succ.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

King. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish
rebels.

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 with-
stand 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 myself;
The rebels have ass'yd to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And I'll send you Mr. Matthew Goffe;
Fight for your king, your country and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — London.  Cannon 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 com-
mand that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit
run nothing but claret wine this first year of our
reign.  And now henceforward it shall be treason
for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.  [They kill him.

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call 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 Goffe is slain, and all the rest.
Then enter Jack Cade, with his company.

Cade. So, sir: now go some and pull down the
Savoy; others to the inner halls: down with them.
Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that
word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come
out of your mouth.

Holl. [Aside] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then: for
he was thrust in the month 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. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord
Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made
us pay one and twenty fifeens, and one shilling to
the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.
Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord!
now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction
KING HENRY THE SIXTH. PART II.—Act IV., Scene viii.
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 Basilicamu, the damper unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most treacherously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had none, these new books but add to the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.—

Dick. What say you of Kent? [gens.]

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ,
Is 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 Mainne, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I sought at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm and you? Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, Because I had no book before me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing whereewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck at thou blow in the

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.
Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folk?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen candle then and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and be head to him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?

Cade. Have I accounted wealth or honour? speak.

Say. Are my cheeks fill'd up with extorted gold?

Cade. Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Say. Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding:

This breast from harboursing foul deceitful thoughts. 0, let me live!

Cade. [Aside] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll broil it: he shall die, an it be but for pleasing 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, Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[Execut some with Lord Say. The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets and at every corer have them kiss. Away! [Execut.

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblemound.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner, kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [Shout and a parley.] 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 pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!' Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, 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 prochaineth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd.

Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightforward calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.

I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee 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.
Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. 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
am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my
life for a thousand years I could not stay no longer.
Therefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this
garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet
another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's
stomach this hot weather. And I think this word
'sallet' was born to do me good; for many a time,
but for a sallet, my brain-pain 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 'sallet'
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 monarch,
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not, with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me
for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
cries 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 into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing in with false in spirit owner.
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?
Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that
ever was brooked, and braved thee too. Look on
me well: I have eaten no meat these five days: yet,
come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave
you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may
never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall 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 leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose sadness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the barly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath; I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hounals.

[Here they fight. Cade falls.]

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is hid.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

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 land 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. Humphrey 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.] Scarecrow can I speak, my choler is so O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint, [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 king; More like a king, more kingly they thought: 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, nay, all my sons, As pledges of my fealty and love; I'll send them all as willing as I live: Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have, Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission: We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, dost York intend no harm to That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm? [hus, York. In all submission and humility] York doth present himself unto your highness. King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring? York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence. And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade, Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition May pass into the presence of a king, I, 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 call'd? and what is thy de- iden. A poor esquire of Kent, 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 a We give thee for reward a thousand marks, [knight. And will that thou henceforth attend on us. Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, And never live but true unto his liege! [Rises.

Enter Queen and Somerset.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke. [queen:
ACT V.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE II.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his But boldly stand and front him to his face. [head, York. How now? I am Som's servant at liberty? Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts, And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart. Shall I endere the slight of Som's heart? 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, Whose darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor. That bed of thee not become a crown; Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff, And not to grace an awful princely sceptre, That gold must round engirt these brows of mine, Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, Is able with the change to kill and cure. Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up And with the same to act controlling laws. Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler. Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York, Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown: Obev, and resign thy traitor, and I for grace. York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask If they can brook 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 the ward, They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement. Queen. Call lither Clifford; bid him come amain, 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 betters 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.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail. Clifford. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: [thee. We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again; For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee. Clifford. This is my king, York. I do 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. Clifford. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower, And chop away that faction's 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? Bick. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve. Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall. Clifford. 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. Clifford. Call hither to the stake my two brave bears, That with the very shaking of their chains They may astonish these fall-lurking curs: Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me. Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury. Clifford. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death, And manacle the bear-ward in their chains, If thou darest bring them to the baiting place. Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweaving cur Run back and bite, because he was withheld; Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw, 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. Clifford. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump, As crooked in thy manners as thy shape! York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon. Clifford. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your-selves.

[Exit.]

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot To Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair, Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son! What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian, And seek for sorrow with thy spectators? O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty? If it be banish'd from the frosty head, Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war, And shame thine honourable age with blood? 'Tis by our hand, and will for grace.[Kneels. Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it? For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me That bows unto the grave with mickle age. Salisbury. My lord, I have consider'd with myself The title of this most renowned duke; And in my heart I do resolve to none the less The rightful heir to England's royal seat. King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me? Salisbury. I have. [an oath? King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin, But greater sin to keep a sinful oath. Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murderous deed, to rob a man, To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To reave the orphan of his patrimony, To wring the widow from her custom'd right, And have no other reason for this wrong But that he was bound by a solemn oath? Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister. King. Clifford Buckingham, and bid him arm himself. Clifford Buckingham, and all the friends thou I am resolved for death or dignity. Clifford. First I warrant thee, if dreams prove true. War. You were best to go to bed and dream again, To keep thee from the tempest of the field. Clifford. I am resolved to bear a greater storm Than any thou canst conjure up to-day; And that I'll write upon thy burgonet. Might I but know thee by thy household badge. War. Now, by my father's badge, old Neville's crest, The rampant bear-chin'd to the ragged staff, This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet, As on a mountain top the cedar shows That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm, Even to affright thee with the view thereof. Clifford. Thou dost not from thy burgher badge At tread it under foot with all contempt; Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear. Clifford. So to arms, victorious father, To quell the rebels and their companions. Rich. Fear! charity, for shame! speak not in spite, For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night. Clifford. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell. Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [Exit severally.

SCENE II. — Saint Alban's.

Actorus 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 afout?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he 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 chase,
For I 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.
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it.
Clif. My soul and body on the action both!
York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.
[They fight, and Clifford falls.
Clif. Lais vin couronne les œuvres. [Dies.
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still,
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly,
He is truly dedicated to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour. [Seeing his dead father.
O, let the vile world end.
And the promised flames of the last day
Kuit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Was 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 arran battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their labors: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrants oft reclains
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Abyrutus did:
In cruelties will I seek the tyrant's throne.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Aeneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[Exit, bearing off his father.

Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' patent sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Fight: escusions. Enter King, Queen, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame,
away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Queen. What are you made of? you'll nor fight Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence, [nor fly:
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum after off. If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply seape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are loved
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
[set,
But fly you must; incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and then our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Fields near St. Alban's.


That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion! This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestri'd him: thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
to-day:
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defend'd me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the wits of forth
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'tis a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eternized in all age to come;
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [Exeunt.
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.
Marquess of Montague.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.

Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.
Sir Hugh Mortimer, }
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.


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 dropping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
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 clear his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood. [blood,
Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's
Whom I encountered'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.
But by your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have 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 vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thinks, 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. [ment,
York. The queen this day here holds her parl
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

FLOURISH. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumber-
land, Westmoreland, Exeter, and the rest.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state: belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd
revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.
ACT I.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Perchance it is for politicks, 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. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them, And they have troops of soldiers at their back?
War. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
To make to shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, crowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factions Duke of York, descend my throne, And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine. [Of York
Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York: 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was. Exe.] And I shall wear the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York. [To
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which 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 chops of blood that never was 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 we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stop
And seize upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lordi 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, take the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honour
est arms,
Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus,
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king
York. Sons, peace! [in his ear.
K. Hen. Percieveth, thou! and give King Henry leave
to speak. [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;
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king,
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [Aside] I know not what to say; my
title's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstr'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [Aside] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the chain thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.
War. Deposed 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 house with armed men,
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 himself!
West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us?
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. You too?
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
[Aside.
York. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate
In whose cold blood no spark of honour blazes.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in hands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
[Exeunt North., Cliff, 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 unthankfully shall disinherit. [son, but 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, whilest I live, to honour me as thy king and sovereign, and neither by treason nor hostility to seek to put me down and reign thyself. York. This oath I willingly take and will perform. War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, enquire whose is he? [ward sons!] K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy for- York. New York and Lancaster are reconciled. [Exc. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes! [Sennet. Here they come down. York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle. War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers. Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers. Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came. [Exc. York and his sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their soldiers, and attendants. K. Hen. And I, with sorrow and 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 extremes? 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! Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus? Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I, Or felt that pain which I did for him once, Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood, [there, Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir And disinherit thine own son. Prince. Father, thou 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 enforced me. Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced? I shan't to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch! Thou hast undone thyself, thy son and me; And given unto the house of York such head As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance. To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it, but to make thy sepulchre And creep into it 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 were a silly woman, The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes Before I would have granted to that act. But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour: And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, Until that act of parliament be repeal'd Whereby my son is 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 after ruin of the house of York. Thus do ye, son, and let 'tis away; Our army is ready; come, we'll after them. K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak. Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me? Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies. Prince. When I return with victory from the field I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her. Q. Mar. Come, son, we'll not linger thus. [Exc. Queen Margaret and the Prince. K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son Hath made her break out into terms of rage! Revenged may she be on that hateful duke, Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire, Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle Tire on the flesh of me and of my son! The loss of those three lords torment's 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. [Exc.}

**SCENE II. — Sandal 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. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken: I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year. Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be for- York. I shall be, if I claim by open war. [sworn. Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible. Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took Before a true and lawful magistrate, That hath authority over him that swears: Henry had none, but did usurp the crown; Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose, Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown; Within whose circuit is Elysium And all that poets reign of bliss and joy. Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest Until the white rose that I wear be dyed Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart. York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die. Broth. then shalt to London presently, And where in Warwick to this enterprise, Thon, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk, And tell him privily of our intent. Yor. Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise: In them I trust; for they are soldiers, Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more, But that I seek occasion how to rise, And yet the king not privy to my drift, Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

**Enter a Messenger.**

But, stay: what news? What conest thou in such post? [lords Gabr. The queen with all the northern earls and Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

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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 thus most 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 five thousand men? Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need: A woman's general; what should we fear? [A march afar off.

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order, And issue forth and bid them battle straight. York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great, Many a battle have I won in France, When as the enemy hath been ten to one: Why should I not now have the like success? [Alarm. Exit.

SCENE III.—Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands? Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.


Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them. Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch That trembles under his devouring paws; And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey, And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder. Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword, And not with such a cruel threatening look. Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die. I am too mean a subject for thy wrath: Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. [blood Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again: He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him. [borne Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and Were not revenge sufficient for me: No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves And hung their rotten coffins up in chains, It could not stifle mine ire, nor ease my heart. The sight of any of the house of York Is as a fury to me, my soul; And till I root out their accursed line And leave not one alive, I live in hell. Therefore— [Lifting his hand,

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death! To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords. Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me? Clif. Thy father hath. Rut. But 'tis I was born. Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just, He be as miserably slain as I. Ah, let me live in prison all my days; And when I give occasion of offence, Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause. Clif. No cause! Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [Stabs him.

Rut. Di faciant 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, Congeal'd 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 Turned and dispersed by hunger-starved lees. 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 had encounter'd him: And when the hardiest warriors did retire, Richard cried 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!' And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb! A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!' With this, we charged again: but, out, alas! We bodged again; as I have seen a swan With bootless labour swim against the tide And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [A short alarum within. Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue; And I am faint and cannot fly with 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 quenchless fury to more rage: I am your butt, and I abide your shot. North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm, With downright payment, show'd unto my father. Now Phæthon hath tumbled from his car, And made an evening at the noontide prick. York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth A bird that will revenge upon you all: And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven, Seorning what'er you can afflict me with. Why come you not? what multitudes, 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 let not thee once again, And in thy thoughts o'er-run my former time; And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face, And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!
ACT I.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE IV.

Cliff. I will not bade with thy word for word, But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand reasons
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.

Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart: What valor were that, when a caw doth grin.
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all advantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.

Cliff. Ay, ay, so strives for 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'rematch'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That caught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What runs through the brain of England's king?
Was't he 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 proddy,
Dicky by your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, 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 fiery heart so parch'd thy entrails
That this cloth can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldnst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown fits York! and, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem.
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, '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.

Cliff. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he has scarce
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!

But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
Would a sweet, proud queen, nay, a bee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem.
Yet not so wealthy as an English woman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
And, God help me, thy share thereof is small;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired:
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us:
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou dost exult in famine, filthy, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry camillads
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
With blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth of thine shall drink in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say 'tis we were a pitiful race:
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood on thy heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To show how inly sorrow grieves his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumber-

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Cliff. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted kin.

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God! My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
Thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.

[Dies.}

[Flourish. Exeunt.]
SCENE I.—A plain near Mortimer’s Cross in Herefordshire.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their powers.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father escaped, or whether he be ‘scaped away or no. From Clifford’s horseman’s pursuit they fell; had he been taken, we should have heard the news; had he been slain, we should have heard the news; or had he ‘scaped, 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 how he singed Clifford forth. Methought he bore him in the thickest troop as doth a lion in a herd of neat; or as a bear, encompass’d round with dogs, who having pinch’d a few and made them cry, the rest stand all aloof, and bark at him. So fare’d our father with his enemies; so fled his enemies my warlike father; Methinks, ’tis prize enough to be his son. See how the morning opens her golden gates, and takes her seat on the glorious arm. How well resembles it the prime of youth, trimm’d like a younger prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorius sons, 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.]

Edw. ’Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never I think it citis us, brother, to the field, that we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, each one already blazing by our meads, should not withstanding join our lights together and over-shine the earth as this the world. Whate’er it bodes, henceforward will I bear upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it, you love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on when as the noble Duke of York was slain, your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he die, for I will hear it all. Mess. Environed he was with many foes, and stood against them, as the hope of Troy against the Greeks that would have enter’d Troy. But Hercules himself must yield to odds; and many strokes, though with a little axe, Hew down and fell the hardest-timer’d oak. By many hands your father was subdu’d, but yet as a ruffian by his cast upon the unrelenting Clifford and the queen, who crown’d the gracious duke in high despite, laugh’d in his face; and when with grief he wept, the ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks a napkin steeped in the harmless blood of sweet young Northumberland and Clifford slain: and after many sears, many foul taunts, they took his head, and on the gates of York they set the same; and there it doth remain, the saddest spectacle that e’er I view’d.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon, now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay. O Clifford, bolsterous Clifford! thou hast slain the flower of Europe for his chivalry; and treacherously hast thou vanquish’d him, for had he been he would have vanquish’d thee. Now my soul’s palace is become the sorrows of his.”

Edw. Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body might in the ground be closed up in rest! For never henceforth shall I joy again, never, O never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body’s moisture scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart: nor can my tongue unload my heart’s great burden; for selfsame wind that I should speak withal is kindling coals that 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 tabes; blows and revenge for me! Richard, I bear thy name; I’ll yenge thy death, or die renowned by attempting it. [thee. Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with his dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle’s bow, Show thy descent by gazing on the sun: for chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say: Either It’s thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague, and their army.


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! Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet, which held thee dearly as his soul’s redemption, is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death. War. Ten days ago I drown’d these news in tears; and now, to add more measure to your woes, I come to tell you things sith then befell’n.

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, musterd my soldiers, gathered’ th flocks of depart, and very well appointed, as I thought, 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. Touching King Henry’s oath and your succession, short tale to make, we at Saint Albans met, our battles joint’d, and both sides fiercely fought: but whether ’twas the coldness of the king, who look’d full gently on his warlike queen, that robb’d my soldiers of their heated spade; or whether ’twas report of her success; or more than common fear of Clifford’s rigour, who thunders by his bloody and his covetous 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 idle thunderer with a flail, fell gently down, as if they strick their friends; cheer’d up and with justice of our cause, with promise of high pay and great rewards: but all in vain; they had no heart to fight, and we in them no hope to win the day; so that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again. [wick?]

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle War?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
With them six miles off the duke is with the sol-
diers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war. [ned:]
Rich. It was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
Off were carried in haste to the sea,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.
[hear; War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me
'Tis love I hear thy glories make me speak. [not:
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we throw away our coats of steel,
And in our livery and in our gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords. [out;
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you
And therefore cometh my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the laught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His life did stand upon a slender limb,
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster,
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welsuines canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
War. Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
But with the next turn, let them divide and speak.
Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven防范! for

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fear and forfeit of his head,
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as as
Thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds, [steel,
I come to piece it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums: God and Saint
George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's away.

[Exeunt.]
ACT II.

THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

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; Darrayngh your battle, for they are at hand. cliff. As if a channel should be call'd the sea— The queen hath best success when you are absent. Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune. [I'll stay.] K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore north. Be it with resolution then to fight. Prince. Make cheer these noble lords And hearten these 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 bid 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? rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was q. Mar. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied. rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. Warr. 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. Warr. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine. cliff. You said so much before, and yet ye fly. Warr. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence. [you stay. Norfolk. No, nor your manhood that durst 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 bastard and a treacherous coward, As thou didst 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. Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue: I am a king, and privileged to speak. [here cliff. My lord, that I did sound that this meeting Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still. rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe 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 faith to-day, That ne'er shall dine until thou yield the crown. Warr. 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. We never got thee, there thy mother stands; For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue. Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, [dam; Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided, As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings. rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt, Whose father bears the title of a king,— As if a channel should be call'd the sea— Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art ex- traught, To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart? edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns, To make this shameless callet know herself. Helen of Greece was fairer 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 thou poor squire with his bridal-day, Even then that sunshine breed'd a shower for him. That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France, And beard'd sedition on his lid bow his knee; I was adopted heir by his consent: Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear, You, that are king, though he do wear the crown, Have caused him, by new act of parliament, To blot out me, and put his own son in. rich. What reason too? 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 you, Or any he the proudest of thy sort. [not it. rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was q. Mar. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied. rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. Warr. 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. Warr. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine. cliff. You said so much before, and yet ye fly. Warr. 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ACT II.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE V.

That stain'd their fetlocks in their smoking blood, The noble gentleman gave up the ghost. [Blood: I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly. Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, Walling our losses, whiles the foe doth rage; And look upon, as if the tragedy Were play'd in jest by counterfeiters? Here on my knee I vow it to God above, I'll never pause again, never stand still, Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine Or fortune given me measure of revenge. 

Else. 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 me embrace thee in my weary arms: 1. that did never weep, now melt with weep That winter should cut off our spring-time so. War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops, And give them leave to fly that will not stay; And call them pillars that will stand to us: And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards As victors wear at the Olympian games: This may plant courage in their quailing breasts; For yet is hope of life and victory. Forsworn no longer, make we hence again. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone: Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York, And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge, Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall. Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone: This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York; And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland; And here's the heart that Triumphs in their death And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother To meet this 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 faires 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: Sometime the dool prevails, and then the wind; Now another does; then weather takes it. Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast, Yet neither conqueror nor conquer'd: So is the equal poise of this fell war. Here on this molehill will I set me down. To whom God will, there be the victory! For why, my queen, and my lady too! Have chid me from the battle; swearing both They prosper best of all when I am thence.

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so; For what is in this world but grief and woe? O God! must we not here and now face To be no better than a homely swain; To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carve out diauls quaintly, point by point, Thereby to see the minutes how they run, How many make the hour full complete; How many hours bring about the day; How many days will finish up the year; How many years a mortal man may live. When this is known, then to divide the times: So many hours must I tend my flock; So many hours must I take my rest; So many hours must I go to life; So many hours must I sport myself; So many days my eves have been with young; So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean; 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! Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade To shepherds looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy To kings that feast on the feasts of treachry? O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth. And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds, His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade, All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, Is far beyond a prince's delicacies. His viands sparkling in a golden cup, His body couched in a curious bed, When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

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, that I haply take them from him now, May yet ere night yield both my life and them To some man else, as this dead man doth me. Who's this? O God! it is my father's face, Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd. O heavy times, begetting such events! From London by the king was I press'd forth; My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man, Came on the part of York; I joy his master: And I, who at his hands receiv'd my place, Have by my hands of life bereaved him. Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did! And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks; And no more words till they have flow'd their fill. F. Hen. O sacred spectacle! O bloody times! Whiles lions war and battle for their dens, Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee for tears; 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.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resist'd me, Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; For I have bought it with an hundred blows. But let me see: is this our foeman's face? Ah, no, no, it is mine own! Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee, Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise, Blown with the windy tempest of my heart, Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! Only, 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 hath bereft thee of thy life too late! [grief!]
K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common
O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The rest past to the white, noblest of his face,
The fatal colours of our starving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. I'll win my another for a father's death.
Take with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied! [chances
K. Hen. Will you the country for these 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 ever king so grievous for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit with the body.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
My heart, a sweet boy, shall never Yield thee, for all time'; [sheet]
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so I, as he that will thy fate be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[Exit with the body.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overcome with
Here sits a king more woful than you are. [care,

Alarums: excursions. 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
King: Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their irreful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, send it a-dashing to extirpate their seed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.
[Exit:

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.
Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whilest it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy falsehoods, tears,
More dear to heaven's pity than my son's!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough cominiiture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misprised York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And with what happy body's sight, O York!
O Phoebus, hast thou never given consent
That Phæthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth! And,
Hast thou, hast thou swayed 's thine command 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;

And I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hast kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle airy
And what makes robbers bold but too much leyni?
Bootless are plaints, and curseless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor sitteth they under flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effusion of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[Exit.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Rich-
ard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, nil'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think of lords, that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible; he could not escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he's secretly dead.

[Clifford groans, and dies.

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.
[ford;

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
[head,

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.
[house

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl 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 here:
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death overshades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repeat in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou dost love York, and am son to York.
Edw. Thou art Hied's Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
[wast wouit
War. They mocks thee, Clifford: swear as thou
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world
goes hard!

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he's dead: and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rai1 at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing
Stille the villain whose un stanza death thirist
York and young Rutland could not satisfie. [head,
War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's
ACT III.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE I. — A forest in the north of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves; for through this haunt anon the deer will come; and in this covert will we make our stand, culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost. Here stand we both, and aim we at the best; and, for the time shall not seem tedious, I'll tell thee what befell me on a day.

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

First Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love, to greet mine own land with my wishful sight. No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine; Thy place is ill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee, Thy bal'd bath'd off wherewith thou wast anointed: No bending knee will call thee Caesar now, No humble suitors press to speak for right, No, not a man comes for redress of thee; For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee: This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity, for wise men say it is the wisest course. [him.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon First Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France and, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister to wife for Edward: if this news be true, poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; for Warwick is a subtle orator, and Lewis a prince soon won with moving words. By this account then Margaret may win him; for she's a woman to be pitied much: Her sighs will make a battery in his breast; Her tears will wander as a whirlwind to Hart; The tiger will be mild whiles she doth morn; And Nero will be tainted with remorse, To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears. Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give; She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry, He, on her right, asking a wife for Edward. She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed. He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd; That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be; For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, And never will I undertake the thing; Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester, And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself, Shall do and undoe as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester; For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation: Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London, To see these honours in possession. [Execut.
And what God will, that let your king perform;  
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — London. The palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,  
His lands then seized on by the conqueror;  
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;  
Which we in justice cannot well deny,  
Because quarrell'd of the house of York.  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her  
It were dishonour to deny it her.  
[suit;  
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a  
Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Yea, is it so?  
[pause;  
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,  
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] He knows the game; how  
true he keeps the wind!

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Silence!  
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;  
And come some other time to know our mind.  
K. Edw. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:  
May it please your highness to resolve me now;  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant  
you all your lands,  
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.  
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] I fear her not, unless she  
chance to fall.  
Glou. [Aside to Clar.] God forbid that! for he'll  
take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?  
tell me.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] I think he means to beg a  
child of her.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Nay, whip me then: he'll  
rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] You shall have four, if  
he'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.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] Ay, good leave have you;  
for you will have leave,  
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.  
[Glou. and Clar. 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?  
[murm.

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.

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me  
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to  
do.

[commands.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace  
Glou. [Aside to Glou.] He plies her hard; and  
much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] As red as fire! nay, then  
her wax must melt.

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  
suject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely  
L. Grey. Take my leave with many thousand  
thanks.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] The match is made; she  
seals it with a cursy.

K. Edw. 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, that's the thing? I see too much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks,  
my prayers;  
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such  
love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought  
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my  
mind.

[ceive

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I per-  
your highness ains at, if I am aline,  
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in  
prison.  
[bands lands.

K. Edw. Why, thou shalt not have thy hus-  
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my  
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

[dover;  
K. Edw. Therewith thou worst thy children  
[and me.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them  
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords 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.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] The widow likes him not,  
she knits her brows.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] He is the bluntest wooer  
in Christendom.  
[with modesty;  
K. Edw. [Aside] Her looks do argue her replete  
Her words show her 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 unfitness to 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 queen,  
And yet too bold to be your concubine.  
[queen.

K. Edw. You caval, widow: I did mean, my  
L. Grey. 'Twill 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.

Glou. [Aside to Clar.] The ghostly father now  
hath done his shift.

Clar. [Aside to Glou.] When he was made a  
[shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what that we two  
have had.  
[set.

Glow. 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.
ACT III.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE III.

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
Clou. But it's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes. 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 convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably. [Exit

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins an hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden line I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me —
The lustful Edward's title buried —
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty; —
Like Hesperus, mayhap I shall be there,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll 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'erworks 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 foresaw me in her master'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 witter'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To make an unseasonable
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
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 rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not so being how I find the way, or
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torture myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or how my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll play more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the operator as well as Nestor.
Deceivemore silly 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 Lews the French King, his sister BonA, his Admiral, called Bourbon; Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and rise 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.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Mar-
Must strike her sail and learn awhile to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath tred my title down,
And with dishonor laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
K. Lew. What'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 damnsel 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 revolve my drooping
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That I, as Henry, am possessed of my own,
Is of a kind 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-annotied lawful king.
This is the cause that I protest,
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 bethekn a means to break it off. [foe
Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our
K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 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?
War. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings
thee to France? [He descends. She arises.
Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person; And then to crave a league of unity; And lastly, to confirm that unity With nuptial knot, if thou wouldest grant That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister, To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [Aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope [concerning the marriage].

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; Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears, Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue. Q. War. King Lewis, in 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 marriage Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour; [rages For though usurpers sway the rule awhile, Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs. War. Vouchsafe, fair Margaret: And why not queen? Prince. War. Because thy father Henry did usurp; And thou no more art prince than she is queen. Of course, Warwick, disunites great John of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain; And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth, Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth, Who by his prowess conquered all France: From these our Henry lineally descends. [course, War. Oxford, how haps it in, this smooth distance 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, [flege, Of course, Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy Whom thou dost slander and deride? And not bewray thy treason with a blush? War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right, Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king. Of course, Call him my king by whose injurious doom My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere, Was done to death? and more than so, my father, Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years, When nature brought him to the door of death? No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm, This arm upholds the house of Lancaster. War. And, in the house of York, [Oxford. K. Lev. Q. Mar. Q. War. Q. Mar. Warwick, and Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, While I use further conference with Warwick. [They stand aloof. Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words might with him not! [conscience, K. Lev. Warwick, tell me, even upon thy word, Is Edward thy true king? for I was loath To link with him that were not lawful chosen. War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour. K. Lev. But is he gracious in the people's eye? War. The more that Henry was unfortunate. K. Lev. Art thou, all dissembling set aside, Tell me for truth the measure of his love Unto our sister Bona. War. Such it seems As may beseech a monarch like himself. Myself have often heard him say and swear That this his love was an eternal plant, Whose root was fix'd in virtuous 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. Lev. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve. Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine: [To War.] Yea, I confess that often ere this day, When I have heard your king's most gracious word, Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire. K. Lev. 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 shall be laid before the Parliament. Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness That Bona shall be wife to the English king. Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king. Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device By this alliance to make void my suit; Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend. K. Lev. And still is friend to him and Margaret: But if your title to the crown be weak, As may appear by Edward's good success, Then 'tis but reason that I be released From giving aid which late I promised, Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand That your estate requires and mine can yield. War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease, Where having nothing, nothing can he lose. And as for you yourself, our quondam queen, You have a father able to maintain you; And better 't were you troubled him than France. Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace, Proud setter up and puller down of kings! I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears, Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love; For both of you are birds of selfsame feather. [Post blows a horn within. K. Lev. 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 three sisters, 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. Of course, I like it well that our fair queen and mistress Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his. Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were I hope all's for the best. [nettled: K. Lev. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen? [joys. Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joy. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent. K. Lev. Warwick, hast thou married the Lady Now, to soothe thy forgery and his, [Grey? Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? Is this the alliance that he seeks with France? Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner? Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before: This proveth Edward's war against Warwick's honesty. War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss, [heaven, That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's, No more my king, for he dishonours me. But most himself, if he could see his shame. Did I forget that by the house of York My father came untimely to his death? Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece? Did I impale him with the regal crown? Did I put Henry from his native right? And am I guardian'd at the last with shame?
ACT IV. THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE I.

Shame on yourself! 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:
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest King Henry’s friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfrequented friend,
That, if King Lewis would close us off his grace,
With some sweet bands of chosen soldiers,
I’ll undertake to land them on our coast
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
’Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He’s very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen? [live.
Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarel and this English queen’s are one.
War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lee. And mine with hers, and thine, and Marthihereat last I firmly am resolved [argent.
You shall have all my wealth.
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lee. Then, England’s messenger, return in
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king, [post.
That Lewis of France is sending over masques
To reveal it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what’s past, go fear thy king withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a good wife.
I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake. [shortly,
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid
And I am ready to put armour on. [aside,
War. Tell him from me that he hath done me
wrong,
And therefore I’ll uncrown him ere ’t be long.
There’s thy reward: be gone. [Exit Post.
K. Lee. 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 our queen and this young prince 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 irreprovable,
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.
K. Lee. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be
levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war’s mishance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[Exit all but Warwick.
War. I came from Edward as an 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.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I’ll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry’s misery,
But seek revenge on Edward’s mockery. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.
Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.
Glow. 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?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the
Glow. And his well-chosen bride. [king.
Clar. I mind to tell him all I think and know.
Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey,
as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.
K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you
our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of
Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
That they’ll take no offence at our abuse. [cause.
K. Edw. 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.
Glow. And shall have you will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proves well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended
Glow. Not I: [too?
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever’d
Whom God hath joined together; ay, and ’t were
To sunder them that yoke so well together. [sty
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey [aside.
Should not become my wife and England’s queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Grey.
Glow. And Warwick, doing what you gave in
Is now dishonour’d by this new marriage. [charge.
K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be
By such invention as I can devise? [appeased
Mont. Yet, to have join’d with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen’d this our common-
wealth
’Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred mar-
Hast, Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer when ’t is backed with France.
Hast. ’Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back’d with God and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well de-
serves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
ACT IV. THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE II.

K. Edw. Nay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glow. And yet methinks your grace hath not done
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales [well,
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood: [their
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.
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 your dislike, 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.
Glow. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [Aside.

Enter a 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 of France is sending over masquers To revel 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 I am ready to put armor on.' [are done, K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.' But what said Warwick to these injures? 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 therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.' K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so 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. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd [daughter, in friendship. 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.
Glow. [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.
[Exit Pembroke and Stafford.

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me? If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends: But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some solemn vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!
Glow. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French 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 Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice To rest distrustful 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 overture, Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds, So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle, At unawares may beat down Edward's guard And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him, For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Declare the name of Henry with your leader. [They all cry, "Henry!"
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [Exeunt.
ACT IV.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE V.

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? [yow
First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd. [day,
Second Watch. To-morrow then likeable shall be the
If Warwick be so near as men report. [is
Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman
That with the King here resteth in his tent?
First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's
chiefest friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commandest
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; [quietness;
Third Watch. Ay, but 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 halterds 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 goeth there?
Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest! [Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, 'Arm! arm! Warwick and the rest following them.

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter War-
wick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out
in his gown, 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'dst me king.
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd;
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? [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:
Thou dost usurp a nation's welfare in my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's
king: [Takes off his crown.
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
Seek that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
ACT IV.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE VII.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the hunters stand. [rest, Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer? Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste: Your horse stands ready at the park-corner. K. Edw. But whither shall we then? Hast. To Lynn, my lord, And ship from thence to Flanders. [meaning. Glou. Well guess'd, I believe; for that was my K. Edw. Stanley, I will require thy forwardness. Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to staid. [go along? K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd. Glou. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado. K. Edw. Bishop, farewells; 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 regal seat, [friends And turn'd my captiue state to liberty, My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys, At our enlargement what are thy due fees? Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns; But if a humble prayer may prevail, I then crave pardon of your majesty. K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me? Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure; Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds Conceive when after many moody thoughts At last by notes of household harmony They quite forget their loss of liberty. But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free, And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee; He was the author, thou the instrument. Therefore, that I may requite thy love, 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 so doth my heart miscarry in these wars. War. Your grace hath still been famed for vir- And now may seem as wise as virtuous, [tuous; By spying and avoiding fortune's malice, For few men rightly temper with the stars: Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, For choosing me when Clarence is in place. Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway, To whom the heavens in thy nativity Adjured 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 for a season suspend my latter days, To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise. War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will? [sent; Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield con- For on thy fortune I repose myself. [content: War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be We'll yoke together, like a double shadow To Henry's body, and supply his place; I mean, in hearing weight of government, While he enjoys the honour and his ease. And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful Fortwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor, And all his lands and goods be confiscate. Clar. What else? and that succession be determined. [part, War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs, Let me entreat, for I command no more, That Margaret your queen and my son Edward Be sent for, that they return to England with speed; For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear My joy of liberty is half eclipsed. [speed. Clar. 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 Rich- mond. K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [Lays 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 a regal 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 escap'd from your brother, And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy. War. Unsaucy news! but how made he escape? Post. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Glou- And the Lord Hastings, who attended him [cister in secret amissal on the forest side; And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him; For hunting was his daily exercise. War. My brother was too careless of his charge. But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide A salve for any sore that may betide. [Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford. Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's; For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, And we shall have more wars before 't be long. As Henry's late pressaging prophecy [mon, Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich-mond, my heart misgave me in these conflicts What may befall him, to his harm and ours: Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst, Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany, Till storms be past of civil enmity. OrS. Ay, for if Edward repose 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 amend, And says that once more I shall interchange My waneed state for Henry's regal crown. And the young man's fall, and now we pass'd 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; Glou. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not For many men that seem at the threshold Are well foretold that danger lurks within. 451
K. Edw. Tush, man, abominations must not now
affright us: By fair means we must enter in,
For let us tell our friends repair to us. [them.]
Host. 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;
And 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, my good lord; I know you for no less.
But if you acquaint your people with me,
As being well content with that alone. [dekedom;
Glow. [Aside But when the fox hath once got
in his nose,
He’ll soon find means to make the body follow.
Host. 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. Glow. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
Host. The good old man would fain that all were
So ‘t were not ‘long of him: but being enter’d,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his 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 I fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes his keys.
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.
March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.
Glow. 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 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
delate
By what safe means the crown may be recover’d.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you ‘ll not here proclaim yourself our king;
I’ll leave you to your fortune and be gone.
To keep them back that come to succour you;
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glow. 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.
Host. Away with scurvy pulpit! now arms must
rule.
Glow. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns.
Brothers, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The brut 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 now will I be Edward’s champion. [claim’d:
Host. Sovereign trumpet; Edward shall here pro-
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[Flourish.

SCENE VIII. — London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Mont-
tague, Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.
War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belguia,
With being a danger, and speed before his
Hath pass’d in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. Hen. Let’s levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer’d, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, to 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 cit 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
host.
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 Coven-
trary. [Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.
K. Hen. That’s not my fear; my meed hath got
me fame:
I have not stopp’d mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with timely delays;
My pity was been balm to heal their torments,
My mildness hath allay’d their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress’d them with great subsidies.
Ab, for revenge, though they much err’d:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graceles shame grace.
ACT V.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. 

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is 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 Daintry, 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 mar-ches[ed] from War-

wick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook’d-for Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March: flourish. Enter King Edward, Glou-

cester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall! War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair? [gates,

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city

Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?

And he shall pardon thee those outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck’d thee down,

Call Warwick patron and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the

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 thee service for so good a gift.

War. ’Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy

brother. [wick’s gift.

K. Edw. Why then ‘tis mine, if but by War-

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, 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 ten,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course;

Where peremptory Warwick now remains:

The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,

Cold biting winter mars our hope-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes. before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitors unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. [Exeunt.
THIRD

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more inpiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I hero proclaim myself a 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, proudest hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Paragon 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, perfired and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not cooped here for defence
I will away towards Barnet and Warwick,
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.

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there; die thou, and die our
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all. [fear;
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[Exit.
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arm doth give shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who diest smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my mansions, yea, the fields I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left but my body's length.
What, why is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! were thou as we
We might recover all our loss again:
Are, the queen from France hath brought a puissant
power:
Even now we heard the news; ah, couldst thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile:
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That gies my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead. [his last:
Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick
And said 'Comment me to my valiant brother,'
And more said he could not: he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
'0, farewell, Warwick!' [yourselves;
War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in
[Die.

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 course.
And we are grasped 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,
Ere he attain his useful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Lith raised: Gallia have arrived at 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 not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, she 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 rides way:
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
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 lair
With tearful eyes add water to the sea?

Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tackles?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I?
For once a while'd the skilful: wherefore?
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 Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say ye, sir, is it but a while?
Tread on the sand: why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hope for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
Prince. Menthinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any be here that God's good name
Let him depart before we need his help.
Oz. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long 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, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford,
thanks. [Exit.
Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oz. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceived; we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
[Advancing.
Oz. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not
Flourish and march. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers.
K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wit ye blaze to burn them out;
Give signal to the light, and to it, lords!
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes canceld and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant and give signal to the fight.
SCENE V.—Another part of the field.
Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.
K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils,
Away with Oxford to James Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.
Q. Mar. So part, we sadly in this troublous world.
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glou. It is: and so, where youthful Edward comes!
Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.
K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him
What! can so young a threat be born to prick? [Speak.
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am 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!
Glou. That, and have thou been the pettifog, And ne'er have stoll'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let 3'sop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glou. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.
[men.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to
Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding cockback rather.
[Hot.
K. Edw. Peace, willful boy, or I will charm your
Clar. Untut'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty: you are all unprofitable:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp't my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this raider here.
[Stabs him.
Glou. Swarz!/st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[Stabs him.
Cla. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Stabs him.
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glou. Marry, and shall.
[Offers to kill her.
K. Edw. Ned, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.
[words?
Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with
K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter;
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glou. The Tower, the Tower.
[Exit.
Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stab'd Cæsar 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, and if I speak,
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped?
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stind'd you remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth! to have him so cut off
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce. [Here;]
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here shall be thy sword. I'll pardon thee my death: What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou. [Clarin. by heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.]
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it. [do it?]
Clarin. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not Q. Mar. Ay, but thou useth to forswear thyself: 'T was sin before, but now 'tis charity.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [Exit, led out forcibly.]
K. Edw. Where's Richard gone? [To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.]

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 rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better: 'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike, And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must con- fer. [Exit Lieutenant.
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? K. brother Edward, and thyself the sea Whose envious gull did swallow up his life. Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words! My breast can better brook thy dagger's point Than can my ears that tragic history. But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life? Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner? K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art: If murdering innocents be executing, Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou spiegled? Thou 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 nightingale cry'd to the new-moon; Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees; The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top, And chattering pies in distain discords sung. 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 bump, Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born, To signify thou camest to bite the world: And, if the rest be true which I have heard, Thou camest —
Glo. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech: [Stabs him.]

For, 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 Shink 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 seek their ruin that usurp'd our right? The midwife wonder'd and the women cried 'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!' And so I was; which plainly signified That I should snarl and bite and play the dog, Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so, Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it. I have no brother, I am like no brother; And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine, Be resident in men like one another And not in me: I am myself alone. Clarence and I, thou keep'st me from the light: But I will sort a pitchy day for thee; For I will buzz abroad such prophecies That Edward shall be fearful of his life, And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death. King Henry and the prince his son are gone: Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, Counting myself but bad till I be best. I 'll throw thy body in another room And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit, with the body.

SCENE VII. — 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 foemen, like to autumn's corn, Have we now'd down in tops of all their pride! Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd For hardly and undoubted champions; Two Cliffsords, as the father and the son, And two Northumberlands; two bravest men Ne'er spurn'd their courses at the trumpet's sound; With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague, That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion And made the forest tremble when they roard. Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat And made our footstool of security.
V. THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE VII.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightest reposest the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glon. [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 heave:
And leave 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.

Glon. And, that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
[Aside] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried 'All hail!' when as he meant all harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with
Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as betits 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 stab'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!—ACT II., SCENE IV.
THE TRAGEDY OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Edward V.
Richard, Duke of York,
George, Duke of Clarence,
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards
King Richard III.,
A young Earl of Richmond,
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.
Marquis 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 Greywick, a priest. Another Priest.
Tressel and Berkeley, gentlemen attending on the
Lady Anne.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wilts.
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 Plant-
tagnet).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and
other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Serivener, Citizens,
Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—England.


Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glov. 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 barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not 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 ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Chaste 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 unashionable
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,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. [comes.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,

Tendering your person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glov. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glov. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christened in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Ye, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams:
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherit'd 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
women:
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she and the devil's worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there'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. Humblily complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty,
I'll tell you what; I think it is their way,
It would keep them in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dub'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:
[obey, We speak no treason; man: we say the king
Is when virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought
to do.

Glou. Naught 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
Forbear your conference with the noble duke. [obey.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touche me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well,
I will devise you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. [Exit Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.

Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er re-
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so; [turn,
That may fright the thought of heaven, if heaven
If heaven will take the present 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!
Well are 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 his,
[too; And have prevailed 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 royal 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 were fill'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bestow 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 breathe; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. Another street.

Enter the corps of King Henry the Sixth, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shroned in a hearse,
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The unfailing fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor keel-like figure of a holy king!
The pale ashes of the house of York!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slayeth'd son,
Stabb'd by the selisehand that made these
wounds!

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm 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 lap betide that hateful wretch,
That makes me wringe with the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
Most sharply hatest the beholder in the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
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 Chersley 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.

Glow. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend, To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glow. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul, I'll make a corse of him that disobeys. [Paul, Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glow. Unmanier'd dog! stand thou, when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than thy breast, Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot, And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What all that? do you trouble? are you all afraid? Also, I blame you not; for you are mortal, And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell! Thou hadst but power over his mortal body, His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glow. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curt.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, Filled it with cursing cries and deep execrations. If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds, Behold thy pattern of thy shameful life.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed affreish! Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity; For 't is thy presence that exalts this blood From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells; Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death! Or earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death! Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer, Or earth, gap open wide and eat him quick; [dead, As thou dost swallow up this living's blood, Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcher'd!

Glow. 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.

Glow. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glow. More wonderful, when angels are so angry. Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, Of these supposed evils, to give me leave, By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man, For these known evils, but to give me leave,

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glow. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me Some patient leisure to excuse myself. [have

Anne. Fooler than heart can think thee, thou canst No excuse current, but to hang thyself. [make

Glow. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldest thou stand excused;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself, Which I should swinishly slaughter upon others.

Glow. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead:

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glow. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glow. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Mary, Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood, The which thou once didst bend against her breast, But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glow. By thy slanders tongue, Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glow. 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!

Glow. The hotter for the King of heaven, that hath him. [come.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never

Glow. Let him thank me, that I help to send him For he was fitter for that place than earth. [thither;

Anne. And thou shalt for any place but hell.

Glow. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me

Anne. Some dungeon. [name it.

Glow. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glow. So will it, madame, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glow. 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 of most accused

Glow. Ye beauty beggaries.

O'er which that was the cause of that effect;

Thy 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 that thought I. I tell thee, homely,

These nails should rend that beauty from my checks, [wreck;

Glow. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

Anne. As all the world is cheered by the sun, So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Glow. Black night o'cusher day, and death

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glow. It is a quarrel most unnatural, To be revenged on him that loveth you.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable, To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

Glow. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband, Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glow. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Anne. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Anne. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Anne. Here. [She spitteth at him.]

Anne. Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Anne. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

Anne. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead.

Anne. 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 pitiful moan that Rutland made When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him; Nor when thy wakirish 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 bedazz'd with rain; in that sad time My many eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weep,
I would confound to friends my enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, [words];
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak.
[She looks scornfully at him.]
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for the enemy;
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 lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.

Nay, do not pause: for I did kill King Henry,
But 'tis was thy beauty that provoked me. [Edward,
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabbed young
But 'tis 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.
Glow. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glow. Aye, true. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glow. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glow. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glow. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glow. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glow. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glow. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if my love devoted heart may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
[designs
Glow. 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 Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you;
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.
Glou. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[Exeunt Lady Juyj, Tressel, and Berkeley.
Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Was ever woman in this humour wool'd?
Was ever man in this humour won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
And I nothing to bear my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a gentler gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet desake her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn you fellow in his grave;
And then return 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 accustomed health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would 'tibe 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 own lord; better any port, no prince.
son,
Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
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.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The curious whispers of these false accusers;
Or, 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 of 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
Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it: Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, foresoon, am stern and love them not? By heaven, not so, for I am one of his grace, but lightly
That fill his ears with such discontented rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men’s faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and aplaisie,
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
Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong? Or that be dealt? a fair and gentle Jack?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with levied complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the
The king; of his own royal disposition, [matter.
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your inferior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
True my lord; so will, and so resolve it.

Glou. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There’s many a gentle person 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

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
Our brother is imprison’d by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in a constant state of perilous imprisonment.
Are daily given to ennable those [noble.
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful
height
From that contented lap which I enjoy’d,
I never did increase his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings’ late imprisonment.

Ric. She may, my lord, for— [not so?

Glou. 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 your majesty, may she—

Ric. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worse match. [borne

Q. Eliz. Of Gloucester, I have too long
Your blunt upbraiding and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those 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 baited at:

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Small joy have I in being England’s queen. [thee!

Q. Mar. I needn’t be told that small, God, I beseech
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me. [king?

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
This time I will speak: nor you suppose me forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. [king,

Glou. 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 split mine own. [thine.

Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or

Glou. In all which time you and your husband
Were factions for the house of Lancaster; [Grey
And, Rivers, so were your husband that Margaret’s faction:
I am too childish-foolish for this world. [world,

Q. Mar. Hee thee to hell for shame, and leave the
Thou cacodemon! there 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.

Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from 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,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [Advancing.

Bear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill’d from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away! [my sight?

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast said;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou hast Steward of England; as I know;
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with

Asp.

And with thy scorns drew’st rivers from his eyes,
And, then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steepl’d in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
ACT I.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE III.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine. [your duty.}
Riv. 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! [pert.]

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are mala-
your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
Glow. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,
marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.
Glow. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scornt he 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 aery buildeth in its tender bud.
Q. Mar. O God, that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be 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 princeley Buckingham, I'll kiss thy
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair be thy face and thy noble horse!
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 this of my hand,
Look, when he favs, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him:
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him. [ingham?
Glow. With all that God hath put in his hand.
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.

Host. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.
Riv. And so doth mine: I must say why she's ill.
Glow. I cannot blame her; by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glow. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold to think it's done now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

---

Denounced against thee, are all full'n upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Host. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was re-
dealt.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to
see it. [came,
Q. Mar. What were you snarling all before I
Ready to catch each other by the throat.
And doth all your hatred rest on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Without, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
If not by war, by surest die your king, [curses!
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Died in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Or but a child, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now.
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art staid in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off! [hag!
Glow. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wick'd
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On that, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affright thou of the devil's hags and hell's
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rootling hog
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rasc of honour! thou detested—
Glow. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard! Ha!
Q. Mar. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glow. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself. [fortune!
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen! vain flourish of my
Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply. Their,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd
foal.

Host. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Madam, his majesty doth call for you:
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords. [as?]
Q. Elm. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with
Ric. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glow. I do the wrong, and, first begin to brawl.
The secret mischief that I set abroach
I lay upon the grievous charge of others,
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have lied in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
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 false and will inform 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 old ells 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, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?
First Murd. 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.

When any have done, repair to Chelmsby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in your execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
First Murd. Tush! Fear not, my lord; you 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 Murd. 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 ghostly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear
you tell it. [Tower.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;
Who led from my cabin tempest me to walk [land,
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd Eng- And cited up a thousand fearful tides,
During the wars of York and Lancaster That had befell'd us. As we paced along
Upon the gibbet footing of the hatches, [ing, Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in fall-
Strength, to the height that fishes gaw'd upon;
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 fearful wrecks; Ten thousand anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; none in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scores of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wou'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
to gaze upon the secrets of thine own heart?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst with all the sea within me.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stronger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and, like a dead soul,
'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Twake'sbury;
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul heads
Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream. [yon;
Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted
I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.
Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest! [Clarence sleeps.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the short day longer, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfuel imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. No! who's there? [you hither?
Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came
First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.
Brak. Yea, are you so brief?
Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than to
dious. Shew him our commission; talk no more.
[Brakenbury reads it.
Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant thereby.
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep;
I 'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.
First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare
you well.

[Exit Brakenbury.
Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
First Murd. No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.
Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day. [sleeping.]
First Murd. But, then he will say we stabbed him.
Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
First Murd. What, art thou afraid?
Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.
First Murd. Then thought thou hast been resolute. Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live. [him so.
First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell Sec. Murd. 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 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?
Sec. Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.
First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done. [ward.
Sec. Murd. Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the re-
First Murd. Where is thy conscience now?
First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.
Sec. Murd. Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.
First Murd. How if it come to thee again?
Sec. Murd. I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but he accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills him full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.
First Murd. Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.
Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.
First Murd. Tut. I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.
Sec. Murd. Why, then he's a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?
First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the maine-by-but in the next room.
Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sopf of him. First Murd. Hark! he stirres: shall I strike?
Sec. Murd. No, first let his reason with him. [wine.
Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, Clar. In God's name, what art thou? [unon.
Sec. Murd. A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are loyal. [humble.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own. Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak! thy eyes do menace me: why look you pale? Wo sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both. To, to, to—
Clar. To murder me?
Both. Ay, ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you? [king.
First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again. [die.
Sec. Murd. 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 cause have given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death? Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is most unlawful. I charge you, as you hope to have redemption By Christ's blood shed for our grievous sins, That you depart and lay no hand on me: The deed you undertake is damnable.
First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command. [king.
Sec. Murd. 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, Spurn 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. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on his state. For false forswearing and for murder too: Thou didst receive the holy sacrament, To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster. First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God, Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son. Sec. Murd. Whom thouwert sworn to cherish And defend. [law to us.
First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful When thou hast broke it in so dear degree? Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that 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 sword to cut a man's throat. To cut off those that have offended him. [jester,
First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody mini-
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet, That princely novice, was struck dead by thee? Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage. First Murd. My brother, by the hand of law, didst Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee. [faul.
Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me; I am his brother, and I love him well. If you be hired for meed, 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. Murd. 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; Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep. First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind. First Murd. Right,
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself: 'Tis he that sent 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 oaths, That he would labour my delivery.
ACT II.

KING RICHARD III.

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 redeem 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; Riev. 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 he 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! Riev. And, 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; And 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 unviolable. Hast. And so swear I, my lord. [They embrace. K. Edw. Now, princesly Buckingham, seal thou this league With thy embracements to my wife's allies, And make me happy in thy unity. Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate On you or yours [to the Queen], but with all duteous Dole, cherish you and yours, God punish me [love With hate in those where I expect most love! When I have most need to employ a friend, And most assured that he is a friend, Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile, Be he unto me! this do I beg of God, When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [They embrace.

Sec. Mard. Look behind you, my lord.

First Mard. Take that, and that: if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsy-butt within. [Exit, with the body.

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 life, and that I could not do it. 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 meed, I must away; For this the will out, and here I must not stay.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princesly Buckingham, Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart. There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here, To make the perfect period of this peace. [duke. Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble

Enter Gloucester.

Glow. Good morrow to my sovereign king and And, princesly peers, a happy time of day! [queen; K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day. Brother, we have done deeds of charity; Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers. Glow. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege: Amongst this princely heap, if any here, By false intelligence, or wrong surmise, Hold me a foe. You unwarily, or in my rage, Have ought committed that is hardly borne By any in this presence, I desire To reconcile me to his friendly peace: 'Tis death to me to be at enmity; I hate it, and desire all good men's love. First, madam, I entreat true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my duteous service; Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham, If ever any grudge were lodged between us; Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you; That all without desert have from'd on me: Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all. I do not know that Englishman alive With whom my soul is any jot at odds More than the infant that is born to-night: I thank my God for my humility. Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter: I would to God all strifes were well compounded. My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty To take our brother Clarence to your grace. Glow. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this, To be so floutted in this royal presence? Who knows not that the noble duke is dead? [They all start.

You do him injury to scorn his corse. Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is? Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this! Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest? Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence But his red colour hath forsok his cheeks.
Enter Derby.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.
K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a righteous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk. [Death.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doth my brother's
And shall the same give pardon to a slave?
My brother knew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forswear
The meanest trust? who in the dark night for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king!'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb, cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutal wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer.
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you;
But, for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor
Clarence! [Exeunt some with King and Queen.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you how
That the guilty kindred of the queen [not
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Duck. We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The palace.

Enter the Duchess of York, with the two children
of Clarence.

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?
Duchess. No, boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!' [lead.
Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Duchess. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And will we not? [you well:
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; for my good uncle Glou-
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen, [ester
Devised immeasurable 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
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.
Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle
Shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?
Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her
cars; Rivers and Dorset after her.

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wall and weep,
To exult my fortune, and torment myself?
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy, so deep:

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 kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And 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 false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast lost the comfort of three children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine
arms
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,
To overgo thine plaints and drown thy cries! [death:

Boy. God, a good aunt, you wept not for our father's
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-colour likewise be unwept!

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 plenteous tears to drown the world!
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chill. 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's
Chill. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's
gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!

Chill. Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general.

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She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These beads 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 muse,
And I will water it with laments. [pleased

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much dis-
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things, 't is call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much though we have spent our harvests, heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Ric. 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 dear Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby,
Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glou. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
to wall the dimming of our shining star;
But heavy was the harm by bearing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you 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!
Glou. [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-sorlowing
Bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we spent much of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln 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
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Ric. Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham?

Duch. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet nugovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Ric. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glou. 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 censures in this weighty business?

Q. Eliz. I With all our hearts.

[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 index to that story we last talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.
Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! my dear cousin,
KING RICHARD III.  

ACT III.  

SCENE I.  

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Duke of Gloucester, Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.  

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.  

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign. The weary way hath made you melancholy.  

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy: I want more uncles here to welcome me. [years  

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit: Nor more can you distinguish of a man Than of his outward show; which, God he know, Scion 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.  

Glou. 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! [you all.  

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: Fle, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not To tell us whether they will come or no!  

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.  

Duch. What is thy news then? [Pomfret,  

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.  

Duch. Who hath committed them? Mess. The mighty dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham.  

Q. Eliz. For what offence? Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed; Why or for what these nobles were committed Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.  

Q. Eliz. Ay, madam, I see the door full of our house! The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind; Insulting tyranny begins to jet Upon the innocent and aweless throne: Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre!  

I see, as in a map, the end of all.  

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days, How many of you have mine eyes beheld! My husband lost his life to get the crown; And often up and down my sons were toss'd, For me to joy and weep their gain and loss: And being seater, and domestic broils Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors, Make war upon themselves; blood against blood, Self against self: O, preposterous And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen; Or let me die, to look on death no more!  

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary. Madam, farewell.  

Duch. I'll go along with you.  

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.  

Arch. My gracious lady, go; And thither bear your treasure and your goods. For my part, I'll resign unto your grace The seal I keep: and so betide to me As well I tender you and all of yours! Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.
You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary plea;  
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.  [once.  
Card.  My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for  
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?  
Hast.  I go, my lord.  
Prince.  Good lords, make all the speed haste you  
may.  [Exit Cardinal and Hastings.  
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?  
Glou.  Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day or two  
Your highness shall reposse you at the Tower: [lit  
Then where you please, and shall be thought most  
For your health and recreation.  
Prince.  I do not like the Tower, of any place.  
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?  
Buck.  He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.  
Prince.  Is it upon record, or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it?  
Buck.  Upon record, my gracious lord.  
Prince.  But say, my lord, it were not register'd,  
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,  
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.  [livelong.  
Glou.  [Aside] So wise so young, they say, do never  
Prince.  Say, uncle, why?  
Glou.  I say, without characters, fame lives long.  
[Aside] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one word.  
Prince.  That Julius Caesar was a famous man;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
Let us sit down to make his valour live:  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.  
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—  
Buck.  What, my gracious lord?  
Prince.  An if I live until 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 for-  

Enter young York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.  
Buck.  Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York, my 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.  For the mortality of your noble Lord of York?  
York.  I thank you, gentle uncle, O, my lord,  
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:  
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.  
Glou.  He hath, my lord.  
York.  And therefore is he idle?  
Glou.  O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.  
York.  Then is he 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 boy?  
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.  You will part but with light  
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay. [gifts;  
Glou.  It is too heavy for 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  
York.  Little.  

Prince.  My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:  
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.  
York.  You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:  
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,  
[ters.  He thinks that you should bear me on your should.  
Buck.  With what a sharp-prov'd wit he reasons!  
To mitigate the scorn he bears his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:  
So cunning and so young is wonderful.  
Glou.  My lord, will't please you pass along?  
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham  
Will to your mother, to entreat of her  
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.  
York.  Who will will you?—will your mother, my lord?  
Prince.  My lord protector needs will have it so.  
York.  I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.  
Glou.  Why, what should you fear?  
York.  Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry ghost:  
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.  
Prince.  I fear no uncles dead  
Glou.  Nor none that live, I hope.  
Prince.  An if they live, I hope I need not fear.  
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.  

[A Scene.  Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.  
Buck.  Think you, my lord, this little prating  
Was not incensed by his subtle mother  
York  To taint and scorn you thus opprobriously?  
Glou.  No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a pardon boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:  
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.  
Buck.  Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.  
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend  
As closely to conceal what we impart:  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?  
Cate.  He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.  
Buck.  What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? what  
will he?  
Cate.  He will do all in all as Hastings doth. [by.  
Buck.  Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Cates-  
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.  
If thou dost find him unamiable to us,  
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:  
If he be leden, icy-cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination:  
For we to-morrow hold divided-councils,  
Wherein the Duke shall highly be employ'd. [Catesby,  
Glou.  Command me to Lord William; tell him,  
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.  
Buck.  Go, gentle Catesby, go, effect this business  
roundly.  [may.  Cate.  My good lords both, with all the heed I  
Glou.  Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we  
Cate.  You shall, my lord.  [sleep?  
Glou.  At Crosby Place, there shall you find us  
Buck.  Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we per-  
ceive  
Lord Hastings will not yield to our compots?  
Glou.  Chop off his head, king; somewhat we will  
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me [do:  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.  

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Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. What is 't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four. [nights?

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then?

Mess. And then he sends you word

He dreamt to-night the boar had roused his

Until he will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the

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 shadow, wanting instance:

And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you

[Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord,

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirr-

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And I believe 't will never stand upright

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. [crown?

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the

Cate. Ay, my good lord. [shoulders

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my

Ere I will see the crown so foul mislaid.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find thee for-

Upon his party to gain thereof: [ward

And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no 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 proud and proud who brought me in my master's hate,

I live to love 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.

Hast. The princes both make high account of you;

[Aside For they acquaint his head upon the bridge,

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-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 't is 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 rode from

Were jocund, 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 change of fortune doth not raise;

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

Stan. My lord, 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 fel-

[Exit Stanley and Catesby.

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now

Than when 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 in better state than 'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

[Throw his purse.

Purs. God save your lordship!

[Exit.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your

[heart.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and then content you.

[He whispers in his ear.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamber-

lain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no shriving 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. This will be enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [Aside] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.
SCENE III.—Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halterds, carrying Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan to death.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.
Ric. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this: To-day shall a subject the 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.
You. You live that shall cry woe for this here—
Rat. Dispatch: the limit of your lives is out.
Ric. O lord, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison, Fatal and ominous to noble peers! Within the guilty closure of thy walls Richard the second here was lack'd to death; And, for more shander 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.
Ric. Then cursed she the Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God, To hear their 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 expiate.
Ric. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

SCENE IV.—The Tower of London.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.

Hast. 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.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well; But, for his purpose in the coronation, I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd His gracious pleasure any way therein: But you, my 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.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I 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, William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,— I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
Glo. That my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder; His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. Hast. I thank your grace.

SCENE IV.—Pomfret Castle.

Glo. My lord of Ely!
Ely. My lord?
Glo. 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.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

Drawing him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business, And finds the testy gentleman so hot, As he will lose his head ere this moment 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. [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 those strawberries.

Hast. His face looks cheerful and smooth to—
There's some conceit or other like him well, [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 show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended; For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.
Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve That do conspire my death with devilish plots Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord, Makes me most forward in this noble presence To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be: I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. 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 up: And this is my father's wife, this monstrous wife, Consorted with that harlot Strumpet Shore, That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,— [pet,
Glo. If thou protector of this damned strump-
Telled thou me of 'tis? Thou art a traitor! Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear, I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

Enter all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me; For, I too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze 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 sate to me: I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 't were triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd, And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse 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.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
ACT III.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE VI.

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 in his book, wherein he did
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. [claim.
Lor. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to ex-
Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful still time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

SCENE V.—The Tower-walls.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten
armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glou. Come, cousin, cast thou quake, and
change thy colour.
Murther thy breath in the middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thouwert distraught and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, speak! look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion; ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

Buck. What, is Catesby gone?
Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord mayor,—
Glou. Look to the drawbridge there!
Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glou. Catesby, or lock the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—
Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buck. God and our innocency defend and guar-

Lovel. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Lor. 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, whereon my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainer of suspect.

[traitor

Buck. Well, well, he was the covent's 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 subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

May. What, what, what?
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 resolution?

May. Now, fair befal you! 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,
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 had you hear
The traitor speak, and timorous confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wall his death. [serve.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquit our大厦,cousin, there.
With all your just proceedings in this cause. [here,

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
To avoid the carping censure of the world.

Buck. 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.

[Exit Mayor.

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 knew the father of
His heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where he'd beauty; eat or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nav. 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 lineaments,
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 Slaug;
[To Catesby.] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[Ereunt 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 by Catesby was it 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 seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who is so blind, but 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.—Bayard's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glow. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the Lord of our Lord, the citizens are mum and speak not a word.

Glow. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy, and his command by deputy in France; this is the greatness of his desires, and his enforcement of the city wives; his tyranny for trifles; his own bastards, as being got, your father then in France, and his resemblance, being not like the duke: Withall 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!'

Glow. Ah! and did they so?

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 repreheended them: and ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence. His answer was, the people were not wont to be spoken to but by the recorder. 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.

Glow. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord. [Exeunt.]

Glow. Will not the mayor then and his brethren be not you spoken with, but by mighty suit: [fear; and look you get a prayer-book in your hand, and stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord; for on that ground I'll build a holy descent:] and be not easily won to our request: Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glow. I go; and if you plead as well for them as I can say nay to thee for myself.

Buck. Go, go, up to the heads; 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 without.

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby, what says he?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace To visit him to-morrow or next day: He entendeth 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 importing than our general good, Are come to have some conference with the grace. Cate. I'll tell him what you say, my lord. [Exit.

Buck. Ah, by my lord, this council is not in Edward: He is not lodging on a lewd day-bed, But on his knees at meditation; Not dallying with a brace of courtzans, But meditating with two deep divines; Not sleeping, to engross his idle body, But praying, to curish 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 nay!

Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

Cate. My lord, he wonders to what end you have assembled Such troops of citizens to speak with him, His grace not being wak'd in this discourse: My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry am I my noble cousin 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.

When holy and devout religious men Are at their Beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence, So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester afoft, between two Bishops.

Catesby returns.

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!

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 ornamentals to know a holy man. Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, Lend favourable ears to our request; And pardon us the interruption Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glow. My lord, there needs no such apology: I rather do beseech you pardon me: Who, earned in the seres of God, Neglect the visitation of my friends. But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure? Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God And all good men of this engross'd isle. [above.

Glow. I do suspect I have done some offence That seems disgraceful in the city's eyes, And that you came to repreheend my ignorance. Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace, At our entertainies, to amend that fault! [and?

Glow. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Bed. Tell me, Sir, is it 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 mildness of your sleepy thoughts, Which hereby do wake to waken our stock, This noble isle doth want her proper limbs; Her face defaced with scars of infamy, Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion. Which to renew, we heartily solicit your grace. Your gracious self to take on you the charge And kingly government of this your land; Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another’s gain;  
But all successively from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,  
Or bitter to speak, when your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Best fittest my degree or your condition:  
If not to answer, you might haply think  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me;  
If to reprieve you for this suit of yours,  
So season’d with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I check’d my friends.  
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,  
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert  
Unequalable shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As my ripe revenue and due by birth;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects,  
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother’d.  
But, God be thanked, there’s no need of me,  
And much I need to help you, if need were;  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, by a bow’d by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars;  
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;  
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother’s son:  
So say we too, but not by Edward’s wife;  
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy —  
Your mother lives a witness to that vow —  
And afterward by substitute betroth’d  
To Bona, sister to the King of France.  
These both put by, a poor petitioner,  
A care-crazed mother of a many children,  
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
Made prize and purchase of his lusty eye,  
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts  
To base declension and lowly bigotry:  
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,  
Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
This proffer’d benefit of dignity;  
If not to bless us and the land withal,  
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing times,  
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord, speak, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer’d love.  
Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?  
I am unfit for state and majesty;  
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;  
I cannot nor will I not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as, in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother’s son;  
As we know your tenderness of heart  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,  
Which we have noted in you to your kin,  
And equally indeed to all estates, —  
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother’s son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in the throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house;  
And in this resolution here we leave you. —  
Come, citizens: ’rounds! I’ll entreat no more.

Glo. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.  
[true it.

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do  
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?  
Well, call them again. I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreats,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load:  
But if black scouldal or foul-faced reproach  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blot’s and stains thereof;  
For God he knows, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the devil’s root.  

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say  
Glo. 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.

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown’d?  
Glo. 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.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy task again.

Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.  
[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York,  
and Marguess 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.

Anne. God give your graces both  
A happy and a joyful time of day!  
[away?  
Q. Eliz. As much to you, my sister!  
Whither Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.  
[gether.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we’ll enter all to-  

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.  
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

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Brak. 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?
Brak. I cry you mercy; I mean the lord protector.
Q. Eliz. Injustice was written on that kingful
Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me? [title!
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?
Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.
Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame
And take thy counsel from thee, on my peril.
Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [Exit.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
An irreverend looker on of two fair queens. [minister,
[To Anne] Come, madam, you must straight to West-
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen. [heart
Q. Eliz. O, cut my face in smudg, that my pent
May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-felling news! Anne. Desiptful tidings! O unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how faces your
grace? [hence!
Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas;
And live with Richard, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
So full were my cares, and this thy 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 ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispens'ring wight of misery!
O my accursed wound, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoidable eye is murderous. [sent.
Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was
Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of gold and all that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. [now
Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband
And came to me, as I follow'd Henry's curse. [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'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wouldest, 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!' I,
o, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in sob and sigh, to quench my torn heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been vex'd by his insomnious dreams,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me. [ing.
Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complain-
Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.
Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcome of glory!
Anne. A devil, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!
Duch. [To Dorset] Go thou to Richmond, and good
[To Anne] Go thou to Richard, and good angels
[To Queen Eliz.] Go thou to sanctuary, and good
thoughts possess thee!
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
And partly off from thee, on my peril.

Brak. Stay, yet look back with me unto the
Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. The palace.

Senet. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Bucking-
ham, 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 ascendeth
his throne.] Thus 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. [king
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be
Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.
K. Rich. If I am king? 'tis so: but Edward
Buck. True, noble prince. [lives.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull;
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd,
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief.
Buck. Old grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezeth;
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my
Before I positively speak herein: [lord
I will recede thy grace immediately. [Exit.

Calc. [Aside to a stammerer] The king is angry: see,
he bites the lip.
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys; none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Be it! [gold

Page. My lord?
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 matches 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 Tyrrel.
K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him
kitchen. [Exit Page.

The deep revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel;
Hath he so long held out with me united,
And stops he now for breath?
Enter Stanley.

**How now! what news with you?**

**Stam.** My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea. Where he abides. [Stands apart.]

**K. Rich.** Catesby! [Exit.]

**Cate.** My lord? [Exit.]

**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 mean-born gentleman, Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter: The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. Look, how I say it: first and 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 sin will pluck on sin: Tear-falling pity dwell's not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

**Is thy name Tyrrel?** [Exit.]

**Tyr.** James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.**K. Rich.** Art thou, indeed?**Tyr.** Prove me, my gracious sovereign.**K. Rich.** Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? But I had rather kill two enemies.**K. Rich.** Why, thou hast it: two deep Foos to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers Are they that I would have thee deal upon: Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.**Tyr.** Let me have open means to come to them, And soon 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.** 'Tis done, my gracious 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 Fair which your honour and your faith is pawn'd— The earldom of Hereford and all moveables Which you promised I should possess. [Very K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she con-

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. [Mamm.]

**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 little peevish boy. A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

**Buck.** My lord! [That time]

**K. Rich.** How chance the prophet could not at Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him? [Exit.]

**Buck.** My lord, your promise for the earldom, **K. Rich.** When last I was at Exe- The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, [Ter, And call'd it Rongemont: at which name I started, Because a bard of Ireland told me once, I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
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 slily 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 unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation! [right]
Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my weary-tongue is mute and dumb,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. [lamb's,
Q. Eliz. Will thou, O God, fly from such gentle
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.
Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
[usury'd,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful suitor.
[ Sitting down.
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?
[ Sitting down by her.
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of senility,
And let my woes frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society.
[ Sitting down with them.
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a 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 didst kill
I had a Rutland too, thou help'dst 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 vomy lambs and lap their gentle blood,
That foul defacer of God's handiwork.
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' woe?

Duch. O, my Queen's wife, how canst thou woe!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloye me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York there is but breed, and they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smoother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligence,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gaps, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may never say this day didst dye.
[ some
Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottleneck, that foul bunch-back'd toad!
Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen:
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
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 sues to thee and cries 'God save the queen'?
Where be the binding peers that flatter thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distresst widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caiffaun crowned with care;
For one beloved mother, to one that her heart;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture me the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burch'ten'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, my Queen's wife, and all of sad mischance:
These English woe's 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
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse. [thine
Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with
Q. Mar. Thy woe's will make them sharp, and
A piece like mine, and mine too.
Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woe's,
Airy suceners of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smoother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smooth-
I hear his drum: be copious in exclamations. [er'd.

Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and
trompets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By staying thee in her accused renown.
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!
crown,

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers? I
tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son? [Clarence?
Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!

Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou mean to do so? [self.

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your-
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience. [tian,
K. Rich. Madame, I have a touch of your condi-
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.
Duch. You 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 cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy:
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious,
Thy youth manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacher-
ous,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grace'd me in thy company?
K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that
call'd your grace.

To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgraceful in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

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 new look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with 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.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in my soul: 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 praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. And my daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and glorious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infancy:
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. Le, at their births good stars were op-
posite.
[trary.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were con-
K. Rich. All unavoid'd is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny;
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
In grace had they s'hood thee with a fairer life:
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my
cousins.
[cozen'd

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 life was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted in thy stone-hard heart,
To reveal in the entrails of my limbs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rift,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by the good of it:

Q. Eliz. Is good so capricious with the face of
To be discover'd, that can do me good? [heaven,
K. Rich. The 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. Flutter 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 withal endow a child of thine; [all,
So, in the Lothe of thy angry soul
Thou drowrest the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou suppos'dest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love
thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
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 I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter, And mean to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who should be else?


K. Rich. That would I learn of you, As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers, A pair of bleeding hearts; thereto engrave Edward and York; and then haply she will weep: Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret Did to thy father, steep’d in Rutland’s blood,— A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain The purple sap from her sweet brother’s body. And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith, If this inducement force her not to love, Send her a story of thy noble acts; Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence, Her uncle, and to it a king sake, Madest quicke conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way; Unless thou couldst put on some other shape, And not be Richard that hath done all this,

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee.

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now Made purposely and mend’d, as I am maim’d: Which after hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons, To make amends, I’ll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill’d the issue of your womb, To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter: A grandam’s name is little less in love Than is the doting title of a mother;

They are as children but one step below, Even of your mettle, of your very blood;

Of all a pain, save for a night of groans Endured of her, for whom you did like sorrow. Your sorrow, and your son, and that I lose, But mine shall be a comfort to your age,
The loss you have is but a son being king, And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high promotions and great dignity: The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife, Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother; Advise you to become my kinsman, And all the ruins of distressful times Repair’d with double riches of content.

What! have we many goodly days to see: The liquid drops of tears that you have shed Shall come again, transform’d to orient pearl, Advances by the wave of each a king.

Of ten times double gain of happiness. Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go; Make bold her bashful years with your experience; Prepare her cars to hear a woeer’s tale; Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame Of glorious sovereignty: acquaint the princess With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys; And when this arm of mine hath clastised

The petty rebel, dull-brain’d Buckingham, Bound with triumphant garlands will I come And lead thy daughter to a conqueror’s bed; To whom I will retal my conquest won, And she shall be sole victress, Caesar’s Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father’s brother?

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle? Or, be that drew her brothers and her uncles? Under what title shall I woo for thee, That God, the law, my honour and my love, Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England’s peace by this alliance, And call the present war.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still last,

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king’s King. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.


Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last? [it.

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengths

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her. [told.

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 honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. 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.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings

K. Rich. Now, by my George, by 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, profaned, hath lost his holy honour; The garter, blemish’d, pawn’d his knightly virtue; The crown, usurp’d, disgraced his kingly glory. If sometime you will swear to be believed,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong’d.

K. Rich. Now, by the world—

Q. Eliz. ’Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father’s death—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour’d.

K. Rich. Then, by myself—

Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusset.

K. Rich. Why then, by God—

Q. Eliz. God’s wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear’d to break an oath by Him, The unity the king thy brother made Had not been broken, nor my brother slain: If thou hadst fear’d to break an oath by Him, The imperial metal, circling now thy brow, Had grace 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. 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 slaught’r’d; Ungovern’d youth, to wall in it in their age; [hed. The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher’d,
ACT IV.  
KING RICHARD III.  

OLD WITHER'D PLANTS, TO WAIL IT WITH THEIR AGE.
SWEAR NOT BY TIME TO COME: FOR THOU HAST
MISUSED ERE USED, BY TIME MISUSED O'ER-PAST.
K. RICH. AS I INTEND TO PROSPER AND REPENT,
SO THRIVE I IN MY DANGEROUS ATTEMPT
OF HOSTILE ARMS! MYSELF MYSELF CONFOUNDED!
HEAVEN AND FORTUNE BAR ME HAPPY HOURS!
DAY, DUSK, AND NOT THY LIGHT; NOR, NIGHT, THY REST!
BE OPPOSITE ALL PLANETS OF GOOD LUCK
TO MY PROCEEDINGS, IF, WITH PURE HEART'S LOVE,
IMMUNACULATE DevOTION, HOLY THOUGHTS,
I TENDER NOT THY BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS DAUGHTER!
IN HER CONSISTS MY HAPPINESS AND THINE;
WITHOUT HER, FOLLOWING THIS LAND AND ME,
TO THEE, HERSELF, AND MANY A CHRISTIAN SOUL,
DEATH, DESOLATION, RUIN AND DECAY;
IT CANNOT BE AVOIDED BUT BY THIS;
IT WILL NOT BE AVOIDED 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 NOT PEEVISH-FOND IN GREAT DESIGNS.

Q. ELIZ. SHALL I BE TEMPTED OF THE DEVIL THNS?
K. RICH. AY, IF THE DEVIL TEP TEMPT THEE TO DO GOOD.
Q. ELIZ. SHALL I FORGET MYSELF AND MYSELF?
K. RICH. AY, IF YOURSELF'S REMEMBRANCE WRENCH YOURSELF.
Q. ELIZ. BUT THOU DIDST KILL MY CHILDREN, THEN?
K. RICH. BUT IN YOUR DAUGHTER'S WOBN I BURY
WHERE IN THAT NEST OF SPIRITY THEY SHALL BREEF
SELVES OF THEMSELVES, TO YOUR RESCOMFORT.
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 ME VERY SHORTLY,
AND YOU SHALL UNDERSTAND FROM ME MIND.
K. RICH. BEAR HER MY TRUE LOVE'S KISS; AND SO,
FAREWELL. [EXIT QUEEN ELIZABETH.
RELENTING FOUL, AND SHALLOW, CHANGING WOMAN!

ENTER RATCLIFF; CATESBY FOLLOWING.

HOW NOW! WHAT NEWS?

RAT. MY GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN, ON THE WESTERN COAST
RIDE THE PAISANT NAVY; TO THE SHORE
THROUGH MERRY-HEARTED FRIENDS,
UNARM'D, AND UNRESOLVED TO BEAT THEM BACK;
T'IS THOUGHT THAT RICHMOND IS THEIR ADMIRAL;
AND THERE THEY HURL, EXPECTING THE AID.
OF BUCKINGHAM TO WELCOME THEM A-SHORE. [NORFOLK:
K. RICH. SOME LIGHT-FOOT FRIENDS 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 SALISBURY:
WHEN THOU COMEST THITHER, [TO CATESBY] DULL, UN-
MINDFUL VILAIN,
WHY STANDST THOU STILL, AND G0'ST NOT TO THE DUKE?
CATE. FIRST, MIGHTY SOVEREIGN, LET ME KNOW YOUR MIND,
WHAT FROM YOUR GRACE I SHALL DELIVER TO HIM.

K. RICH. O, TRUE, GOOD CATESBY: BID HIM LEAVY STRAIGHT
THE GREATEST STRENGTH AND POWER HE CAN MAKE,
AND MEET ME PRESENTLY AT SALISBURY.
CATE. I GO. [EXIT.
RAT. WHAT IS 'T YOUR HIGHNESS' PLEASURE I SHALL DO
AT SALISBURY? [I GO?
K. RICH. WHY, WHAT WOULDST THOU DO THERE BEFORE
RAT. YOUR HIGHNESS TOLD ME I SHOULD POST BEFORE.
K. RICH. MY MIND IS CHANGED, SIR, MY MIND IS CHANGED.

ENTER LORD STANLEY.

HOW NOW, WHAT NEWS WITH YOU? [HEARING;
STAN. NONE GOOD, MY LORD, TO PLEASE YOU, WITH THE
NOR'ME SO BAD, BUT IT MAY WELL BE TOLD.
K. RICH. HOVYDAY, A RIDDLE! NEITHER GOOD NOR BAD!
ACT V.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE III.

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no:
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham.
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Routed sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, for we are up in
If not to fight with foreign enemies, 
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. A way towards Salisbury! while we read
A royal battle might be won and lost: [son here, some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

[Vibrish. Exeunt.

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 this 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.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

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? [worth field.

Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knockes; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my 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 battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adversary part want.
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.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a good day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me the roll and page in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small 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 have mista'en his colours much,
When well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Good Captain Blunt, bear 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!
Rich. 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.

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;
'Tis 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?
[Note: Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, watch trusty sentinels.
Nor. I, go, my lord.[N. Norfolk.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Nor.
I warrant you, my lord.
K. Rich. Catesby! Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before surprising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cage of eternal night. [Exit Catesby.
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my steaves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff! Rat. My lord? [Exeunt Ratcliff and the other Attendants.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others attending.

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy beds, and early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrament
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell; the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sizzer'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!
Rich. 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.
[Exeunt 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 down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise 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 Richmond] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
— to-morrow!
Think, how thou stab'dst 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, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. [To Richmond] When I was mortal, my unointed body
By thee was punctured full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die! [To Richmond] Be of good cheer, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. [To Richmond] Let me sit heavy on thy soul— to-morrow!
I, that was slay'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 edgeless sword: despair, and die!— [To Richmond] Thou offspring of the house of Lan-
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee: [sweat, Good angels guard thy battle: live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. [To Richmond] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret: despair, and die!
Ghost of G. [To Richmond] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Ghost of V. [To Richmond] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die! [All. [To Richmond] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richmond's bosom
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!
Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghosts. [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!
Arms, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [To Richard] Dream on thy cousins
sweater'd in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard.
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Pity now's 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 annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid theeflower.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.

Ghosts. [To Richard] Richard, thy wife, that
wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To me, Lord; I have your death on my heart,
And fill 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.

Ghosts. [To Richard] The first was I that helped thee
The least I was that felt thy tyranny: [to the crown;
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deaths and death:
Pity now's souls bid thee despair and die!
[To Richard] I died for hope ere I could lend thee
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd: [aid;
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.
[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out
of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse: bind up my
wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflicthe me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I live, I am not.
Fool, of myself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand carding tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Thro'out the land, crying all, Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came unto my tent; and every one did threaten
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord! 'tis I. The early village-
Hath twice done salutation to the morn; flock
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
dream!
What is the test thou, will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord?
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear.—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in full array, and upon: yet remember me.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [Exeunt.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!
Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord? [dreams
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I, I think, in the battle of Richmond. fuder,
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?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four. [O.ion.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direc-
tions 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 foil stone, made precious by the foil [him;
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall you pay the pangs the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conqueror;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [Exeunt.

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants and
Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching
Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Sur-
rey then? [pose.
Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our pur-
KING RICHARD III.

ACT V.

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?

Rat. Not I, my lord. [Book to be open.]

K. Rich. Then he disdain'd to shine; for by the
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

We should have ventured more from the ground.
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.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered:
My foremost out all will be drawn 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, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

[He sheweth him a paper.]

K. Rich. [Reads] '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 be our conscience, their words our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't'pell-shell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his army.

What shall I say more than I was conferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base huckey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and blest with bounteous 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 over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These fainth's beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them—If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us, [selves; And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers Have in their valiant, beaten, hubb'd, and thumped, And in record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [Drum after off.] Hark! I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen! Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head! Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are gone within my Advance our standards, set upon our foes: [bason; Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George, Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting; to him Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
During an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights.
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I 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.

Rich. is slain. Read and flourish, Enter Rich-

mond, Derby bearing the crown, 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 last thou acquit
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?


Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have 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 enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?

England hath long been mad, and scar'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, butcher to the sire:

All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if they will 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 poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say amen! [Exeunt.

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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
Capetus, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

Griffith, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Counsell-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE—London; Westminster; Kimbolton.

THE PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow;
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow;
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living: think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

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.

Buck. 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.

Buck. An untimely age
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde: I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could
Such a compounded one?

[have weigh'd
ACT I.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I.

_Buck._

All the while
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
Because the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French, All else, all in gold, like heath 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 churlsins, all gilt; the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that the 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,
'T was said they saw but one; and no discerner
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, [story,
That This 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 discoursor lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue 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 this great sport together, as you guess?

_Nor._

One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

_Buck._

I pray you, who, my lord?

_Nor._

All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

_Buck._

The devil sped him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
to do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun
And keep it from the earth.

_Nor._

Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not prop'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chafes successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

_Aber._

I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
 Pierce into that; but I can see his pride [that,
Peep through each part of him: whence has he
If not from hell? the devil is a niggar,
Or buck, not ruffian. He begins
A new hell in himself.

_Buck._

Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all his last 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,
Must fetch him in the papers.

_Aber._

I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

_Buck._

O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

_Nor._

Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

_Buck._

Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing 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 flawl'd the league, and hath
Our merchants' goods at Bordours. [tach'd
_Aber._

Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

_Nor._

Marry, 't is.
_Aber._

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 plenteous safety — that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minster in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long and, 't may be said,
It reaches far, and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, [rock
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
That I advise you shunning.

Enter Cardinal Welsey, the purse borne before him, cer-
tains of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The
Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham,
and Buckingham, on him, both full of disdain.

_Wol._

The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha? Where's his examination?

_First Secr._

Here, so please you.

_Wol._

Is he in person ready?

_First Secr._

Ay, please your grace.

_Wol._

We'll, we shall then know more; and Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

_Fingham (Ezraunt Welsey and his Train._

_Buck._

This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book Outworths 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 reviled
Me, as his aibject 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 choleric question
What 't is you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being w'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you; be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

_Buck._

I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

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ACT I. KING HENRY VIII. SCENE II.

This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised; heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By vifiting the country, that we run at,
And lose by over-rusting. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run 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,
If with the sum 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-prod fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as fountains in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my
vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't; his mind and place
Infesting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rising.

Nor. Faith, and so did it.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
The articles o' the combination drew [cardinal
As himself pleased; and they were ratified
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 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason.—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 't was indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Faid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere 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, not a syllable: I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Ser. Sir, my lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord, the net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you tu'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 't is his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that 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!
Buck. Nay, he must bear you company.
The king
To Abergavenny.

Is 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!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peek, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
Theem are the limbs o' the plot; no more, I hope.
Buck. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Buck. 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 comforter 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, leaning 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.

Cornets. Enter Queen Katherine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placed her by him.

Q. Kath. 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. Kath. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he
escapes not
Language unmanners, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, The clothiers all, not able to maintain The payment to them long-continued, are, The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who, Unfit for other life, compell'd 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.

K. "Taxation! Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal, You that are blamed for it alike with us, Know you of this taxation?"

W. "Please you, sire, I know but of a single part, in aught Pertains to the state; and front but in that file Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. "No, my lord, You know no more than others; but you frame [some Things that are known alike; which are not whole To those which would not know them, and yet must Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions, Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em, The back is sacrifice to the load. They say They are devised by you; or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

K. "Still exaction! The nature of it? in what kind, let's know, Is this exaction?"

Q. Kath. "I am much too venturesome In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'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 pretence for this [mouths: Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze Allegiance in them; their curses 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.

K. "This is against our pleasure.

W. "And for me, I have no further gone in this than by A single voice; and that not pass'd me but By learned approbation of the judges. If I am Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know My faculties nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doing, let me say'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To cope malicious censurers; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters, one sense work on; is Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft, Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at, We should take root here where we sit, or sit Statured staves only.

K. 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 bend our faculties to fear's claws, And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each? A trembling contribution! Why, we take From every tree top, bark, and part of the timber; And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd, The air will drink the sap. To every county

Where this is question'd send our letters, with Free pardon to each man that has deigned The force of this commission: pray, look to't; I put it to your care.

W. "A word with you...

[To the Secretary."

L. "Let there be letters writ to every shire, Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved Comfortably of me; let it be noised [mons That through our intercession this revolvement And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you Further in the proceeding.

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 of himself. Yet see, When these so noble benefits shall prove Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt, They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly Than ever they were fair. This man so complete, Who was entoll'd '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 That once were his, and is become as black As if besmirch'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear — This was his gentleman in trust — of him Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount The fore-recited practices; whereas We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

W. "Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what Most like a careful subject, have collected you, Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. "Speak freely.

S. "First, it was usual with him, every day It would infect 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 Abergavenny: to whom by oath he menac'd Revenge upon the cardinal.

W. "Please your highness, note This dangerous conception in this point. Not friends'd by his wish, to your high person His will is most malignant; and it stretches Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. "My learn'd lord cardinal, Deliver all with charity.

K. "Speak on:

How ground'd he his title to the crown, Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him At any time speak aught?

S. "He was brought to this By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. "What was that Hopkins?

S. "Sir, a Chartreux friar, His confessor; who fed him every minute With words of sovereignty.

K. "How know'st thou this?

S. "Not long before your highness spake to France, The duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Poultnay, 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, 'it was the fear of the French, and that he doubted 'T would prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk: 'that off,' says he, 'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This was rudely ensued: Neither the king nor his heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. 'If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on.

Go forward. Sirw. 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
dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, 'Tush,
It can do no damage; ' adding further.
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!
There's mischief in this man: caus't thou say fur-
Sure I can, my liege. [their]

King. Proceed.

Sirw. Being at Greenwich,
About your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time; being my sworn servant.
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?
Sirw. 'If', quoth he, 'I for this had been com-
mitt'd,
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!

Sirw. Now, madam, may his highness live in free-
and is man out of prison? [glom,
Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
what say'st?
Sirw. 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 irreproachable purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us; by day and night.
'Em traitor to the height.

Exeunt.

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. They be never so ridiculous.

Cham. Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Sands. 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. How now!

The news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is it for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 't is there; now I would pray
our monseirs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bluster'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows; there, I take it,
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their levendness and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their dis-
Are grown so catching.

[Exeunt.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Loc. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle 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 t' lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Sir Thomas,
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;
His 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 barge stays:
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
ACT I. 

KING HENRY VIII.

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.

Gild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace, Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates To fair content and you: none here, he hopes, In all this noble bery, 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 Clapp'd wings to me. 

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford. 

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these Should find a running banquet ere they rested, I think would better please 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones. 

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these! 

Sands. They should find easy penance. 

Lov. Faith, how easy? 

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this: His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze; Two women placed together makes cold weather: My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em wakening; Pray, sit between these ladies. 

Sands. 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? 

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too: But he would bite none; just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my lord. So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen, The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies Pass away frowning. 

Sands. For my little cure, Let me alone. 

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, 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. 

Sands. Your grace is noble: Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, And save me so much talking. 

Wol. My Lord Sands, I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours. 

Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen, Whose fault is this? 

Sands. The red wine first must rise In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have Talk us to silence. 

Anne. You are a merry gamester, 

My Lord Sands. 

Sands. Yes, if I make my play. 

Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam, For 't is to such a thing,— 

Anne. You cannot show me. 

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon. 

Wol. [Drawn and trumpet, chambers 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 is't? 

Serv. A noble troop of strangers; For so they seem: they've left their large and landed; And hither 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 shewer a welcome on ye; welcome all. 

Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as musiquers, 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 [tunes. A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasure. [They choose Ladies for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bulben. 


Wol. My lord! 

Cham. Your grace? 

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. 

Wol. [Whispers the Musiquers. 

What say they? 

Cham. Such a one, they all confess, There is indeed; which they would have your grace Find out, and he will take it. 

Wol. Let me see, then, By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make My royal choice. 

King. Ye have found him, cardinal; [Unmasking. 

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord: You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal, I should judge now unhappily. 

Wol. I am glad Your grace is grown so pleasant. 

King. My lord chamberlain, Pr thee, come hither: what fair lady's that? 

Cham. Ain't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul len's daughter,—

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The Viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-heart, I was unmanfully, to take you out, and not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen! Let us go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready? I' the privy chamber?

Loo. Yes, my lord. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

ACT II.


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 happen'd.

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 sent thither 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 vocis to his face: At which appear'd against him hissurveyor; Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car, Confessor to him; with that devil-monk, Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent. That fed him with his prophecies? That was he.

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 pitted 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 knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd With such an agony, he sweat extremely, And something spoke in cholera, ill, and hasty: But he fell 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 attainer, Then deputy of Ireland; who removed, Earl Surrey the bar sent thither to his accusations, Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

First Gent. At his return No doubt he will requite it. This is noted, And generally, whoever the king favours, The cardinal instantly will find employment, And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons Hate him perniciously, and, 'o my conscience, Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much They love and hate on: call him bounteous Buck. The mirror of all courtesy: — [Exeunt with trumpets.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; 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. Buck, All good people, You think thus far have come to pit me, Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me. I have this day received a traitor's judgment, [norrss, 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; 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice: But those that sought it I could wish more Chris- Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em: [mains: Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief, 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 ne'er 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, [me, 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.

Loc. 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 [envy 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black Shall mark my grave. Command 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 rule be! And when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up one monument! Loc. To the water side I must conduct your grace; Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux, Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there, The duke is coming: see the barge be ready; And let with such furniture as suits The greatness of his person. 

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, Let it alone; my state now will but mock me. When I came hither, I was lord high constable And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward V. I am richer than my base accusers (Bolingbroke: 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. Who first raised head against usurping Richard, Flying for succour to his servant Banister, Being thus abjured, 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 used 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 forswake ye: the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell: And when you would say something that is sad, Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me! [Exeunt Duke and Train. 

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls, I fear, too many curses on their heads That were the authors. See, sir, If the duke be guiltless, 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inhaling Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater than 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. Let me have it; I do not talk much. 

Sec. Gent. I am confident; 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 e'er it was; and held for certain The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal, Or some about him, have, out of malice To the good queen, possess'd her with a scruple That will undo her: to confirm this too, Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately; As all think, 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. 

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't 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 antechamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and would bear the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em 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? 

Cham. I left him private, Full of sad thoughts and troubles. 

Nor. What's the cause? 

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's Has crept too near his conscience; 

wife 

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 Hollie he works in all his business! And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league 

nephew Between us and the emperor, the queen's great He divests into the king's soul, and there scatters Dangers, plots, writing of the conscience, Fears, and despair; and all these for his marriage: And out of all these to restore the king, He counsels a divorce; a loss of her That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years About his neck, yet never lost her lustre; Of her that loves him with that excellence That angels love good men with; even of her That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, Will bless the king: and is not this course pious? Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is most true 

These news are everywhere; 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 bad man. 

Suf. And free us from his slavery. 

Nor. We had need pray, And heartily, for our deliverance; Or this imperious man will work us all From princes into pages: all men's honours Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned 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.
ACT II.  

KING HENRY VIII.  

SCENE III.

Nor.  Let's in;  
And with some other business put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
My lord, you 'll bear us company?  [hin  
[Exit.  

Cham.  Excuse me;  
The king has sent me otherwho: besides,  
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
Health to your lordships.  

Nor.  Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws  
the curtain, and sits reading pensively.  

Suf.  How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflic't.  

King.  Who 's there, ha?  

Nor.  Pray God he be not angry.  

King.  Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust  
Into my private meditations?  [yourselves  
Who am I? ha?  

Nor.  A gracious king that pardons all offences.  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way  
Is business of estate; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.  

King.  Ye are too bold:  
Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?  

Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission.  

The quiet of my wounded conscience; [sey,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.  [To Camp.]  
You 're welcome,  
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:  
Use us and it.  [To Wol.] My good lord, have great  
I be not found a talker.  [care  
Wol.  Sir, you cannot,  
I would your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.  

King.  [To Nor. and Suf.] We are busy; go.  

Nor.  [Aside to Suf.] This priest has no pride in  
Suf.  [Aside to Nor.] Not to speak of: [him?  
I would not be so sick though for his place:  
But this cannot continue.  

Nor.  [Aside to Suf.] If it do,  
I 'll venture one have-at-him.  

Suf.  [Aside to Nor.] I another.  [Exit Wol. and Suf.  

Wol.  Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:  
Who can be angry now? who dare heavy reach you?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble.  All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms  
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent [ment,  
One general tongue unto us, this good man:  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
Whom once more I present unto your highness,  

King.  And once more in mine arms I bid him  
welcome,  
And think the holy conclave for their loves: [for.  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd  
Cam.  Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'  
You are so noble. To your highness' hand [loves,  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
In the impartial judging of this business.  

King.  Two equal men. The queen shall be acqui-  

anted  
Forthwith for what you come. 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:  

Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her. [favour  

King.  Ay, and the best she shall have; and my  
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,  

Prithie, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;  
I find him a fit fellow.  

[Exit Wolsey.  

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.  

Wol.  [Aside to Gard.] Give me your hand: much  
joy and favour to you;  
You are the king's now.  

Gard.  [Aside to Wol.] But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.  

King.  Come hither, Gardiner.  

Wol.  [Walks and whispers.  

Cam.  My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?  

Wol.  Yes, he was.  

Cam.  Was he not held a learned man?  

Wol.  Yes, surely.  

Cam.  Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.  

[Then Wol.  

Cam.  How! of me?  
They will not stick to say you envied him,  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,  
That he ran mad and died.  

Wol.  Heaven's peace be with him!  
That 's Christian care enough; for living murmurers  
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;  
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment:  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.  

King.  Deliver this with modesty to the queen.  

[Exit Gardiner.  

The most convenient place that I can think of  
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friers;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!  
O, 't is a tender place; and I must leave her.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—An antechamber of the Queen's apart- 

ments.  

Enter Anne Bullen and an Old Lady.  

Anne.  Not for that neither: here's the pang that  
pinches:  
His highness having lived so long with her, and she  
So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing: O, now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthroned,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,  
To give her the avantage! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.  

Old L.  Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.  

Anne.  O, God's will! much better  
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,  
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 't is a suffrance panging  
As soul and body's severing.  

Old L.  Alas, poor lady!  
She 's a stranger now again.  

Anne.  So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born.  
And range with humble lives in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.  

Old L.  Our content  
Is our best having.  

Anne.  By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.  

Old L.  Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you, For all this spice of your hypocrisy: You, that have so fair parts of woman on you, Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty; Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts, Saving your gracing, the capacity Of your soft cherisht conscience would receive, If you might please to stretch it. 

Anne. Nay, good troth. Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen? 

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven. Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you, [hire me, What think you of a duchess? have you limbs To bear that load of title? 

Anne. No, in truth. 

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a I would not be a young count in your way, [little; For more than blushing comes to: if your back Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 't is too weak Ever to get a boy. 

Anne. How you do talk! I swear again, I would not be a queen For all the world. 

Old L. In faith, for little England You 'd venture an embalming: I myself Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd No more to the crown but that. 'Lo, who comes here? 

Enter the Lord Chamberlain. 

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth The secret of your conference? [to know Anne. My good lord, 

Not your demand; it values not your asking: Our mistress' sorrows were we pitying. 

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming The action of good women: there is hope All will be well. 

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen! Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady, Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty Commends his good opinion of you, and Does purpose honour to you no less flowing Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title A thousand pound a year, annual support, Out of his grace he adds. 

Anne. I do not know What kind of my obedience I should tender; More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience, As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness; Whose health and royalty I pray for. 

Cham. Lady, I will not fail to approve the fair conceit The king hath of you. [Aside] I have perus'd 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 beggarly, nor could Come pat betwixt too early and too late For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate! A very fresh-dish here—fic, fic, fic upon

This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up Before you open it. 

Anne. This is strange to me. Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, There was a lady once, 't is an old story, [no. That would not be a queen, that would she not, For all the mud in Egypt, do you hear 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 nooe thousands: honour's train Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time I know your back will bear a duchess: say, Are you not stronger than you were? 

Anne. Good lady, Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy, And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being, If this 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-Friars. 

Trumpets, senet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bareheaded, accompanied with seven gentlemen-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the clotbe of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage. 

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded. 

King. What's the need? It hath already publicly been read, And on all sides the authority allowed; You may, then, spare that time. 

Wol. Be't so. Proceed. 

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court. 


King. Here. 

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court. 


[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks. 

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice; And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, [mess, 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
As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too?  Or which of your friends
Have I to love above all other 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 wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away: and let the foul's contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.  Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I
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!
Wol.  You have here, lady, and
Of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam.  His grace hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.
Q. Kath.  Lord cardinal,
Tell to me speak.
Wol.  Your pleasure, madam?  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 return to sparks of fire.
Wol.  Be patient yet. [fore,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dew quench'd! Therefore I say again,
Utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malignant 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:
Overtopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For fear I offend you: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the constitory, [me
Yea, the whole constitory 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 worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth.  If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong.  The devil on him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath.  My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak [month'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 crann'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 'tis please
Yourself pronounce their office.  I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.
Cam.  [She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.
Wol.  He is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.
Q. Kath.  Call her again. [the court.
Crier.  Katharine Queen of England, come into
Crier.  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 their courts.
Q. Kath.  [Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.
Q. Kath.  Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness, saint-like, win the government,
Obeying in command, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol.  Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears,—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did breach 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 that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
Q. Kath.  My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't.  You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
Fork when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger.  You're excused:
But will you be more justifi'd? you ever [sired
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never de-
It to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
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 airs as righteous:
But all hoods 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, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envoy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina.

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious,
ACT III.

KING HENRY VIII.

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.

Noble lady, I am sorry my integrity should breed, And service to his majesty and you, So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant. We come not by the way of accusation, To taint that honour every good tongue blesses, Nor to betray you any way to sorrow. You have too much, good lady; but to know How you stand minded in the weighty difference Between the king and you; and to deliver, Like free and honest men, our just opinions And comforts to your cause.

My Lord of York, out of his noble nature, Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace, Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure Both of his truth and him, which was too far, Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside] 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 time and counsel for my cause: Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these Your hopes and friends are infinite. [jeers]

Q. Kath. In England, but little for my profit: can you think, lords, That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure, Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends, That they must weigh out my affections, That they my trust must grow to, live not here: They are all my only comforts, far hence In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's pro-

He's loving and most gracious: 't will 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. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both—is this your Christian counsel? o' out upon ye! [ruein: Heaven is above all ye; there sits a judge That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye. Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues; But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye: MEND 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your con- The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady, [fort? A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scornd? I will not wish ye half my miseries; I bade you be charg'd: but say, I charge'd ye; Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once The burthen 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 professors! 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, has banish'd me his bed already His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, And all the fellowship I hold now with him Is only my obedience. What can happen To me above this wretchedness? all your studies Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I 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? obey'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 to the woman, where she's done most, Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty, To give up willingly that noble title Your master wed me to: nothing but death Shall e'er divorce my dignities. [Pray, hear me.

Wol. Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English Or felt the flatteries that grew 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 wenches, where are now your fortunes! Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity, No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me; Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily, That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd, I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace Could but be brought to know our ends are honest, You 'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady, Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places, The way of our profession is against it: We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow '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 obdience, [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 these weak women's fears: a noble spirit, As yours was put into you, ever casts [you; 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 unmannishly; You know I am a woman, lacking wit To make a seemly answer to such persons. Pray, do my service to his majesty: He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers, Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs. That little thought, when she set footing here, She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Execut.
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 new disputes, with these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful to meet the least occasion that may give me remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke, to be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers have uncontro'm'd gone by him, or at least strangely neglected? when did he regard the stamp of nobleness in any person out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures: what does he deserve 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 ban his access to the king, never attempt any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft over the king in's tongue.

Nor. His spell in that is out: the king hath found matter against him that for ever mends. The honey of his language. No, he's settled, not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true: in the divorce his contrary proceedings are all unfolded; wherein he appears as I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried; and came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read, how that the cardinal did entreat his holiness to stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if it did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive my king is tangled in affection to a creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he counts and hedges his own way. But in this point all his tricks founder, and he brings his physic after his patient's death: the king already hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord! for, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy trace the conjunction!

Suf. 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 unrecounted. But, my lords, she is a gallant creature, and complete in mind and feature: I persuade me, from her will fall some blessing to this land, which shall in it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the king digest this letter of the cardinal's? The Lord forbid!

Suf. Marry, amen! No, no.

There be moe 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 Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which have satisfied the king for his divorce; together with all famous colleges almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe, his second marriage shall be publish'd, and her coronation. Katherine no more shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager; and widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's a worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain in the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him for it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear. Tis so.

The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody; Wol. The packet, CromweIl, gave 't 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: he shall marry her. Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him: There's more in 's than fair visage. Bullen! No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish to hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king does what his anger to him.

Sur. Lord, for thy justice! Sharp enough.

Wol. [Aside] The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter, to be her mistress? mistresse! the queen's queen! This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it; then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous and well deserving? yet I know her for a sappery Luthern; and not wholesome to our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up an heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one hath craw'd i' the favour of the king, and is his oracle.

Nor. I would 't were 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, I' the name of thrift, does he make this together? Now, my lords, say you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have stood here observing him: some strange commotion
ACT III.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I.

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,
Sticks his breast hard, and anon breasts
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 I read them: and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, but unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

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.

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
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 the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perchance
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendency to.

King. You have said well.

And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying?

King. 'T is well said again;
And 't is 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 deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside] What should this mean?

Ser. [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 requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet coupled with my ability; mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person
And the profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiance thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,

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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 it, the contrary.
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
On you than upon any; so your soul, the 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 labour'd
More than nine 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 be the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. It's nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.

And after this: and then to breakfast 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 rea'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 gali'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is 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 popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet?
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to bet 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, farewell! I
Have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III.

YE appear in every thing may bring my ruin! Follow your curious courses, men of malice; You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt, In time will find their fit rewards. That seal, You ask with such a violence and pride, 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. It must be himself, then. Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest. Wol. Proud lord, thou liest: Within these forty hours Surrey durst better Have burnt that tongue than said so. Sur. Thy ambition, Thou scarlet sin, rob'd this bewailing land Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law: The heads of all thy brother cardinals, With thee and all thy best parts bound together, Weigh'd not a hair of his, Plague of your policy! You sent me deputy for Ireland; Farward the king, my ever royal master, That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him; Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity, Absoled him with an axe. Wol. This, and all else This talking lord can lay upon my credit, I answer is most false. The duke by law Found his deserts: how innocent I was From any private malice in his end; His noble jury and foul cause can witness. If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you You have as little honesty as honour, That in the way of loyalty and truth Toward your power legantine, within this kingdom, Dare make a sounder man than Surrey can be, And all that love his follies. Sur. Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldstst My sword! the life-blood of thee else, My lords, Can ye endure to hear this arrogance? And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely, To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward, And dare us with his cap like larks. Wol. All goodness Is poison to thy stomach. Sur. Yes, that goodness Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion; The goodness of your intercepted packets [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 despised nobility, our issues, Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles Collected from his life. I'll starte you Worse than the siring bell, when the brown wench Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal, How much, methinks, I could despise this man, But that I am bound in charity against it! Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's But, thus much, they are foul ones. [hand: Wol. So much fairer And spotless shall mine innocence arise, When the king knows my truth. Sur. This cannot save you: I thank my memory, I yet remember Some of these articles; and out they shall. Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal, You'll show a little honesty. Wol. Speak on, sir; I dare your worst objections: if I blush, It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you! First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge, You wrought to be a legate; by which power You main'd the disembarkation of the Pope, Nor. Then, that in all you write to Rome, or else To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex mens?' Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king To be your servant. Sur. Then that, without the knowledge Either of king or counsell, 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, A league between his highness and 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 substance — By what means got, I leave to your own conscience— To furnish England's justice, within this kingdom, 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. Chum. Do my lord, Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue; His faults be open to the laws; let them, Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him So little of his great self. Sur. I forgive him. Sur. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, Because all those things you have done of late, By your power legantine, within this kingdom, Fall into the compass of a prevarication, 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. Sur. And so we'll leave you to your meditations How to live better. For your stubborn answer About the giving back the great seal to us, [you. The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal. [Exeunt all but Wolsey. Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hopes: to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him; The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And, when he 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 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.

Why, how now, Cromwell! Crom. 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 full'n indeed.
ACT IV.  

KING HENRY VIII. 

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? Behold Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter, 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? [tains, First Gent. Yes: 'tis the list Of those that claim their offices this day By custom of the coronation.

What and how true thou art: he will advance thee; Some little memory of me will stir him — I know his noble nature — not to let Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell, Neglect him not: make use now, and provides For thine own future safety.

Crom. My lord, Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego So good, so noble and so true a master? 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 shoals of honour, Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in; A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it. Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by 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 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king; And, — priceth, lead me in: There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe, And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell! Had I but 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! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [Exit.
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. Marquis of London, bearing the mace. Then Gar-

ter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt

copper crown.

6. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on

his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the

Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with

the dukes, crowned with an earl's coronet. Co-

lars of SS.

7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his cor-

onet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as

high-steward. With him, the Duke of Nor-

folk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet

on his head. Colours 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. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronet 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

Wh'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. [know:

Sec. Gent. Heaven bless thee! [Bowing 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. [near her.

Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all

I thank thee, she that carries up the train !

Is that a 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 broling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd I 't 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? That I did.

Third Gent. That I did. How was it?

First Gent. Third Gent. Well worth the shipping.

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 shrudors make at sea in a stiff tempest,

As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—

Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women

That had not half a week to go, like rams

In the old time of war, would shake the press,

And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living

Could say 'This is my wife' there; all were so

Strange in one particular.

Sec. Gent. But, what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with

modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:

When by the Archbishops of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems.

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung; 'To 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. Yes. I know it;

't is 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. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of

Worcester, 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 will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend. The king has made him master

of the jewel house.

And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:

Something I can command. As I walk thither,

I tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Ezeunt.

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick: led between Griff-

th, her gentlewoman usher, and Patience, her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth;

Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair:

So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Dost thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to it.

Kath. Prif thee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:

If well, he stopp'd before me, happily

For my example.

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ACT IV.  KING HENRY VIII.  SCENE II.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Strad. We are here.  

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Strad. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces [troop
Cost thousand beans upon my head, and the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness:
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Griff. She is going, wench: pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: Dissemble we no more reverence?

Mess. Forsooth, you are to blame,

Kath. Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly.  There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him at entrance, Griffith: but this
Let me see it again.  [fellow

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

Griff. With Capucius.
ACT V.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I. — London. A gallery in the palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy; is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities, not for delights; times to repair our nature.

To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir, Whither so late?

Lov. D'you come from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primo With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too.

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems you are in haste; an if there be no great offence belongs to 't, give your friend some touch of your late business; affairs, that walk, as they say spirits do, at midnight, have in them a wilder nature than the business that seeks 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'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with I pray for heartily, that it may find Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas, I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could cry the amen; and yet my conscience says She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does deserve our better wishes.

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 ne'er be well, 'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she, sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two

The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell, beside that of the jewel house, is made master

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, and something over to remember me by: If 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.

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 wenches, Let me be used with honour; strew me over With maiden flowers, that all the world may know I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me. I can no more.

[Exeunt, leading Katherine.]
ACT V.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE II.

For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

'Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

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.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[Exit Denny.

Lov. [Aside] This is about that which the bishop
I am happily come hither. [speake:

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell seems to stay.] Ha! I have said. Be gone.

What?

Cran. [Aside] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. [thus?

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 I am right sorry to repeat what follows: I have,
and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have 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 you, 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] Humbly thank your highness;
And I am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my claff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's no stand unsubmerged of the common tongue
Than 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:
Prithie, let's walk. Now, by my hollardame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indulgence, 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 i' the world, with the whole
world? [tles
Your enemies are many, and not small; their praec-
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knives as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.

You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no less of danger,
And woe your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fall not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us [weeps!
There make before them. Look, the good man
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother! I
Swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer.] I have
His language in his tears. [has strangled

Enter Old Lady, Lovell following.

Gent. [Within] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
[gets
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good an-
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay, and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [Exit.

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll
An ordinary groom is for such payment. [ha'more,
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before the council-chamber.

Persuaders, Pages, &c., attending.


Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gen-
tleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?
Who waits there? Sure, you know me? [Ho!

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. Stay.

Butts. [Aside] This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the king
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! [takin,  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For cer-  
This was the purpose laid by some that hate me —  
Scheme on their hearts! I never sought their mal-  
[make me  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to  
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor, [fures  
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleas-  
Must be fuly'd, and I attend with patience.  

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.  
Butts. I'll show 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?  

There, my lord:  
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.  

King. Hal! 'tis he, indeed:  
Is this the honour they do one another?  
If it be there's 'one above 'em yet. I had thought  
They had parted so much honestly among 'em,  
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.  

By 's law, Butts, there's a 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 void above  
him, as for Canterbury's seat. Duke of Suffolk,  
Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gard-  
iner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell  
at lower end, as secretary, Keeper at the door.  
Cham. Speak to the business, master secretary:  
Why are we met in council?  
[Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.  
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?  
Crom. Yes.  
Nor. Who waits there?  
Keep. Without, my noble lords?  
Crom. 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. [Cromer enters 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 all 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 misrule your' self, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chap,  
For so we are inform'd, with new opinions, brains,  
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  
Face'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle:  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, [ 'em,  
Out of our easiness and childish pity.  
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?  
Confusions, passions, with ye wars, with ye wars,  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitted in our memories.  
Crom. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living,  
I speak it with a single heart, my lords,  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,  
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.  

Suf. Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.  
Gar. My lord, because we have business of more  
moment,  
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleas-  
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. [you;  
Crom. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank  
You are always my good friend. If your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful: I see your end;  
'T is my undoing: love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition:  
Win 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: your painted glass discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.  
Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect.  
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty  
To load a falling man.  
Gar. Good master secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst.  
Of all this table, say so.  
Crom. Why, my lord?  
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.  
Crom. Not sound, I say.  
Crom. Would you were half so honest!  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.  
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.  
Crom. 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 with forth with  
[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.  
Gar. 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 of the guard be ready there.  

Guard.  
Cham. Must I go like a traitor thither?  
For me?  

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ACT V.  KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE IV.

Gar. Receive him, and see him safe to the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords, I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords; by virtue of that ring, I take my cause out of the grises of cruel men, and give it to a most noble judge, the king my master. Cran. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all, when we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling, I would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords, the king will suffer but the little finger of this man to be vex'd?

Cran. 'Tis now too certain: How much more is his life in value with him? Would I were fairly out on 't!

Cran. 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.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince: [heaven Not only good and wise, but most religious: One that, in all obedience, makes the church The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen That holy duty, out of dear respect, His royal self in judgment comes to hear The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendation. Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not [tions, To hear such flattery now, and in my presence; They are too thin and bare to hide offences. To hear you cannot reach, you play the spaniel, And think with wagging of your tongue to win me; But, whatsoever thou takest me for, I'm sure Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody, [proudest [ToO'rammer]Good man, sit down. Now let me see the He, that dares most, but wags his finger at thee: By all that's holy, he had better starve Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace, —

King. No, sir, it does not please me. I had thought I had had men of some understanding And wisdom of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man, — few of you deserve that title, — This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber-door? and one as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this? — Did my commission Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power as he was a counsellor to try him, Not as a 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.

Cran. Thus far, Majesty, but sovereigns 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 beholding to a subject, I; Am, for his love and service, so to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him: [burry, 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.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory In such an honour: how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you? King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you? Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you, Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation. [heart: Gar. Good man, may these joyous tears show thy true The common voice, I see, is verified: [bury Of thee, which says thus, 'tis my Lord of Canter- A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.' Come, lords, we trifle away time; I long To have this young one made a Christian. As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; So I grow stronger; you more honour gain. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — The palace yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Men.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gapings. [ladder. [Within] Good master porter, I belong to the Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? [sible— Mon. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much imposs— Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons — To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning, when the world we: We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em. Port. How got they in, and be hang'd? Mon. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot — You see the poor remainder — could distribute, I made no spare, sir. Port. You did nothing, sir.

Mon. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me now have that for to hang them; And that I would not for a cow, God save her! [Within] Do you hear, master porter? Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

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 try 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. Their spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in '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 his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that nailed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a com- busion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out, 'Chubs!' when I might see from far some forty wasp-nesters draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made 508
good my place: at length they came to the brougham-staff to me; I defied '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 fight for bitten apples: that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beaddles 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 knives? Ye have made a fine hand, fel. There's a trim rabble let in: are all these [lows? Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An' please your honour, We've but men; and what so many do, Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect: ye are lazy knives; And here ye lie batting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound; They're come already from the christening To break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Mar. You great fellow, Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You t' the camlet, get up 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 natural son, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly hight in a wattle, &c., upon a chair by Lady; then follows 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, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye.

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. [The King kisses the child.

Cran. What is her name?

King. Stand up, lord.

Cran. With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hand I give thy life.

King. Amen.

Cran. 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.

King. This royal infant — heaven still move about her! — Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings.

Cran. 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.

Cran. And all that shall succeed: Salus was never — More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be the badge of her princely virtue, And shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless Her foes 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 those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when The bird of wonder digs the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself;

Cran. So shall she leave her blessedness to one, [ness, When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness Who from the sacred ashes of her honour Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror, That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him: Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish, And, like a red human phoenix, shall ascend To all the plains about 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 no day without a deed to crown it. Would I had known no more! but she must die. She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, Most unspotted liy shall she pass To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her. King. O lord archbishop, Thou hast made me now a man! never, before This happy event, I have not thought of 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 'tis nought: other, who hear the city, Used exactly, and to cry 'That's witty!' Which we have not done neither: that, I fear, All the expected good we're like to hear For this play at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women: For such a one we should 'em: if they smile, And say 't will do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap, If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Priam, King of Troy.
Hector, his sons.
Troilus, Grecian prince.
Paris, Nestor, Grecian princes.
Delphobus, Diomedes, Trojan commanders.
Helenus, Patroclus, Trojan commanders.
Margareton, a bastard son of Priam.
Eneas, Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
Antenor, Alexander, servant to Cressida.
Trojan commanders.
Calchas, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Servant.
Agamemnon, to Calchas.
Aeneas, Pandarus, uncle to Cressida.
Menelaus, his brother.
Menelaus, his queen.
Achilles, Andromache, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.
Ajax, Cressida, daughter to Calchas.

SCENE.—Troy and the Grecian camp before it.

[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,
Fought with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransom Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing ranks 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, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corrosive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.


Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet: I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alack! hath none.
Pan. Will this gear no'ere be mended? [strength,
Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractised infancy.
Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for
my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He
that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs
tarry the grinding.

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Tro. Have I not tarried? [bolting.
Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
Tro. Have I not tarried? [leavening.
Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the
Tro. Still have I tarried.
Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the
word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the
cake, the heating of the oven and the baking: nay,
you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance
to burn your lips.
Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blest at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she
thence?
Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.
Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
ACT II.

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,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that ninth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Helen's—well, go to—there were no more parable
Comparision between the women: but, for my part, she
Is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Pandarus'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 indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair;'
Four'st in the open ulcer of my heart.
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest 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
As true as tell'st a lie. He that liseth her; [ine,
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 travaile; I thought on of her and ill-thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-poor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more: the

Tro. Pandarus,— [matter.

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds! Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument; It is toostarved a subject for my sword. But Pandarus, O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl: [betwixt the Ilion and Abydus. Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood, Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Aneas.

Aenea. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?
ACT I.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE II.

Pan. Was he angry?
Cres. So he says here.
Pan. True, he was so: I know the cause too: he'll look about him to-day, I can tell them that; and 's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that.
Pan. What, is he angry too? [too.
Cres. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.
Pan. 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.
Pan. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.
Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.
Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.
Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were so.
Cres. So he is.
Pan. Condition. I had gone barefoot to India.
Pan. He is not Hector.
Cres. 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.
Pan. Pandion me, pardion 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.
Pan. 'T would not become him; his own's better.
Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither.
Cres. No, but brown.
Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.
Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.
Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.
Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.
Pan. So he has.
Pan. 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. I have a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.
Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.
Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.
Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—
Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.
Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, with three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.
Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a litter? 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.
Cres. O, he smiles valiantly. [Purgia.
Pan. Does he not?
Cres. 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 prove it so.
Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.
Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens? the shell.
Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled my 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 o'er.
Cres. With mill-stones.
Pan. And Cassandra laughed.
Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?
Pan. And Hector laughed.
Cres. At what was all this laughing?
Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin. [Laughed too.
Pan. An't had been a green hair, I should have seen.
Cres. They laughed not so much at the hair as at her pretty a hair.
Pan. 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 to out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.
Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.
Pan. [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, an't were a man born in April.
Pan. 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 Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.
Cres. At your pleasure.
Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above.
Pan. Speak not so loud. [the rest.

Eneas passes.

Pan. That's Eneas: 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 o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, 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 'a not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting: there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there he hacks! Cres. Be those with swords? Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

Paris passes. Look ye yonder, niece; 'is 't not a gallant man too, 'is 't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

Helemlus passes.


Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hen! 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 how your sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris! Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye Cres. Here come more. [To boot.

Force passes.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chalk and bran, chalk and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die? the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eyes of Troilus: 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, liberal- ity, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man? Cres. Ay, a mincer 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 ward you lie. Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty: my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches. Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow: unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy.


Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd. [Exit Pandarus. Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprise: But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be; Yet hold I off. Women are angels, woeing; Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing. That she beloved knows nought that knows not this: Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is: That she was never yet that ever knew Love got so sweet as when desire did sue. Therefore this maxim out of Chaucer I teach: Achievement is command; ungain'd, besech! Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent, Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes. What grief hath set the jamblicle on your cheeks? The ample proposition that hope makes In all designs begun on earth below Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd, As knots, by the confluf of meeting sup, Infect the sound pine and divert his grain Tortive and errant from his high and growth. Nor, princes, is it matter new to us That we come short of our purpose so far That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand; Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw cats and their ways; erring, not answering the aim, And that unbodyed figure of the thought That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works, And call them shame's? which are indeed nought else But the protractive trials of great Jove To find persitve 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 bread and powerful fan, Pulling at all, winnowing, with aaim. And what hath mass or matter, by itself Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat, Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth, How many shallow balie boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk! But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage The gentle Theod, and anon behold [cut. The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains.
ACT I.  TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  SCENE III.

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Do we so industriously and uniformly
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, [course
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of
As rough, contrary, proportion'd doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss.  Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the temper and will of all minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [To Agamemnon] most worthy for thy place and sway,
[To Nest.] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'ld
I give thee thanks, which was such as
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his expedient tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.
Again.  Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less
That matter needless, of importune burden, [expect
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When runk Thersites ope's his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Ulyss.  Troy, yet upon his back 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, lo! how many Greekish 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 wizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insinuate, course, proportion, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and spred
Amidst the other; whose meddleable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And poets, 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,
Divine and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture!  O, when degree is shaken,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then enterprise is sick!  How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from divisible shores,
The primogentive and desert of the shore,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In more oppugnance: the bounded waters
Should out his fair, more than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:

Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite and universal divide
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.  Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocated,
Follows the choking.

And, by this negligence of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled 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 wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever, root of all our power is sick.
Agam.  Again, the nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?
Ulyss.  The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks ssurr jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless reputation 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'ld foot and the scaffolding,—
Such to-be-pitted and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness: and when he speaks,
'Is like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this rusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 't is a true imitation just
Now play me Nestor: hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he be'ring to some oration.'
That 's done, as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'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 gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Can give no more of steel it can well;
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 delays, what is in and out
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest.  And in the imitation of these twain—who,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a reem, in full, if I may presume
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him,
Makes factious feasts; rades on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
ACT I.

**TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.**

SCENE III.

A slave whose gait soars slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

**Ulyss.** They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Foretell preface and esteeem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
There call his bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and ruddiness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

**Nest.** Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [A trumpet.

**Agam.** What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

**Men.** From Troy.

**Enter Æneas.**

**Agam.** What would you 'fore our tent?

**Æne.** Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

**Agam.** Even this.

**Æne.** May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

**Agam.** With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

**Æne.** Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

**Agam.** Ay, Ay!

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

**Agam.** This Trojan sears us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

**Æne.** Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
Ravish'd record,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth;
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
Transcends.

**Agam.** Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

**Æne.** Ay, Greek, that is my name.

**Agam.** What's your affair, I pray you?

**Æne.** Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

**Agam.** He hears nought privy that comes
Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

**Agam.** Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That you shall know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

**Æne.** Trumpet, blow loud, send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoken aloud.
[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he made me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks no 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 lip he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in the name of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it;
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any say, Hector shall honour him;
If no, 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 Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them at home; but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

**Nest.** Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's granularity 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 heart, tell him from me
I'llhide my silver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantage put this with'er'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

**Æne.** Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

**Ulyss.** Amen.

**Agam.** Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our paviour 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 'tis:
Blunt wedges give hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be crop'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

**Nest.** Well, and how?

**Ulyss.** This challenge that the gallant Hector
However it is spread in general name, [sends,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles. [stance,

**Nest.** The purpose is peripatetic 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 banks of Alpena,—though he knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judg-
Aly, with celerity, find Hector's purpose [ment,
Pointing on him.

**Ulyss.** And wake him to the answer, think you?

**Nest.** Yes, 't is 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 dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dearst repute
With their finest palates: 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 laby 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 doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, [part,
What heart receives from hence the conquering
To steal 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 't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell: if not,
The lustre of the better 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 dog'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Wore he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent:
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let 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 full
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fall,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this sheathe 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 bid him straight
Two casks shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A part of the Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

Thers. Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full,
all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Thers. And those boils did run? say so: did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Thers. That would come some matter from him;
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?

[Beating him] Feeling, then.

Thers. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, thou villainest leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Thers. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an occupation than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murraun o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Thers. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikkest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Thers. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, perpendicit, do not: my fingers itch.

Thers. I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikkest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Thers. Thou grumbllest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Thers. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobolat! [Exit Ajax.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Wore he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent:
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
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That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this sheathe 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 bid him straight
Two casks shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[Exeunt.]

Thers. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! what's the matter?

Thers. You see him there, do you? [man?

Achil. Ay: what's the matter?

Thers. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Thers. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. 'Well!' why, I do so.

Thers. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Thers. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Achil. Therefore I beat thee.

Thers. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what a medicum of wit he utters! his eavisons have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Thers. I say, this Ajax—[Ajax offers to beat him.
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. Foolish, Ther.
Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: be there: that he: look you there.
Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's? [It.
Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame
Patr. Good words, Therites.
Achil. What's the quarr'd? [Ajax.
I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I serve here voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, '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 sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains. Alas, the objen of his infinite
Achil. What, with me too, Therites? [Kernel.
Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was muddly ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.
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 then afterwards.
Patr. No more words, Therites; peace! For
I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?
Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.
Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.
Patr. A good reclamation. [Our host:
I have promised to go 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.
Ajax. Who shall answer him?
Achil. I know not: 'tis put to lottery: otherwise He knew his man.
Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Trosillus, Paris, and Helenus.

Prit. 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, trawl, expense, [sumed Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-
hot digestion of this coromant 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,
Yet, those priests with lasting Priam:
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spong to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?' Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surely,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The half of these two, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
ACT II.  
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  
SCENE III.

Beggar the estimation which you prized Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base, That we have stol'n what's least you dare to keep! But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n, That in their country did them that disgrace, We fear to warrant in our native place! 

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry! 
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this? 
Troi. Tis our house, sister, I do know her voice. 
Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans! 
Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raging.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes, And I will with prophetic tears.
Hec. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld, Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes A moiety of that mass of moan to come, Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears! Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand; Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe: Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit. 
Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high Divination in our sister's work [strains Some drops of remorse? or is your blood So madly hot that no discourse of reason, Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause, Can qualify the same?

Pro. Why, brother Hector, We may not think the justice of each act Such and no other than event hath form'd 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 spiken To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity As well my undertakings as your counsels: But I await the gods, your full consent Gave wings to my propension and cut off All fears attending on so dire a project. For what, alas, can these my single arms? What propagation is in one man's valour, To stand the push and enmity of those This good work would execute? Yet 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.

Par. 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 honourable keeping her. What treason were it to the rundack'd queen, Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me, Now to deliver her possession On terms of base compulsion? Can it be That so degenerate a strain as this Should be feeding in your generous bosoms? There's not the meanest spirit in 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 unfamed Where Helen is the subject; then, I say, Well may we fight for her whom, we know well, The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well, And on the cause and question now in hand Have glory'd but succeeded in the end: Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought Unfit to hear moral philosophy: The reasons you allege do more conduce To the hot passion of distemper'd blood Than to make up a free determination 'Twixt right and wrong, and revenge Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice Of any true decision. Nature craves All dues be render'd to their owners: now, What nearer debt in all nature Than wife is to the husband? If this law Of nature be corrupted through affection, And that great minds, of partial indulgence To their benumbed wills, resist the same, There is a law in each well-order'd nation To curb those raging appetites that are Most disobedient and refractory. If Helen then be 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 exterminates not wrong, But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion Is this in the light of truth! ye wise, wise, My spritely brethren, I propound to you In resolution to keep Helen still, For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence Upon our joint and several dignities. [sign: 

Tro. Why, there you touched the life of our de- We're not great men that we more deplore Than the performance of our heaving spleens, I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector, She is a theme of honour and renown, A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, Whose present courage may beat down our foes, And fame in time to crown and honor 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.

Hec. I am yours, You valiant offspring of great Priamus. I have a roasting challenge sent amongst The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits: I was advertised their great general slept, Whilst emulation in the army crept: This, I presume, will wake him.


Enter Thersites, solus.

Thers. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 's foot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful executions. Then there's Achilles, a rare engine. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than half a wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for
placket. I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gift counterfeit, thou couldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thusly upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse. I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles? Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer? Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Patroclus. 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. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, Patroclus! I have not done. [sits. Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Ther.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a Achil. 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 prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus. I'll speak with nobody. Come in, Patroclus. Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery 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 shorn our messengers; and we lay by our appartements, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit. Ther. 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. Nest. What moves Ajax thus to buy at him? Ulyss. Achilles has inveigled his fool from him. Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. I'llc. 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 amity 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. Hear ye, Patroclus; We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Pea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin, If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself.

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous preponderance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebsos, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his side. Go tell him this; and add, That if he overholds 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 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. [Exit Ajax. 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. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chromele; and whatsoever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-gendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange? [Aside.
ACT III.  TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  SCENE I.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. But smiles on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not upon our fair request
Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake by.

He makes important; possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself: what should I say?

He is so plague proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stake his palm, nobly acquired;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlaid his fat already pride
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

Nest. [Aside to Dio.] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [Aside to Nest.] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll bash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll please his
Let me go to him. [pride]

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
Ajax. A paity, insolent fellow! [quarrel

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humour's blood.

Agam. He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat

words first; shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 't would, you 'd carry half.

Ulyss. A' would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warm: force him with

praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ajax. [To Agam.] My lord, you feed too much

on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does he?

Here is a man — but 'tis before his face; [harm.

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus

Would he were a Trojan! [with us!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affect'd! [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

Three famed, beyond all erudition:

But that he disciplin'd 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 sneer Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor;

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax' and thy brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hurt Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast;

And here 's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And eull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [Excit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.— Troy. Priam's palace.

Enter a Servant and Pandarus.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [Music within.] What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

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SCENE II.

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.
Pan. Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!
Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, 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
Shoots back and do:'e
The shaft confounded,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, I' faith, to the very tip of the nose.
Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breed hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.
Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?
Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day; but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not in?
Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.
Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen, I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother—
Pan. To a hair. [Par's excuse?
Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.
Helen. Commend me to your niece.
Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.
Par. They're come from field: let us to Primm's hall.
[To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo To help unarm our Hector; his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews; 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 pain in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.
Helen. O, sir,—
Pan. Rude, in sooth; in 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 Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—
Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.—
Helen. You shall not rob 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 Pandarus,—
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 says.
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.
Helen. 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 Helen. [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.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.
Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's? [quite
Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him
Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.
Where I may wallow in the illy-beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here 1 the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[Exit. Too

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirs me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchant's my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery patate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repur'd nectar? death, I fear me,
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle an art for our mistress to devise.

For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much: and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were fraied with a
sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:
she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en spar-
row.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrance my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encumbering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.
Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you going to say? you must be watchful 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
curlier to your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 't were
dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the
mistress. Now! 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 1 the river: go to,
go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.
Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question. What, billing again? There's
in witness whereof the parties interchangably —
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
pretty abruption? What too curious Mad esqus
my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?
Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have
eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never
see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear:
'to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we
vow to wreap seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;
thinking it harder for our mistress to devise impo-
sition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty
imposed. This is the monstrousness in love, lady,
that the will is infinite and the execution confined,
that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to

Cres. They say all lovers swear more performance
than they are able and yet reserve an ability that
they never perform, vowing more than the perfection
of men and women; charging us with less than the tenth part
of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of
hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us
as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head
shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in
reversion shall we have a praise in present: we will not
name the desert before his birth, and, being born, his
addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith:

Trolus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can
say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what
truth can speak truest not truer than Trolus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done
talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedi-
cate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy
of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if
he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's
word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our
kindred, though they be long ere they are wood, they
are constant being won: 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 Trolus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — pardon me —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it: in faith, I lie: My
thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, see, fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I wo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we'd given 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 dummy, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, I faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!
Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company. You
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. I would be done:
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,
ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE III.

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.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feel for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep me constant in my faith and truth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than devil decays!
or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be avouched with the match and weight
Of such a woman's convertibility:
How then I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Troy. When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
As true as steel, as plottage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to a furnace man in the centre,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers:

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false minds in love,
Upbray'd my falsehood! when they've said 'as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the blind, or stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

Patr. Too great a deal made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.
Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another,
since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers between Pandars! say amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Patr. 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 Cymid grant all tongue-tied maids here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [Exeunt.


Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me alond
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurred a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possessor'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes: sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, condition and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

A Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
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 negotiators shall not lack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

A Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands ! 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 derision 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.

A Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:
A do each other, and, other greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shame him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

A Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with
Achil.

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

A Agam. The better.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day.


Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

A Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

A Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

A Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. 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?
I'm 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 wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours That are without him, as place, riches, favour, Prizes of accident as oft as merit: When which they fall, as being slippery standers, The love that lean'd on them as slippery too, Do in his life down and together Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me: Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy At ample point all that I did possess, Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out Something not worth in me such rich beholding As they have often given. Here is Ulysses: I'll interrupt his reading. How now, Ulysses! 

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son! 

Achil. What are you reading? 

Ulyss. A strange fellow here 

Writes me: 'That man, now dearly ever parted, How much in having, or without or in, Cannot make boast to have that which he hath, Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection; As when his virtues shining upon others Heat them and they retort that heat again To the first giver.' 

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses. 

Th' beauty that is borne here in the face The bearer knows not, but commends itself To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself, That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself, Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed Sabots each other with each other's form; For speculation turns not to itself, Till it hath travel'd and is mirror'd there Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all. 

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,— It is familiar,—but at the author's drift; Who, in the circumstance, expressly proves That no man is the lord of any thing, Though in and of him there be much consisting, Till he communicate his parts to others; Nor doth he of himself know them for aught Till he behold them form'd in the applause Where they're extend'd; who, like an arch, re- verterates 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 apprehended here immediately The link'd, the clasp'd, the haps, 

Heaven's, 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 idlers in her eyes! How one man eats into another's pride, While pride is fasting in his wantonness! To see these Grecian lords, even already They clap the rubber Ajax on the shoulder, As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast And great Troy shrieking. 

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me Good or bad, 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 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are de- As fast as they are made, forgot as soon As dews, in precious dew. He keeps his honour bright: to have done is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail In monumental mockery. Take the instant way; For honour travels in a strait so narrow, Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path; For emulation hath a thousand sons That one by one pursue; if you give way, Or hedge aside from the direct forthright, Like to an entwined vine, may all rush by And leave you hithmost; Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank, Lie there for pavement to the abject rear, [present, O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours; For time feeds a fashionable lust 

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand, And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly, Grasps in the corner: welcome ever smiles, [seek And farewell goes out sighing. O, let virtue Remuneration for the thing it was; For beauty, wit, 

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all To envious and calumniating time. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, That all with one consent praise new-born gawds, Though they are made and moulded of things past, And give to dust that is but little gill More laud than girt o'er-dusted. 

The present eye praises the present object: 

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man, That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax; Since things in motion sooner catch the eye Than what not stirs. The cry went out on thee, And still it might, and yet it may again, If thou wouldest not entomb thyself alive And case thy reputation in thy tent; Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late, Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves And brave great Mars to faction's arms. 

Achil. Of this my privacy I have strong reasons. 

But 'gainst your privacy 

The reasons are more potent and heroic! 

'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love With one of Priam's daughters. 

Achil. Ha! known! 

Ulyss. Is that a wonder? 

The providence that's in a watchful state Knows almost every grain of Plutos' gold, Finds bottom in the uncomprehending deeps, Keeps place with those the gods are like, Does thoughts unveil 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 expressre to: All the commerce that you have had with Troy As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord; And better would it fit Achilles much 

To throw down Hector than Polyxena: But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home, When fame shall in our islands sound her trump, And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, 'Great Hector's sister had 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. 

Petr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you: A woman insatiate and manish grown Is not more loathed than an effeminate man In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this; They think my little stomach to the war And your great love to me restrains you thus: Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cúpid shall dash from your neck unleas his amorous fold, And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane, Be shooed to air. 

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by
Achil. I see my reputation is at stake; [him.
My fame is shrewdly gored.
Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an agony, subtly taints
Even then when we sit sily in the sun.
Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
To invite the Trojan fards after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
To talk with him and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.

Enter Thersites.

A labour saved!

Ther. A wonder!
Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for
Achil. How so?
Ther. He must fight single to-morrow with Hec-
tor, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic act
carrying with him vain nothing.
Achil. How can that be?
Ther. Why, he walks up and down like a pea-
cock,—a stride and a stand: ruminate like an
hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set
down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic re-
gard, as who should say 'There were wit in this
head, an't would out;' and so there is, but it lies
as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not
show without knocking. The man's undone for
ever; for if Hector break not his neck to the comb-
tate, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows
not me; I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he re-
plies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of
this man that takes me for the general? He's
grown a very land-iish, languageless, a monster.
A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both
sides, like a leather jerkin. [Thersites.
Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, ther.
Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody: he
professes not answering; speaking is for beggars;
we see it wears the tongue in his arms. I will put on
his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you
shall see the pageant of Ajax.
Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly de-
sire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous
Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to pro-
cure safe-conduct for his person of the magnani-
mous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-hon-
ored captain-general of the Grecian army, Aga-
memnon, et cetera. Do this.
Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!
Ther. Hum!
Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—
Ther. Ha!
Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite
Hector to his tent,—
Ther. Hum!
Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Aga-
memnon.
Ther. Agamemnon! [non.
Patr. Ay, my lord.
Ther. Ha!
Patr. What say you to 't?
Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.
Patr. Your answer, sir.
Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
o'clock it will go one way or other: however,
he shall pay for me ere he has me.
Patr. Your answer, sir.
Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.
Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What
music will be in him when Hector has knocked out
his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,
less the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make cat-
lings on.
[straight.
Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him
Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's
the more capable creature.
Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stim'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.
[Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.
Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were
clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had
rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant igno-
rance.
[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A street.
Enter, from one side, Eneas, and Servant with a torch; from the other, Paris, Diomedes, Antenor, Dione,
and others, with torches.
Par. See, ho! who is that there?
Ene. It is the Lord Eneas.
Ene. Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long [ness
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-
Should rob my bed-mate of my company. [Eneas.
Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord
Power, a valiant Greek, Eneas,—take his hand,—
Witnless the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Ene. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.
Rouse him and give him note of our approach, With the whole quality wherefore: I fear We shall be much unwelcome.

\[Enter.\] That I assure you: Troilus had rather Troy were born to Greece Than Cressid born from Troy. There is no help; The bitter disposition of the time Will have its so. On, lord; we'll follow you. \[Exit.\]

\[Exit with Servant.\] And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true, Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best, Myself or Menelaus?

\[Both alike.\] He merits well to have her, that doth seek her, Not making any scruple of her soiree, With such a hell of pain and world of charge, And you as well to keep her, that defend her, Not palating the taste of her dishonour, With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; You, like a lecher, out of whorship loins Are pleased to break out your incontinents: Both merits praised, each weighed nor less nor more; But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

\[Par.\] You are too bitter to your countrywoman. \[Dio.\] She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris: For every false drop in her bawdy veins A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple Of her contaminate 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 Chapman do, Dispraise 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.

\[Enter Troilus and Cressida.\]

\[Tro.\] Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold. \[Cres.\] Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle He shall unboilt the gates. \[Dow;\]

\[Tro.\] Trouble him not; To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes, And give as soft attachment to thy senses As infants' empty of all thought!

\[Cres.\] Good morrow, then. \[Tro.\] I prithee now, to bed.

\[Cres.\] Are you a-weary of me? \[Tro.\] O Cressida! but that the busy day, Waked by the lark, hath roused the frigid crows, And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, I would not from thee.

\[Cres.\] Night hath been too brief. \[Tro.\] Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays As terribly as hell, but flies the grasps of love With wings more momentary-swift than thought. You will catch cold, and curse me.

\[Cres.\] You men will never tarry. O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off, And then you would havemarried. Hark! there's Olympic O!\[Pan. [Within.] What, 's all the doors open here? \[Tro.\] It is your uncle.

\[Cres.\] A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking: I shall have such a life! \[Enter Pandarus.\]

\[Pan.\] 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 Troy: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.  

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.  

Pan. Thou must.  

Cres. I will not, uncle; I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity;  

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!  

Make Cressida's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troy! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremities you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,—  

Pan. Do, do. [cheeks.  

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised Crack my clear voice with sob and break my heart With sounding Troy. I will not go from Troy. [Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—The same. Street before Pandarus' house.  

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Delphobus, 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. [Exeunt.  

Par. I know what 'tis to love: And would, as I shall pity, I could help! Please you walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.  

SCENE IV.—The same. Pandarus' house.  

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.  

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.  

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?  

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong  

As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or know it to a worse, well order'd 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!  


Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly 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 truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?  

Tro. Cressida, I love thee so strait'd a purity, That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which  

Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.  

Cres. Have the gods envy?  

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.  

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?  

Tro. A hateful truth.  

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?  

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.  

Cres. Is it possible?  

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance  

Puts back leave-taking, justices roughly by  

All time of pause, rudest beguiles our lips  

Of all rejoinders, forcibly presents  

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.  

Injurious they now 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 scantus us with a single famish'd kiss,  

Distasteful with the salt of broken tears.  

Æne. If this is true, 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.  

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [Exeunt.  

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?  

Tro. No remedy.  

Cres. A woful Cressida! 'mongst the merry Greeks!  

When shall we see again?  

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of  

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deed is this?  

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,  

For it is parting from us: I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,  

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,  

That there's no maculation in thy heart:  

But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in  

My sequent protestation; be thou true,  

And I will see thee.  

Cres. O, you shall be 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 sentiments,  

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,宽容'd 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 feel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, [nant:  

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.  

But something may be done that we will not:  

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves:  

When we will temp the fruitlet of our powers,  

Presuming on their changeful potency.  

Æne. [Within] Nay, good my lord,—  

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.  

Par. [Within] Brother Troilus!  

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;  

And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.  

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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:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning glid their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true'; there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou, Deiphobus, and mine own name
Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Die. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Fleets your fair visage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troy. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her; I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-sounding o'er thy praises
As the unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Die. Yet 'tis not be 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 prized; 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.
[Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.  [Trumpet within.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
And anticipating time 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 hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe;
Blow, villain, till thy sphere be clay.
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon
Bloody; pour in all thy power, and blot the cutter
Thou blow'st for Hector.  [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daugh-

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; [fer;

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?
Die. 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;
'Twere better she was 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 bids you welcome. [lady
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Par. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O dearly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Par. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine;
Patroclus kisses you. 0, this is trim!

Par. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Par. Both take and give.

Men. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You 're an 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 fillip 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.

Agam. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I can my debtor claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Die. Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.

[Exit with Cressida.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

Par. There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,
That give accoating welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Under comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Ach. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Troil. Lo, therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know
In the next act it shall be expected: and this:
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love of self, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blendeft knelt, half Trojan and half Greek.
Ach. A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you.

Ajax and Hector enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Aeneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul.
Did in great lion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Ajax, wake thee! Ajax!

Nest. This blows are well disposed; there, Ajax! Dio.

Ajax. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.]

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.

The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory enmity 'twixt us twain:
Were they connivance 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
Bonds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impression made
Of other flesh feud: but the just gods say
That any man should slay thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be slain! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast justly arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Ajax. There is expectation here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in courtships find success —
As said I have the chance — I would desire
My favour to come to our Trojan tents.

Dio. It is Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hect. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an entrance.
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is stew'd with
And formless ruin of oblivion;
[husks But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Stain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawings,
Tides thee, with most divine integrity.

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. To Troilus, My well-famed lord of Troy,
No less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet
You bear of warlike brotherly welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

An. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet
Mock not, that I affect the unmasked oath; thanks!
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but have thee not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny make cruel way
[thee,
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Ow'ring thy foes and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I have said to some of my standers by
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grand sire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ajax. The old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time;
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contest;
As they do affect with thee in courtesy;
[tenion,
Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha! By this white beard, I'll fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! — I have seen the time.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands.
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

*Hect.* I must not believe you:
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

*Ulyss.* So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perceived thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

*Hect.* Is this Achilles?

*Achil.* I am Achilles.

*Hect.* Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill.

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou 'rt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach whereat
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

*Hect.* 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 prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil.* I tell thee, yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

*Agam.* Do not chafe thee, cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

*Hect.* I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

*Achil.* Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Agam.* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my There in the full convive we: afterwards, [tent; As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall Conuere together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*

*Ther.* To-morrow, I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

*Ulyss.* You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That waits her absence?

*Ther.* O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortunate's tooth.

[Exeunt.]

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.—The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.**

[Enter Achilles and Patroclus.]

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*Patr.* Here comes Thersites.

[Enter Thersites.]

*Achil.* How now, thou core of envy! Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

*Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
And idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for
*Achil.* From whence, fragment? [thee.

*Ther.* Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

*Patr.* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther.* The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

*Patr.* Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prithree, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

*Patr.* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, raptures, catarrhis, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold pulsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impost-humor, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled freemanship of the tetter, take and take again such prosterous discoveries!

*Patr.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable ear, my body.

*Ther.* No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of slave-silk, thou green serenit flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterlilies, diminutives of nature!

*Patr.* Out, gall!

*Ther.* Fine egg!

*Achil.* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
ACT V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE II.—The same. Before Calchas’ tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dió. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within] Who calls?

Dió. Diomed, 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.

 Dio. [Whispers.] How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you.

Tro. Yea, so familiar?

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she’s noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to Ther. Rognery! [folly.

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I’ll tell you what—

Dio. 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.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed.—

Dio. No, no, good-night: I’ll be your fool no more.

Ther. Thy better match.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness! [pray you,

Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Ther. Schold, 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 tor-

I will not speak a word!—

Dio. [Within] My lords, do, and so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither’d truth!—

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord! By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will

you go?

You will break out.

She strikes his cheek!

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump

and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry,

lecbery, fry! 531
Dio. But will you, then? 
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else. 
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it. 
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience. 
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord; 
I will not be myself, nor have cognition 
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now! 
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. 
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith? 
Ulyss. Old man, I care not. 
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will. 
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well. 
If he loved me — O false wench! — Give 't me again. 
Dio. Whose was 't? 
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again. 
I will not meet with you to-morrow night: 
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more. 
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, witchstone! 
Dio. I shall have it. 
Cres. What, this? 
Dio. Ay, that. 
Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge! 
Try masters now lies thinking in his bed. 
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove, 
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me; 
He that takes that doth take my heart withall. 
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it. 
Tro. I did swear patience. 
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed: faith, you 
I'll give you something else. [shall not; 
Dio. I will have this: whose was it? 
Cres. It is no matter. 
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was. 
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word, 
But it straight starts you. 
Dio. I do not like this fooling. 
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not 
you pleases me best. 
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour? 
Cres. Ay, come: — O Jove! — do come: — I shall 
Dio. Farewell till then. [be plagued. 
Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.

[Exit Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee; 
but what 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 whore.' 
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then? 
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul 
Of every syllable that here was spoke. 
But if I tell how these two did co-act, 
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, 
An esperance so constantly strong, 
That doth invert the attis of eyes and ears, 
As if those organs had decepitions functions, 
Created only to calumniate. 

Was Cressid here? 
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan. 
Tro. She was not, sure. 
Ulyss. Most sure she was. 
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness. 
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but 
Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood! [now. 
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage 
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme, 
To deprivation, to square the sex, 
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid. 
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil 
our mothers? 
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she. 
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes? 
Tro. This she? — no, this is Diomed's Cressida: 
If beauty have a soul, this is not she: 
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies, 
If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 
If there be rule in unity itself, 
This is not she. O madness of discourse, 
That cause sets us up with and against itself! 
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt 
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason 
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid. 
Within my soul there doth conduct a fight 
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate 
Divides more wider than the sky and earth, 
And yet the spacious breadth of this division 
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle 
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter. 
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates; 
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven; 
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself: 
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and 
With and another knot, five-finger-tied, [loosed; 
The frictions of her faith, ors of her love, 
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics 
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed. 
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd 
With that which here his passion doth express? 
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well 
In characters as red as Mars his heart 
Infamed with Venus: never did young man fancy 
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul. 
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love, 
So much by weight hate I her Diomed: 
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm; 
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill, 
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spot 
Which shipmen do the hurricano call, 
Construng in mass by the almighty sun, 
Shall dizzy with more clear than Neptune's ear 
In his descent than shall my promted sword 
Falling on Diomed. 
Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupis. [false! 
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, 
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, 
And they'll seem glorious. 
Ulyss. O, contain yourselves; 
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Aeneas.

Ene. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord: 
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy; 
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home. 
Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, 
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed, [adieu. 
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! 
Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates. 
Tro. Accept distracted thanks. 
[Exit Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.
ACT V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE III.

TROILUS. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would hale, I would hale. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this where: the parrot will not do more for an almonde than lie for a commodious drab. Leechery, leechery; still, wars and leechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them!

[Exit.


Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tender'd, not to stop his ears against admonishment? [sighs,] Unarm, unarm, and do not fight today. 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 Hector. No more, I say. [day.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector? And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent. Consort with me in loud and dear petition, Pursue we him on knees: for I have dream'd Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter. Cas. O, 'tis true. [sighs.]

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound! Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother: [swear.]

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 count it holy To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow; But vows to every purpose must not hold: Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say; Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate: Life every man holds dear; but the 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.

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus: Halt thy harness, I am to-day! the veins of clavary: [sighs.]

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong, And tempt not yet the brushes of the war. Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy, I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy. Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a Lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive 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, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

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'erralled 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, Full all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back: Thy wife hath dream'd thy; thy mother hath had visions; Andromache doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt: To tell thee that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aneas 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 blame 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, superstitious girl Makes all these bodeaments.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector! Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale! Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Dark, how Troy roars! how Hecula cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolors forth! Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet, And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector! Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell! yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave: Thou dost thyself and all our Trojans deceive. [Exit. Hector. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclain: Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight, Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee! [Exit severally Priam and Hector. Alarums. Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe, I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl: and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one of these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were curset, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart: The effecteth operate another way.

[Exit Pandarus.}

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds. [Exit severally.
SCENE IV.—Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish wholemasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O the 'tither side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry; they set me up, in policy, that unmangled cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouter than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here 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 Withdraw me from the odds of multitude: Have at these! Thers. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve! 
[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.

Enter Hector.

[Exit. Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another; I would laugh at that miracle: yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. 

[Exit.

SCENE V.—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 Cressida: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serve. I go, my lord. 
[Exit.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polyaetides Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margareton Hath Doreus prisoner, And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corsest of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain, Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt, Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes Sure hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary Apps our numbers: haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the swift-paced Ajax arm for shame. There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on Gagathe his horse, And there lacks work: anon he's there afoot, And there they fly or die, like scaled seals Before the belching whale: then is he yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath: Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes, Dexterity so obeying appetite: That what he will be 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 Trustless, handless, lack'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 boy-queller, 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, thou coward Troilus, show thy head! 

Enter Diomedes.

[Office Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my Ere that correction. Troilus, I say what, Troilus!

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 cogging Greeks, have at you both! 
[Exeunt, fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector! Hect. 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 befriends thee now; But thou anon shalt hear of me again; Till when, go seek thy fortune. 
[Exit. Hect. 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 Eneas: 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 VII.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

_Achill._ Come here about me, you my Myrmidons! Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel: Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath; And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In fullest manner execute your aims. Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings: It is decreed Hector the great must die. 

_Exit._

SCENE VIII.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Hector.

_Hec._ Most putrefied core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath: Take off your helmet and hang his shield behind him.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

_Achill._ Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Even with the vail and darkening of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

_Hec._ I am unarm'd; forgo this vantoge, Greek. _Achill._ Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. 

[Exit. _Hector falls._

So, Iion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down! Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain, 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain!'

[A retreat sounded.

_Hark! a retire upon our Greekian part._

Myr._ The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my _Achill._ The dragon wing of night overspreads the And, stickler-like, the armies separates. _earth._ My half-supert'd sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 

_Sheaves his sword._

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; Along the field I will the Trojan trail. 

[Exeunt.

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!

[Within] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles! _Dio._ The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles. _Ajax._ If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector is a man as good as he.

_Agam._ March patiently along, and one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent. If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. 

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE X.—Another part of the plains.

Enter _Æneas_ and Trojans.

_Æne._ Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field: Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter _Troilus_.

_Tro._ Hector is slain.

_Ath._ Hector! the gods forbid! _Tro._ He's dead: and at the murderer's horse's tail, In chastely sort, dragg'd through the shameful field. _Men._ Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed! Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy! I say, at once let your chief pledges be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on!

_Æne._ My lord, you do discomfort all the host. _Tro._ You understand me not that tell me so: I do not speak of life, of fear, of death, But dare all immiscence that gods and men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone: Who shall tell Priam so, or _Hecuba_? Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd, Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead: There is a word will Priam turn to stone; Make wellς and _Niobe_ of the maidens and wives, Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away: Hector is dead: there is no more to say. Stay yet. You vile abominable tents, Thus proudly light upon our Phrygian plains, Let Titan rise as early as he dare. [caward, I'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized No space of earth shall surder our two hates: I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth godlies swift as frenzy's thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go: Hope of revenge shall hide out inward woe. 

[Exeunt. _Æneas_ and _Trojans._

As _Troilus_ is going out, enter, from the other side, _Pandarus._

_Pau._ But hear you, hear you! _Tro._ Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thyname! 

[Exit. _Pau._ A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing, Till he hath lost his honey and his sting; And being once subdu'd in armed tail, Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted As many as be here of pander's hall, Of clothes. Your eyes, half out, weep out at _Pandar'_s fall; Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, Though not for me, yet for your aching bones. Heart and the letters of the bold-thieves trade, Some two months hence my will shall here be made: It should be now, but that my fear is this, Some gall'd goose of _Winchester_ would hiss: Till then I'll sweat and seek about for cases, And at that time bequeath you my diseases. 

[Exit.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know t, we know t.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens. [Away! First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humbly; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

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[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page LIX.]
and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up,
they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To state 't a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's men,
Rebell'd against the belly, thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other instru-
ments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—
First Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?
Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which came from the humps, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most finely
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What? What?
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other members and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
What then?

Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what then
First Cit. Should by the corrombent belly be re-
Who is the sink o' the body,—[strain'd,
Men.]
First Cit. The former agents, if they did com-
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 give this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'Tis true, your corporeal friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, 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 thus, I say 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 return and 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 is this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the well' 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?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch 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 ears,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Wit with every minute you do change a mind, [eye;
And call him noble that was now your hate;
His vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senator, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they
The city is well stored. [say,
Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives and who declines; side factions and
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth, [enough!
And let me use my sword, I'd make a 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 prov-

ers,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent
Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds [not
They vented their complaining; which being an-
swer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,
Of their own choice: one’s Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—sdeath! The rabble should have first unroof’d the city, Ere we prevail’d with me: it will in time Win upon power and throw forth greater themes For insurrection’s urging.

Men. This is strange.

Marc. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where’s Caius Marcius?

Marc. Here: what’s the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscæ are in arms. Marc. I am glad on ‘t; then we shall ha’ means to Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders. [vent

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.

First Sen. Marcius, ’tis true that you have lately The Volscæ are in arms. [told us; They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to ‘t. I sin in envying his nobility, And were I any thing but what I am, I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together. Marc. Were half to half the world by the ears and Upon my party, I’d revolt, to make [he Only my wars with him: he is a lion That I am proud to hunt.:

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius, Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Marc. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus’ face. What, art thou stiff? stand out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius; I’ll lean upon one crutch and fight with t’other, Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, Our greatest friends attend us. I know, Tit. [To Com.] Lead you on.

[To Marc.] Follow Cominius; we must follow you; Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. [To the Citizens] Hence to your houses; Marci. Nay, let them follow: [be gone! The Volscæ have much corn; take these raths thither To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners, Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow. [Citizens steal away. [Excitant all but Sicinius and Brutus. Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius? Bru. He has no equal. [people. Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the Mark’d you his lip and eyes? Sic. Nay, but his countenance. Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the Sic. Be-mock the modest moon. [gods. Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature, Tickled with good success, disdain the shadow Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, In whom already he’s well graced, can not Better be held nor more attain’d than by A place below the first: what miscarries Shall be the general’s fault, though he perform To the utmost of a man, and giddily censure Will then cry out of Marcius "O, if he Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
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 pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned mail'd hand 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 sole. I think that issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius. I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you. Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum, See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair, As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him: Methinks I see him bid them thus, and call thus: 'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear, Though you were born in Rome!' his bloody brow With his mail'd hand when wiping, forth he goes, Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow Or all or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood! Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Heeuba, When she did snaffle Hector, look'd not lovelier Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gent. Vir. Heaven bless my lord from fell Aufidius! Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam. Val. I'll send them third words and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly: and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again: and over and over he comes, and up again; catching it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he maimmocked!

Vol. One on 's father's moods. [it]

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery: I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Val. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Vol. Not out of doors!

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience: I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Ple, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your canvas were sensible as your finger, that you might leave prickling it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, in truth, madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true: I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam: I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will burst disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.

I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcus, Titus Lartius, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have.

Lart. My horse to yours, no. [bet.

Mar. 'Tis done. Agreed.

Lart. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will.

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mess. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'harum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, 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.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls? [he,

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than That 's lesser than a little. [Dreams 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 plin'd with ruffles; They 'll open of themselves. [Atrium a ter off.] Hark you, far off!

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

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 Volscian, And he shall feel mine edge.  

_Alarum._ The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcus, cursing.  

_Marcus._ All the contagion of the south light on you, You shame of Rome! you herd of — Bols and plagues Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorred Further than seen and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto 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 us to our trenches followed.  

Another alarum. The Volscians fly, and Marcus follows them to the gates.  

So, now the gates are open; now prove good seconds; 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.  

_Enter the gates._  

_First Sol._ Fool-hardiness; not I.  

_Second Sol._ Nor I.  

_Marcus._ Marcus is shut in.  

_First Sol._ See, they have shut him in.  

_All._ To the pot, I warrant him.  

[ALARUM continues.  

_Re-enter Titus Lartius._  

_Lartius._ What is become of Marcus?  

_Alf._ Shin, sir, doublet.  

_First Sol._ Following the fliers at the very heels, With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone, To answer all the city.  

_Lartius._ O noble fellow! Who soberly outdreses his senseless sword, And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcus, A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, _Eius_ 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 maddest thine enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous and did tremble.  

_Re-enter Marcus, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy._  

_First Sol._ Look, sir.  

_Lartius._ O, 'tis Marcus! Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.  

[They fight, and all enter the city.  

_SCENE V._—Coriol. A street.  

_Enter certain Romans, with spoils._  

_First Roman._ This will I carry to Rome.  

_Second Roman._ And I this.  

_Third Roman._ A murmur on 't! I took this for silver.  

[ALARUM continues still after off.  

_Enter Marcus and Titus Lartius with a trumpet._  

_Marcus._ See here these movens 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 hark, what noise the general makes! To him! There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city; Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominius.  

_Lartius._ Worthy sir, thou bleed'st! Thy exercise hath been too violent for A second course of fight.  

_Marcus._ Sir, praise me not; My work hath yet not warn'd me: fare you well: The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.  

_Lartius._ Now the fair goddess, Fortune, 

Full deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman, Prosperity be thy page!  

_Marcus._ Thy friend no less Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.  

_Lartius._ Thou wastherest Marcus! [_Exit Marcus._ 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 Cominius.  

_Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with soldiers._  

_Cominius._ 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! Let their successes as we wish our own, That both our powers, with smiling fronts encom- May give you thankful sacrifice.  

[Enter a Messenger._  

_Mess._ Thy news?  

_Cominius._ The citizens of Corioli have issued, And given to Lartius and to Marcus battle: I saw our party to their trenches driven, And then I came away.  

_Cominius._ Though thou speak'st truth, Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't _Mess._ Above an hour, my lord.  

_Cominius._ 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums: How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour, And bring thy news so late?  

_Mess._ Spies of the Volscians Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, Half an hour since brought my report.  

_Cominius._ Who's yonder, That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods! He has the stamp of Marcus; and I have Before-time seen him thus.  

_Marcus._ [Within] Come I too late?  

_Cominius._ The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor More than I know the sound of Marcus' tongue From every meager man.  

_Enter Marcus._  

_Marcus._ Come I too late?  

_Cominius._ Ay, if you come not in the blood of others, But mantled in your own.  

_Marcus._ O, let me clip ye In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart As merry as when our nuptial day was done, And tapers burn'd to bedward!  

_Cominius._ Flower of warriors, How is 't with Titus Lartius?  

_Marcus._ As with a man busied about decrees: Condemning some to death, and some to exile: Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other; Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
ACT I.

CORIOLANUS.

Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash, To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave Which told me they had beat you to your trenches? Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen, The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!— The mouse ner’er shunn’d the cat as they did budge From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail’d you? Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think. Where is the enemy? are you lords o’ the field? If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcus, we have at disadvantage fought and did Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which They have placed their men of trust? [side Com. As I guess, Marcus, Their bands i’ the vaward are the Aulnithes, Of their best trust; o’er them Aulnithus, Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, By all the battles wherein we have fought, By the blood we have shed together, by the vows We have made to endure friends, that you directly Set me against Aulnithus and his Aulnithes; And that you not delay the present, but, Filling the air with swords advanced and darts, We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle bath And balsams applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking: take your choice of those That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they That most are willing. If any such be here— As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting Wherein you see me smare’d: if any fear Lesser his person than an ill report; If any think brave death outweighs bad life And that his country’s dearer than himself; Let him alone, or so many so minded, Wave thus, to express his disposition, And follow Marcus.

[They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]

O, me alone! make you a sword of me! If these shows be not outward, which of you But is four Volscus? none of you but is Able to bear against the great Aulnithus A shield as hard as his. A certain number, Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the Shall bear the business in some other fight, [rest As cause will be obey’d. Please you to march; And four shall quickly draw out my command, Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows: Make good this ostentation, and you shall Divide in all with us.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Calus. Marcus, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lurt. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties, As I have set them down. If I do send dispatch Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve For a short holding: if we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lurt. Hence, and shut your gates upon’s.

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—A field of battle.

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, Marcus and Aulnithus.

Mar. I’ll fight with none but thee; for I do hate Worse than a promise-breaker. [thee

Aul. We hate alike:

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy favor and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first blunder die the other’s slave, And the gods doom him after! I fly, Marcus, Holloa me like a hare.

Aul. Within these three hours, Tullus, Aone I fought in your Coriolan walls, And made what work I pleased: ’t is not my blood Wherein thou seest me mask’d: for thy revenge Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Sav. Werd thou the Hector That was the whip of thy bragg’d progeny, Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[They fight, and certain Volscus come to the aid of Aulnithus. Marcus fights till they are driven in breathless. Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me In your condemned seconds.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—The Roman camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter, from one side, Cominius with the Romans; from the other side, Marcus, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o’er this thy day’s work Thou ’dst not believe thy deeds: but I’ll report it Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles, Where great patricians shall attend and shrug, The end admire, where ladies shall be frighted, And, ghastly quaked, hear more; where the dull tribunes, That, with the dusty plebeians, hate thine honours, Shall say against their hearts ‘We thank the gods Our Rome hath such a soldier.’ Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast, Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursual.

Lurt. O general, Here is the steed, we the caparison: Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood, When she does praise me grieves me. I have done As you have done; that’s what I can; induced As you have been; that’s for my country: He that has but effected his good will Hath ovetara’en mine act.

Com. You shall not be The grave of your deserving: Rome must know The value of her own: ’t were a concealment Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement, To hide your doings: and to silence that, Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch’d, Would seem but modest; therefore, I beseech you— In sign of what you are, not to reward What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they To hear themselves remember’d. [smart Com. Should they not, Well might they fester against ingratitude, And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses, Whereof we have ta’en good and good store, of all The treasure in this field 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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ACT II.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE I.

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.

Com. O, well begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, lie should Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcus, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.

I am weary; yea, my memory is 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 Volscæ.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullius Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. 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 Volscæ, be that I am. Condition!

What good condition can a truculent find?

P the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcus, 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: mine emulation

 Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way

Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Beilder, 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,

Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom against

My hate to Marcus: where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,

Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;

Learn how 't is held; and what they are that must

Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go? [you—

Auf. I am attuned at the Cypress grove: I pray

'T is south the city mills—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 augurer tells me we shall have news

Brut. Good or bad? [to-night.

Men. Not concerning to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcus.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcus.

Brut. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.

You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcus 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, in a treaty

Brut. 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

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?
ACT II.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE 1.

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 philosophy. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for you believe your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride. O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testing magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tender-like upon too trivial motion; one that converse more with the buttocok than with the forehead of the morning: I think I utter, and spend my mallee in my breath. Meeting two shrivelled sages; I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worshipful have the manner 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 lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follow it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. 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 fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three peace to a second day of audience. When you find that I am inclined with you, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummies; 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.

Bru. 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 converse with richful 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 boucher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your present company; though perchance some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worship: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen 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 earthily, no nobler,—whether do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches: for the love of Juno, let's go. Men. Ha! Marcius coming home! Vol. Ay, was my Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cup, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home!


Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, the left arm: another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: a letter for me!

Vr. 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 lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricke, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-trench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded. Vol. O, no, no, no.

Vol. 0, he is wounded: I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius was mortified off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so confederate for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. In truth, there's wondrous things spoken of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vr. 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 worshipses! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder? P' the left arm: there'll be large eclaircies to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [A shout and flourish.] Harck! 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 nervous arm doth lie; Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A senetet. Trumpets sound. 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 Marcius did fight Within Corioli gates: where he hath won, Within fame, a name to Calus Marcius; these In honour follows Coriolanus. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish. All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! Cor. No more of this: it does offend my heart: Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother! Cor.
ACT II.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE II.

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity! [Kneels.] Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcus, worthy Calius, and By deed-achieving honour newly named,— What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?— But, O, thy wife! Cor. My gracious silence, hail! Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come Colin' home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear, Such eyes the widows in Coriolli wear, And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee! And live you yet? [To Valeria] O my sweet lady, pardon! [Home.] Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome And welcome, general: and ye're welcome all. Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome. A curse begin at very root on's heart; That is not glad to see thee! You are three That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men, We have some old crab-trees here at home that will Be grafted to your reish. Yet welcome, warriors: We call a nettle but a nettle and The faults of fools but folly. [End Scene.]
ACT II.  

CORIOLANUS.  

SCENE II.

malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

See Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwise, were a malice. Thus, having itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he’s a worthy man; make way, they are coming.

A senet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the const. Memenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volscian and To send for Titus Livius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service that Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please Most reverend and grave elders, to desire [you, The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform’d By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom We met here both to thank and to remember With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leaving 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 o’ the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

Sicinius. We are converted
Upon a pleasing treaty, 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?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their 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.

Coriolanus. Your honours’ pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again Than hear say how I got them.

Men. Sir, I hope My words disbench’d you not.

Coriolanus. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from wounds.
You soothed not, therefore hurt not; but your I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Coriolanus. I had rather have one scratch my head With the sun
When the alarum were struck but idly sit To hear my nothings monster’d.

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter —

That’s thousand to one good one — when you now He had rather venture all his limbs for honour [see Than one on ’s ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.  

Cominius. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be utter’d fœdally. It is held That valour is the chiefest virtue, and Most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speak of cannot in the world Be singly 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 Amazonian chin he drove The bristled lips before him: he bestrid An o’er-press’d Roman and i’ the consul’s view Slew three opposers: Tarquin’s self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day’s feats, When he might act the woman in the scene, He proved best man i’ the field, and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter’d thus, he waxed like a sea, And in the brunt of seventeen battles since He hurc’d all swords of the garland. For this last, before and since Coriol, let me say, I cannot speak him home: he stopp’d the fliers; And by his rare example made the coward Turn terror into sport: as weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey’d And fell below his stem: his sword, death’s stamp, Where it did work, 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 gate of the city, which he painted With shunn’d destiny: aidless came off, And with a sudden re-inforcement struck Coriol like a planet: now all ’s his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit Re-quick’en’d what in flesh was fatigue, And to the battle came he; where lie did Run reeking o’er the lives of men, as if ’twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call’d Both field and city ours, he never stood To ease his breast with painting.

Men. Worthy man! First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the Which we devise him. [honours

Cominius. Our spoils he kick’d at, and ’look’d upon things precious that they were. The common muck of the world: he covets less Than misery itself would give; rewards His deeds with doing them, and is content To spend the time to end it.

Men. He’s right noble:
Let him be call’d for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Corioli, are well pleased To make thee consul.

Coriolanus. I do owe them still My life and services.

Men. It then remains That you do speak to the people.

Coriolanus. I do beseech you, Let me o’releap that custom, for I cannot Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them, For my wounds’ sake, to give their suffrage: please That I may pass this doing. [you

Sicinius. Sir, the people Must have their voices; neither will they bate One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to’t: Pray you, go fit you to the customs and Take to you, as your predecessors have, Your honour with your form.

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Cor. It is a part
    That I shall blush in acting, and might well
    Be taken from the people.

Mark you that? 

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus:
    Show them the unaching 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 Corioliunus come all joy and hono-
our! [Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Si-
cinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sec. May they perceive’s intent! He will require
As if he did contemn what he requested [them,
Should be in them to give.

Cor. 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 may, sir, 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. In-
gratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be
ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude;
of which we being members, should bring our-
selves 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
shalt 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; ’t is strongly wedged up in a
block-head, 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
then 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 by him where he stands, by ones, by twos,
and by threes. He’s to make his requests by par-
culars; whereby every one of us has a single hon-
our, in giving him our own voices with our own
 tongues: therefore follow me, and I’ll direct you
how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [Exeunt. Citizens.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done’ t?

Cor. What must I say?

Men. That you have not.

Cor. I pray, sir,—Plague upon it! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—I’ll look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country’s service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar’d and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang ’em!

Men. You ’ll mar all:
I’ll leave you: pray you, speak to ’em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exeunt. Cor.

Citizens. 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 know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought
Cor. Minuet desert. [you to ’t.

Sec. Cit. You your desert!

Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir, ’t was 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?

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o’ the consul-
First Cit. The price is to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha ’t: I have
wounds to show you, which shall be yours in pri-
ivate. Your good voice, sir; what say you?
Sec. Cit. You shall ha ’t, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There’s in all two worthy
voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.
Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An ’t were to give again,—but ’t is no
matter. [Exeunt 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 scourg to her ene-
mies, 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; ’t is a condition they
account gentle: and since the wisdom of their
choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I
will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them
thing, we hope to, i.e., to them compleatly; 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.

Sixth Cit. You have received many wounds for
your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with show-
ing them. I will make much of your voices, and
so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [Exeunt.

Cor. Most sweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woeful time should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless voces? Custom calls me to 't:
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would be unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heaped.
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.

Here come moe voices.
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles three six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
Indeed, I would be consul. [Voices:
Sixth Citi. He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice.
Seventh Citi. Therefore let him be consul: the gods
give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!
All Citi. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!
[Exeunt.
Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
Repair to the senate-house. [again,
Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?
Brut. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.

He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'Tis warm at 's heart, and all his actions
'Tis in the mould of noble looks.
Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this
First Citi. He agis our voices, sir.
[Man? Brut. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
Sec. Citi. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Citi. Certainly
He douteous downright.
First Citi. 'No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not
mock us.
Sec. Citi. 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.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Citi. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Citi. 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?
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus,] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.


Corin. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry,
Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscian stood as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 't again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banns wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volscians, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people, [them-
The tongues 'o the common mouth: I do despise
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sie. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. 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 com-
Brutus, Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the
market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sie. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield the law
And straight disdain their tongues? What are
your offices?

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
Recent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sie. 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.

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you reined;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Men. Why then should I be consul? By yond
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sie. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This pal-
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus [terning
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again —

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nolter friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tether us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sie. 'T were well
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!
Sic. That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute ' shall?'
Com. 'T was from the canon. 'Shall!'
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 both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most patricians. 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
Some time in Greece,—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?
Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worther than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense, resting well assured [war,
That ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not think the states. 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 unbend, could never be the motive
Of so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitudinous digest
The senate's courtesy? ' Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: ' We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
The nature of our seats and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break ope the locks o the senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. 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, wis-
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no [dom,
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while [lows.
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it fol-
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
You that will be less fearful than discreet, [you,—
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 multifudinous 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.
Bru. Manifest treason!
Com. This a consul? no.
Bru. The ediles, ho!

Enter an Edile.
Sic. 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. Hence, old goat!
Senators, &c. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, 'torn thing! or I shall shake thy
Out of thy garrets.

Enter a rabble of Citizens (Plebeians), with the Ediles.
Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here 's he that would take from you all your
Bru. Seize him, ediles! [power.
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[They all bustle 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!
Speak, good Sicinius.
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 late you have named for consul.
Men. This is the way to kindle, 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 roof 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.

**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
Do 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 Cit.** He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

**Citizens.** He shall, sure on't.

**Sic.** Sir, sir,—

**Men.** Peace!—

**Sic.** Do not cry havoc, where you should but
With modest warrant.

**Men.** Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

**Sic.** As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

**Men.** The consul Coriolanus.

**Sic.** He consul!

**Men.** If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be hear? I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

**Sic.** Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispel 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 envied,
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

**Sic.** He's a disease that must be cut away.

**Men.** O, he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he 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 cam.

**Brutus.** 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.

**Brutus.** We'll hear no more.

**Men.** Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

**Brutus.** One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unseen's. swiftness, will, too late
The leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

**Brutus.** If it were so,—

**Sic.** What do ye talk?

**Men.** Have we not find a taste of his obedience?

**Men.** Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars

**Sic.** I would they were a-bed!
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boited language; meel 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.
Cori. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.
First Sen. Go not home,
Second Sen. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend
You there;
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I'll bring him to you.
[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, [me
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 groats, 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.

She talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, 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: lesser had been [are,
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. 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. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit of 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 ward do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart 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,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Cor. 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,
Good be required: although I know thou hast rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,
You make strong party, or defend yourself [It's fit
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.
Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.
ACT III.

Coriolanus. SCENE III.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarred scence? 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 Marcius, they should dust grind it And throw’t against the wind. To the marketplace! You have put me now to such a part which never I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we’ll prompt you. Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said My father made thee first a soldier, so, To have my praise for this, perform a part Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Away, my disposition, and possess me. Some harlot’s spirit! my throat of war be turn’d, Which quired with my drum, into a pipe Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves 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’d knees, Who bow’d but in my stirrup, beard like his That hath received an alms! I will not do’t, Lest I succeed 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 think thy pride than fear Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list. Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck’dst it from me, But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content: Mother, I am going to the market-place; Chide me no more. I’ll mounteagle their loves, Cog 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. Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm To answer mildly; for they are prepared [yourselves 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 apol got on the Atiliates Was ne’er distributed.

Enter an Edile.

What, will he come? Edil. He’s coming.


Cor. Have you a catalogue Of all the voices that we have procured Set down by the poll? Edil. I have; ’tis ready. Sic. Have you collected them by tribes? Edil. I have. Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;

And when they hear me say ‘It shall be so I’ the right and strength o’ the commons,’ be it either For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them, If I say fine, cry ‘Fine!’ If death, cry ‘Death.’ Insisting on the old prerogative And power ’t the truth o’ the cause.

Edil. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry, Let them not cease, but with a din confused Enforce the present execution Of what we chance to sentence.

Edil. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint, When we shall lap to give ’t them.

Bru. 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 rein’d again to temperance; then he speaks What’s in his heart; and that is there which looks With us to break his neck.

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 knave by the volume. The honour’d gods Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice Supplied with worthy men! plant love among’s! Throng 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! Edil. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace, Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say, Peace, ho! Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this Must all determine here? [present? Sic. I do demand, If you submit you to the people’s voices, Allow their officers and are content To suffer lawful censure for such faults As shall be 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.

Com. 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 From Rome all season’d office and to wind Yourself into a power tyrannical; For which you are a traitor to the people. Cor. How! traitor!


Cor. The fires i’ the lowest hell fold-in the people! Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribute!
ACT IV.

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?
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.

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
The legalized 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
Enraged 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; in the name of the people
And in the power of our tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian never more
To enter our Rome gates: 'tis 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.

Com. 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 wench's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—
Sic. We know your drift: speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banished
As enemy to the people and his country: [ish'd it.
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so. [hate
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
As reck o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of impurified men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! I 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
Abridged 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, Menerinus,
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 despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

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, Volumnius, Virgilia, Menerinus,
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,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits:
That common chances common men can 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,
Craves
A noble cunning: you were used to lead me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that could them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman.—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
And occupations perish! [Rome, upon ye.
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be loved when I am lack'd, I say, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Heracles,
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
DROP not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother:

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wall inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly — though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen — your
Will or exceed the common or be caught [son
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My first son,
Whither will thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure 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 hear of us
And we of thee: so if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
Over the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
T' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go reeve with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother; and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men.  
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake out but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor.  
Give me thy hand: [Exit.

SCENE II. — The same. A street near the gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Edile.

Sic.  
Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru.  
Now have we shown our power,
Let us seem humber 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.

Bru.  
Dismiss them home. [Exit Edile.

Hec.  
Who comes his mother.

Sic.  
Let's not meet her.

Bru.  
Why?

Sic.  
They say she's mad. [way.

Bru.  
They have ta'en note of us: keep on your

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Vol. O, ye 're well met: the hoarded plague o' the
Requite your love! [gods

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 fooship
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 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.

Bru.  
I would he had.

Vol.  
'J would he had!' 'T was you incensed the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of these mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru.  
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 nearest 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.

Bru.  
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.

[Exit Tribunes.

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet'em
But once a-day, it would unclasp my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men.  
You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll 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 paling and lament as I do,

Men.  
Fie, fie, fie!

SCENE III.—A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volscæ, meeting.

Rom.  
I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol.  
It is so: sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom.  
I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are,
against 'em: know you me yet?

Vol.  
Nicanor? no.

Rom.  
The same, sir.

Vol.  
You had more heard when I last saw you;
but your favour is well approved by your tongue.

What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the
Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well
saved me a thy's journey.

Rom.  
There hath been in Rome strange insurrections;
the people against the senators, patri-
cians, and nobles.

Vol.  
Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state
thinks not so: they are in a most warlike prepara-
tion, 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 hear 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 fire glowing, I can
tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking
out.

Vol.  
Coriolanus banished!

Rom.  
Banished, sir.

Nicanor, Vol.  
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.

Vol.  
He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,
thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended
my business, and I will mildly accompany you home.

Rom.  
I shall, between this and supper, tell you
most strange things from Rome; all tending to the
good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready,
say you?

Vol.  
A most royal one; the centurions and their
charges, distinctly billeted, already in the enter-
tainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom.  
I am joyfull to hear of their readiness, and
am the man, I think, that shall set them in present
action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of
your company.

Vol.  
You take my part from me, sir; I have the
most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom.  
Well, let us go together. [Exit.
SCENE IV.—Antium. Before Anquidius’s house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City, ’tis I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices ’fore my wars Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not, Least that thy wives with spits and boys with stones In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen. Save you, sir. Cor. And you. Cit. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Anquidius lies: is he in Antium? Cor. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night. Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? Cit. This, here before you. Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell. [Exit Citizen.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as ’t were, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a discussion of a doil, break out To bitterest enmity: so, fellest 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 enmy 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 Anquidius’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. [Exit. Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus. [Exit. 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! Sec. Serv. Away! get you away. Cor. Now, thou’rt troublesome. 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. [hearth. Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your Third Serv. What are you?
ACT IV.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE V.

Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient maile;—
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.

Aup. O Marcius, Marcius! Each word thou hast spoke hath woeed 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 all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arns about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Now know first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! much danc'd my rapt heart
Then! and though my eyes were saw
Brestire thy threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I have purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of our necessity. But now I saw
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Mar-
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that [cius,
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome.
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods! You bless me;
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, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most
welcome!

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two
Servingmen come forward.

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration!
Sec. Serv. By my hand, I thought to have
strucken 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
to 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,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were — would
I have been hung, but I thought there was more in him
than a misle Marciscus. Th' thought might

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply
the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier
than he you won't.

Sec. Serv. Who, my master?
ACT IV.

CARIOLANUS.

SCENE VI. — Rome. A public place.

Enter Sicinius and Brutos.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i'the present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush that the world goes well, who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. [Enter Mene-

ninius.]

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of Both Tri. Hail, sir! [late. Men. Sic. Your Coriolanus Is not much miss'd, but with his friends: The commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, Were he more angry at it. Men. All 's well; and might have been much better He could have temporized. [ter, if Sic. Where is he, hear you? Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his Hear nothing from him. \(\)wife

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both! Sic. God-den, our neighbours. Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all. First Cit. Ourseves, our wives and children, on Are bound to pray for you both. [our knees, Sic. Live, and thrive! Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Co-Had loved you as we did. [riolanus Citizens. Now the gods keep you! Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [Execute Citizens. Sic. This is a happier and more comely time Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying confusion. Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i'the war, but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitions past all thinking, Self-loving,— Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance. Men. I think not so. Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had borne his course, had mind it so. Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Edile.

AEd. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, the Volsces with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories, And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world; Which were in shell'd when Marcius stood for Rome, And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you Of Marcius? Bru. Go see this rumourer whipped. It The Volsces dare break with us. [cannot be Men. We have record that very well it can, And three examples of the like have been Within my age. But reason with the fellow, Before you punish him, where he heard this, Lest you shall chance to whip your information And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. I know this cannot be. Bru. Tell not me: Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going All to the senate-house: some news is come That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave: — Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: —his raising; Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir, The slave's report is seconded; and more, More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful? Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths— How probable I do not know —that Marcius, Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome, And vows revenge as spacious as between The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely! Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish Good Marcius home again. Sic. Men. This is unlikely: He and Aufidius can no more alone Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate: A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius Associated with Aufidius, races 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, [ters and To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,— Men. What's the news? what's the news? Com. Your temples burn'd in their cement, and Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news? You have made fair work, I fear me. —Pray, your news?— If Marcius should be joined with Volsicians, —

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 Bru. 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 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 have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it? The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they should say: 'Begood to Rome,' they charged him; even as those should do that had deserved his hate, and therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'T is true: If he were putting to my house a brand, You should consume it, I have not the face To say 'Bless you, cease.' You have made fair hands, You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought A trembling upon Rome, such as was never So incapable of help.

Both Trib. Say we not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? we loved him; but, like beasts And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters, Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear They'll roar him in again. Tullius Aufidius, The second name of men, obeys his points As if he were his officer: desperation Is all the policy, strength and defence, That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters. And is Aufidius with him? You are they That made the air unwholesome, when you cast Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming; And not a hair upon a soldier's head Which will not prove a whip: as many cokcombs As you threw caps up will he tumble down, And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter; If he could burn us all into one coal, We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part, When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I. And so did I: and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Cap.


Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not disdain'd: These are a side that would be glad to have This which we so fear to see. Go home, and show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's home. [Exit Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [Exeunt.

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.

But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him; A mile before his tent fall down, and knee 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.

SCENE VII. - A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Liev. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but Your soldiers use him as the grave 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now, Unless, by using means, I hane the foot Of our design. He bears himself more prouder, Even to my person, than I thought he would When first I did embrace him: yet his nature In that's no changelling; and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Liev. Yet I wish, sir,—I mean for your particular,—you had not Join'd in commission with him; but either Had borne the action of yourself, or else To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and 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, Where'er we come to our account. [Exit.

Liev. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry All places yield to him ere he sits down; And the nobility of Rome are his: The senators and patricians love him too: The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people Will be as rash in the repeal, as haughty To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome As is the oscill'y 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 tainted 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 controld 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, Caius, Rome is thine, Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [Exit.
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; for I knew all names;
It was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Coriolanus. Very well:
Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When he was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To whom they had punish'd.

Men. 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 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nurse the offence:

Men. Of one poor grain or two! I am one of those: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-need'd help, yet do not—
Unbur'd, and with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Com. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Sic. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unlearn'd: what then?

Men. But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake 't: I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well: he had not dined:
The veins unstill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have supper souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
Till he be dictated to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Brutus. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Cic. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of his success. [Exeunt.

Coriolanus. He'll never hear him.

Com. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The prouder to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said 'Rise:' dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand; what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his nobler mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.
state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueler in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious gates sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away! Men. How! away! Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servant'd to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volsian 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.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st! Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exit 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 home again. First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back? Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to subject myself? 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, you are; and your misery increase with your age! I saw you scold to gods sit. [Exit.

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. [Exit.

SCENE III. — The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to the Volsian 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, God, I did, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have, Though I show'd so much to him, once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept: to grace him only That thought he could do more, a very little I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to. Ha! what's 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 obtinate. What is that curtly worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows; As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of interest, which Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volscians Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never Be such a going 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 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip Hath virg'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, 'tis the earth; [Kneels. Of thy deep duty more impression show Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up 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. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this? Your knees to me? to your corrected son? Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach Fillip the stars: then let the mutinous winds Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun; Murdering impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior; I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady? Cor. The noble sister of Publius, The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle That's curdled by the frost from purest snow And hangs on Dia's temple: dear Valeria! Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours, Which by the interpretation of full time May show like all yourself. The god of soldiers, With the consent of supreme Jove, inform Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove To shame unvulnerable, and stick 'tis the wars Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, And saving those that eye thee! Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy! Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace. Or, if you'd ask, remember this before: The thing I have forsworn to grant may never Be held by your denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's mechanics; tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not To allay my rages and revenges with Your colder reasons.
ACT V.

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, the blame May happen upon your fortune 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 their weep and shake with fear and sorrows. 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 Thee eminent's most capital: thou barr'st us Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy; for how can we, alas, how can we for our country pray? Wherefor we are bound, together with thy victory, Where, though black, or worst must lose The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win: for either thou Must, as a foreign recreant, be led With such confederates, or else Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin, And bear the palm for having bravely shed Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son, I purpose not to wait on fortune till These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee Rather to show a nation grace to both parts Than seek the end of one, the sooner March to assault thy country than to tread— Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb, That brought thee to this world. Vir. Ay, and mine, That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name Living to time. Young Mar. 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. Vol. Nay, go not from us thus. If it were so that our request did tend To save the Romans, thereby to destroy uns, The Volscers whom you serve, you might enjoy As poisons of your honour: no; our suit Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscers May say: 'This mercy we have show'd;' the Romans, 'This we received;' and each in either side Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest [son, For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great The end of war's uncertain, but this certain, That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name, Whose reputation will be durst'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 abhor'd.' Speak to me, son: Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour, Toimate the grace of the gods; To treat with buffoon the valiant cheek of the air, And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That shall but rive an oak. Why dost not speak? Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you: He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy: Perhaps thy chiblisheart will move him more Than can 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, His cluck'd to the wars and safely home, Loose; with honour. So thy request's unjust, And spurn me back: but if it be not so, Thou art not honest: and the gods will plague thee, That thou restrain'st from me the duty which To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:

Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees. To his surround Coriolanus 'longs more pride Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;

This is the last: so we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's; This boy, that cannot tell what he would have, But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship, Does reason our petition with more strength Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:

This fellow had a Volscian to his mother; His wife is in Corioli and his child Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch: I am hush'd until 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, Ausidius, though I cannot make true wars, I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Ausidius, Were you in my stead, would you have heard A mother less? or granted less, Ausidius? Aus. I was moved with that.

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! Aus. [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.

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.]

Cor. 'I'd the Volscian, Virgilia, &c. But we will drink together; and you shall bear A better witness back than words, which we, On like conditions, will have corner-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 be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced and stay'd till the poor 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.

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Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sourly ripen grapes: when he walks, he moves like an asp; and the 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.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you would save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune And hale 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.

Sec. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? 'Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide.

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you! [Trumpets; hurdbouts; drums beat; all together. The trumpets, sackbutts, psalteries and flutes, 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 pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats,
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! [Music still, with shouts.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings;
Accept my thankfulness. [next,

Sec. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Sec. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them, And help the joy. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c., passing over the stage, followed by Patricians, and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome! Call our tribunes together, praise the gods, And make triumphant fires; strewn flowers before Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius, [them: Repeal him with the welcome of his mother; Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!' All.

Welcome, ladies, Welcome! [A flourish with drums and trumpets. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Antium. A public place.

Enter Tullius Aufidius, 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 their's and in the commons' ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse The city ports by this hath enter'd and Intends to appear before the people, hoping To purge himself with words: dispatch. [Exeunt Attendants.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction. Most welcome! First Con. How is it with our general? 

Auf. Even so As with a man by his own alms empow'd, And with his charity slain.

Sec. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent wherein You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell; We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people do remain uncertain whilst 'Tis yet your life? that remains uncertain, 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 heighten'd, He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery, Seducing so my friends; and, to this end, He bow'd his nature, never known before But to be rough, unsayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping—

Auf. That I would have spoke of: Being banish'd for't, he came unto my heart; Presented to my knife his throat: I took him; Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way In all his own desires; nay, let him choose Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; served his designs In mine own person; hop'd 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 army marvell'd at it, and, in the last, When he had carried Rome and that he look'd For no less spoil than glory,— There was it: For which my sinew's shall be stretch'd upon him. At a few drops of women's raiment, 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 gay 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. And patient fools, Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear With giving him glory.

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.
ACT V.  

CORIOLANUS.  

SCENE VI.  

AUF.  Say no more:  

Here come the lords.  

Enter the Lords of the city.  

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.  

AUF. I have not deserved it.  

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused  

What I have written to you?  

Lords. We have.  

First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.  

What faults he made before the last, I think  

Might have found easy lines: but there to end  

Where he was to begin and give away  

The benefit of our levies, answering us  

With our own charge, making a treaty where  

There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.  

AUF. He approaches: you shall hear him.  

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours;  

Commoners 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 massage led your wars even to  

The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home  

Do more than counterpoise a full third part  

The charges of the action. We have made peace  

With no less honour to the Antilates  

Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,  

Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  

Together with the seal of the senate, what  

We have compounded on.  

AUF. Read it not, noble lords;  

But tell the traitor, in the highest degree  

He hath abused your powers.  

Cor. Traitor! how now!  

AUF. Ay, traitor, Marcus!  

Cor. Marcus!  

AUF. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus: dost thou think  

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name  

Coriolanus in Corioli?  

You lords and heads o' the state, peradventure  

He has betray'd your business, and given up,  

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,  

I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;  

Breaking his oath and resolution like  

A twist of rotten silk, never admitting  

Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears  

He whined and roar'd away your victory,  

That pages blush'd at him and men of heart  

Look'd wondering each at other.  

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?  

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!  

Cor. Ha!  

AUF. No more.  

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!  

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  

I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,  

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—  

Who wears my stripes impres'd upon him; that  

Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join  

To thrust the lie unto him.  

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.  

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscenians and lads,  

Stain all your edges on me. Boy! false hound!  

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:  

Alone I did it. Boy!  

AUF. Why, noble lords,  

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  

Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  

'Tore your own eyes and ears?  

All Cons. Let him die for 't.  

All the people. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'  

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!  

The man is noble and his fame folds in  

This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us  

Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,  

And trouble not the peace.  

Cor. O that I had him,  

With six Aufidii, or more, his tribe,  

To use my lawful sword!  

AUF. Insolent villain!  

All Cons. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!  

[The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus:  

Aufidius stands on his body.  

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!  

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.  

First Lord. O Tullus,—  

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour  

will weep,  

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all,  

be quiet;  

Put up your swords.  

AUF. My lords, when you shall know—as in this  

Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger  

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice  

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours  

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver  

Myself your loyal servant, or endure  

Your heaviest censure.  

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;  

And mourn for him: let him be regarded  

As the most noble cors that ever herald  

Did follow to his urn.  

Sec. Lord. His own impatience  

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.  

Let's make the best of it.  

AUF. My rage is gone;  

And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.  

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.  

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:  

Trail thy steel pikes. Though in this city he  

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  

Which to this hour bewail the injury,  

Yet he shall have a noble memory.  

Assist.  

[Exeunt, bearing the body of Corio-  

lanus. A dead march sounded.  

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Personae.

Saturninus, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.
Bas. Bassianus, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.
Publius, son to Marcus the Tribune.
Sempsonius, Caius, Valentine,

[Emilius, a noble Roman.
Alarbus, Demetrius, sons to Tamora.
Chiron, Aaron, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths and Romans.
Tamora, Queen of the Goths.
Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse.
Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE — Rome, and the country near it.

ACT I.

Scene I. — Rome. Before the Capitol.

The tomb of the Andronicus appearing; the Tribunes and Senators a loft. Enter, below, 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 successful 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. Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my If ever Bassianus, Cesar'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 virtue consecrate, To justice, continence and nobility; But let desert in pure election shine, And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, a loft, 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, sursumted Ilius 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 accedent 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 worthyly you would have now succeed, And in the Capitol and senate's right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore, That you withdraw you and abate your strength; Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should, Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness. Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so do I 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. [Exeunt 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. [Exeunt 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.

Bas. 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 circumscribed with his sword, And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

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Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius and Mutius; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black: then Lucius and Quintus. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and the People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weals!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharged her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To reach his native town, with joy and tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword,
Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover like a spectre on thy tomb?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hath thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!
Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not appeased,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Thou, Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious con-
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
[queror,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stall not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful!
Sweet is thy pity to the suffering son.
Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and he must, to
Captive rule, with others that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be cleanly consumed.

[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.

Tum. O cruel, irreligions mother of our sons!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths—
When Goths were Goths and Tamara was queen—
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 entwists feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth not his head but in his brethren,
And with loud harums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus—
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpets sounded, and the 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 envy 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.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's oslequeals;
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 triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marc.

[Enter wars.

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 ever chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliant of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these ambitious and victorious sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I do this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day
To-morrow build up my royal 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,
Knigh'ted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and defence 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.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-

sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?
ACT I.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Scene I.

Titus. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Patience, do me right: Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not.

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor, Andronicus, would thouwert ship'd to hell, Rather than reign o'er both the people's rights!

Luc. Princes, Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, But honour thee, and will do till I die: My strength is experienced with thy friends, I will most thankful be; and thanks to men Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here, I ask your voices and your suffrages: Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus? Tribunes. To graffy the good Andronicus, And gratulate his safe return to Rome. The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make, That you create your emperor's eldest son, Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope, Reflect on Bayne as Titus did on earth, And ripen justice in this commonwealth: 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!' [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 sue with requisites of kindness: 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 to Saturnine, King and commander of our commonwealth, The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate My sword and ch Conjurer; and my reasons: Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord; Receive them then, the tribute that I owe, Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life! How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts Rome shall record, and when I do forget The least of these unspeakable deserts, Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [To Tamora] Now, madam, are you prisoner To an emperor; To him that, for your honour and your state, Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue That I would choose, were I to choose anew. Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance: Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer, Thou constest to be made a scorn in Rome: Princeely shall be thy usage every way, Rest on my word, and let not discontent Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths. Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Luc. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility Warms in the warmest words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go: Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum. [Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show. Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [Seizing Lavinia.

Tit. How, sir? are you in earnest then, my lord? Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal To do myself this reason and this right. Marc. 'Ssunum cuine' is our Roman justice: This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised! [guard? Sat. Surprised! by whom? Bas. By him that justly may Bear his betroth'd from all the world away. [Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia. Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away, And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus. Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back. Mut. My lord, you pass not here.


[During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go out and re-enter, above.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so, In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine; My sons would never so dishonour me: Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife, That is another's lawful promised love. [Exit.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not, Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: 'Twill trust, by leisure; him that mocks me once; Thee never, nor thy traitor's haughty sons, Confedera all thus to dishonour me. Was there none else in Rome to make a stale, But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus, Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine, That said st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these? [piece

Sat. But go 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 rule in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths, That like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome, If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice, Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride, And will create thee empress of Rome. Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice? And here I swear by all the Roman gods, Sith priest and holy water are so near And tapers burn so bright and every thing In readiness for Hymenaeus stand, I will not re-salute the streets of Rome, Or climb my palace, till from forth this place I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, [swear, Sat. And ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, ac- Your noble emperor and his lovely bride, Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine, Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered: There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt all but Titus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

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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.

Tit. Banish me, sir; if it be by my own,
My truth-betrothed love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir; you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Tit. 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, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly 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 honoured Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak my faults for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome for tend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[Aside to Sat.] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at
Dissemble all your griefs and discontent;
[Last; You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patriots too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so suppress you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at events and the events alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all;
And raise their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
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 have these looks; I have new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled you and friends you.
For you, Prince, to Bussianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.
ACT II.

SATURDAY.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climmeth Tamora Olympus' top, Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft, Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash; Advenary's threatening reach, as when the golden sun salutes the morn, And, having gird the ocean with his beams, Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach, And overlooks the highest peering hills; So thou, Aaron: 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 Caucasus. Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts! I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold, To wait upon this new-made empress. To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen, This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph, This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine, And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's. Holloa! 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 graced; And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be. 
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all; And so in this, to bear me down with braves, 'tis not the difference of a year or two Makes me less gracious 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. 
Aar. [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. 
Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have, Full well shall thine perceive how much I dare. 
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw. 
Aar. [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.
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.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance directed.
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 droll;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Ch. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fast nefas, till kind the stream.
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.
Per Styg's, per manes vehor. [Exit.

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 fields are fragrant and the woods are green:
Uncouple 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 dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. 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,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Luc. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then: horse and chariots let us have,
And our sport. [To Tamora] Madam, now shall
Our Roman hunting—[Eye see Marc.]
I have dogs, my lord,
Will roose 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.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aur. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a griefless boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade 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 Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised
And curd'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wretched in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as a nurse's song,
Of lulaby bring her babe asleep.

Aur. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venerable signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pilage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; I am resolved;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Aur. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-bebecoming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves?
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Saincy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actaeon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly and tender as thy eye!
Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in morning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
Bas. Behave me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, destested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white godtly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
ACT II.  

TITUS ANDRONICUS. 

SCENE III.

Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor, 
If foul desire had not conducted you? 

Law. And, being intercepted in your sport, 
Great reason that my noble lord be rated 
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence, 
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love; 
This valley fits the purpose pergament well. 

Hec. The king my brother shall have note of this. 

Law. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long: 
Good king, to be so mightily abused! 

Tum. 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? 
Tum. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale? 
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place: 
A barren detested vale, you see it; 
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean, 
O'ercome with moss and baleful mists: 
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds, 
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven: 
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit, 
They told me, here, at dead time of the night, 
A thousand thousand birds of every species, 
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins, 
Would make such fearful and confused cries 
As any mortal body hearing it 
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly. 
No sooner had they told this hellish tale, 
But straight they told me they would bind me here 
Unto the body of a dismal yew, 
And leave me to this miserable death: 
And then they call'd me foul adulterer, 
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 
That ever ear did hear to such effect: 
And, here, my woe was worse for hope come, 
This vengeance on me they had 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.] 

Law. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Ta- 
For no name fits thy nature but thy own! [mora, 
Tum. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my 
boys, 
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's 
wrong. 

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her; 
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw: 
This minion stood upon her chastity, 
Upon her murtal 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. 
Drag hench her husband to some secret hole, 
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 
Tum. But when ye have the honey ye desire, 
Let not it be, then, but two to sting. 

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that 
Come, mistress, now permute we will enjoy [sure. 
That nice-precerved honesty of yours. 

Law. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,— 
Tum. I will not hear her speak; away with her! 
Law. If I be able, I will not alwayes but a word. 

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory 
To see her tears; but be your heart to them 
As unrelenting dint to drops of rain. 

[dam? 

Law. When did the tiger's young ones teach the 
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee; 
The mean that lookest from her did turn to marble; 
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. 
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike. 

[To Chiron] Do thou entertain her show a woman pity. 

Chi. What, wouldest thou have me prove myself 
a bastard? 

Law. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark: 
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!— 
The lion moved with pity did endure 
To have his princely paws pared all away: 
Some say the raven frees children, 
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests: 
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no, 
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful! 

Tum. I know not what it means; away with her! 
Law. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake, 
That gave me life, when well he might have slain 
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 
[thee, 

Tum. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me, 
Even for his sake am I pitiless. 

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long. 
Law. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly crea-
The blet and enemy to our general name! [sure! 
Confusion: 

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 exetcnt Demetrius and Chiron, drag-
ging off Lavatia. 

Tum. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her 
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed, [sure. 
Till all the Andronicæ be made away, 
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, 
And let my spleenful sons this trull devour. [Exit. 

Re-enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius. 

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before: 
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit 
Where I espied the panther fast asleep. 

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes. 

Mart. And mine. I promise you; we're not for 
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile, [shame, 
[falls 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 

A very fatal place it seems to me. 
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall? 

Mart. O brother, with the dismal object hurt 
That ever eye with sight made heart lament! 

Aar. [To Quintus.] How will I fetch the king to find 
them here, 
That he thereby may give a likely guess 
How these were they that made away his brother. 
[Exit. 

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out 
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole? 

Quin. I am surprised with an uncounted fear: 

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints: 
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
ACT II.

SCENE IV.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart, Aaron and thou look down into this den, And see a fearful sight of blood and death. 

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart Will not permit mine eyes once to behold The tumult there. But, perchance, by turne agreed, O, tell me how it is; for 'ne'er till now Was I a child to fear I know not what. 

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here, All on a heap, like to a slaughter’d lamb, In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit. Quin. If it be dark, how know 'tis he? 

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear A precious ring, that lighteneth all the hole, Which, like a taper in some monument, Doth shine upon 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 finding hand If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath — Out of this fell devouring receptacle, As hateful as Cacoetys' misty mouth. [out; 

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee. Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good, I may be pluck’d into the swallowing womb Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus’ grave. I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink. 

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help. 

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again, Till thou art here aloft, or I below; Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee. [Falls in. 

Enter Saturninus with Aaron. 

Sat. Along with me: I’ll see what hole is here, And what he is that now is leap’d in to. Say, who art thou that layest this dead body into this gaping hell of the earth? 

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus; Brought hither in a most unluckie hour, To find thy brother Bassianus dead. 

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest: He and his lady both are at the lodge Upon the north side of this pleasant chase; 'Tis not an hour since I left him there. 

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive; But, out, alas! here have we found him dead. 

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius. 

Tam. Where is my lord the king? 

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev’d with killing him. 

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus? 

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my Poor Bassianus here lies murdered. 

Tam. Then all day long I bring this fatal wright, The complot of this timeless tragedy, And wonder greatly that man’s face can fold In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny. 

She giveth Saturnine a letter. 

Sat. [Aloud] An if we miss to meet him hand in hand — 

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus ‘tis we mean — Do thou so much as dig the grave for him: Thou know’st our meaning. Look for thy reward Among the nettles at the elder-tree Which overshades the mouth of that same pit Where we decreed to bury Bassianus. Do this, and pour upon thy lasting friends, O Tamora! I was ever heard the like? This is the pit, and this the elder-tree. Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out That should have murder’d Bassianus here. 

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 

Sat. [To Titus] Two of thy whelps, fell cubs of bloody kind, Have here bereft my brother of his life. 

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison: There let them bide until we have devised Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them. 

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous How easily murder is discovered! [thief! 

Tit. High emperor, thou didst take my knee I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed, That this fell fault of my accursed sons, Accursed, 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. And, my lord, how know 'tis he? 

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 bate 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 end upon them should be executed. 

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king: Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough. 

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [Exeunt. 

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 ’twas 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 serowl. [hands. 

Chi. Go, home, call for sweet water, wash thy tongue. 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 hastad hands to help thee kneel the cord. [Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron. 

Enter Marcus. 

Mar. 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. 

Sneak, gentle niece, what strange uncouth hands Have lopp’d and hew’d and made thy body bare Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments, Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep And might not galu so great a happiness [in, 

As have thy love? ’Why dost not speak to me? Ah, a crimson river of warm blood, Like to a bubbling fountain stirr’d with wind, Both rise and fall between thy rosy lips, Coming and going with thy honey breath. 

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered 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 Titan’s face Blushing to be encounter’d with a cloud. 

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say ’tis so? O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast, That I might rail at it and curse it loud! 

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 craftr Terenus, cousin, hast thou met, 

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off, That could have better sew’d than Philomel.
ACT III.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. SCENE I.

As Cereberus at the Thracian poet's feet;
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exit.]

ACT III.


Enter Judges, Senators and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing to the place of execution;
Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd and
For these last tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Light down; the Judges, etc. 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 stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it sate and blush.
O earth, I will bestir thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.
O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbend my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never went 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 bootless unto them . . .
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than
A stone is silent, and offendeth not, [stones;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. [Hisses.
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 receivers to bearing woman?
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 consulting sorrow to thy age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Marc. Fault-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handling in thy father's sight?
What foul hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a baggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest,
And now, like Nilus, it disdainth bounds.

Give me a hand, I'll chop off my hand:
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectuse use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That babb'd received some unreg'ning wound,
Environd 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, say thou for 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 unreg'ning wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environd with a wilderness of sea.
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened 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 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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ACT III.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE I.

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 ta'en revenge on them. No, no, no soul do so indeed.
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips; or make some sign how I may do thee ease: Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius, And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain, Looking all downward, to behold how they are weeping; and the honey, as meadows, yet not dry, With miry slime left on them by a flood? And in the fountain shall we gaze so long Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness, And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears? Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine? Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows Pass the remainder of our hateful days? What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues, Plot some device of further misery, To make us wonder'd at in time to come. [grief.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your See how my wretched sister sob and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Al, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Now, 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 napkin, with his true tears all bewet, Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks. O, what a sympathy of woe is this, As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor Sends thee this word, — that, if thou love thy sons, Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus, Or any one of you, chop off your hand, And send it to the king: be for the same Will send thee hither both thy sons alive; And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron! Did ever raven sing so like a lark, That the 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 rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe, [Rome, Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? O, none of both are of high desert: My hand hath been but idle; let me weep To ransom my two nephews from their death; Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along, For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go:

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son, Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care, Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both: Lend me thy hand, and let me give thee mine.

Aar. [Aside] 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,

[cuts off Titus's hand.

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 band that warded him From thousand dangers; bid him bury it; More hath it merited; that let it have. As for my sons, say I account of them As jewels purchased at an easy price; And yet dear too, because I bought mine own. Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand, Look by and by to have thy hand with thee. [Aside] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it! Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace.

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit. Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven, And bow this feeble ruin to the earth: If any power pity's wretched tears, [me? To that I call! [To Luc.] What, wilt thou kneel with Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers: Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim, And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds When they do hug him in their melting bosoms. 

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities, And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom? Then be my passions bottomless with them.

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 o'erflow? If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad, Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face? And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow! That's the thing I sigh for; think'st thou? 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 bewails cannot hide her woes, But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor. There 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 Ætna cool in Sicily, And be my heart an ever-burning hell! These miseries are more than may be borne. To weep with them that weep, doth cause some deal; But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound, And yet detested life not shrink thereat! That ever I should let life bear his name. Where life hath no more interest but to breathe! [Lucullus kisses Titus.

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Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. Why, was this fearful slumber have an end?
Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other hand, this deadly sight,
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, Titus,

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 closest of thy malice.

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, have I 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 threaten me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again:
Even in their throats that have committed them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.

You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.

Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd: these arms!
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou dost not weep, and thou must not stay:
Hi 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.

[Exeunt 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 tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and bitter grief.
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.


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, unknit that sorrow-wreathed knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannotpassionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to me, to thaw up, with this dear sight
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.

[To Lavinia.] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk
in sighs:
When in our 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 shik; and, soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fear brother, lest thou break it thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Amnesus 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.

Marc. Ha, ha, ha!

Tit. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandis're heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

Marc. Strikes the dish with a knife.

Tit. 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 cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How should 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's Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I 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 away. Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee

tales 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
the boy flies from her, with 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
aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome
she did.
[signs?]
Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these
Tit. Fear her not, Marcus: 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?
[guess.
Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—
Causeless, perhaps.  But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Marc. Lucius, I will.
[Lavinia turns over with her stamps the books
which Lucius has let fall.
Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means
Some book there is that she desires to see.  [this?
Which is it, girl, of these?  Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library.
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence 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 totsheth so?
Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorpho-
My mother gave it me.
[ses;
Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
[Helping her.
What would she find?  Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Terence's 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, in a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or sunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece's bed?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down
Apollo, Pallas, Love, or Mercury: [by me.
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with 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 discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth.
[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with
her stumps, and writes.
Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum.  Chiron.  Demetrius.'
Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. Magnify, child, magnify!  
Tam lenteus audis sequela? tan lentus videos?
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 exclamations.
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 aware for Lucrece's rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
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 lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will do unto 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 gaad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl'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 shall I do 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 lessons,
grandisre.  [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.
[Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Young Luc.
Marc. O heavens, can you hear so good man groan;
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
ACT IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE II.

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his banded shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [Exeunt.

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 has some message to deliver us.

Aur. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

[Aside]

Young Luc. My lords, with all the humbleness I
I greet your honours from Andronicus. [Both]

[Aside] And pray the Roman gods confound you.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

Young Luc. [Aside] That you are both deceiv'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 garnish your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both: [Aside] I like bloody villains.

[Exit young Lucius and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:

[Heads] 'Integer vitae, sacerdocius purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arum.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aur. Ay, just; 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 afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aur. Had he no reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our last.
Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aur. He's a busy butcher, for to say amen.
Chi. And that she would for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aur. [Aside] Pray to the devils; he'll send us gifts.

Dem. Why do the emperor's strumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Believe, 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?

Aur. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aur. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou rap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye.

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

Aur. To whom?

Nur. He is mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aur. Well, God give her good rest! What hath she sent her?


[Issue.

Aur. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue;
Here is the babe, as leastsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our chime:

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids this christen with thy digress point.

Aur. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aur. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aur. Villain, I have done it, I say.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her leathed choice!

Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aur. It shall not die.

Nur. A devil, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aur. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapiers point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aur. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up
Than from the child from the Nurse, and draw'st.
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Exceleus,
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-lined wails! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorches to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she have them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Aye, and thou betrayest them thus?

Aur. My mistress is my mistress; this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before the all the world I do prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever slain.

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.

Aur. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly felt
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,
And which shall not yet out of the womb where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchised and come to light;
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid.
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may hope his day;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.
Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distrust?
Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And, if I feed his hurts, may I be forgiven,
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.
'Tis, Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her? [word,
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that performance you shall have a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-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 down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus;
[He gives them the arrows.
'Ad Jovem,' that's for you, here; 'Ad Apollinem:'
'Ad Martem,' that's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, 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 writ you to despatch;
There's not a god left unsolicited. [court
Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
We will affliet the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, well
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 off
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Arius such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present. [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-ready; he says that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be
hanged till the next week.
Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
with him in all my life.
Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
ACT IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emper- 

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. The God and Saint Stephen give you 
good-lent: 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. How much money must I have?

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. Despitful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne? — as if his traitorons sons,

That died not with him, nor his boy too,

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 proud mock I'll be thy slughterman;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Émilius.

What news with thee, Émilius?

Émil. 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 threatens, 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 the common people love so much;

Myself hath often over-heard them say,

When I have walked like a private man,

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their em- 

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. [name.

Tom. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats 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 now thou dost the dignity 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 ratted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises; that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

[To Émilius] Go thou before, be our ambassador:

That the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

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ACT V.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE I.

Sat. Emilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[Exeunt.

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, O worthy Goth, here is no time done yet any scath,
Let him make trouble satisfaction.
First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great
Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingratitude, that 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
joy.
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 unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
 Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam! Did not thy hue bewray whose brut thart thou, Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look, Villain, thou mightest have been an emperor; But where the bull and cow are both milk-white, They never do beget a coal-black calf. Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,— For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth; Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe, Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake. With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither, To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O! had I but some vixen to instruct them:
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
The pearl that pleased your empress' eye, And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. Say, wall-eyed slave, whether wouldest thou convey This growing image of thy fiend-like face? Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word? A lansman, soldiers! hang him on this tree, And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

[Get me a ladder 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 befal,
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'
Luc. Say on: an 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, Lu-

Itus,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, 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 if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soever it be,
That thou dostest 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 em-
press.

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.
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravish'd her
And cut her hands and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
ing?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd,
And 't was
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,
That's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whether wouldest thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A lansman, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

[Exeunt.
ACT V.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE II.

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.
And when I told the euphess 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 man, or else devise him death.
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
_Tut._ I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

_Luc._ Bring down the devil: for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

_Aar._ If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue! [more]

_Luc._ Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no

_ENTER A GOTH.

_Third Goth._ My lord, there is a messenger from
Desires to be admitted to your presence. [Rome
_Luc._ Let him come near.

_ENTER ÀEMILIUS.

Welcome, Àemilius: what's the news from Rome?
Àemilius. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He crave a parley at your father's house,
Willing to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

_First Goth._ What says our general?

_Luc._ Àemilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[Exeunt.


_ENTER TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON.

disguised.

_Tam._ Thus, in this strange and sad habit, I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Tamora; and you shall witness how
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

ENTER TITUS, above.

_Tit._ Who dost molest my contemplation?
Is it thy trick to make me ope the door,
That so my soul decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

_Tam._ Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
Demetrius. If thou wouldst, as I speak with him.
Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him. [wrong.
Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee
And I will be revenged on them all. [Rom.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Go bid him, he's a murderer.
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rape, stab him; he's a rascally.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst 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. [ido.
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To see them then; I am to go with thee.
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shall thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love: and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
I am to the court; let me stay with thee;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. [Aside to her sons] What say you, boys? will you
bide with him,
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
me mad,
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.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[Exit Tamora.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tis. 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's sons, I take them, Chiron and
Demetrius.
Tit. Farewell, Publius; thou art too much deceived.
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [Exit.
[Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.
Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress's sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus, 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! [mud,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
This goodly summer with your winter mix't.
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 bloody jest.
[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 say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretched men! I mean how you shall
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
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 shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomen you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
[He cuts their throats.
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grisly through their bodies 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 set out.

Enter Marcus, Lucius, and Goths, with Aaron.
Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
First Goth. And ours with thine, behold what fortune will.
[Moor.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Arr. Some deserv'd whisper call me to mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

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Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unshallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
[Enter Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Emilius,
Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a son?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
These wretches must be quietly subdued. [gaze;
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
Sat. Marcus, we will. [places.
[Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.

Enter Titus dressed like a Cook, Lavina's veiled, young Lu-
cius, and others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;
Welcoming with warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cleare be poor,
'Twill 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. Why not, attending to you, good Andronicus?
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginibus
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was engrain, staid, and deflower'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your 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. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
I am as woful as Virginibus was,
And have a thousand times more 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 't please you eat? will 't please your
highness feed? [thus?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue:
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
With their heads on the point of a knife:
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[Kills Tamora.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!
[Kills Titus.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius,
Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.
Marc. You said false men, people and sons of
By uprear sever'd, like a flight of fowl
[Rom, Scarcely all can keep their legs under them. Lucius,
Observe you, prudently gazed, 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 hane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court by to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and share of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my wishes, ancestor,

The Lucius, Rome's dear friend, as erst our
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that balmy burning night
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy,
Tell us what Sion hath betwixt her walls in tears,
Who has brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my 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 they it were that ravished 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, most woe-begotten our brethren,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enimity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her fair Roman bosom;
And from her bosom took the enemy's 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! methinks I do digest too much,
Citing my worthless praise; O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is not time to speak. Behold this child:

[Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue, born in an ignoble nest,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear. [mourns?
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro-
Have we done ought amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronic;
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the wagged stones of our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Aedon. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.
All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[To Attendants.

Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!
ACT V.  

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  

Scene III.

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 trunk.  
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!  
Merc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
O, were the sum of these that I should say  
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,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:  
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.

Æm. You sad Andronic, 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.  
Aaron. 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 I 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 forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.  
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, 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 hapes had their beginning:  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruminate. [Exeunt.

Titus.—When will this fearful slumber have an end?  
Marcus.—Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronius;  
Thon dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless: and thy brother, I,  
Eres 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?  
Titus.—Ha, ha, ha!  
Marcus.—Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.  

Act III., Scene I.  

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Escalus, Prince of Verona.
Paris, 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, Franciscans.
Friar John,
Balthasar, servant to Romeo.
Samson,
Gregory; servants to Capulet.
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 i.]

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.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.
Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.
Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.
Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:

when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.
Gre. The heads of the maids?
Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.
Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.
Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.
Gre. How! turn thy back and run?
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!
Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
ACT I.
ROME O AND JULIET.
SCENE I.

Sam. [Aside to Gre.] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?  
Gre. No.  
Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.  
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?  
Ahr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.  
Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.  
Ahr. No better.  
Sam. Well, sir.  
Gre. Say 'better:' here comes one of my master's kinsmen.  
Sam. Yes, better, sir.  
Ahr. You lie.  
Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.  

[They fight.

Enter Benvolio.  

Ben. Part, fools!  
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.  
[Beats down their swords.

Enter Tybalt.  

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heatless islands? Turn not so, Benvolio, look upon thy death.  
Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.  
Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:  
Have at thee, coward!  
[They fight.

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!  
[Beat Benvolio.

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues.

Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!  
La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a  
Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.  

Enter Montague and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.  
La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.  

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Prophasers of this neighbour-stained steel,—[beasts,  
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you  
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 beseeming ornaments,  
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me:  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.  
[Exit all but Montague, Lady Montague,  
and Benvolio.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?  
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?  
Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them: in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,  
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head and cut the winds,  
Who nothing hurt withal hisse'd him in scorn:  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more and fought on part and part,  
Till the prince came, who parted either part.  

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?  
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.  
[Day?]  
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worship'st sun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;  
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
That westward rooteth from the city's side,  
So early walking did I see your son:  
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me  
And stole into the covert of the wood:  
I, measuring his affections by my own,  
That most are busied when they're most alone,  
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,  
And gladly did I hear he did me no harm 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.  
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?  
Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.  
Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?  
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:  
But he, his own affection's counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with 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.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, stepaside;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.  
Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shif't. Come, madam, let's away.  

[Exit Montague and Lady.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.  
Rom. Is the day so young?  
Ben. But new struck nine.  
Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?  
Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?  
[They short.  
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes  
Well, as we say, me no more.  
Ben. In love?  
Rom. Out.  
Ben. Of love?  
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.  
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!  
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!  
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
WHY, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Grief of my stars, lie heavy in my breast,
With whom wilt propagate, to have it rest.
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a snake raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft! I will go along;
An if you leave me so, do you me wrong.

Rom. But, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Did I in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss; she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unarm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live
chaste? [waste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
For her severe, and 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.

Ben. I am agreed, I forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
to callers 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 strucken 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 me in my passing fair?

Ben. 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 as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Rom. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.

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 summer wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Rom. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she;
She is the hopeful lady of my earth;
But woe her own: for, in my heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereof 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 limpid May, in cupped beams of such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. [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.

Serc. Find them out whose names are written here!
It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle
With his yard, and the tailor with his last,
The fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets;
but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned.—In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cured with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

[To.] Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and torment'd and—God-don, good fellow,
Serc. God gi'! god-don. I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serc. Perhaps you have learned it without look:
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Serc. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[Rends. Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County And sum'd his hotwives' sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placeentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosuline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tyball; Lucia and the lively Helena.' A fair assembly: whither should they come?


Rom. Whither?

Serc. To supper; to our house.
Act I. Romeo and Juliet. Scene III.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

[Exit. Rom. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sup's the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eyes
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world began.
Rom. But, thou, thou fairest, none else by being,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scarce show well that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exit.]

Scene III.—A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother. Madam, I am here.

Jul. 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 of a pretty age.
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she; God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'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 woe to God and my like;
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 dumb and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake quoth the dove-house: 'tis no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge;
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about:
For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband — God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man — took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my hollidame,
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, Jule?'
quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinched 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 parious knock; and it cried bitterly:
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinched and said 'Ay.'

Jul. And aint stinched too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thuow wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might have 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 stuck such wisdom from thy test.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delightful worth 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 unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll but looke into it the more moving:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
You call my young lady and 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.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.—A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Romeo. What, shall this speech be spoke for our escape; Or shall we on without apology? [case?]

Benvolio. There 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 without-book prologue, faintly spoken

After the prompter, for our entrance;

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.

Mercutio. 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.

Mercutio. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Romeo. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft

To soar with his light feathers, and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe;

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mercutio. 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 rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mercutio. 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 beetle brows shall blush for me.

Benvolio. Come, knights, knaves, and frozen hordes, no sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Romeo. A torch for me: let wanton light of heart

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Romeo. Nay, that's not so.

Mercutio. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits

Five times in that ere once in our live wits.

Romeo. And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mercutio. Why, may one ask?

Romeo. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mercutio. Well, what was yours?

Romeo. That dreamers often lie.

Mercutio. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Romeo. 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-linger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atoms

Athwart whose noses they hasten sleep;

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,

The traces of the smallest spider's web,

The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of limb,

Her leg a slender grey-coats' foot, so light,

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 gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of

love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court's sities

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;

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;

And sometime comes she with a little-pig's tail

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another beneficie;

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,

Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night,

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

Which once untangled much misfortune bodies;

This is the lag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage:

This is she—

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!

Then talk'st of nothing.

Mercutio. True, I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air

And more inconstant than the wind, who woees

Is as the last effect of some untimely

As the child of a dream: this is the very

That plats the manes of horses in the night,

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

Which once untangled much misfortune bodies;

This is the lag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage.

This is she—

Romeo. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

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 despised life closed in my breast

By some vile forfeit of untimely death.

But He, that hath the stewardry of my course,

Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servicingmen, with napkins.

First Serv. Where's Potban, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencheder! he scrape a trencheder!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 'tis a foulish 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 lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell Antony, and Potban!

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. Cheerly, 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 tocs
ROMEO AND JULIET.—Act I., Scene v.
Unplugged with corns will have a bout with you. Ah ha, my mistress! which of you all will do defy to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye 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 gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone: You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play. A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

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. Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin 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 'r lady, thirty years. Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much: 'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come pentecost as quickly as it will, some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd. Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir. His son is thirty.

Will you tell me that? His son was but a ward two years ago. Rom. [To a Servingman] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand of yonder knight? Sec. 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 troping 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. P七十. I know not, sir. Rom. Unless this be 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 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?

Rom. O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best. 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 gentleman? Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio. Jul. What 's he that now is going out of door? Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucho. Jul. What 's he that follows there, that would not dance? Nurse. I know not. Jul. Go, ask his name: if he be married, My grave is like to be my wedding bed. Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague; 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 loath'd enemy. Nurse. What 's this? what 's 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.]
PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Like bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she stedfastly yet faint from fearful looks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And 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 conjure too.
Romeo! you humours! madman! passion! lover! appeareth 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 purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Copia tua loved the beggar-maid!
He hearth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,
And the denises that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him.
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand,
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
Mer. It 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 maims call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cetera, then a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
[Exeunt.
ACT II.

ROMEO AND JULIET.  

SCENE III.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these
For stony limits cannot hold love out,  [walls;
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet.
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
[It is dark;]

Jul. 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 pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.  [face,

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
For I am all forsworn, and fond of sin, [fain, for
What have I spoken but false and welfare compliment?

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
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 wilt wilt; 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 overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  [moon,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that with which I met.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine: [it:

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what pur-
pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give 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.
Stay but a little, I will come again.  [Exit, above.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night 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!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [Within] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night!  [Exit, above.
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.

Nurse. Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's
To hire this tassel-gentle back again!  [voice,
Bondage 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!

Jul. Romeo!  [voice.
Rom. My dear?
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. To the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee
And yet no further than a wanton's bird; [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.

Jul. 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 morrow.  [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.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. L. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reeds
From forth day's path and Titan’s fiery wheels:
ACT II.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE IV.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying, and her urn their food,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We suck on her natural bosom found,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For no such vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor ought so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misappalled,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power: [part;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man, as well as herbs, grace and vice will;
And where the worse is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite! 

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argued 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 unstiff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemper;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father; no?
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
Set as she is set on her father's bed;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear, [here!
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow checks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste.
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline: [then,
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou child'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. But nothing for loving, pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
Then 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'll thy assistant be;
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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with him man.

Mer. Ah, 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 wenche's black eye; shot through
the ear with a love-song: the very pin of his heart
eclipsed with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he
a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O,
he is 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
milky button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of
the very first house, of the first and second cause:
ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the
Ben. The what?

Mer. The box of such antic, lisping, affecting
fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu
a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good
whore!' Why, is not this a lamentable thing,
grandure, that we should be thus afflicted with
these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these
perdona-mi'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.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O
flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he
for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his
lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a
better love to be rhymed her: Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gypsy; Helen and Hero
hirdlings and harlots; Thisbe a gray eye or so, but not to the
purp.

Sig. Romeo! Romeo! Romeo! there's a French
salutation to your French slup. You gave us the
counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counter-
feit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?
Enter Nurse and Peter.

Nurse. A sail, a sail! 
Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter! Peter. Anon! 
Peter. My fan, Peter.

Nurse. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen. 
Nurse. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Mer. "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 war.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to war, quoth a?' Gentleman, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. Indeed, I say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, I faith; wisely, wisely.
that would fain lay knife abroad; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I answer'd her, 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 versal world.

Both not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mock'er! that's the dog's name; R
is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Recommend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.] Peter!

Pet. Aion!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Capelet'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 him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid whigs.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She 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;
Unequal, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Nurse. Honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse.—O Lord, why
look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
My playing to the tune of so sad a face.
I am a weary, give me leave awhile:
Pie, 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. Jesus, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
To say to me that thou art out of breath? [breath
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg 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 compar: 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'! other side.—O, my back, my back! Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and,
I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou 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 politice 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 shrift to-day?
Jul. I have. [cell; Nurse.
Thee 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. Hee you to Court? We'll make you a lady.
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark: I am the drudge and toll in your delight, But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; be you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. [Exit.]

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 chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death 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; the 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 heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Confound love, more in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make
Short work:
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exit.
ACT III.

SCENE I. — A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

en. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let’s retire: The day is hot, the Capulet abroad, And, look, my lord, we shall not scape a brawl; For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table and says ‘God send me no need of thee!’ and by the operation of the second cup draws it on them, and there’s an end of it. But if I am like such a fellow?

Ben. I am like such a fellow.

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have made much of it. For, by the faith, this 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 meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

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, an you will give me occasion. [giving?

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort’st with Romeo?

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here’s my fiddlestick; here’s that shall make you dance. ’Zounds, consorts!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw unto some private place, And reason coolly 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.

Romeo. 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 dearly as my own,—be satisfied. 

Mer. O, most calm, discomf ortable, vile submission! Alla stoccatara carries it away. [Draws. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up, Merc. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight. Rom. Draw, Benvolo; beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona streets; Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio! [Tybalt under Romeo’s arm state 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?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, ’tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, ’tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but ’tis enough, ’twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o’ both your houses! ’Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a 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 soundly too: your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince’s near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf: my reputation stain’d With Tybalt’s slander.—Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me emmanciate And in my temper soften’d valour’s steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio’s dead! That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds, Which too unfilmy here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day’s black fate on more days doth de- term prince but best is the worst, others must end [pend; 

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again. 

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, respective lenity, 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 little way above our heads,

Stay for thine to keep him company: Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

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Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
Shaft with him hence. [here,]
Rom. This shall determine that. [They fight; Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amazed; the prince will doom thee dead,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Enter Citizens, &c. [Exit Romeo.

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. 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 beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The thinkable manner of this bloody bea
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
Lu. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For his kind assistance, shed blood of Montague.
O cousin! cousin!

Pri'nt Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did say:
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breathing, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deafe to peace, but that he tills
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 beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud: [tongue,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!'—and 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 had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Lu. 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.

Pri'nt. 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.

Pri'nt. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in our late proceeding,
My blood for your rude brows doth lie a-bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase 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. Gallip aveace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phebus' lodging: such a waggion
As Phaethon 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
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stintless maidenheads:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till my yellow side,
Thy 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 garland 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?
Thy hand was there:
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [Throws them down.


Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!


Romeo can, Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo! Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. [thus
Hath 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 make thee 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 manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swooned at the sight.
Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty! [ince
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

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ACT III.  ROMEO AND JULIET.  SCENE III.

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary? Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is 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? 

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd; Romeo that kill'd him, he is banish'd. [blood?

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb! Despis'd beast shaming divinity divine! 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 the spirit of a fiend In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? Was ever book containing such vile matter So fairly bound? O, that deciet should dwell In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust, No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured, All forsworn, all nautig, all dissembler.

Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitae: These good remembrances of these good, these sorrowful makes me old.

Smee come to Romeo!

Nurse. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! he was not born to shaine

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 cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it? But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband; Back, foolish tears, back to thy native spring; Your tributary drops belong to woe, Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My bastard 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, worser than Tybalt's death, That murder'd me: I would forget it soon; But, O, my noble master, my noble master! Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

'Thy Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd;' That 'banish'd,' that one word 'banish'd,' Hath slain ten thousand Tybalt's. Tybalt's death Was woe enough, if it had ended there: Or, if some woe delights in fellowship And yearly will be rank'd with other griefs, Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,' Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, Which modern lamentation might have mov'd? But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death, Romeo is banish'd, to speak that word, Is father, mother, and my master, Juliet. All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banish'd!' There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, In that word's death; no words can that woe sound. Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse: Will she, then? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wasi they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent, When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment. Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguil'd, Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled: He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widow'd. Come, cords, come, come, nurse: I'll to my wedding-bed; And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead! Nurse. He to your chamber: I'll find Romeo To comfort you; I wot well where he is. Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, thy heart! give this ring to my true knight, And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's cell.

Friar L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man: Affliction is euamour'd of thy parts, And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom? What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, That I yet know not?

Friar L. To familiar.

Is my dear son with such some company: I bring the tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Friar L. A gentler 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.' Friar L. Hence from Verona art thou banish'd: Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls, But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banish'd 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'tst my head off with a golden axe, And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Friar L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness! Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince, Taking the part, had pity on his son. 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, That lives here, to heaven and may look on her; But Romeo may not: more validity. More honourable state, more courtship lives In carrion-flies than Rome: 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, May till 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? Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, But 'banish'd' to kill me?—banish'd? O friar, the damned 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 mang the use with that word 'banish'd?' Friar L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word. Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment. Friar L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. [word; To comfort thee, though thou art banish'd,
ACT III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE IV.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy! Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, Displant a town, reverse a prince’s doom, It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men

have no eyes?

Fri. L. They will not dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, [feel:
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, Doting like me and like me banished, [thy hair,
Then mightest thou speak, then mightest thou tear
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[knocking within.]

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans, Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[knocking.]

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who’s there?

Rom. Arise; Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up; [knocking.

Run to my study. By and by! God’s will,
What simpleness is this! I come, I come!

[knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what’s your will?

Nurse. [Within] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand; 
I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, What is my lady’s lord when 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 predilection! 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? 
Rom. Nurse! [of all.

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death’s the end
Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her? Doth she not think me an old murderer, Now I have stain’d the childhood of our joy With blood removed but little from her own? Where is she? and how doth she? and what says My conceit’d lady to our conceit’d love? [weep.
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder her; as that same 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. [drawing his sword.

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art: Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast; Unseemly woman in a seeming man! Or ill-beseeching beast in seeming both! Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper’d. Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady too that lives in thee, By doing daamest hate upon thyself?

Why rai’st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth? Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet In thee at once: which thou at once wouldst lose. Fie, fie, thou shanest thy shape, thy love, thy wit; Which, like a usurer, abound’st in all, And usest none in that true use indeed Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit: Thy noble shape is but a thing that is a sport, Digressing from the value of a man; Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury, Killing that love which thou hast vow’d to cherish; Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, Mis-shaping in the conduct of them both, Like powder in a skillless soldier’s prank; 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 point’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, nurse; commend me to thy lady; 
And bid her haste to all the house to bed. Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto: Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay’d here all the night To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! My lord, I’ll tell my lady you will come. 
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide. 
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir: 
Hie you, make haste, it grows very late. [Exit.

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this! 
Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state: 
Either be gone before the watch be set, Or by the break of day disguise yourself; Sojourn in Mantua; I’ll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you that chances here: 
Give me thy hand; ’tis late: farewell; good night. 
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me, It wore a grief, so brief to part with thee: 
Farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Capulet’s house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have 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:—Well, we were born to die. ’Tis very late, she’ll not come down to-night: I promise you, but for your company, I would have been a-bed an hour ago. 
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo, Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter. [morrow.

Lan. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow: To-night she is wew’d up to her heaviness. 
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a design Of my child’s love: I think she will be ruled In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.
Family, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But, soft! what day is this?  
Par. Monday, my lord.  
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too  
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her, [soon,  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we reveal much:  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?  
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-  

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it, then.  
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.  
Forgive, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me! it is so very late,  
That we may call it early by and by.  
Good night. [Exeunt.

Scene V.—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, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Nightly my lady treads the round of heaven,  
And yon due south stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.  
Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun 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 you grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;  
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulted ear so high above the clouds:  
I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
How's t'it, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.  
Jul. It is, it is, his hecne, be gone, away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
O, now I would they had changed voices too!  
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.  
O, how now 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!  
Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your cham-  
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit.  
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.  
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll de-  
seed. [Hark! he goeth down.  
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-divining 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. Adieu, adieu! [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] Ho, daughter! are you up?  
Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?  

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 ye weep for. [Friend  
Jul. Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.  
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for  
his death,  
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.  
Jul. What villain, madam?  
Jul. [Aside] Villain and he be many miles asun-  
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart; [der.—  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.  
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer  
lives.  
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  
thou not:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustomed 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 aches  
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 joyful 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.
ACT III.  

ROMEO AND JULIET.  SCENE V.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morne,
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 not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be my husband, come 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. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rain doth light.
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeis't a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still they eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailed in the salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you this thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you,
wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her best,
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 that, that is meant love.
Cap. How now, how now, shop-logic! What is this?
'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not,'
And yet 'not proud,' mistress minion, you,
Thank no thanks, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought you blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
Jul. To blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossip's, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
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. God's bread! it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stiff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched piling fool,
A whining hamnet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young: I pray you, pardon me.'
But, an ye hath, I will not wed ye:
Grize where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, lang, 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, bethink you: I'll not be forsworn.
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet sweet Juliet, 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!—Onurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagens!
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, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county,
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a disheul't to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris. Beshrew thy heart, Nurse.
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good be were,
As living here 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! What?
Nurse. 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 devastation! O most wicked hell!
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, counsellor;
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.

ROMEO AND JULIET. SCENE II.

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 you do not know the lady's uneaveness is the cause, I like it not. [Aside.]
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death, and therefore have I little talk'd of love; for Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous that she doth give her sorrow so much sway, and in his wisdom hastes our marriage, to stop the inundation of her tears; which, too much minded by herself alone, may be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. L. [Aside] I would I knew not why it should be so.

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. Be that may be must be, let it be, 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 spake, I spake it to my face. [It.
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 too soon and make too much mass? [now.

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
My lord, we must entreat thee to leave the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb devotion! Juliet, on Thursday early will I request ye:
Till then, adieu; 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 strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prograze it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hast't 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 Romeos, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeal seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed.
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall the unkindled fire to his own fingers,
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 speak'st 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 slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to scape 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 this vile ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with rearing bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house
O'er-cover'd with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow charnel-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.

[Fri. L. It.
Jul. To live an unstaught wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give content to marry Paris; Wednesday is to-morrow:—
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this ring, and let it be a sign
That this is mine, and thine, and not to thee.

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 surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and checks shall fade
To palsy, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, still 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 rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and pros.
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed [serous
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father!—

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Hail in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two Servingmen.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[Exit First Servant.

Sire, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers. Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir;'tis an iill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
ACT IV.  
ROME AND JULIET.  
SCENE IV.

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 do some good on her:  
A peevish self-will'd harrity it is.  
Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter Juliet.  
Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?  
Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you and your belaists, 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 knit 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 ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?  
La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church.  
[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:  
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!  
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself  
To County Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?  
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries  
As are befoelous for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you:  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.  
[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:  
I'll call them back again to comfort me:  
Nurse! What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.  
Come, vial.  
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.  
[lying down her dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
For he married me before to Romeo?  
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,  
For he hath still been tried a holy man.  
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo dead,  
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
Shall I not, then, be stit in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthcare air breathes in,  
And there die strangeled ere my Romeo comes?  
Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd in:  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Is buried; he's not yet two years since  
Furnished those bones with flowers.  
Come, let's think on these things:  
If I die, then I shall live to wake and tell  
Environed with all these hideous fears?  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.  
[She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.

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 bated meats, good Angelica:  
Spare not for cost.  
Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,  
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 jealous-hood, a jealous-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 show thee where they are.  
Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter.  
[Exit.  
Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!  
Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 'tis day:  
The county will be here with music straight,
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, go and trim her up; 
I'll go and chat with Paris: he, make haste, 
Make haste; the bridegroom is come already: 
Make haste, I say. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Juliet's chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I 

Want her, she: 
Why, lamb! why, lady! fe, you snug-a-bed! 
Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! why, bride! 
What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now; 
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, 
The County Paris hath set up his rest, 
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me, 
Marry, and aven, 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? 
[Undraws 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.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter? 
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day! 
La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life, 
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 
Help, help! Call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come. 
[The day!
Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack 
La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, 
She's dead, she's dead; 
Cap. Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she's cold; 
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff; 
Life and these lips have long been separated: 
Death lies on her like an untimely frost 
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time! 
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me 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 lain with thy wife. There she lies, 
Flower as she was, deflowered by him, 
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir; 
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die, 
And leave him all: life, living, all is Death's. 
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's 
And doth it give me such a sight as this? 
[face.
La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful 
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw 
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! 
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child, 
But one thing to rejoice and solace in, 
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight! 
Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
ACT V.

SCENE I. — Mantua. A street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep, My dreams preseage 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 a 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, booted.

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.

Bal. 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.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! Thou know’st my lodging: get me ink and paper, And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience: Your looks are pale and wild, and do import Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived: Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone, And hire those horses; I’ll be with thee straight.

[Exeunt Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee tonight.

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 bone; And in his needy shop a torture hung, An alligator stuff’d, and other skins Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders andusty seeds, Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses, Were thinly scatter’d, to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said ‘An if a man did need a poison now, Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him,’ O, this same thought did but forerun my need; And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house, Being holiday, the beggar’s shop is shut. What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor: Hold, there is 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 lasting 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.

Rom. 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, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will, And drink it off; and, if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would dispart you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men’s souls, Doing more murders in this loathsome world Than these poor compounds that thou mayst 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.

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. I. Going to find a base-footed brother out, One of our order, to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Seal’d up the doors, and would not let us forth; So that my speed to Mantua there was stay’d.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo? [Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
ACT V. 

ROMEO AND JULIET. 

SCENE III. 

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!

[Opens the tomb.] 

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague, 
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief, 
It is supposed, the fair creature died: 
Therefore and here is come to do some villanous shame 
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[Comes forward.] 

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague! 
Can vengeance be pursued further than death? 
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee; 
O, 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 conjurings, 
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee; 
boy!

[They fight.] 

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. 

[Exeunt.]

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be merciful, 
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. 

[Dies.] 

Rom. In faith, I will, Let me peruse this face. 
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 
What said my man, when my betossed soul 
Did not attend him as we rode? I think 
He told me Paris should have married Juliet: 
Said he not so? or did I dream it so? 
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 
To think it was so? O, give me thy hand, 
One writ with me in some misfortune's book! 
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave; 
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth, 
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 
This vault a feasting presence full of light. 
Death, lie thou there, by a desolator inter'd. 

[Leaving 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, 
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: 
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet 
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. 
Tybalt, hast 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 sudder his that was thine enemy? 
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet, 
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe 
That unsubstantial death is amorous, 
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps 
Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 
For fear of that, I 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 of inauspicious stars [last! 
From this world- wearied heart: Eyes, look your 
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you 
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss 
A dateless bargain to engrossing death! 
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! 
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.]

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft tonight
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. Bliss be 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. Romeo.  
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. [upon me:  
Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes O, 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. Romeo! [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?  
[Enter the tomb.

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
The lady stirs. [Juliet wakes.  
Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?  
[Noise within.

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;  
[lest A greater power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet [Noise again], I dare no longer stay.  
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 churl! drunk 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.  

Fri. L. [Within] Lead, boy: which way?  
Jul. Stay, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!  
[Snatching 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, whoe'er you find attach.  

[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:  

---End of Act V.
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridgemoon 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 dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her 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 seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before 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?
Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.
Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did: [grave;
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch. [words,
Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourage is laid upon your hate;
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love.
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.
Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Timon, of Athens.
Lucius,
Lucullus, flattering lords.
Sempronius, Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends.
Alebiades, an Athenian captain.
Aepamantus, a curulish philosopher.
Flavius, steward to Timon.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian.
Flamininius, Lucullus, servants to Timon.
Servius, Servitor.

Caphis, servants to Timon's creditors.
Philoctus,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortensius,
And others,
Phrynia, Timandra, mistresses to Alebiades.
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 lxvi.]

ACT I.


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Paint. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Poet. [Recollecting himself.] 'Tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it 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. [Recollecting himself.] 'When we for recom pense 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.

Paint. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication to the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire 'tis the flame Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame Provekes itself and like the current flies Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Paint. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Paint. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Paint. Indifferent.

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ACT I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE I.

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd;
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand waifs to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.*

'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowd 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 lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

*Pain.*

Ay, marry, what of these?

*Pox.* 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.

*Pain.* 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show [tune's
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of 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 vistor; a Messenger from Ven-
tidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants
following.

*Tim.*

Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait;
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.*

Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Mess. Your lordship ever binds him... [om.]

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ran-
And being enfranchised, 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? [thee.

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before

*Tim.* Ambrose 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 thirst;
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 picture noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort:
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.*

The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young and apt;
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity is in youth.

*Tim.* [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be miss-
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Jug, 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? [ail.

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in future,
This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little.
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. [promise

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on my

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

*Execut Lucilius and Old Athenian.

*Pox.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome. The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear 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.

*Jew.* What, my lord! dispraise?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as it is extoll'd,
It would undo me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd. [tongue.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

*Jew.* We'll bear, with your lordship.

*M.** He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knives? thou
know'st not them.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus? [name.

*Apem.* Thou know'st I do: I call'd thee by thy

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus. [Timon.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like
Tim. Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
ACT I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE II.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 't lie for. [law.
Apm. Right, if doing nothing be death by the
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apmantus?
Apm. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apm. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You 're a dog.
Apm. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I'm a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apmantus?
Apm. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.
Apm. O, they eat lords; so they come by great Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension. [belles.
Apm. So thou apprehended it: take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apmantus?
Apm. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doift.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?
Apm. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet?
Poet. How now, philosopher?
Apm. Thouliest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apm. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apm. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apm. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That 's not reigned: he is so.
Apm. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour; he that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apmantus?
Apm. E'en as Apmantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?
Apm. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apm. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.

Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apmantus.
Apm. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it. [thee
Apm. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?
Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. [Execute 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.

Most welcome, sir!
Apm. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knives, And all this courtesy! the strain of man 's bred out Into baboon and monkey. Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir! Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [Execute all except Apmantus.

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. That time o' day is 't, Apmantus? Apm. Time to be honest.
First Lord. That time serves still.

Apm. The more accrued thou, that still omit'st it.
Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? Apm. Ay, to see meat fill knives and wine heat
Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well. [fools.
Apm. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice. 
Sec. Lord. Why, Apmantus?
Apm. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
First Lord. Hang thyself!
Apm. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence!
Apm. I 'll 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 Sevenfold 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. 

Execute.

SCENE II.—A banquetting-room in Timon's house.

Hearth boys playing loud music. A great banquet served in: Flavias and others attending; then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apmantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. 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.
Tim. O, by no means.
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our better plays at that game, we must not dare To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit! Nay, my lords,
[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. Apm. No, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you 'Tis, O, Apmantus, you are welcome. [not?
Apm. You shall not make me welcome; I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [there Tim. Fei, thou 'rt a churl; ye 've got a humour Does not become a man; 't is much to blame. They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est; but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for it, in red.
Apm. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon: I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

First Lord. 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.

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ACT I.

TIM OF ATHENS. SCENE II.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes
And at that instant like a bale sprung up. [lord.

Apen. Io, ho! I laugh to think that babe 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 are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my
lord, which bears that office, to signify their
pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy 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 Amazons,
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 pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that 's not deprived or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon;
and to show their love, they sing out an Amazon, and
all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the
hautboys, and consort.

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 Lady. 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.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.


There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might never be wretched for his mind.

[Exit.

First Lord. Where be our men?
ACT II.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE I.—A Senator's house.

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to
Sidius.

He owes nine thousand: besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
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!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure? Ceph. 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—
'Commend 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 mine own; his days and times are past
And my relieves on his from disinclined.
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger;
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most unimportant aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sci. 'I go, sir!'— Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The same. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him, 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-
Fic, he, fe, fie!

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidoro and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidoro?

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 awakened by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you 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 lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidoro;

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.

[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.

Flav. Pray, draw near.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apem-
antus: let's la'z some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apen. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apen. No, 'tis to thyself. [To the Fool] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apen. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on

Caph. Where's the fool now? [him yet.

Apen. He last asked the question. Poor rogues,

Var. Serv. And usurers! men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apen. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apen. That you ask me what you are, and do not

know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such

chickens as you are. Would we could see you at

Apen. Good! gramercy. [Corninth!

[Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apen. I would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithew, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apen. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apen. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'tis die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

Apen. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apen. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay: would they served us!

Apen. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-

man served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his serv-

ant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sally, and go away merry; but they enter my mis-
tress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apen. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whore-master, 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 philosopher, 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.
ACT II.  

TIMON OF ATHENS.  

SCENE II.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometimes the philosopher.

[Execut Apemantus and Fool.

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense,

As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,

At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to.

Perchance some single vantages you took,

When my indisposition put you lack;

And that unmaptness made your minister,

Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,

At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you: you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trilling present, you have bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, praid you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure

Not seldom, nor so slight checks, when I have

Prompted you in the club of your estate

And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,

Though you hear now, too late — yet now 's a time

The greatest of your having lacks a half

To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues: the future comes apace:

What shall defend the interim? and at length

How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors

And me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

When all our offices have been oppress'd

With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept

With drunken splint of wine, when every room

Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,

I have retired me to a wasteful cock,

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants

This night enlighted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,

These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Caust thou the conscience

lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use

As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless 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 Flamininus, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucius you: I hunted with his honour to-day: you, to Scipionibus: commend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [Aside] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum! Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators —

Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have

Deserved this hearing — bid 'em send o' the instant

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold —

For that I knew it the most general way —

To them to use your signet and your name;

But they do shake their heads, and I am here

No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry — you are honourable;

But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —

Something hath been amiss — a noble nature

May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis pity:

And so, intending other serious matters,

After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nobs

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is eaked, '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.] Prithee, be not sad,

Thou art true and honest: ingeniously I speak,

No blame belongs to thee. [To Serv.] Ventidius lately

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd

Into a great estate: when he was poor,

Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touche his friend, which craves to be remembered

With those five talents [Exit Serv.]: [To Flav.] That had, give 't these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,

That Timon's fortunesmong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought

is bounty's foe.

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Execut.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in Lucullus' house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Luc. [Aside] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I doubt. 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.]

And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master Flaminius? His health is well, sir.

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 of his honour, has no small want in his lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I 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 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine. Lucullus. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee always for a tow'derly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and cannot use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [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 solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou warest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ?

And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseless, 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 call thee!

Luc. 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 me his money, his lord's meat in him: Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poison? O, may diseases only work upon't! And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!  

SCENE II.—A public place.

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 rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

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. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small failings from him, as money, plate, jewels and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord: I have sweet to see his honour. [My honoured lord,—

To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thickest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. 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.  

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it so earnestly.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?  

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish 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 undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,— the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and let he enjoy his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?  

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.  

[Exit Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [Exit.  

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?  

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

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ACT III.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE IV.—The same. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants 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. Lucius! What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think One business does command us all; for mine Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Not yet. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. No. 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. 

Phi. Is like the sun's; but not, like, his recoverable. I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how 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 'em.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—

How love all others?

He might have tired Lord Lucius or Lucullus;

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him? Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? And does he send to me? Three 's hum! It shows but little love or judgment in him:

Must be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians

Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon Has much disgraced me in 't; I'm angry at him, That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first; For, in my conscience, I was the first man That ever received gift from him; and Does he think so backwardly of me now, That I'll require it last? No;

So it may prove an argument of laughter To the rest, and amongst all I hope a fool. I'll rather than the worth of thrice the sum, Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake: I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return, And with their faint reply this answer join; Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[Exeunt.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire; Of such a wall is his public love. This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled, Save only the gods: now his friends are dead, Doors, that were n'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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.
Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord, I stand wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook 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]

Plam. [Within] Servilius, help! My lord! my

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminious following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house [sage]? Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

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, our lords.

Phil. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—


Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours?

— and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

Hor. ' Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius. [Exit.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the Creditors? devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So tidy? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucretius, and Semprouius:

All, sirrah, all.

I'll once more feast the rascals. 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.'

* [Exit.

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:

[faul't Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, with Attendants.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the First Sen. now, captain of the [senate]

Alcib. I am a humbler suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without head, do plunge into 't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comedy 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 unnoted 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,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which indeed

Is valour misbegot and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born:

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his

wrongs

[lessly,

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, 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 fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering, O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;

But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.

To be in anger is impudence;

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 Laceslemon and Byzantium

Were a sufficient brider 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 plentiful wounds!

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;

He's a sworn roister: he has a sin that often

Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
ACT III.

TIMON OF ATHENS. 

SCENE VI.

If there were no fees, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has, in many a man, found the means
And cherish factions: 'tis infern'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Acleb. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this mean he owes the life of his
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more. [more,

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Acleb. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Acleb. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Acleb. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Acleb. Banish me! that may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their fees,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My dishonour'd troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most laud's to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same. A banqueting-room in
Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers
Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.
First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts firing when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.
First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse, I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provocation was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man has here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

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 we your lordship.

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 harshly o' 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 messes—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 noble lord, I am even sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

[The banquet brought in.] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All 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. Alecibades is banish'd: hear you of First and Sec. Lord. Alecibades banish'd: [it? Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!—Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

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 in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despaired. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be 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 lag 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 girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent! Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senator from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general filth Convert o’ the instant, green virginity, Do ‘t in your parents’ eyes! bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And out your trusters’ throats! bound servants, steal Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law. Maid, to thy master’s bed; Thy mistress is o’ the brothel! Son of sixteen, Pluck the laced crutch 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 contrivances, And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciotic, Crip[le] our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty Creep in the minds and marrow of your youth, That ‘gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! itchés, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop Be general leprous! Breath infect breath, That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I’ll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying bams! Timon will to the woods; where he shall find The unkindest beast most kinlier than mankind. The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all— The Athenians both within and out that wall! And grant, as Timon grows, his late may grow To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen. [Exit.

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?

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 thrown 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-hum’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 liv’ry; That see I by our faces; we are fellows still, Serving alike in sorrow: leak’d is our bark, And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, Hearing the surges threat: we must all part Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all, The latest of my wealth I’ll share amongst you. Wherever we shall meet, for Timon’s sake, Let’s yet be fellows; let’s shake our heads, and say, ‘As ‘t were 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.

Flav. 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 his varnish’d friends? Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart, Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood, When man’s worst sin is, he does too much good! Who, then, dares to be half so kind again? For bounty, that makes gods, doth still mar men. My dearest lord, bless’d, to be most accused, Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord! He’s flung in rage from this ingratitude suit Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it,
I'll follow gods! I'll live by mine own:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infest the air! Twin'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant; touch them with several fortunes;
Their voices mingle: let not nature
To whom all sores lay siege, bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lands the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
In purity of manhood stand upright, [dares,
And say 'This man's a flatterer'? if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden foot: all is oblique;
There's not a foot in all our cursed nations,
But direct villany. Therefore be abhor'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disclaims:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

Who seeks for better of thee, saucy 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 pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprous ordered, place thieves
And give them title, minute and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spinal-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the again! Come, damned earth.
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [March after off.] Ha! a drum!
Thou'tr quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When goy's keepers of thee cannot stand.
Sav, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.

Enter Alcibides, 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 Misanthropis, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou were a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that
I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Tim. Thy lips rot off!
Alcib. If came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee? [None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now: then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully? [Timon.
Art thou Timandra?
Timon. Yes. [Enter thee;
Alcib. Be a whore still: they love thee not that
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-check'd youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Tim. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, thy neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.
Tim. I priethee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dest
I had rather be alone. [trouble?
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When have I laid proud Athens on a heap,
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast 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 I live.
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself 's a bawd! let not the virgins cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those nilk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
[merry; Hath said truly pronounced: my throat shall cut;
And mine it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes:
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
ACT IV.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE III.

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 Phe. and Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts, Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable. Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear Into strong slanders and to heavenly agues The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths, I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still; And he whose plous breath seeks to convert you, Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months, Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs With burthens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

No matter: wear them, betray with them: whose paint till a horse may mire upon your face: A pox of wrinkles! Phe. and Timon. Well, more gold: what then? Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold. Tim. Consumptions sow In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins, And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice, That he may not utter false title plead. Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamèn, That scolds against the quality of flesh, And not believes himself: down with the nose, Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away Of him that, his particular to foresee, Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald:

And let the unsucc'rd 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! Phe. and Timon. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon. Tim. More where, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.


Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness, 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 puff'd, Engenders the black toad andadder bine, The gilded next and eyeless venom'd worm, With breaths and whisperings false title plead, Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Ensue thy fertile and conceiptous womb, Let it no more bring out ingratitude man! Go grin with blear'd bristles, and cropt head Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Ensue thy fertile and conceiptous womb, Let it no more bring out ingratitude man! Go grin with blear'd bristles, and cropt head Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Ensue thy fertile and conceiptous womb, Let it no more bring out ingratitude man! Go grin with blear'd bristles, and cropt head Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Whereof ingratitude man, with liquorish draughts And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind, That from it all consideration slips! 

Enter Aperantius.

More man? plague, plague! Aper. I was directed hither: men report Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them. Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog; Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee! Aper. This is in thee a nature but infected; A poor unmaimed melancholy sprang From change of fortune. Why this space? this place? This slave-like habit? and these looks of care? Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft; Tong 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 'rt observe, Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strait, And call it excellent: thou wast told thus: Thou gavest thine ears like tapesers that bid welcome To knives and all approaches: '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. Aper. Then 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 where thou point'st out? will the cold brook, Candied with ice, candle thy morning taste, To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures Whose naked naturrs live in all the sprite Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks, To the conflicting elements exposed, Answer more nature; bid them flatter thee; O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart. Aper. I love thee better now than e'er I did. Tim. I hate thee worse. Aper. Why? Tim. Thou flattest misery. Aper. I flatter not: but say thou art a courtier. Tim. Why dost thou seek me out? Aper. Always a villain's office or a fool's. Dost please thyself in 't? Aper. Tim. What a knave too! Aper. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be again, Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery Outlives uncertain parr, is crown'd before: The one is filling still, never ceaseth more: 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 clasp'd; but bred a dog. Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded The sweet degrees that this brief world affords To such as may the passive drugs of it Freely command, thou would'st 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,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Dung on the oak, have with one writer's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate
Drunken men?
They never 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 compound thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!
If thou hast not been the worst of men,
Then hast been a knife and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee. 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. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack
Of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?
Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it. [end im.

Tim. Would poison be oreident and knew my

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a meed for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feel not.

Apem. Dost hate a meedlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hast hated meddlers sooner,
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world. Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. What thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee 'at attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox wouldeguile 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 accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy duneness would torment thee, and still thou livedst 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 conqueror of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be shamed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be scolded by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were juries on thy life: all thy safety were remotion and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation! 

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightest 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 shall be to me 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! I thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speakest.

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.

Thou wouldst burst!

Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee.

[Throw'st a stone at him.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Tim. Toad!

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nothing
But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lye where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh. [vorce
[To the gold.] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear di-
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright deliver
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate woor,
Whose bush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visble god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
Tongue, and makest them kiss! that speak'st 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.

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 or of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy. Sec. Ban. Where? He hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assault upon him: if he care not for ’t, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall’s get it?


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 moon, like a bright harlet, lights: The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her fullness before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con That you are thieves profess’d, that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here’s gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o’ the grape, Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so scrape hanging: trust not the physician: His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together: Do villainy, do, since you protest to do ’t, Like workmen. I’ll example you with thievery: The sun’s a thief, and with his great attraction Rolls 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 composture stolen From general excrement: each thing’s a thief: The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck’d thee; they themselves, away, Rob one another. There’s more gold. Cut throats: All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go, Break open shops; nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this I give you; and gold confound you howseer! Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First 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. [Exeunt Banditti.

Flavius. O you gods!

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord? Full of decay and falling? O monument And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow’d! What an alteration of honour! Has desperate want made! What viler thing upon the earth than friends Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends! How rarely does it meet with this time’s guise, When man was wish’d to love his enemies! Grant I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me than those that do! Has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life. My dearest master! Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flavius. Have you forgotten me, sir? Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant’st thou’rt a man, I have forgot Flavius. An honest poor servant of yours. [Thee. Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all I kept were vipers, to devour men to Villains.

Flavius. The gods are witness. Ne’er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord than mine eyes for you. Tim. What, dost thouweep? 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!

Flavius. 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 now so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature mild. Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man Was born of woman. Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, You perpetual-soler gods! I do proclaim One honest man—mistake me not—but one; No more, I pray,—and he’s a steward, How fain 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 oppressing and betraying me, Thou mightst have sooner got another service: For many so arrive at second masters, Upon their first lord’s neck. But tell me true— For I must ever doubt, though ne’er so sure— Is not thy kindness sudden, covetous, If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flavius. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late: You should have feared false times when you did suspect still. In the society of men, That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love, Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, Care of your food and living; and, believe it, My most honour’d lord, For any benefit that points to me, Either in hope or present, I’d exchange For this one wish, that you had power and wealth To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, ’tis so! Thou singly honest man, Here, take: the gods out of my misery Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy; But thus condition’d: thou shalt build from men; Hate all, curse all, show charity to none. But let the famish’d flesh slide from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs What thou deny’st to men; let prisons swallow ’em, Debts wither ’em to nothing; be men like blasted woods, And may diseases lick up their false bloods! And so farewell and thrive.

Flavius. O, let me stay, And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hastest curses, Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free: Ne’er see thou man, and let me ne’er see thee.

[Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave. 623]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The woods. Before Timon’s cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Pain. What’s to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he’s so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alecibades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra tell gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: ’tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Pain. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore’t is 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 travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Pain. Whom wilt thou now present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Pain. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that’s coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o’ the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainest and simplest kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Timon comes from his cave, behind.

Tim. [Aside] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulence.


Poet. Nay, let’s seek him.

True; though he haunts against his own estate, When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Tim. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner’d night, Find what thou want’st by free and offer’d light. Come.

Tim. [Aside] I’ll meet you at the turn. What a god’s gold, That he is worshipp’d in a baser temple

Than where swine feed! [foam, ’tis thou that rigg’st the bark and plough’st the settling admired reverence in a slave:

To thee I 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. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir.

Haven’st thou of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retired, your friends fall’n off,

Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits! Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:

What! to you,

Whose sole true nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see ‘t the better:

You that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself

Have travail’d in the great shower of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Aye, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I reward you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What can we do, we’ll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye’re honest men: ye’ve heard that I have

I am sure you have: speak truth; ye’re honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore

Came not by my friend nor I. [terfeit

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw’st a count.

Best in all Athens: thou’rt, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit’st most lively.

Pain. Tim. E’en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault:

Marry, ‘tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You’ll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There’s never a one of you but trusts a
That mightily deceives you. [knave,

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured

That he’s a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I’ll give you gold.

Rid me these villains from your companies:

Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I’ll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let’s know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two in comp.

Each man apart, all single and alone. [pany;

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art two villains shall not be,

Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence, pack! there’s gold; you came for gold, ye slavers:

[To Painter] You have work’d for me; there’s payment for you: hence! [To Poet] You are an alchemist; make gold of that.

Out, rascal dogs! [Beats them out, and then returns to his cave.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with

For he is set so only to himself [Timon; That nothing but himself which looks like man Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part and promise to the Athenians

To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: ‘twas time and griefs.
Act V. 

Timon of Athens. 

Scene II.

That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand, 
Offering the fortunes of his former days, 
The former man may make him. Bring us to him, 
And chance it as it may.

Flour. Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon! 
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians, 
By two of their most revered senate, greet thee: 
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, 
and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false 
Be as a canterizing to the root o' 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, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back 
the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. 0, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recantor, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd 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;
Suprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
[us
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 Alecibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And makes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alecibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alecibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not.

While you have threats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whistle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st threat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

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 living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alecibiades 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 rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoken.

Tim. Command me to my loving countrymen.

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumph
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, 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 Alecibiades' wrath.

Tim. How, 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 still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood:
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Retires to his cave.

First Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
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? [files Mess.
I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Timon. 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 Alecibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship! 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 scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the full, I fear; our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

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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'd his span; some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man. Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax: our captain hath in every figure skill, an aged interpreter, though young in days: Before proud Athens he's set down by this, whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town our terrible approach. [A parlay sounded.

Enter Senators on the wall.

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 narrow in the bearer strong, Cries of itself 'No more!' now breathless wrong Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease, And purdy insolence shall break his wind With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young, when thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, We sent to thee, to give thy 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 erect'd 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 revenges hunger for that food Which nature loathes—take thou 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 countryman, Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage: Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin Which in the clusters 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 shall enforce it with thy smile Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot Against our raptured gates, and they shall ope; So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before, To say thou wilt 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.

Alcib. Then there's my glove; Descend, and open your uncharged ports: Those enemies of Timon's and mine own Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof Fall and no more: and, to atone 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.

Alcib. 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.

Alcib. [Reads the epitaph] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft; Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked callifiers left! [Hat. 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 abhorrest in us our human griefs. Scorn list our brain's flow and those our droplets Which from niggard nature full, 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 bred peace, make peace stint war, make Prescribe to other as each other's leech. [Ear. Let our drums strike. [Exit.

3d Bandit.—Let us make the assay upon him.—Act IV., Scene iii.
JULIUS CAESAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Caesar.
Octavius Caesar, 
Marcus Antonius, 
M. Emilius Lepidus, 
Cicero, 
Publius, 
Popilius Lena, 
Marcus Brutus, 
Casca, 
Tiburtius, 
Decius Brutus, 
Metellus Cimber, 
Cinna, 
Flavius and Marullus, tribunes.
Artemidorus of Caidus, a teacher of Rhetoric.
A Soothsayer.
Cinna, a poet. Another Poet.

Lucullus, 
Ticinius, 
Messala, 
Young Cato, 
Volumnius, 
Varro, 
Giltus, 
Claudius, 
Strato, 
Lucius, 
Dardanius, 
Pindarus, servant to Cassius.
Cinna, wife to Cassius.
Portia, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.


ACT I.


Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commons.

Flav. Hence! home, you 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 cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly. 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 sancy 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 make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph...

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his elariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climbed up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the repetition of your sounds Made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now call out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault, Assemble all the poor men of your sort; Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears Into the channel, till the lowest stream Do kiss the most excalated shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commons.

See, whether their basest metal be not moved; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol; This way will I: disrobe the images, If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

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ACT I.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE II.—A public place.

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! Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Cic. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cas. Stand you directly in Antonius' way, When you have heard his course. Antonius! Ant. Caesar, my lord?

Cas. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shall off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Caesar says 'do this,' it is performed. Caesar. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Flourish.


Cas. What man is that? Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cas. Set him before me; let me see his face. Caesar. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon me. [again.

Cas. What say'st thou to me now? speak once more.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass. [Scene. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Brut. I am not garrulous; 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.

Brutus. Cassius, Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed am I Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours: 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, Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion; By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face? Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself, But by reflection, by some other things. Cassius. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard, Where many of the best respect in none. Except imperial Caesar, speaking of Brutus And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius? That you would have me seek into myself [suis, For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear: And since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know not of. And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laugher on his nose To stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new Miser: if you know That I do fawn on men and hug them hard And after scandal them, or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting To the all, then hold me not dangerous.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the Choose Caesar for their king. [people

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

This must I think you would not have it so. Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well, But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught 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. Cassius. 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 you what you and other men Think of this life; but for myself, single self, I had as lief be a leisurely dog in In awe of such a thing as myself.

I was born free as Caesar; so were you; We both have fed as well, and we can both Endure the winter's cold as well as he: For once, upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word, Accourted as I was, I plunged in And bade him follow; so indeed I did. The torrent roared, 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, Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!' I, as Æneas, our great ancestor, Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber Did I the tired Caesar. And this man Is now become a god, and Cassius is A wretched creature and must bend his body, If Caesar carelessly but nod on him. He had a fever when he was in Fiesco, And when the fit was on him, I did mark How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake: His coward lips did comment from their colour fly, And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried! Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick gout in ye gods, it doth unmaze me
A man such a few hours tender should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

[Shout. Flourish.]

Brut. Another general shout!

I do believe that these apellations are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.
Cas. As I live, he doth strive the narrow world
Like a Colosseus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves disobligeable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will deal in spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat dost this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?

Ah, thou art shamed!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man;
When could they say that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one man only.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The death of a man to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to reign with a son of Rome.
Under these hard conditions at this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Brut. The games are done and Caesar is returning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve:
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter Caesar and his Train.

Brut. I will do so.

But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spirit doth grace Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a child's train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Cassius will tell us what the matter is.

Ant. Cassus?

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
And, were it done already, it is done:
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
ACT I.  JULIUS CAESAR.  SCENE III.

JULIUS who therefor wherein our but I yet, Casca, [life but,]

Either have of the bird of night did sit

However the market-place, Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say 'These are their reasons; they are natural;'

For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cas. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Cas. To Caesar to-morrow?—

Cass. 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.


Cass. Who's there?

Cass. A Roman.

Cass. Cassia, by your voice.  Cass. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.  [this!  Cass. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?  Cass. Those that have known the earth so full of For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  faults. Submitting me unto the perilous night, And, thus unbraced, Cassia, as you see, Have bared 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 so much tempt the It is the part of men to fear and tremble, When the most mighty gods by tokens send Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.  [life

Cass. 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 and gaze And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, To see the strange impatience of the heavens: But if you would consider the true cause Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts, Why browsing and beauteous productions And, 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 could I, Cassia, name to thee a man Most like this dreadful night, That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars As doth the lion in the Capitol, A man no mightier than thyself or me In personal action, yet peculiarly grown And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.  Cass. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?  Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors; But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead, And we are govern'd by others' spirits; Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.  Cass. 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.  Cass. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there is no head to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cic. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you in the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavins, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Cassia?

Cass. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.  [Exit.

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

It was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cic. Sees he now in execution of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sance 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 live now and he live Cassius, He should not honour me. I will this night, In several hands, in at his windows throw, As if they came from several citizens, Writings all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Caesar's ambition shall be glance'd at: And after this let Caesar seat him sure: For we will shake him, or worse days endure.  [Exit.

SCENE III.  The same.  A street.

Thunder and lightning.  Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cassia; brought you Caesar home?

Cass. Are not you moved, when all the sway of Shakes like a thing uniform?  O Cicero, earth I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too strong with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight.—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, lpery, and most terrible.

[Enter Cinna.

Cinna. Where hast thou so?

Casca. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Casca. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Casca. Be you content; good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Casca. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.

Come, Casca, 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.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alcohol,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Casca. Him and his worth and our great need of
You have right well conected. Let us go, [him
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [Exeunt.

ACT II.


Enter Brutus.

Brutus. 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.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Brutus. It must be by his death; and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, [that—
That as his will he may do danger with.

The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But it is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereeto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
ACT II.  JULIUS CAESAR.  SCENE I.

'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?  
What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
'Speak, strike, redress!' 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.  
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.  
[Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
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.  
Bru. Is he alone?  
Luc. No, sir, there are men with him.  
Bru. Do you know them?  
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their heads,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks; [ears,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.  
Bru. Let 'em enter.  [Exit Lucius.  
They are the faction. O conspiracy,  
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free?  O, then by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage?  Seek none, con-  
Hide it in smiles and affability: [spiracy;  
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?  
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?  
Cas. Yes, every man of them, and no man here  
But honours you; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bear of you.  
This is Trebonius.  
Bru. He is welcome hither.  
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.  
Bru.  
Cas. This, this, Cinna; and this, Metellus  
They are all welcome.  [Cimmer.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?  
Cas. Shall I entreat a word?  
[Brutus and Cassius whisper.  
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break  
Casca. No.  
Cin. 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 first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.  

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.  
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.  
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,  
The suffering 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 tyrants puddle out their blood  
Till each man drop by lottery.  But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause,  
To prick us to the stillness of our hearts?  
Thus secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter, and what other oath  
Than honesty, and honesty engaged,  
That this shall be; or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,  
Old tawdry carriages and such suffering souls:  
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain  
The very nature of our enterprise,  
Nor the insupportable mettle of our spirits,  
To think that or our cause or our performance  
Did need any oath; when every drop of blood  
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
If he do break the smallest particle  
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.  
Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?  
I think he will stand very strong with us.  
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 Cicero, his judgment called our hands;  
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear;  
But all be buried in his gravity.  
Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;  
For he will never follow anything  
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 impair them, may in a while so far  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.  
[Ins,  
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cas-  
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, Caius.  
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,  
Cæsar 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 hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after training to chide in this, shall make  
Our purpose necessary and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm  
When Caesar's head is off.  
Cas. Yet I fear him;  
For in the ingrained love he bears to Caesar —  
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
ACT II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.

If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.
Tre. 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.

Cos. The clock hath stricken three.

Tre. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main o’er-ruled once.
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccus’d terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cas. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I’ll fashion him.

Cos. The morning comes upon’s: we’ll leave you,
Brutus,
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But keep us our Roman manners do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Though hares have no form, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep’st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord! Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you
It is not for your health thus to consult? [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 I insisted, yet you answer’d not.
But, with an angry w劉ure of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strength that impatience
Which seem’d too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shap:o
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? and 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 purged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my 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 ruddy 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-esteemed, Cato’s daughter.
Think you I do not sorer that my sex,
Being so father’d and so husband’d?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound.
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband’s secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[Knocking within.

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the claractory of my sad brows;
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] Lucius, who’s that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To visit your chief! 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 bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

[633]
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yet, get the better of them. What's to do?
Brute. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Julius. But are not some whole that we must make
Brute. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Julius. 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.
Brute. Follow me, then, [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Caesar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar, in his
night-gown.
Caesar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
these three days! Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!'—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.
Serv. My lord?
Caesar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? think you to walk
You shall not stir out of your house to-day. [Exit
Caesar. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.
Caesar. I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fret me. There is one within:
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A horrid mass hath whelpt 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 hurled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cal. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen:
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Caesar. 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
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, [day.
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Caesar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar shall have a heart without a heart.
If he should stay at home to-day for fear
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions lither in one day,
And I the elder and more terible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house: but it is 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.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy honour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Decius. Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.
Decius. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Caesar. 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 made many Romans
Come smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these do she apply for warning, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
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.
Caesar. And this way have I well expounded it.
Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Caesar is afraid!'
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Caesar. 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.
Publius. Good morrow, Caesar.
Caesar. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Cæsar. And, Cæsar, now Brutus,
Cæsar was never so much your enemy
As that same age which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?
ACT III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.

BRU. Caesar, ‘tis strucken eight.

Ces. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that reveals long o’ nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Ces. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour’s talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will: [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.

BRU. [Aside] That every like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [Exit.

SCENE III. — A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. ‘Caesar, beware of Brutus: take heed of Cassius; come not near Cassia; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS: I will stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou 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 ’tween my heart and tongue! I have a man’s mind, but a woman’s might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel! Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Por. Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else? [well,
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prity, 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 Caesar 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 Caesar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend 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 Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of pretors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I’ll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in. 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 Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exit severally.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.


Ces. [To the Soothsayer] The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o’er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Caesar, read mine first: for mine’s a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

Ces. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Ces. What, is the fellow mad?

Por. Sirrah, give place.

Ces. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CEasar goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [Advances to Caesar.

BRU. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish’d to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRU. Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

Cas. Cassa, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
For I will stay myself.

BRU. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,

Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.

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ACT III. JULIUS CAESAR.

DEC. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRU. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Ces. [Aside] O Caesar, are you the first that yet bears your hand.

DEC. Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart,— [Kneeling.

Ces. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond, To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood That will be th'evil from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words, Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning. Thy brother by descency is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I swear thee like a cur out of thy way:
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, without cause Will he be satisfied.

MET. Is there no voice more worthy than my own, To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Ces. If thy hand, and not in flattering, Caesar; Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

DEC. What, Brutus! Ces. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber. Ces. I could be well moved, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me: But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire and every one doth shine, But there's but one in all doth hold his place: So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unspotted in the motion; that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this; That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

CIA. O Caesar,—

Ces. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus? Ces. Great Caesar,—

Ces. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me!

CASCA. first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Caesar.

Ces. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Caesar! [Dies. Ces. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets. Ces. Some to the common pulits, and cry out 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!' Bruc. People and senators, be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid. Casca. Go to the pulbin, Brutus.

DEC. And Cassius too.

BRU. Where's Publius?

CAS. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny. Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Should change. [Cesar's great body of standing. Publius, good cheer; There is no harm intended to your person. Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius. Ces. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRU. Do so: and let no man abide this deed, But we the doers.

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Re-enter Trebonius.

CAS. Where is Antony?

TRE. Fleed to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run As it were doomsday.

BRU. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CAS. Why, be that Caesar's boast no twenty years of life Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmeare 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 lofty scene be acted over [hence Inuates unnumber'd heroes, and unknown!

BRU. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust?

CAS. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

DEC. What, shall we forth?

CAS. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead: and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


SERV. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel; Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Caesar 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 dead So well as Brutus living: but will follow The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus Thorough the hazards of this untrod state With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

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 Caesar! dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glory, triumphs, spoils, Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: If I myself, there is no hour so fit For the Caesar's death hour: the instrument Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich With the most noble blood of all this world. I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke, Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I shall not find myself so apt to die:

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No place will please me so, no mean of death, As here by Caesar, and by you cut off.
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Thou know our blood is as cruel as thine,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives our blood, so doth our pity—
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have had keen points, Mark Antony;
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom,
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand:
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Cassca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies. [hart,
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethre.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
Cas. Mark Antony.—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in all our grief, it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends I am with you; why should you love all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. [Aside to Bru.] You know not what you do; do not
That Antony speak in his funeral: [consent
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest.
He speaks by leave and by permission.
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit wheroeto 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,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war:
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atreus by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.
You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?
Serc. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serc. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!—
[Seeing the body.
Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching: for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serc. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
[chanced.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome so safe for Octavius yet:
He hepe, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men:
According to the which, this discours
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

SCENE II. — The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.
Citizens. 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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And part the numbers.
Those that will have me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Caesar, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. I will 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 Seniors. Brutus

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 thy 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
Cæsar 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
living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead,
to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for
him; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambi-
tuous in his time, There was more in store. His love
for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death
for his ambition. Who is here so base that would
be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I of-
fended. 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处方ed 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:
whosho, though he had no hand in his death, shall
receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the
commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this
I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the
good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live the tribune! Rome's

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his
Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

Fifth 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 Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

First Cit. Let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[Goest 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.
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue. [Antony.
Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark
All. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.
Ant. Had 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:
'Tis good you know not that you lose his heirs;
For, if you should, it will be too late to come of it!
Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile, Antony?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stab'd Caesar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will.
Ant. You will compell me, then, to read the will?
Then make a rush about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Several Cit. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
Third Cit. You shall have leave.
[Antony comes down.
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round, [body.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Cassie made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stab'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, when you see what you behold
Our Caesar's vest, or weep you, when you behold
Our Caesar's vest? Look you here, Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Cit. O pitious spectacle! 
Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not.
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have more, I think, 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 con-
spirators.
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-plantled 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, 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, any-
thing. [Exeunt Citizens with the body.
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou 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 shall I then 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.

SCENE III. — A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlucky charge my fancy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

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ACT IV.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?  Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?  Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?  Cin. As a friend.


Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.  Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he’s a conspirator.  Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.  Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.  Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name’s Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.  Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands; to Brutus’, to Cassius’; burn all: some to Decius’ house, and some to Casca’s; some to Ligarius’: away, go!  [Exeunt.

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.  [Piddus?  Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lep. I do consent.—  Oct. Prick him down, Antony.  Lep. Upon condition Piddus shall not live.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit, The three-fold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick’d to die, In our blank sentence and prescription.  Ant. Antony, I have seen more days than you: And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will, Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze 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 govern’d by my spirit. And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so; He must be taught and train’d and bid go forth; A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On abstracts, arts and imitations, Which, out of use and stalled by other men, Begin his fashion: do not talk of him, But as a property. And now, Octavius, Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius Areleying powers: we must straight make head: Therefore let our alliance 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 surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake, And bate no breath with many enemies; And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, Millions of mischiefs.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus’s tent.

Drum. 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. I do not doubt But that my noble master will appear Such as he is, full of regard and honour.  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 sicken and decay, It useth an enforced ceremony. There are no tricks in plain and simple faith; But hollow men, like horses hot at hand, Make gallant show and promise of their mettle: But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests, and, like deceitful fades, Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?  [Ter’d; Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar- The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius.  Bru. Hark! he is arrived.  [Low march within. March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cos. Stand, ho!  Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.  First Sol. Stand!
ACT IV.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how could I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
With which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella [this:
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mar your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I am
An itching palm! You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for small wrongs, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and lay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, ableber than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. I hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay; more: fret till your proud
heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so: make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
I said, an elder soldier, not a better: [Bruutus;
Did I say 'better'? If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me. [him.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coil my heart,
And drop my blood for glaumas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Cæsars Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To look such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. 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 aware of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brace by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If thou best a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius. [better
Bru. So sheathe thy dagger: Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hastily 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?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

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Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
Bru. And my heart too. [hand.
Cas. O Brutus! [hand.
Bru. 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?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [Within] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [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 doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:
What should the wars do with these juggling fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [Exit Poet.
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
Immediately to us. [Exit.

[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Exit Lucius.
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How escaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with her
That tiding came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius with wine and toper.

Bru. 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, Lucius, till the wine o'erwells the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
Bru. Come in, Titinius! [Exit Lucius.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippus.
Cas. Myself have letters of the same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:

You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here;
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare, you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn’d down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of nine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That maketh my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comest thou?
Ghost. To tell thee that shall see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[Exit Ghost.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest!
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Claus.
The strings of my lute, are false. [thys!
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [To Var.] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Claud. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Claud. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army;
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.
[words:
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
Witness the hole you made in Caesar’s heart,
Crying ‘Long live! hail, Caesar!’
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol’n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
[gers
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile dag-
Hack’d one another in the sides of Caesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damn'd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flattlers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue that had not one so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redress 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 Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Brut. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus's sword.

Brut. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor:
Join'd with a masquer and a reveller
[our, Old Cassius still!]

Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho, Lucullus! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. [Standing forth] My lord?

Brutus and Lucullus converse apart.

Cas. [Standing forth] What says my general?
Mes. [Standing forth] What says my general?

Cas. Messala, this is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do pressage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two slyly conspired, who they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consort'd us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, Lucullus.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befal.
If we do this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Brut. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile.
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The 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?

Brut. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Ro-
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the idea of March begin;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do not meet again, why then,
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Brut. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Cas. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might
The end of this day's business ere it come! [know
But it suffice'th that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messalla.

Brut. Ride, ride, Messalla, 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, Messalla: let them all come down.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another part of the field.

Alarumns. 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, there's no more nobility in grief:

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 love me, Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he be brought thee up to yonder troopes,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troopes 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 notes't about the field.

[Exit Pindarus.

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?

Pin. [Above] O my lord!

Cas. What news now?

Pin. [Above] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He's ta'en. [Shout.] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
0, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
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, [oath; Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine Now be a freeman: and with this good sword, That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom. Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hills; And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Caesar, thou art revenged, Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

[Enter Titinius with Messala.]

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, As Cassius' legions are by Antony. Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius. Mes. Where did you leave him? Tit. With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill. Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground? Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart! Mes. Is not that he? Tit. No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night, So in his red blood Cassius' day is set; The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone; Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done! Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. O hateful error, melancholy's child, Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men The things that are not? O error, soon 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. Hee 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, [shouts 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 apace, • And see how I regarded Cassius. By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part: Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Kills himself.]

[Enter Titinius, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.]


Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius! Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius! Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these? The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears To this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. Come, therefore, and to Thisos send his body: His funerals shall not be in our camp, Let it discomfort us. Lucilius, come; And come, young Cato; let us to the field. Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on: 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.

[Enter Titinius, with Messala, Brutus, Cassius, Antony, Lucilius, and others.]

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads! Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me? I will proclaim my name about the field: I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend; I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! Lucilius. 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. Lucilius. 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. [Exeunt.]

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? Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough: I dare assure thee that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: The gods defend him! and he turns 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, CItius, Strato, and Volumnius.] Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock. CIt. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain. Brutus. Sit thee down, CItius: saying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, CItius. [Whispers.]


ACT V.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE V.

Dur. To kill him, Citius. Look, he meditates.

Cit. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philipp fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[Love 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-hills, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

Cit. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. 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' 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. Ory withe, 'Fly, fly, fly!'

Cit. Fly, my lord, fly.

Hence! I will follow.

[Exeunt Citius, 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. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stru. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.]

Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [Dies.


Oct. What man is that? [master?]

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy Stru. 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.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,

Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stru. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How did my master, Strato?

Stru. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators save only he
Did that they did in envy of great 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!'

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.]
MACBETH.

DEDRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of Scotland.
Malcolm, } his sons.
Donalbain,  
Macbeth, } 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.  
Exeunt.  
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 herbury's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy 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 hearty soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.  
Ser. Doubtful it stood:  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villainies of nature  
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles  
Of kerns and 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—  
Disclaiming 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 our battlements.  
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!  
Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan 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?  
Ser. 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.  

Ser. 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 Norweyan banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,

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ACT I.  

MACBETH.  

Scene III. — A heath near Forres.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?


Third Witch. Sister, where thou? [Lap.

First Witch. A sailor’s wife had chestnuts in her bosom, and munch’d, and munch’d, and munch’d. — Give me that out:

‘Aroint thee, witch!’ the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ the Tiger:
But in a sieve I’ll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

Second Witch. Thou’rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I’ the shipman’s card.
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;
Wear ye se’nnights nine times nine
Shall be dwindle, peak and pincp:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a plot’s thumb,
Wreck’d as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm’s wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is ’t call’d to Forres? What are
So wither’d and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o’ the earth,
And yet are on ’t? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand
By each at once her choppy finger laying [sca
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.

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start: and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? ’Tis the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

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 thou
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

Macbeth. 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 in theRISE of empty self-comparisons,
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge
you.

Witches vanish.

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish’d?

Macbeth. Into the air; and what seem’d corporal
Melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay’d!

Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. I shall be king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banquo. To the selfsame tune and words. 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 wonders and his praises do contend
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 Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afraid 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.

Angus. 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.

Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?

Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
In borrow’d robes? [dress me

Angus. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour’d in his country’s wreck, I know not;
ACT I.  

MACBETH.  

SCENE V.  

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 burned 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-hail’d 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 due of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.” Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised: yet 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 fitness of the time, and the manner of us: what thou wouldst That wouldst thou holily? wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongfully win: thou hadst have, great Glamis, That which cries “Thus thou must do, if thou have And that which rather thou dost fear to do”
Than wishest should be undone? Hie thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear; And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown’d withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night. Lady M. Then 'tis mad to say it: Is he thy master with him? who, were 't so, Would have inform’d for preparation. [coming; Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane Is One of my fellows had the speed of him, Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more Than would make up his message. Lady M. Give him tending; He brings great news. [Exit Messenger. The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan Under my battlements. Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, And from this hour take off this skimmed head Of direc cruelty! make thick my blood; Stop up the access and passage to remorse, That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between The effect and it! Come to my woman’s breasts, And take my milk for gall, you 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 all, the half-hall 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 begnile 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 days 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. [Exeunt.

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 Nimblly and sweetly recommends itself Unto our gentle senses. Ban. This guest of summer, The temple-haunting martlet, does approve, By his loved mansionry, that the heaven’s breath Smells woosingly here: no jotty, frieze, Buttrest, nor coign of vantage, but this bird Hath made his pendent bed and pro文案结束
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, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy situation 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:

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 wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

We would spend it in some words upon that business.

If you would grant the time.

Macb. At your kind'st leisure.

If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,

It shall make honour for you.

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

Lady M. But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—

Where' er the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassail so convince

That memory, the warden of the brain,

Shall be a furnace, and the receipt of reason

A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep

Their drear'd natures lie as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon

His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mallet should compose

Nothing but males. Will it not be received,

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,

That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.]

My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' 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 infurns

Thus to mine eyes. Now 'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain's sleep; witchcraft celebrates

Pule Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl! 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing stiles, 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 prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[ 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.
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 very shaft shriek'd, the fatal bellman, Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms [it:] Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd Their possets, That death and nature do contend about them, Whether they live or die. Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho! Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked, And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggersready; He could not miss'em. Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise? [ets cry. Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crick; Did not you speak? Macb. When? Lady M. Macb. Lady M. Ay. Macb. Hark! Who lies in the second chamber? Lady M. Donalbain. Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands. Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!' [then: 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!' Lady M. 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 these ways; so, it will make us mad. Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!' Macbeth doth murder sleep,' the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care, The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean? Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the Ghosts. 'Glumis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.' Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane, You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: go carry them; and smear The sleepy grooms with blood. Macb. I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; Look not upon me: I am no more. Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
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.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp’d the hour.

Macb. I’ll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet ’tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. ’Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor
Cannot conceive nor name thee! [heart
Macd. ]

What’s the matter?

Macd. 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!

Macd. What is’t you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty? [sight
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exit Macbeth and Lennox.

Enter Lady Macbeth. [bell rings.

Lady M. What’s the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak! 

Macb. 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. 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,
ACT III.

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.

Senet 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 your highness
Command upon me; to which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie.
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
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 twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel paricide, filling their hearers...
ACT III.  
MACBETH.  
SCENE II.

Re-enter 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 have you consider'd of my speeches? Know that it was he in the times past which held you so under fortune, which you thought had been our innocent self: this I made good to you in our last conference, pass'd in probability with you, how you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments, might who fought with them, and all things else that to half a soul and to a motion crazed.

Say, 'Tis thus did 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 gospel'd to pray for this good man and for his issue, whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave and beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; as boar-hounds, greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are cleft all by the name of dogs: the valued file distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, the housekeeper, the hunter, every one according to the gift which bounteous nature hath in him clois'd; whereby he does receive particular addition, from the bill that writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file, not 'tis the worst rank of mankind, say 'tis; and I will put that business in your bosoms, whose execution takes your enemy off, grapples you to the heart and love of us, who wear our health but sickly in his life, which in his death were perfect.

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 injure the world.

First Mur. And I another so weary with disasters, tug'd with fortune, that I would set my life on any chance, to mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your enemy.

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 life: and though I could with bare free hand, and blow my will avouch it, yet I must not.

For certain friends that are born into mine, whose loves I may not drop, but will fall'st his, 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 most, I will advise you where to plant yourselves; and you shall see and frame your perfect joy of the time, the moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night, and something from the palace; always thought that I require a clearness; and with him—To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—Pleace 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. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his for a few words.

[leisure.]

Serv. Madam, I will.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent, where our desire is got without content: 'tis safer to be that which we destroy than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone, of sorriest fancies your companions making, using those 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 words suffer, ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep in the affliction of these terrible dreams that shake us nightly: better be with the dead, whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy: Duncan is in his grave; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well: 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 reins'd 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 eminence, both with eye and tongue: unsafe the while, that we must love our honours in these flattering streams, and make our faces vizars to our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives. Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eternally.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable; then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown his cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons the sherd-born beetle with his drowsy hunns hath rung night's yarning peal, there shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night, shall the tender of pitiful day; and with thy blooeful invisible hand cancel and tear to pieces that great bond which keeps thy soul alive. Light thickens; and the crow Good things of day begin to droop and drowse: whiles night's black agents to their prey's do rouse. Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
Things had begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A park near the palace.
Enter three Murderers.

First M. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third M. Macbeth.
Sec. M. He needs not our mistrust, since he
Our offices and what we have to do [delivers
To the direction just.

First M. Then stand with us.
The west ye glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the latest traveller space
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third M. [Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. M. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

First M. His horses go about.
Third M. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. M. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third M. 'Tis he.
First M. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First M. Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
Thou musty revenge. O slave! [fly!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.

Third M. Who did strike out the light?
First M. Was 't not the way?
Third M. There 's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. M. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First M. 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 with the hearty welcome that first
Lords.

Lady M. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
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 i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [Approaching the door.] There's
blood upon your face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he disparat'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for
him.

Macb. Thou art the 1st of the cut-throats: yet
That did the like for FLEANCE: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Fleance is 'seaped.

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;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To suanot doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he hides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies: the worm that 's fled
Hath nature 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 vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet rememberance!
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
ruin'd
Were the grace 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 highness.
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What 's that which moves
your highness?

Lords. Which of you have done this?

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary: upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
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. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the naws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.

Lady M. What, quite unnam'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
eon human statute purged the gentle weal; [time,
A's, and since too, murders have been performed:
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been.
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

As broad and general as the casing air: But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in To suanot doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe? Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he hides, With twenty trenched gashes on his head; The least a death to nature. Macb. Thanks for that: There the grown serpent lies: the worm that 's fled Hath nature 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 vouch'd, while 't is a making, 'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home; From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony; Meeting were bare without it. Macb. Sweet rememberance! 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 ruin'd Were the grace 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 highness. To grace us with your royal company. [ness Macb. The table's full. Len. Here is a place reserved, sir. Macb. Where? Len. Here, my good lord. What 's that which moves your highness? Lords. Which of you have done this? Lady M. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat; The fit is momentary: upon a thought He will again be well: if much you note him, You shall offend him and extend his passion: Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man? Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil. Lady M. O proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear: This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire, 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. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. If charnel-houses and our graves must send Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the naws of kites. [Ghost vanishes. Lady M. What, quite unnam'd in folly? Macb. If I stand here, I saw him. Lady M. Fie, for shame! Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden eon human statute purged the gentle weal; [time, A's, and since too, murders have been performed: Too terrible for the ear: the times have been. That, when the brains were out, the man would die, And there an end; but now they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools: this is more strange Than such a murder is. Lady M. My worthy lord, Your noble friends do lack you.
ACT III.

MACBETH.

SCENE VI.

Macb. Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing [all; To those that know me. Come, love and health to Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full. I drink to the general pot of the whole table, And to our dear guest Banquo, whom we miss; Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst, And all to all. Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Ay, and I think good sir, let men only, but I Our So Did And The Thy And I With All More The Augurs Which Strange Returning And There M. III. Which. Any of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare: Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble; or I'll break a dismal song; And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! [Ghost vanishes.

Why, so! being gone, I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting, With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make me strange Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights, And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord? 

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse; Question enranges him. At once, good night: Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once. Len. Good night; and better health

Attend his majesty! 

Lady M. [Exit all but Macbeth and Lady M.

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood; Stones have been known to move and trees to speak; Augurs and understood relations have By magot-pies and choughs and rocks brought forth The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which

[person]

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir? Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send: There's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant tee'd. I will to-morrow, And betimes I will, to the weird sisters: More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know, By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good, All this may sojourn: I am in blood Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er: Strange things I have in head, that will to hand; Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all nations, sleep. Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self- Is the initiate fear that wants hard use: We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.]
MACBETH.

SCENE I.—A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpie cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd vncom sleeping got,
Bull thou first! 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'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock drug'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and spite of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-digger'd by a draught,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger'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 dives and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open,locks, Whatever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
What is 't you do?

[Exit.

Act IV.

Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To awake Northumberland and warlike Seward:
That, by the help of these—with Hie above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hangs, as who should say ' You'll me the time
That clogs me with this answer.'
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurst!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[Exeunt.

Lord. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Hew'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches, though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treas-
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
[ure
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou 'ldst rather hear it from
our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweat
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office defiant show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.
Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! be-
ware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.
[Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;
[more,—
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's
More potent than the first.
[another,

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'dd ear thee. [scorn
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.
[Descends.
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear
But yet I'll make assurance double sure, [thee? and
And take a bond of fate; then shall not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a
tree in his hand.

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
ACT IV.  
MACBETH.  
SCENE II.

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.  
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who offends, who frets, or where conspirators are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish but be.  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.  
[Descends.  
Macb. That will never be:  
Who can impress the forest, beth the tree [good!  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!  
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?  
Seek to know no more.  
[All.  
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that caddron? and what noise is this?  
[Hautboys.  
First Witch. Show!  
Sec. Witch. Show!  
Third Witch. Show!  
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart!  
A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand:  
Banquo's Ghost following.  
Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;  
down!  
Thy crown does seem mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy bags!  
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom!  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:  
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 't is true;  
For the blood-boiler'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. [Apparitions vanish.  
What, is this so?  
First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?  
Come, sisters, choice up his spirits,  
And show the best of our delights:  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round;  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.  
[Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.  
Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour  
Stand ayre accused in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!  
[Enter Lennox.  
Len. What's your grace's will?  
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?  
Len. No, my lord.  
Macb. Came they not by you?  
Len. No, indeed, my lord.  
Macb. Infected be the air wherein they ride:  
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?  
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
Macduff is fled to England. [word  
Macb. Fled to England!  
Len. Ay, my good lord.  
Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits!  
The flighty purpose never is o'took  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment  
The very firstlings of my hand shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise: [done.  
Seize upon Perth; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exit.
Son. Then the liars and swearsers are fools, for there are liars and swearsers now to bow the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how will thou do for a father? Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratter, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where to do harm Is often laudable, to do good sometime. Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defence, To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mar. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsacred Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mar. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

Son. What, you egg! [Stabbing him.]

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.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out Like syllable of colour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wait, What know believe, and what I can repress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. What you have spoke, it may be so perchance. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Whom once thought honest: you have loved him well; He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something You may desire of him through me, and wisdom To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb To appease an angry god.

Mal. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is,

A good and virtuous nature may recoil [don; In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your par- That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose: Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell; Though all things foul would wear the brows of Yet grace must still look so. [grace, Macd. I have lost my hopes. Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love, Without leave-taking? I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country! Great tyranny! I lay thou thy basis sure, [wrongs: For goodness dare not check thee; wear thou thy The title is afoor'd! Fare thee well, lord; I would not see 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; If it weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds: I think withal There would be hands uplifted in my right; And here from gracious England have I offer Of godly thousands: but, for all this, When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country Shall have more vices than it had before, More suffer and more sundry ways than ever, By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know All the particulars of vice so grafted That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth Shall seem as pure as snow, and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compared With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the regions 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, smashing 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 eistern 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.

Macd. Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows In my most ill-composed affection such A stanchless avarice that, were I king, I should curse off all the nobles of the land, 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 folsons to fill up your will, Of your mere own: all these are portable, With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have 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 abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Up roar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Mac. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant blood-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. 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 over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarce have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Mac. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you?

Doc. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch —
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand —
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Mac. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All sown and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put out with holy prayers: and it is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Mal. See, who comes here?

Mac. My countryman: but I yet I know him not.

Mac. 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. 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 who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Mac. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.


Mal. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Mac. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Mac. Be not a niggard of your speech: how
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women light,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Mac. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Mac. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Mal. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and
babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Mac. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Mal. And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Ross. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? Oh hell-kite! All?

Ross. It's gone!
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were, [on.
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 am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine, [now!
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them.

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; [blunt not the heart, enrage it.

ACT V.


Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doc. I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was it
she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold
it, write upon’t, 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 shambler 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 any one; having no wit-
tness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand
close.

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 their sense is shut.

Doc. What is it she does now? Look, how she
rubbs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to
seem thus washing her hands: I have known her
continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here’s a spot.

Doc. Mark! she speaks: I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the
more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One:
two: why, then ’tis time to do ’t.—Hell is murky!
—Fie, my lord! fie! a soldier, and afeard? What
need we fear who knows it, when none can call our
power to account?—Yet who would have thought
the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doc. We were not mariners of 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.

Lady M. She has spoke what she should not, I am
sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here’s the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doc. What a sight is there! The heart is sorely

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doc. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I
have known those which have walked in their sleep
who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-
gown: look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Ban-
quo’s buried; he cannot come out on’s grave.

Doc. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there’s knocking at
the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand.
What’s done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to
bed!

Doc. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz’d my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The country near Dunsinane.

Dress and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness,
Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Mal-
phis uncle Siward and the good Macduff: [colm,
Revenge them in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalsain 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
Pretest their first manner, for you mark that?

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he’s mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper’d cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands:
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breath;
ACT V.

MACBETH.

SCENE V.

MACBETH.

Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Meat. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Coth. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed;
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear.
What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman?
The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, fast
And mingle with the English tribes—[thanes,
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serc. There is ten thousand—

Geese, villain?—

Serc. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go pr'ythe face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou silly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serc. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton! I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever; or dissent me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Send out more horses; skirt the country round:
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour,
How does your patient, docto'?

Doc. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivion antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doc. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Thow physic to the dogs: I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud aloud again.—'Tis 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doc. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doc. [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, old Siward and his
Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Menteith. We doubt it nothing.

Sic. What wood is this before us?

Menteith. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. 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. It shall be done.

Sic. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Menteith. Let our just censures
Attend the time 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.

[Exeunt.

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 theague eat them up;

Mal. Were they not forced with those that should be
We might have met them careful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.


Sey. What is that noise?

Sic. 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 hear a night-shriek; and my full of hair
Would at a diamet treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't; I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direnness, 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 does appear,
There is no flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be awary of the sun.
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone,
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. — Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff,
and their Army, with bugles.

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw
To 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,
Macb. 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-lier, 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: thou call'st thyself a hotter
Than any is in hell. [name

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Sic. The devil himself could not pronounce
More hateful to mine ear.

[Macb. A title

Yo. Sic. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [sword

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

[They fight and young Siward is slain.

Yo. Sic. But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macb. That way the noise is. Tyrant, 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 unblarterd edge
I sheathe again unpeed. 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. Alarums.

Scene VIII. — Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Mal. 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! [They fight.

Macd. Thou losest labour:
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 underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou 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 éries 'Hold, enough!'

[Exeunt, fighting. Alarms.

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, Mal-
colm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Sol-
diers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arrived.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

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.

Siw. 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.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God’s soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll’d.

Mal. He’s worth more sorrow,
And that I’ll spend for him.

Siw. He’s worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth’s head.

Mac. 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!—Act V., Scene viii.
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.
Voltemand, courtiers.
Cornelius, courtiers.
Rosencrantz, courtiers.
Guilderstern, courtiers.
Osré, A Gentleman, A Priest.
Marcellus, officers.
Bernando, 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.

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 your ears.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! 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: Who8mth relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [Exit. Mar.]

Ber. Say, What is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to—

Ber. 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 entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night; That if again this apparition come, He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'tis 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 delights me with the thought. [wonder.

Mar. It would be spoke to.

Ber. Question it, Horatio. Hor. What art thou that 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. [night, Mar. It is offended. [I speak! Ber. See, it stalks away! Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [Exit Ghost.

Mar. It is gone, and will not answer. [paie: 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?
Hor. As thou art to thyself; such was the very armour he had on When last I saw him in his combat; so crown’d he once, when, in an angry parlé, He smote the sledge Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange, [hour, Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead With martill’d staff halfe he gone by our watch. Hor. In truth it is a musicall and warlike work I know But in the ground 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 nightly toils the subject of the land, And why such daily cast of brazen cannon, And foreign mart for implements of war; Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task Does not divide the Sunday from the week; What might be toward, that this sweaty haste Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day: Who is he that can inform me?

Hor. 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, Theroeto prick’d on by a most emulatible, Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet— For so we know him who that estim’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 moity competent Was gaged by our king; which had return’d To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant, And carriage of the article design’d, His fall to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras, Of unimproved mettle hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there Shark’d up a list of lawless resolutes, For food and diet, to some enterprise That hath a stomach in ’t; which is no other— As it doth well appear unto our state— But to recover of, by strong hand And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands So by his father lost: and this, and these take it, Is the main motive of our preparations, The source of this our watch and the chief head Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e’en so:

Well may it sort that this portentous figure Comes armed through our watch; so like the king That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind’s eye. In the most high and pahny state of Rome, A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, The graved stevens tenantless and the sheeted dead Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets: As still the workmen of the storms 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 precise of fierce events, As harbinger preceding still the fates

And partial to the services of blood, Have heaven and earth together demonstrated Unto our climates and countrysmen.— 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: If there be any good thing to be done, That may to thee do ease and grace to me, Speak to me:

[cock crowes.]

If thou art privy to thy country’s fate, Which, as I say, foreknowing may avoid, O, speak! Or if thou hast upheador’d in thy life Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Hor. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand. [Ber.]

Hor. ’Tis here!

Mar. ’Tis gone! [Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestical, To offer the show of violence; for it is, as the air, invulnerable, And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat Awake the god of day; and, at his warning, Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, The extravgant and erring spirit hies To his confine: and of the truth herein This present object made probation.

Mar. So it is ended 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 stir abroad; The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow’d and so gracious is 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 yon high eastward hill:

Break we our watch up; and by my advice, Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needful in our loves, sitting our duty? Mar. Let’s do it, I pray; and this I 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 befitted [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 ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial jointress to this all, alike state, Have we in the house of our great joy, 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 the fair air of his first grace and thanks. Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras, Holding a weak suposal of our worth, Or thinking by our late dear brother’s death Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, Colleagued with the dream of his advantage, He hath not fail’d to present his message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, To our most valiant brother. So much 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 father’s blood-red heir; in that the levies, The lists and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject: and we here dispatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand, For bearers of this greeting to old Norway; Giving to you no further personal power To business with the king, more than the scope Of these declared articles allow. Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty. Cor. In that and all things we will show our duty. 

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. Pol. [Leave Voltimand and Cornelius. And now, Laertes, what’s the news with you? You told us of some suit; what is’t, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes, That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes? Laer. My dread lord, Your leave and favour to return to France; From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, To shun my duty’s element. Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France And bow them to thy 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 i’ the sun. Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly cloud oft, 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: Thou know’st ’tis common; all that lives must die, Passing through nature to eternity. Ham. Ay, madam, it is common. Queen. If it be. Why seems it so particular with thee? ’t seems.’ Ham. Seem? madam! my, it is; I know not ’tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, Nor customary suits of solemn black, Nor winding sorrow of the night’s course, No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, Nor custom near the courses of our age, 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 passeth show; These but the trappings and the suits of woe. King. ’Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, and to give these mourning duties to your father: But, you must know, your father lost a father; That father lost, his, and the survivor bound In filial obligation for some term To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere In obsequious behaviour, is a course Of impious stubbornness; ’tis unmanly grief; It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
ACT I.

HAMLET.

SCENE III.

Mar. My good lord—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself: I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked

meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father!—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. 'The king my father

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Arm'd at point exactly, cap-a-pe,

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surpriz'd eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, dis-

Almost to jelly with the act of fear, [filled

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;

And I with them the third night kept the watch:

Where: as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes: I knew your father;

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

[watch'd.

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought

It lift up its head and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrink'd in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar.] We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar.] Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar.] My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. 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;

Perchance '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. I pray you 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 require your loves. So, fare you well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Erected till but Hamlet.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;

I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's

eyes.

SCENE III.—A room in Polonius' house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell!

And, sister, as the winds give benefit

And convey is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

Oph. 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 primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute;

No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,

The inward service of the mind and soul

Grows wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no soyl nor cautel doth besmirch

The virtue of his will: but you must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth:

He may not, as unvalued persons do,

Carve for himself; for on his choice depends

The safety and health of this poor 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, as he in his particular act and place

May give his saying deed; which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs,

Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

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ACT I.

HAMLET.

Scene IV.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame! The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with And these few precepts in thy memory. 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 purse with entertainment. Of each new-hatch'd, unlicensed commodo. Beware Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thy heart, but few thy voice; Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not expressed 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 losses both itself and friend, And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry, This keeps out shrewdness; but dull the edge, 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 your 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.

Scene IV. — The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. It is very early after midnight.

Ham. No, it is struck. It is the season of the year.

Hor. Indeed! I heard it not; then it draws near Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.]

What does this mean, my lord?

Rouse, Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his kettle-drum and the snare's impatient rattle; And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, 'tis.

But to my soul, though I am native here And to the manner born, it is a custom More honour'd in the breach than the observance. This heavy-headed revel east and west Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations: They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase Soil our aloofness; and for our absence From our achievements, though perform'd at height, The pith and marrow of our attribute. So, oft it chances in particular men, That for some vicious mole of nature in them, As in their birth — wherein they are not guilty, Since nature cannot choose his origin — By the o'er-growth of some particular fault, Often breaking down the pales and forts of reason, Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens The form of plausible manners, that these men, Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, Being nature's 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 ale That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or — not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Running it thus — you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love In honorable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to. Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, With almost all the holy vows of heaven. [Know, Pol. Ay, springs 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 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: they are brokers, Not of that dye which their investments show, But mere implorators of unholy suits, Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, The better to beguile. This is for all: I will not, in plain terms, from this time forth, Have you so slander any moment leisure, 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.]

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 chasest maid is prodigal enough, If she unmask her beauty to the moon: Virtue, like beauty, be not proud to speak; The cannier calls the infants of the spring, Too oft before their buttons be disclosed, And in the morn and liquid dew of youth Contagious blastments are most imminent. Be wary then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself is true, though self be true, Near. Oph. I shall affect the effect of this good lesson keep, As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, And recks not his own rede. 

Laer. O, fear me not. I stay too long: but here my father comes.
ACT I.

HAMLET.

SCENE V.—Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me, I will.

Ham. When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself.

Ghost. Alas, poor ghost! To what shall I unfold?

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

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 knotted and combined 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 didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murder! [murder.

Ghost. Murder. Most foul, most foul, in the best it is; But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as 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, Wouldnst thou not sit in this. Now, Hamlet, hear: 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark Is by a forged process of my death R ankly abused: but know, thou noble youth, The serpent that did sting thy father's life Now wears his crown. 

Ham. O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,— O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power So to seduce that, won to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen: O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! From me, whose love was of that dignity That it went hand in hand even with the vow I made to her in marriage, and to decline Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor To those of mine! But virtue, as it never will be 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 garbage.

But, soft! methinks 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 distillment: whose effect Holds such an unthriftiness in the body That swift as quicksilver it courses through The natural gates and alleys of the body, And with a sudden vigour doth possess And curd, like eager droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine; And a most rank and carnal breath about, Most lazard-like, with viles 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, Unhouse'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 hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and dammed incest.
But, howsoever thou pursueth this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother's sight: leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near;
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. How'st, my noble lord?
Mar. O, wonderful! What news, my lord?
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Mar. No; you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.


Hor. There's neither 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 I, without more circumstantial 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

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will. [night.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-
Hor. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear, [trucepeny?

Ham. Ali, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,
Came on — you hear this fellow in the cellarage —
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Hie et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear, [so fast?

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work 't the earth
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy.

But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd see'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or ' We could, an if we
would,' [night,
Or ' If we list to speak,' or ' There be, an if they
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [They swear.

So, gentlemen.

With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friendly to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — A room in Polonius' house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Rey-
Rey. I will, my lord. [reynaldo.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Rey.
Before you visit him, to make inquire [valdo,
Of his behaviour.

Rey. 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 af-

frighted.
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraided;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been 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 a puzzle of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm
And threat'ning his head with his hand going down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being; that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head 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 ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes 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 but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jeal-
By heaven, it is as proper to our age [ouisy]
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, Guilden-

stern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guilden-

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, and 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 treat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And sith so near neighbours to youth and lavour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus.
That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [you;

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of

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And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king’s remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be command.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guilden-

Guil. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit [granting:]
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

Enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good

King. Thou 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 I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hath put the trail of policy so sure
As it hath been 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.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son’s distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father’s death, and our o’erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires. Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew’s levies; which to him appear’d
To be a preparation ’gainst the Polack;
But, better look’d into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griefed,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand to his arrest.

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.

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,

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider’d time we’ll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
**ACT II.**

**HAMLET.**

**SCENE II.**

**King.** Do you think 'tis time?  
**Queen.** It may be, very likely. [That—]  
**Pol.** Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know  
That I have positively said 'Tis so,'  
When it proved otherwise?  
**King.** Not that I know.  
**Pol.** [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.  
**King.** How may we try it further?  
**Pol.** You know, sometimes he walks four hours  
Here in the lobby. [together Queen. So he does indeed.  
**Pol.** At such a time I'll lose my daughter to him:  
Be you and I behind an arras then;  
Mark the encounter: if he love her not  
And be not from his reason full 'thenceon,  
Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But keep a farm and carters.  
**King.** We will try it.  
**Queen.** But, look, where so the poor wretch  
comes reading.  
**Pol.** Away, I do beseech you, both away:  
I'll board him presently.  
[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.]

**Enter Hamlet, reading.**

O, give me leave:

How does my good Lord Hamlet?  
**Ham.** Well, God-a-mercy.  
**Pol.** Do you know me, my lord?  
**Ham.** Excellent well: you are a fishmonger.  
**Pol.** Not I, my lord.  
**Ham.** Then I would you were so honest a man.  
**Pol.** Honest, my lord!  
**Ham.** Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,  
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.  
**Pol.** That's very true, my lord.  
**Ham.** For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,  
being a god kising carrion,—Have you a daughter?  
**Pol.** I have, my lord.  
**Ham.** Let him not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive.  
**Friend.** Proclamation!  
**Pol.** [Aside] How say you by that? Still harping  
on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first;  
he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone:  
and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity  
for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.  
What do you read, my lord?  
**Ham.** Words, words, words.  
**Pol.** What is the matter, my lord?  
**Ham.** Between who?  
**Pol.** I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.  
**Ham.** Shanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says  
here that old men have grey beards, that their faces  
are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and  
plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack  
of wit, together with most weak hams: all which,  
sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe,  
yet 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.  
**Pol.** [Aside] Though this be madness, yet there  
is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my  
Ham. Into my grave. [lord]  
**Pol.** Indeed, that is out o' the air. [Aside] How  
pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness  
that often madness bitt'ns 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-  
ourable lord, I will most humibly take my leave of  
you.
Ros. To what end, my lord?
Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me. Will you not show me the place?—no?
Ros. [Aside to Gent.] What say you?
Ham. [Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—
If you love me, hold not off.
Gent. My lord, we were sent for.
Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation please you. I know that, when I do come before the king and queen, no matter how I fold all common 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'ering firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is 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 lenden entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and either are the 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 ticked o' the scree; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blunt 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 both ways.
Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.
Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?
Ros. No, indeed, are they not.
Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?
Ros. Nay, their keepers keep 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 clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so betake themselves to 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 escoled? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can shug? will they not soon have some good grace given them by the common players—as it is most like, if 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 had for ground, unless the poet and the players went to cuffs in the question.
Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of
Ham. Do the boys carry it away? [Aside.]
Ros. Ay, that 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 he is but fifty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

FLOURISH of trumpets within.

Gent. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Gent. In what, my dear lord?
Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!
Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear 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; 't was 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. Buz, buz!
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 wit and the liberty, these are the only men.
Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hast thou?
Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?
Ham. Why,
One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. [Aside] Still on my daughter.
Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?
Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.
Ham. Nay, that follows not.
Pol. What follows, then, my lord?
Ham. Why,
As by lot, God wot,
and then, you know,
'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—
the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beheard in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, this lady is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncertain gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all wel-
Scene II.

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With hens and rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a role,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would 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 things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of
And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour
And has tears in 's eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll 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 report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use
every man after his desert, and who should 'scape
with whipping还得切一些
whether it be now, herein this be your death
or any other way, whether it be now, herein this be your death

Pol. Why, that is a sound reason:
Do it and they will say there's much truth in't.

Ham. 'Thine errand is more to my liking:
One bank at Elsinore.' [Exit Polonius with all the players but the first.]

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha'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 look you
mock him not. [Exit First Player.] My good friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye: [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wond'rd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the means? and what's he, and where
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—
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A dumb'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my peace across?
Plucks off my beard, and doth pervade my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie? the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this? 

Ha! 'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be 

But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gull 

To make oppression bitter, or ere this 

I should have fatted all the region kites 

With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain! 

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-

O, vengeance! [l fear! 

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, 

That I, the son of a dear father murder'd. 

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, 

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words, 

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab, 

A scullion! 

Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard 

That guilty creatures sitting at a play 

Have by the very cunning of the scene 

Been struck so to the soul that presently 

They have proclaim'd their malfeasances: 

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 tent 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.

SCENE I. — A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen-

rantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance, 

Get from him why he puts on this confusion, 

Creating cruelly 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. 

Gul. 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. 

Gul. 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-ran'thought on the way: of these we told him; 

And there did seem in him a kind of joy 

To hear of it: they are about the court. 

And, as I think, they have already order 

This night to play before him. 

Pol. 'tis most true: 

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties 

To hear and see the matter. 

King. With all my heart; and it doth much con-

tent 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. 

[Execut Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too; 

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither, 

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 

Affront Ophelia: 

Her father and myself, lawful espials, 

Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen, 

We may of their encounter frankly judge, 

And gather by him, as he is behaved, 

If 't be the affliction of his love or no 

That thus he suffers for. 

Queen. I shall obey you. 

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish 

That your good beauties be the happy cause 

Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues 

Will bring him to his wonted way again, 

To both your honours. 

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.

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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 a little, Was not like madness. There's something in his O'er which his melancholy sits on brood; [soul, And I must watch the hatch and the disclose Will be some danger: which for to prevent, I have in quick determination Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England, For the demand of our neglected tribute: Haspy the seas and countries different. With variable objects shall expel This something-settled matter in his heart, Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus From fashion of himself. What think you on 't? Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe The origin and commencement of his grief Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia! You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said; We heard it all. My lord, do as you please; But, if you hold it fit, after the play Let his queen mother all alone 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 the paradox, henceforward; 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.'

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. You must not only speak the words, but the power of them; the energy of the words, as it were, their strength, their force, their sound. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, to be desired, as accessible to blame, Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all their love shall from the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exeunt.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, The expectancy and rose of the fair state, [sword; The glass of fashion and the mould of form, The bane of base birth, the fever of low blood, The deader, when it rears itself, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth Blasted with cestasty: O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
tators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[Exeunt Players.]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Not the players make haste. [Exit Polonius.] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. Guild. We will, my lord.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service. Ham. Horatio, thou art even as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord—Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter; For what advancement may I hope from thee That no revenue hast but thy good spirits, To feel and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candid tongue lick absorbant pulp, 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 Hath ta'en with equal thanks: blest are those Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.—Something too much of this.— There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death: I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his occidental guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And after we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord: If he steal aught whilst this play is playing, And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be Get you a place.

[fide:]

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [To Polonius] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a

Ham. What did you enact? [good actor.

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

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? [Lying down on Ophelia's feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Ham. What is, my lord? [legs.

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then; or else he'll suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, feeds him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in at无意, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is murther mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your clemency, We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring? Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbied ground, And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen About the world have times twice thirties been Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands Unite commensal in most sacred bands. [moon

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and
ACT III.

HAMLET.

SCENE II.

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what, my love? proof hath made you know;
And that love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the leastest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

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 happy one as I.
For husband shalt thou—
P. Queen. O, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

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;
P. King. I do believe you think what now you
But what then do determine off we brake;
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But full, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slander accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor friend makes them with his enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light.
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. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and faint I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mishance between us twain! [Exit

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.
Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence in 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 York: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see it anon; 'tis a knavish 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 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; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come: 'The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge,'

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and
Time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Iacete's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pouring the poison into the sleeper's ears.

Ham. He poisons him! the garden for's estate.
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written
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?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For once must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world out of joint;
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers— if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very — pujock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Gertr. Good my lord, vouche safe a word with

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Gertr. The king, sir.—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Gertr. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?
ACT III.  

HAMLET.

SCENE III.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?—

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said.

[Exit Polonius.]

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.

We will ourselves provide: Most holy and religious fear it is To keep those many bodies safe That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound, With all the strength and armour of the mind, To keep itself from nayance; 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 falls, Each small annexment, petty consequence, Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage; For we will fetters put upon this fear, Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. [Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet: Behind the arras I'll convey myself, To hear the process: I'll warrant she'll tax him And, as you said, and wisely was it said, [home: 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother, Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege: I'll call upon you ere you go to bed, And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.  

[Exit Polonius.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't, A brother's murder. Pray for me, I pray. Though inclination be as sharp as will: My stronger guilt defeats my strong intreit;
ACT III.

HAMLET. SCENE IV.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much of-
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 set those to you that can speak.

[not budge.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the innmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? wilt thou not murder

Help, help, ho! [me? 


Ham. [Drawing] How now! a rat? Dead, for a
ducat, dead! [Makes a pass through the arras.


Queen. O, mother, 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.

[Or. Lifts 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 I 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 darest wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a bluster there, makes marriage-vows

As false as dier's oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With triflous visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. 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 your husband. Look you now, what fol-

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And bat ten 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,

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

And that your grace hath screen'd and stood be-
wild.

Much heat and him. I'll scence me even here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you,

Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides behind the arras.]

Enter Queen.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of-

Ham. Mother, you have my father much of-

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.

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Where you may see the innmost part of you.

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Help, help, ho! [me? 


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Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And bat ten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love; for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex’d; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne’er so thrall’d
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was’t
That this hath cozen’d you so hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou must mutine in a matron’s bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melted 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 sweet seat of an ensmealed bed,
Stew’d in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the masty sty,—
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 title
Of your preceding lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!
Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o’er 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 used 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 in when 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 excrements,
Starts up, and stands an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin’d, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will not true colour: you must per chance for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that 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 heathful music: it is not madness
That I have utter’d; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but your madness speaks.
It will but skin and film the ulcers place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infests unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what’s past: avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must jordan beg.
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast left my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle’s bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frowk or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either by the devil or by me throw him out.
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless’d,
I’ll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[Pointing to Polonius.
I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this and this with me.
That I must be their scourge and instiller.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.
Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the boating tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn’d fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. ’T were good you let him know;
For who, that’s but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a glib,
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.

[Breath.
Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of
And breath of life. I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that? 
Queen. I had forgot: ’tis so concluded.
Ham. There’s letters seal’d: and my two school-fellow,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang’d,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
**ACT IV.**

**HAMLET.**

**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: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?
Queen. Below this place on us a little while. [Exeunt Rosecncrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both combine,
Which is the mighty: in his lawless fit, [lend
Behind the armor bears no thing atris.
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!'
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what 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 hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

**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 dragg'd him:
Go seek 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 untimely done . . . .
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his point'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.**

**Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.**

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body? [kin.
Ham. Compound it with dust, where't is Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it And bear it to the chapel. [thence
Ham. Do not believe it. Ros. Believe what? Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord? [kin? Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.
Ros. I understand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.
Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing —
Guil. A thing, my lord!
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [Exeunt.

**SCENE III. — Another room in the castle.**

**Enter King, attended.**

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and
This sudden sending him away must seem [even,
Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

**Enter Rosencrantz.**

How now! what hath befall'n?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your King. Bring him before us. [pleasure.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

**Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.**

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where? Ham. No, sir, he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are 'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean

---

The text is a section from Act IV of William Shakespeare's play *Hamlet*. It's the continuation of the story, leading into Act V. The scene involves the king, queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Hamlet, discussing the aftermath of the murder of Polonius and the ensuing events leading to the king's questioning of Hamlet's actions.
beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but that so far you may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs to the lobby.

Ham. Go seek him there. [To some Attendants.

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [Exit Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial service. Which do we tender, as we dearly grieve it. For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, The associates tend, and everything is bent For England.

Enter. For England! Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come, for England! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My father: father and mother is man and wife; and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.

Come, for England! [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed abroad.

Delay no more. I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for everything is seal'd and done.

That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

And, England, if my love thou hol'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since by thy clicitry looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free aw
Pays homage to us—thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congru-ing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England; For like the hectic in his blood be rages.

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Hower'er my laps, my joys were never begun. [Exit.

SCENE IV. — A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras; a Captain, and Soldiers, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king:
Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would augit with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [Exit Fortinbras and Soldiers.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
ACT IV.  

HAMLET.  

SCENE V.

Queen. Let her come in.  
[Exit Horatio.]
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
So full of artless jealousy it is,  
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!
Oph. [Sings] How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoe:
Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
[Sings] 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.
[Sings] White is his shroud as the mountain snow.—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.  
Oph. [Sings] Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God 'ild 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:  
[Sings] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber-door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!  
[End on 't:]

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an  
[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
'Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;  
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbling me,  
You promised me to wed,  
So would I but 'd 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 coun-

[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 muddied,  
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whis-

perings.

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but  
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia  
Divided from herself and her fair judgment.
Without the which were pictures, or mere beasts:  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France;  

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;  
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our person to arrange  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,  
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death.

[IA noise within.]

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard  
the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. 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 his officers. The rabble call him lord;  
And, as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known.  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry ' Choose we: Laertes shall be king: '  
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds:  
'Laertes shall be king. Laertes king!'  

How cheerfully on the false trait they cry!  
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

[Noise within.]

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all  
Danes. No, let's come in.  
[without.]

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile  
Give me my father!

[King, Queen.

Laer. Calmly, good Laertes.

Queen. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims  
me bastard,  
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow  
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so wanton-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.  
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled  
To hell, allegiance I vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged  
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. 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,  
If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, 'tis writ in your revenge,  
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser!  

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll open my  
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

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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 pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes.  [With them] Let her come in.

Lae.  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! 'tis possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph.  [Sings]
They bore him barefaced on the bier;
They non nouny, nony, none; and
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:

Fare you well, my dove! [revenge,
Lae.  Haste! then thy wits, and didst persuade
It could not move thus.

Oph.  [Sings] You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
That stole his master's daughter.

Lae.  This nothing's more than matter.
Oph.  There's rosemary, that's for remembrance:
pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Lae.  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 violets, but they withered
all when my father died: they say he made a good end.—

[Sings] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Lae.  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 death-bed:
He will never come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' ye.  [Exit.

Lae.  Do you see this, O God?

King.  Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They and 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.

Lae.  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 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King.  So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor.  What are they that would speak with me?
Serv.  Sirs: 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, an 't please him. There's
a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador
that was bound for England: if your name be
Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor.  [Reads] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have
overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the
king: they have letters for him. Ere we were
two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appoint-
ment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a
compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they
got clear of our ship: so I alone became their prisoner.
They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but
they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn
for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent;
and repair thou to me with as much speed as
thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak
in thine ear will make thee blush; yet are they
much too light for the bore of the matter. These
good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-
crantz and Guildenstern hold their course for Eng-
land: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET. Come,
I will make way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. — Another room in the castle.

Enter King and Laertes.

King.  Now must your conscience my acquittance
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.

Lae.  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 stir'd up.

King.  O, 'tis two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsincr'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. All the other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go?
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipp'd all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my heart again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Lae.  And so have I a noble father lost;
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 Claudio: he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked!' And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.' Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart.
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes—

As how should it be so? how otherwise?—

Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord; so you will not o'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 an attempt, now that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pinch such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds, [since,
Inpursuing 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 witchcraft in 't: he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he beguiled 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.

Laer. A Norman was 't?
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stink,  
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!  
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.  
Laer. Drown'd? O, where?  
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:  
There the fair hoar leaues, being言行 in hanging,  
An einious silver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;  
And, mermaid-like, awhile she bore her up:

Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indig'ned  
Unto that element: but long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?  
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
It is our trick: nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.  
Adieu, my lord:  
I have a speech of fire, that faint would blaze,  
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.

SCENE I.—A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial  
that wifullly seeks her own salvation?  
Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make  
her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her,  
and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned  
herself in her own defence?  
Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot  
be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself  
within this water, and drown myself, 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. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crown'er's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Why, if you told the truth on 't? If this  
had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been  
bury'd o' Christian burial.

First Clo. 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 ev'n Christian. Come, my spade. There is  
no ancient gentlemen but garderiners, ditchers, and  
graue-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou  
understand the Scripture? The Scripture says  
'Adam digged? could he dig without arms? I'll  
put another question to thee: if thou answerest  
me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. Why, what is he that builds stronger  
than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?  
Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame out-  
lives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the  
gallows does well; but how does it well? it does  
well to those that do ill; now, thou dost ill to say  

The gallows is built stronger than the church: argal,  
the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a  
shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.


Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it,  
for thy dull ass will not mend his pace with beating;  
and, when you are asked this question next,  
say 'a graven-maker: the houses that he makes  
last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yauhannah;  
fetch me a stoup of liquor.  
[Exit Sec. Clo.  
[He digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,  
Methought it was very sweet,  
To contract. O, the time, for, ah, my behave,  
O, methought, there was nothing meet.  
Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business,  
that he sings at grave-making?  
[Business,  
Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of  
Ham. 'Twis't en so: the hand of little employment  
habit the daintier sense.

First Clo. [Sings]  
But are, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me into the land,  
As if I had never been such.  
[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could  
sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground,  
as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first  
murder! It might be the pace of a politician, which  
this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent  
God, might it not?  
Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say 'Good  
morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?'  
This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my  
lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it;  
might it not?

Hor. Ay, say lord.

Ham. Why, c'en so: and now my Lady Worm's;  
chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a  
sexton's spade; here's fine revolution, an we had  
the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more  
the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em?  
mine aeh to think on 't.
First Clo. [Sings]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For 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 not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his titles? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the scorne with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pale 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 more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

[Throws up another skull.

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 lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill 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 dug anew.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivoication 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 knee. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days? 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, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, even with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years. [Rof?

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he

First Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eighty year 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 decayer 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: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish 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 goring rises at it. Here hung those lips that have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gags? your sheet of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapp-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. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion? the earth?

Hor. 'E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[Puts down the skull.

Hor. 'E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereeto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away; O, 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 train, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who in this they follow? And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken The corpse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate. Couch we awhile, and mark.

[Retiring with Horatio.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

Very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else? [larged

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far en-

As we have warrantise: her death was doubtfull;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
ACT V.

HAMLET.

SCENE II.

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strivings and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done: We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to pace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweet to the sweet: farewell!

I thought thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Ham. O, treble voe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

Now pile your dust upon the quies and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-working hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitve and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Hamlet, Hamlet!

Queen. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

Queen. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Ham. [Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do;
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
Woo't drink up cost? eat a crocodile? thyself? I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossia like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear ye, sir; What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;

Let Herecles 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. [Exit Horatio.

[To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet 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 mutines in the bibles. Rashly,
And praised the pushers for the let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach
There's a divinity that shapes our ends, [us
Rough-hew them how we will. —

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'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 misseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery! — an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head shall be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But will thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play — I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statistis do,
A bassness to write fair and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjunction from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their anities,
And many such-like ' As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debateament further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shivering-time allow'd. —

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinat.
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 our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou knowst already.

Hor. So Guildeustern and Rosencrantz go to 't.
Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks thee, stand me now upon
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother,
Poppi'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenance—'tis not perfect conscience,
Toopp in him with this warm? and is 't not to bedam'd,
To let this cancer of our nature come
In further evil?

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 forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: 'twill court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osr.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracius; for 'tis a
vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile:
Let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand
At the king's mess: 'tis a 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. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is
northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot
for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord: it is very sultry,—as
'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his ma-
jesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great
wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good
faith. Sir, I hear now come to court Laertes; believe
me, an absolute gentleman, full of most ex-
cellent 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 definition suffers no perdition in
you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially
would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but
yaw neither, in respect of his quick soul. But, in
the verity of exultation, I take him to be a soul
of great article; and his infusion of such dourth and
rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his sen-
bible is his mirror; and who else would trace him,
his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap
the gentleman in our more rauver breath?

Osr. Sir?

Ham. Is't not possible to understand in another
tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gen-
tleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Ham. His purse is empty already; all 's golden
words are dust.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant —

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you
did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is —

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should com-
pare with him in excellence; but, to know a man
well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the im-
putation laid on him by them, in his meed 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 imponed,
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 hilts, most delicate carriages, and
of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osr. I knew you must be edified by the margen
ery 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
imposed, 'as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen
passes between yourself and him, he shall not ex-
ceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for
nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your
ladyship would voice the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your per-
son 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?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish
your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osr.] He does well
to commend it himself; there are no tongues else
for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on
his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dog, before he
snuck it. Thus has he—and many more of the
same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—
only got the tune of the time and outward habit of
encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which car-
ries them through and through the most fond
and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to
their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to
you by young Osr, who brings back to him, that
you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if
your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whenever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming. Ham. In happy time. [flown. Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord. Ham. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into Franco, [he has] been continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Ham. Nay, good my lord,— Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman. Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy angry: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has thought of what he leaves, what 's it to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. [wrong; This present knows, And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd With some distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour and exception Roughly awake. I here proclaim was madness. Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not. Hamlet denies it. Who does it, then? His madness; if 't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement, Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungored. But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play. Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. [Cousin Hamlet, you know the wager? Ham. Very well, my lord; Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side. King. I do not fear it; I have seen you 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. Set down the stoups of wine upon that table. If Hamlet give the first or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange, Let all the battlements their ordinance fire; The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup an union shall be throw, Richer than that which four successive kings To Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups; And let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the cannon without, The canons to the heavens, the heavens to earth, 'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin: And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.


Laer. Well; again. King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl Here's to thy health. [is thine; [Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within. Give him the cup.

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.

Laer. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows: The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam! King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. 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 't is almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally; I pray you, pass with your best violence; I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say so now, come on. [They play.

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now! [Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.

King. Part them; they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [The Queen falls.

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho! Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my Osr. How is 't, Laertes? [lord? Osr. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery. [Osric; Ham. How does the queen? King. She swounds to see them bleed. Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,— The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [Dies.

Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd! Treachery! Seek it out. Ham. It is here. Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain; No medicine in the world can doe thee good; In thee there is not half an hour of life; The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie, Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd: I can no more: the king, the king's pale young Hamlet's mother, queen.
Hamlet.—Alas, poor Yorick! [Takes the skull.] I knew him, Horatio:
a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.—Act V., Scene I.
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.
Cureton, 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.

Glon. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glon. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glon. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: wherein she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glon. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knife came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glon. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glon. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Scene. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloin. I shall, my liege. [Gloucester. [Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.

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; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Corn- 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 in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daugh- Since now we will divest us, both of rule, [lers,— Interest of territory, cares of state,— Which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter; Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour; As much as child e'er loved, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you.


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 find I am alone felicitate In your dear highness' love.
KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cor. [Aside] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue can tell.
Lear. The diadem is heir-erbative ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confer'd on Goneril. Now, my joy,
Although the last, not least: to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be利息s'd: what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing!
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy is that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love my 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. Good my lord,
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 wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plighted 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. To thee and to my heart and me [Seythian,
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, pitted, and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent! Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
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 troop with majesty. Ourselves, by monthly
With preservation 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 tornet part but twixt you. [Get the crown.
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
Lear. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wilt thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness hon-
our's bound,
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
Reverses 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
This true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. [Laying his hand on his sword.]
Cmyn. Dear sir, forbear.
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. On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days 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 trunk 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, maid.
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!
Ho! 'tis time his old course in a country new. [Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
A thing within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pleased,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
She's old, new-adapted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir; Election makes not up on such conditions.
ACT I.

KING LEAR.

SCENE II.

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 moons lines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base? base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a duit, state, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'twixt asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glu. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! I subscribed his power!
Confined to prohibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?
Edm. So please your lordship, none.

Glu. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
Edm. I know no news, my lord.
KING LEAR.

ACT I.

Glou. What paper were you reading?
Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed then, that terrible disaster (being in your pocket)? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and so for much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your hearing.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to Glou.
Let's see, let's see. [blame.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [Reads] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot reliish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, Edgar. If this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother.'

Edg. [animal. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it was his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. 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 case! This villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no further pretexts 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 then without any further delay than this very instant I shall be in a due resolution.

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 then without any further delay than this very instant I shall be in a due resolution.

Glou. He can be such a monster — [levelling.

Edm. 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 impose myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself confounded by the subsequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; ' there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honest Kent, is strange.

Edm. This is the excellent offspring of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine trustning on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa minor; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient families; divisions in state, menaces and meditations against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Speak with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed.
I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but, if I be suspected, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. [Exit Edgar.

A credulous father! and a brother noble, whose nature is so far from doing harms, that he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty my practices ride easy! I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: All with me’s meet that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

SCENE III. — 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 riotons, and himself upbraids us on every trifle. When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say I am sick: If you come slack of former services, you shall do well; the fault of it I’ll answer.

Osw. He’s coming, madam; I hear him. [Horns within.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I’ld have it come to ques: If he dislike it, let him to our sister. [Hon: 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 hath given away! Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be used With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen Remember what I tell you. [Abused.

Osw. Well, madam; you.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak: ’I’ll write straight to my sister, To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised. 

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech defuse, my good intent May carry itself to that full issue For which I raze my likeness. Now, banish’d Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn’d, So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov’st, Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now! what art Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What’s that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a council in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years in my back forty eight. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where’s my knife? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. [Exit an Attendant.

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where’s my daughter?

Osw. So please you,—[Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [Exit a Knight.] Where’s my fool, ho? I think the world’s asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where’s that mongrel? [well.

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there’s a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Hal I sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have received a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into’t. But who’s my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady’s going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.] Go you, call hither my fool. [Exit an Attendant.

Re-enter Oswald.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady’s father.

Lear. ’My lady’s father! ’my lord’s knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

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 heels.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow: thou servest me, and I’ll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I’ll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber’s length again, tarry; but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[Pushes Oswald out.
ACT I.

LEAR.

KING.

LEAR.

SCENE IV.

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.

[Offering Kent his cap.

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: may an thou canst 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, nuncle! 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.

[To Kent] Printhee, tell him, so much the rest of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell’d thee To give away thy land, Come place him here by me, Do thou for him stand: The sweet and bitter fool Will presently appear; The one in motley here, The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy? Fool. All thy other vices thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on ’t: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they’ll be matching. Give me an egg, uncle, and I’ll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i’ the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou diest thy crown i’ the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou lostest thy ass on thy head o’er the dirt; thou hast but 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.

[Fool makes off.

[Singing] Fools have 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 asplish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put’st down thine own breeches.

[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.

Printhee, 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 kin thou and thy daughters are: they’ll have me whipped for speaking true, thou’lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o’ thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o’ both sides, and left nothing? i’ the middle: here comes one o’ the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i’ the crown.

Fool. Thou wanst a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her crowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [To Gon.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mund, mund, no that keeps nor crust nor crum, Weary of all, shall want some.

[Pointing to Lear] That’s a sheathed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not be scape’d censure, nor the redresses sleep, Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you trow, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed 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 horses and his discourses [eyes] Are lethargied—Ha! waking? ’t is 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, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuad’d I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o’ the favour

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of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright,
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder’d, so debosh’d and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be thou desir’d.
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantify your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.
Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I’ll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder’d
Make servants of their better. [rabble
Enter Albany.
Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[To Alb.] O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show’st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!
Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. [To Gon.] Detested kite! thou liest;
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worship of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
That, like an engine, wrench’d my frame of nature
From the fix’d place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[Striking his head.
And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.
Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.
Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, husband, hear; dear godless, hear! Suspended thy purpose, if thou dost intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur’d torment to her;
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother’s pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
to have a thankless child! Away, away! [Exit.
Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.
Re-enter Lear.
Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight!
Alb. I’ll tell thee: [To Gon.] Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon
The untented woundings of a father’s curse
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. You, 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 flay thy wolshif visage. Thou shalt find
That I’ll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.
Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Gonterl,
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 halter:
So the fool follows after. [Exit.
Gon. This man hath had good counsel:— a hun-
dred knights!
’Tis politic and safe to let him keep
A party a hundred knights: yes, that, on every
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguar’d his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter’d I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show’d the unfitness,—
Re-enter Oswald.
Gon. 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 connect 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 attach’d for wish of wisdom
Than professed for lawful mildness.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what’s well.
Gon. Nay, then—
Alb. Well, well; the event. [Exit.

SCENE V. — Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.
Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these let-
ters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any
thing you know than comes from her demand out
of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I
shall be there afore you.
Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have deliv-
ered your letter.
[Exit. Fool. If a man’s brains were in’s heels, were’t
not in danger of kibes?
Lear. My boy.
Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall
never go slip-shod.
Lear. Ha, ha, ha!
Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee
kindly; for though she’s as like this as a crab’s
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
ACT II.

KING

LEAR.

SCENE I.

LEAR. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?
FOOL. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell which one's nose stands if the middle on 's face?
LEAR. No.
FOOL. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.
LEAR. I did her wrong—
FOOL. Canst how an oyster makes his shell?
LEAR. No.
FOOL. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a Lear. Why?
FOOL. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.
LEAR. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?
FOOL. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty Lear. Because they are not eight?

ACT II.

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.
[EXEUNT.
EDM. The duke be here to-night? The better! This weaves itself perfecio into my business. [best! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work! Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

ENTER EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night; Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' 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.
EDM. I hear my father coming: pardon me; In cunning I must draw my sword upon you; Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.
[EXEUNT EDMUND.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[Wounds his arm.
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

ENTER GLOUCESTER, and SERVANTS with torches.

GLOU. Now, Edmund, where's the villain? [out.
EDM. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword Mumbing of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand auspicious mistress,—

But where is he?
Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither, Which I can tell 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, ’tis crack’d! Reg. What, did my father’s goodson 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 riotous That tend upon my father? [knight's

Glou. I know not, madam: ’tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. 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 inform’d of them; and with such cautions, That if they come to snojourn at my house, I’ll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund. I hear that you have shown your father A child-like office.

Edm. ’Twas my duty, sir.

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 obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours: Natures of such deep trust we shall much need; You we first seize on.

I shall serve you, sir, truly, however 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 poise, Wherein we must have use of your advice: Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of differences, which I best thought it fit To answer from our home; the several messengers From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend, Lay comfort to your bosom; and bestow You a faithful counsel to our business, Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam: your graces are right welcome. [Exit.

SCENE II. — Before Gloucester’s castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osw. Good evening to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. ’Tis the more.

Osw. Pritchet, if thou lov’st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lusby pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee Kent. Fellow, I know thee. [not.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suit ed, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knife; a lily-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, licentious rogue: one trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and do nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deni est the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days 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 sap o’ the moon shine of you, draw, you wheresoe’er cullionly barrier monger, draw. [Drawing his sword.

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! murder!

Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Edm. 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.

Edm. What, sir, you marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims 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. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will thrash that abated villain into mortal, and dash the wall of a jakes with him. Spare me grey beard.

Corn. Peace, sirrah! [You wagtail?

Kent. Being knave, know you no reverence?

Corn. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.


Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as Some rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain [these, Which are too intrinsick t’ unloose; smooth every That in the natures of their lords rebel; [passion Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Reneges, affirms, and turn their halcyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing nought, like dogs, but following. A plague upon your epithetical visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Coose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I’ll drive ye caekling home to Camelot.

Corn. No marvel, you have so bestirred your fellow? Glou. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contrivances hold more antipathy Than I and such a knave. [his offence?

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What’s Kent. His countenances like me not. [nor hers.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his. Kent. Sir; ’tis my occupation to be plain: 704
KING LEAR.

ACT II.

I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for blunt speech, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature; he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. [ness
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.
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 Phoebus' front.
Corn. What mean'st by this? Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.
Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Kent. I 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 him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king.
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! You stubborn ancient knave, you reverence braggage,
We'll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life
and honour,
There shall he sit till noon. [too
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night
Kent. Why, maidam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks! [Stocks brought out.
Glou. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with; the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
Kent. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.
[Kent is put in the stocks.
Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entertain for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watched and travel'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glou. The duke's to blame in this: 't will be ill
taken.
Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
[exit.
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery: I know 't is from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'erwatch'd,
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. Whiles I may 'scape, I will preserve myself: and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape That ever penury, in contempt of man, Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth; Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots; And with presented nakedness out-face The winds and persecutions of the sky, The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers, Enforce their charity. Poor Furlong! poor Tom! That 's something yet; Edgar I nothing am. [exit.

SCENE IV.—Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home.
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.

Fool. Ha! Makest thou this shame thy pastime?
Lear. 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 mis To set thee here?

Lear. It is both he and she; Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no, they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.
Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do 't; 't is worse than murder, To do upon respect such violent outrage: Resolve we, with all modest haste, which way Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage, Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did command your highness' letters to them, Ere I was risen from the place that show'd My duty kneeling, came there a recking post, Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth From Goneril his mistress salutations; Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission, Which presently they read: on whose contents, They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse; Commanded me to follow, and attend The several of the answers, 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 saucily against your highness,— Having more man than wit about me, drew: The rage that rose with loud and coward cries, Your son and daughter found this trespass worth: The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-goose fly that way.

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!
Hyberica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, I learn within.

Lear. Stay here. [Exit. Kent.]

Fool. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hast been set 't the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell out 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 will not.

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, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?
Fool. Not 't the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are weary? They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches; The images of revolt and flying off. Fetch me a better answer.
ACT II.  

KING LEAR.  

SCENE IV.

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 remittance, bed, and food?  
Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:  
Return you to my sister.  
Lear. [Rising] Never, Regan:  
She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:  
All the stored vengeances of the seven seas  
On her ingratitude top! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with wantonness!  
Corn.  
Fie, sir, fie!  
Lear. You nimbler lightnings, dart your blinding  
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, [shames  
You ten-skud'c fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
To fall and blast her pride!  
Reg. O the biest gods! so will you wish on me,  
When the rash mood is on. [curse]  
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my  
Thy tender-hearted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to baseness: her eyes are fierce; but thine  
Do comfort and not hurt. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To handy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, duties of gratitude;  
Thy half o' the kingdom last thou not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.  
Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.  
Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?  
[Tucket within.]  
Corn. What trumpet's that?  
Reg. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her  
That she would soon be here.  
Letter.  

Enter Oswald.  

Lear. Is your lady come?  
Corn. What means your grace?  
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have  
good hope  
Thou didst not know 't. Who comes here?  
O General.  

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! did you?  
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so,  
If, till the expirations of your expiration,  
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 it behoveth for your entertainment,  
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl.—  
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?  
Why, the hot-blooded France, that downerless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be hrought  
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and apsonier  
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 thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;  
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,  
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle;  
In my corrupted blood. But I'd not chide thee;  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove;  
Mend when thou canst: be better at thy leisure:  
I can be patient: I can stay with Regan,  
And my hundred knights.  
Reg. Not altogether so:  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;  
For those that mingle reason with your passion  
Must be content to think you old, and so —  
But she knows what she does.  
Lear. Is this well spoken?  
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one  
Should many people, under two commanders, [house,  
Hold sanity and light? It is hard; almost impossible.  
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive  
attendance  
From those that she calls servants or from mine?  
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they 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 —  
Reg. And in good time you gave it.  
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number. What, must I come to you  
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?  
Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.  
Gon. Thou of those wicked creatures yet do look well,  
When others are more wicked; not being the worst  
Stands in some rank of praise. [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 twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?  
Reg. What need one?  
Gon. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life's as cheap as beast's; thou art a lady:  
If only to go warm were generous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou generous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true  
need —  
[need]  
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I  
Now see me, thou 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.  
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural bags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the word shall — I will do such things —

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ACT III.

KING LEAR.

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The horrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No: I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping: but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'tis will be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis is his own blame; hath put himself from rest.
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.

Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

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 unqui-
Kent. I know you. Where's the king? [Exit.

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main, [hair,
That things might change or cease; tears his white
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyesless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strive in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch,
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbounded he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjost
His heart-stuck 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 spiles and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in smacks 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 furnishing;
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 parts, 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.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more

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ACT III.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glot. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glot. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

[Exc. Kent.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads him.

Glot. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glot. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to willful men,

The injuries that they themselves procure

Must be with schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear. [night:

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
My Regan counsels well: come out of the storm.

[Exc.}

SCENE II.—Another part of the heath. Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
You cataracts and hurricaines, spout [blow!
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
The cock's
You sublunious and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Sing me my white head! and thou, all-shaking thun-
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world! [der,
Crack nature's moulds, all germen spall at once,
That make ingratitude man.

Fool. O uncle, court holy-water in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o' door.

Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a
night pities neither wise man nor fool; 

[rain! Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout,
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and desplaid old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers.

That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a

good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house

Before the head has any

The head and he shall lose;

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.
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. Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there? Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool. [Exit.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry The infection nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand; Thou perjured, and thou simian man of virtue That art lascivious: calliff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man More sim'ml'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed! Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest: Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More hard than the stones whereof 'tis mis'd; Which even but now, demanding after you, Denied me to come in,—return, and forgo These scanty summoners grace. I am a man More sim'ml'd against than sinning.

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. [hovel. 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. [Singing] He that has and a little tiny wit,— With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.— Must make content with his fortunes fit, For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. That, my good boy. Come, bring us to his hovel. [Exeunt 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' tutors; No heretics burn'd, but wenchers' suitors; When every case in law is right; No squire in debt, nor no poor knight; When shamers do not live in tongues; Nor cutpurses come not to throngs; When usurers tell their gold i' the field; And bawds and whores do churches build; Then shall the realm of Albion Come to great confusion: Then comes the time, who lives to see '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.

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

Glou. Aack, aack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There's a division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have not received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken: I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears 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.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too; This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses; no less than all: The younger rises when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—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. [Storm still.

Lear. Kent. Good my lord, enter here.


Kent. Thou think'st 'tis much that contains Invasures us to the skin: so 'tis to thee; But where the greater malady is fix'd, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'ldst shun a bear; But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea, Thou 'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free, The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind Doth from my senses take all feeling else Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude! Is not it 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 king and father, whose frank heart gave all, O, that way madness lies; let me shun that; No more of that.

Lear. Good my lord, enter here.

Kent. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease: This tempest will not give me leave to ponder On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in. [To the Fool] In, boy; go first. Thou houseless poverty,— Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Exit.

Fool. Goes in.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er ye are, That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm, Know how you houseless heads and unfed sides, Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp; Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, That thou mayst shun the superflux to them, And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [The Fool runs out from the hovel.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! Through the sharp Hawthorn blows the cold wind. Hum! to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, and through ford and whirlpool, o' er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and hatters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse, and fill'd his pockets, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-light, and blasting; and 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?

Edg. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Hang fate'd o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued To such a lowness but his unhind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill: Hallow, hallow, loo, loo! Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word 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 curled my hairy worsted gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spoke words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly: and in woman found the Turk; false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of place, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.

Still through the Hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says snuff, man, ha, no, nonny. 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 beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here.

[Fool. Prithee, namele, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: 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 footed thriue the old;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bled her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!
Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he? Kent. Who's there? What is 't you seek?
Glou. 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 sallets; swallow's the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing 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 a poor ragged and hard small deer.

Have been Tom's food for seven long year. Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath thy grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:

MODO he 's call'n, and Mahu.

Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, and That doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet 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? [Thielan.

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.


His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent! He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man! Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, I am almost mad myself: I had a son, Now overthrow'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late: I loved him, friend;
No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed 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.

Glou. Be, fellow, there, into the bavel: 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, soothe him; let him take the head, for he is mad and mad.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came, His word was still,—'Fie, fo, and fum. I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.
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 repeat to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out why thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside] If I find him 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness!

[Exit Gloucester.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an anger in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, uncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he’s a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he’s a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He’s mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse’s health, a boy’s love, or a whore’s oath.

Lear. It shall be done: I will arraign them straight.

[To Edgar] Come, sit thou here, most learned justice;

[To the Fool] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o’er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak Well she would not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom’s belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions? Lear. I’ll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.

[Edgar] Thou robed man of justice, take thy [To the Fool] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side: [To Kent] you are o’ the com-

Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly. Sleepiest or wakes thou, jolly shepherd? Thy sheep shall be in the corn; And for one blast of thy minikin mouth, Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraise his first: ’tis Goneril. I here take my curb before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is it name Goner-

Lear. She cannot deny it. [cri? Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here’s another, whose warp’d looks proclaim What store her heart is made on. Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her ‘scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits! Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [Aside] My tears begin to take his part so They’ll mar my counterfeiting. [much Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. [Avant, you curs! Be thy mouth or black or white, Tooth that poisons if it bite; Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim, Hound or spaniel, brach or lyn, Or ballotik tike or trouble-tail, Tom will make them weep and wail: For, with throwing thus my head, Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fed. Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry. Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [To Edgar] 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 i’ the morning. So, so, so.

Fool. And I’ll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the king my master? [gone Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are Glo. Good friend. I prithee, take him in thy arms; I have o’erheard 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 hale him, 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 thing might yet have balm’d thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure. [To the Fool] Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt all but Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters shall be bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers suffers most i’ the mind, Leaving free things and happy shows behind: But then the mind much sufferance doth o’erskip, When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
ACT III.  

How light and portable my pain seems now,  
When that which makes the bend makes the king  
He cried as I father'd! Tom, away! [bow,  
Mark the high noises; and thyself beware,  
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,  
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.  
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!  
Lurk, lurk. [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 revenges we are  
bound to take upon your traitorous father are not  
fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you  
are going, to a most festal preparation: we are  
bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and  
inventive betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell,  
your lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald.

How now! where's the king?  
Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him  
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questasters 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-armed friends.

Gon. Leave horses for your mistress.

Corn. 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. Ingratitude, fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Gon. 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.

Gon. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find  
— [Regan plucks his beard.

Gon. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!  
Gon. Naughty lady,  
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,  
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host.  
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours  
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple 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 luminous speak.

Gon. I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Gon. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged  
at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer  
that.

Gon. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?

Gon. Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boisterous fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,  
And quench'd the stilled fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate how'd that stern time,  
Thou shouldst have said 'Good porter, turn the key,'

All cruel else subscribed: but I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See 't shall thou never, follow, hold the  
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.  

Gon. 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 Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have served you ever since I was a child;  
But better service have I never done  
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

First Serv. 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 Serv. 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 Serv. O, I am slain! 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?

Gon. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son  
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,  
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he  
That made the overtaking of thy treasons to us:  
Who is too good to pity thee.

Gon. 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.  
[Exeunt with Gloucester.  
How is't, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.  
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave  
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed asleep;  
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[Exeunt Cornwall, led by Regan.

Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,  
If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long,  
And in the end meet the old course of death  
Women will all turn monsters.  
[Bedlam

Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old ear, and get the  
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness  
Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and  
whites of eggs  
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help  
him!  
[Exeunt severally.
KING LEAR.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Ye better thus, and known to be contemned,
Than still contemned and dasted. To be worst,
The lowest and most defected thing of fortune,
Standing in espousals, 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.

Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Their may they hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumble when I see; full 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. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [Aside] O gods! Who is 't can say 'I am
At worse than e'er I was. [the worst?]

Old Man.'T is poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside] And worse I may be yet: the worst
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.' [is not

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. 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 seek with 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,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
In the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I' the entreaty to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [Exit.]

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [Aside] I cannot daub
it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes.

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!
Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust,
as Obidicut; Hobbididdle, prince of dumness; Mauh, of stealing; Modo, of murder: Flibbertigibbet,
of mopping and mowing, who since possesses 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-dieted man,
That shaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Dost thou know

Edg. Ay, master. [Dover?]

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brink of it,
And I' ll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild hus-
Not met us on the way.

[band

Enter Oswald.

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was: 'The worse:' of Gloucester's
And of the loyal service of his son, [treachery,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. [To Edm.] 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 on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers;
I must change arms at home, and give the distress
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[Coming forward.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!

[Exit Edmund.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.

Gon. O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch.
From her material sap, perchance must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Kent. That bear'st a check for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
Drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest
'Alack, why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool! [shame,
Alb. Thou changed 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: how'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news? [dead;

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
Slain 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 re-
memorse?

Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor 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 pluck
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. [eyes
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; 'tis he inform'd against
And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
Might have the freer course. [ment
Alb. 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 III.—The French camp near Dover.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
which since his coming forth is thought of; which
imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
that his personal return was most required and
necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
demonstration of grief?

[presence;

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her grief. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilies,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once or twice she heaved the name
Of 'father'.

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, is the storm? I? the
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook [nighet,
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's! the
Whosometime, in his better tune, remembers [town;
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own
unknownness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentlewoman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot. [heard not?

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

[Exit.}

SCENE IV.—The same. A tent.

Enter, with drum and colours, Cordelia, Doctor,
and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds.
With hur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

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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 un publish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remit;
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [Exit.

SCENE V. — Gloucester's castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at
home?
Osw. No, madam, [him]
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
Osw. I 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 miseries, to dispatch.
His nighted life: moreover, to desp ray
The strength o' the enemy. [letter.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with
The ways are dangerous. [us;
Osw. 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? Belike,
Something,—I know not what: I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange wallfades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding: you are, I know 'tis:
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 you, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should
What party I do follow. [show
Reg. Fare thee well. [Exit.

SCENE VI. — Fields near Dover.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a
peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
same hill?

[bour.

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we la-
Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed;
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I
But in my garments. [changed,
Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.

How fearful
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topples down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a
foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, '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;
Bide me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Glo. [Kneeling] O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fail
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. 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?
Lo, you sir! friend! Here you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.

What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been bount but gosser, feath-
So many fathom down precipitating,
[ers, air,
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
sound.
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.

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Glou. But have I fall'n, or no?  
Edg. From the dreadful summit of this chalky bourn,  
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.  
Glou. Alack, I have no eyes.  
Is wretchedness deprived 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: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You  
Glou. 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?  
Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.  
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes  
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses.  
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enrimed sea:  
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest gods, who make them hon-  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee. [ours  
Glou. 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 fiend!' 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 coining; I  
am the king himself.  
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!  
Nature 's above art in that respect. There's  
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow  
lke a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.  
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of  
toasted cheese will do 't. There's my gauntlet; I'll  
prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O  
well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!  
Give the word.  
Edg. Sweet marjoram.  
Lear. Pass.  
Edg. I know that voice.  
Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They  
flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white  
hair 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 chatter; when the thunder would not  
peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I  
smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their  
words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie,  
I am not ague-proof.  
Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remem-  
ber:  
Lear. Ay, every inch a king:  
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.  
I pardon that man's life. What was that cause?  
Adultery?  
Thou shalt not die for adultery! No:  
The wren goes to 't, 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, peil-nell! for I lack soldiers.  
Behold the simpering dame,  
Whose face betrays her forks presages snow;  
That mines the virtue, and does shake the head  
To hear of pleasure's name;  
The fichew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't  
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,  
Though women all above:  
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,  
Beneath is all the fiends.  
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphur-  
ous pit,  
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; &c, &c,  
! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good  
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's  
money for this!  
Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!  
Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.  
Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world  
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?  
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost  
thee squint at me? No, do thy worst, blind  
Cupid; I 'll not love. Read thou this challenge;  
mark but the penning of it. [one.  
Glou. Were all the letters suns, I could not see  
Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,  
And my heart breaks at it.  
Lear. Read.  
Glou. What, with the case of eyes?  
Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in  
your head, nor no money in your purse? Your  
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet  
you see how this world goes.  
Glou. I see it feelingly.  
Lear. What art mad? A man may see how this  
world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears:  
see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief.  
Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handly-  
dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?  
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?  
Glou. Ay, sir.  
Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There  
Thou mightst behold the great image of authority:  
a dog's obeyed in office.  
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! [back;  
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own  
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind [conceit.  
For which thou whippst her. The usurer hangs the  
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and fur'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does piece it.  
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:  
Take that of mine, my friend to have the power  
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
[now:  
To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now,  
Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.  
Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!  
Reason in madness!  
Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:  
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.  
Glou. Alack, alack the day! [come  
Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are  
To this great stage of fools: this a good block;  
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt: I 'll put 't in proof;  
And when I have stole 'n upon these sons-in-law,  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!  

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.  
Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,  
Your most dear daughter—  
Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even  
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well:  
You shall have the 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,
ACT IV. KING LEAR.  SCENE VII.

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn’s dust.

Gent. Good sir,—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What! I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that.
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there’s life in ’t. Nay, if you get it,
You shall get it with running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit running; Attendants follow.

Gent. A sight most pitiful, in the meanest wretch, Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle sir.
Gent. Sir, speed you: what ’s your will? 
Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward? Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.
Edy. But, by your favour,
How near ’s the other army?
Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main desery Stands on the hourly thought.
Edy. I thank you, sir; that ’s all.
Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is Her army is moved on. [here,
Edy. I thank you, sir.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from Let not my worse spirit tempt me again [me; To die before you please!]
Edy. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good sir, what are you? [blows;
Edy. 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 hiding.
Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven 
To boot, and boot! 

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim’d prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out That must destroy thee.
Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to ’t. [Edy 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.
Edy. Chill not let go, zir, without further ’casion.
Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!
Edy. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor villian pass. An chud ha’ bin waggled out of my life, it would not ha’ bin so long as it is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th’ old man; keep out, chee vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.
Osw. Out, thoug’hill! I thank you friendly
Edy. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins. [They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me: villian, take my If ever thou will thrive, bury my body; [purse: And give the letters which thou find’st about me To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out Upon the British party: O, untimely death! [Dies.
Edy. I know thee well: a serviceable villian; As duteous to the vices of thy mistress As badness would desire.
Glo. What, is he dead? 
Edy. 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

He had no other death’s-man. Let us see: Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not: To know our enemies’ minds, we ’d rip their hearts; Their papers, is more lawful.

[Draughts] Let us our recapitulation be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loafed warmth whereof deliver me, and impale 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 rake up, the post unsanctified Of murderous lechers: and in the mature time With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practised duke: for him it is well That of thy death and business I can tell.
Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense, That I stand thus, and have not any scathing feeling Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract; So should my thoughts be sever’d from my griefs, And woes by wrong imaginations lose The knowledge of themselves.
Edy. 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; Gentlemen, 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 clipp’d, but so.

Cor. Be better suited: These weeds are memories of those worsers hours: I pritchee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; Yet to be known shortens my made intent: My boon I make it, that you know me not Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord. [To the Doctor] How does the king?

Doc. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods, Cure this great breach in his abused nature! The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up Of this child-changed father!

Doc. So please your majesty That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

Cor. Be gener’d by your knowledges, 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.

Doc. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him; I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [there! Doc. Please you, draw near. Louder the music

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss Repair those violent harms that my two sisters Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess! Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flowers Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
ACT V.

KING LEAR.

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 perdul!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy’s dog.
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fair, poor grave,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
’T is wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.
Doc. Madam, do you; ’tis listest. [majesty?
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out of
The hour a soul in bliss; but I am bound [over
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald 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!
Doc. He’s scarce awake: let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair
daylight.
I am mightily abused. I should’er 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
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remember not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, ‘faith. I pray, weep
If you have poison for me, I will drink it. [not:
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Doc. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage
You see, is kill’d in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o’er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cor. Will ’t please your highness walk?
Lear. You must hear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish. [Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.
Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall
was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As ’t is 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. ’T is time to look
about; the powers of the kingdom approach.
Gent. The arbitration is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir.
Kent. My point and period will be throngingly
wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day’s battle’s fought. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The British camp, near Dover.

Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan,
Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by augst
To change the course: he’s full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

[To a Gentleman, who goes out.
Reg. Our sister’s man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. ’Tis to be doubted, madam.
Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour’d love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother’s way
To the forfended place?
Edm. That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjured
And bosom’d with her, as far as we call hers.
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not:
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, Albany, Goneril,
and Soldiers.

Gon. [Aside I had rather lose the battle than that
Should loosen him and me. [sister
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state

Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the king, with others, whom I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason’d?
Gon. Combine together ’gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Let’s then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you ’ll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. T is most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. [Aside O, ho, I know the riddle—I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.
Edg. If e’er your grace had speech with man so
Hear me one word. [poor
Alb. I ’ll overtake you. Speak.
[Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And melancholy cases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I ’ll appear again.
ACT V.

KING LEAR.

SCENE III.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper. [Exit Edgar.

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 urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit. Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love; Each jealous of the other, as the stung Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take? Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd, If both remain alive: to take the widow Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my side, Her husband being alive. Now then we'll use His countenance for the battle; which being done, Let her who would be rid of him devise His speedy taking off. As for the mercy Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia, The battle done, and they within our power, Shall never see his pardon, for my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A field between the two camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage; and exeat.

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.


Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away! King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en: Give me thy hand; come on.

Glon. No farther, sir; a man may rot even here. Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure Their going hence, even as their coming hither: Ripeness is all: come on.

Glon. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The British camp near Dover.

Enter, in companies, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard, Until their greater pleasures first be known That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first Who, with best meaning, have incurred'd the worst. For thee, oppress'd king, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown. Shall we not these daughters and these sisters? Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison: We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too, Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out; And take upon's the mystery of things, As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out, In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away. Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, [thee? The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven, And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes: The good-years shall devour them, 'tis but the rare,

Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starved first.

Cor. [Exit Lear and Cordelia, guarded.

Edm. Come, either, captain; hark. 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 As the time is: to be tender-minded, Does not become a sword: thy great employment Will not bear question; either say thou 'It do's', Or thrive by other means. Capt. I'll do't, my lord. Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so done. As I have set it down. Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried 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 of them, so to use them As we shall find their merits and our safety May equally determine. Edm. Sir, I thought it fit To send the old and miserable king To some retention and appointed guard; Whose age has charms in it, whose title more, To pluck the common bosom on his side, And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes [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 cursed By those that feel their sharpness: The question of Cordelia and her father Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience, I hold you but a subject of this war, Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him. Men think 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 immediacy may well stand up, And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot: In his own grace he doth exalt himself, More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights, By me invested, he completes the best. [you. Gon. That were the most, if he should husband Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla! That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint. 

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer From a full-flowing stomach. General, Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony; Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine: Witness the world, that I create thee here My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him? Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will. Edm. Nor in thine, lord.


Alb. Strike, hear reason. Edmund, Iarest thee On capital treason: and, in thine attaint, Thisgilded serpent [pointing to Gon.]. For your claim, I bar it in the interest of my wife; [fair sister, 'tis she is sub-contracted to this lord, And I, her husband, contradict your bans. 719
ACT V.

KING LEAR.

SCENE III.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude! [pet sound: Draw.]
Alb. Thou art arm’d, Gloucester: let the trump-
It non 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.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [Aside] If not, I’ll ne’er trust medicine.
Edm. There’s my exchange [throwing down a
glove]; what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, or 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 loved in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.

Enter Edgar, at the third sound, armed, 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?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason’s tooth bare-gnaw’d and canker-bitten:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. 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 honour,
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;
Conspiring against 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, where’er I speak,
Thou hast.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thou 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-hated lie o’erwhelm thy heart;

Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

[Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.

Alb. 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 vanquished,
But cozen’d and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: Ifold, sir:
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No teaching, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Gives 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. [Eict.
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:
‘tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let’s exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art. Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong’d me.
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.

Thou hast spoken right, ’tis true:
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did proply
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever
Did hate thee or thy father.

Edm. 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 ‘tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow’d me so near 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 now 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 heart’s heart
To sack, too weak the oud to support!
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst sympathizing.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as if you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would seem’d a period

To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn’d my abbhor’d society; but then, finding
What ‘twas that so endur’d, with his strong arms
He fasten’d on my neck, and bellow’d out
As he ’d burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him trance.

'Ab. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!
Ab. 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!
Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.
Edm. I will contract them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.
Edg. Here comes Kent.
Ab. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:
This judgment of the heavens, that makesustremble,
Touch us not with pity.

[Exit Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master eye good night:
Is he not here?
Ab. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
See'st thou this object, Kent? [Cordelia?
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Ab. Even so. Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle: for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.
Ab. Run, run, O, run!
Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Ab. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgar.
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she for'd herself.
Ab. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile. [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 her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promised end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Ab. Fall, and cease!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

KENT. [Kneeling] O my good master!
Lear. Prithee, away,
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.
Cord. 'T is true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow? I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now;
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Cordia?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and de-
Have follow'd your sad steps. [cay, Lear.
Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly,
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Ab. He knows not what he says: and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Ab. That's but a tride here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: [To Edgar and Kent]
you, to your rights?
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, [life!
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'rt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
O, shoot him! My lord, my lord!
KENT. Break, heart; I prithee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Lear. He is gone, indeed.
KENT. The wonder is, he hath endured so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
Ab. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [To Kent and Edgar] Friends of my
soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.
KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me, I must not say no.
Ab. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exit, with a dead march.

SCENE III.

ACT V.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, a senator.
Other Senators.
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio.
Othello, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.
Cassio, his lieutenant.
Iago, his ancient.
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman.

Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.
Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
Emilia, wife to Iago.
Bianca, mistress to Cassio.
Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

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.

Rodd. True! 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, [hate.
Rodd. 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 bountiful circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certes,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorist,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere practle, without practice,
Is all his soldiery. 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 be-lee'd and calm'd
By debtor and creditor: this counter-easter,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, [fiend.
And I — God bless the mark! — his Moorship's an-
Rodd. 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,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters.
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass.
For nought but provender, and when he's old,
casier'd:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them and when they have lined
their costs
[soul;
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rodd. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rodd. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is sped in populous cities.

Rodd. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Brabantio appears above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons? What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Rod. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. '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 toppings your white ewe. Arise, arise;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a gransire of you:

Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my Bra. Not I: what are you? [voice Rod. 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,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
My house is not a grange. [Venice;

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews 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 beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Iago. Yes, 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-and even dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondoliere,
To the gross clasps 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 chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper! call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! light! [Exit above.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—

Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some cheek,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
With such bold reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love, [find him, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
Lead to the Suggestary 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 despaired time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!
How didst thou know 'twas 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 charms
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 another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me. [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 [men,
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yer'k'd him here under the
Oth. 'Tis better as it is. [riles.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such surry 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 potent:
'Cause double art I in doubt he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite;
My services which I have done the signory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my 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 unhouse free condition
Put into circumscription and confine [yond?
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 manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly cal'd for;
When, being not 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. 'Tis faith, he to-night hath board'd a land-carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.

Oth. He's married. To who?
Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Rodrigo, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Ho! hoa! 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 dew
Will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Br. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?
Damn'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 guardian 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;
'T is probable and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practitioner
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:
Wore it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Br. 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?

First Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior;
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't 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. But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'T is oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

First Off. 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: 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze.

We consider
The Importance of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of case and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverence 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?

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ACT I.

Othello.

SCENE III.
ACT I.  

OTHELLO.  

SCENE III.  

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their courses toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor.
With his free duty recommends you thus, and
Prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

[Moor.
First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dis-
patch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and
Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[To Brabantio] I did not see you; welcome, gentle
signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Br. So did I yours. Good your grace, jardin
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general.
Take hold on me, for my particular grief [care
Is of so flood-gate and overbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Br. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Sen. Dead?

Br. Ay, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterosly to err.
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Who'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody look of law
You shall yourself read in the letter better
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Br. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath so deserved.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. [To Othello] What, in your own part, can
you say to this?

Br. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the 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 tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
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.

Br. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!

It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out such licences of cruelty as
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram 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 by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.


Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
place.

[Exit Iago and Attendants.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vises of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father 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 moment that he lade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field, [breach,
Of hair-breadth escapes! the imminent deadly
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travels' history:
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, [heaven,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch
It was my lot to speak; to pile 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 pliant 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 inventively: I did not.

And often did beguil'd her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing
I was pitiful, 't was 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 loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.
Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

**Duke.** I think this tale would win my daughter Good Brabantio, too.
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

**Bra.** If she confess she was half the worse,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

**Des.** My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hither to your daughter: but here's my hus-
And so much duty as my mother shew'd [hand,
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

**Bra.** God be wi' you! I have done. Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Iago; I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang eels on them. I have done, my lord.

**Duke.** Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [thief;
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the He robs himself that spends a boodless grief.

**Bra.** So let the Turk of Cyprus be begiulle;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

**Duke.** The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes war to Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to shudder the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and bolisterous expedition.

**Oth.** The tyrant custom, most grave senators, Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore hastening to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and resort
As levels with her breeding.

**Duke.** Be't at her father's.

If you please,

**Duke.** I'll not have it so.

**Oth.** Nor I.

**Bra.** To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding yond your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simplicity.

**Duke.** What would you, Desdemona?

**Des.** That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued,
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace; and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

**Oth.** 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
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction
But to be more and more my mind's delight:
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 seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That his disports corrupt and train my business,
Let housewives make a skillett of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

**Duke.** Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

**First Sen.** You must away to-night.

**Oth.** With all my heart.

**Duke.** At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
Othello, leave some officer behind, [again.
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As death 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 Brab. And, noble
If virtue no delighted beauty lack, [signior,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black. [well.

**First Sen.** Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona.

**Bra.** Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has delivered her father, and may thee. [Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

**Oth.** My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I 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.

**Rod.** Iago.—

**Iago.** What say'st thou, noble heart?

**Rod.** What will I do, thinkest thou?

**Iago.** Why, go to bed, and sleep.

**Rod.** I will incontinent drown myself.

**Iago.** If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

**Rod.** Why, thou silly gentleman!

**Iago.** It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.
ACT II.

OTHELLO.

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 cloud. I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main, [flood; Descends sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land:
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffled so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

See. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do we double and upon the foaming shore,
The children billow seems to pelt the clouds:
The wind-shaken surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning ear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchanted flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet

supersible Venetian be not too hard for my wits
and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her;
therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged
in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend
on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor:—my cause is hearted; thinke	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 deliv-
ered. 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 fool my purse;
For mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a sprite,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
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.
Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, 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 arravance.

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 shipp'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. 

[Enter a fourth Gentleman. 

Cas. What noise? 

Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail, a sail!' 

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor. [Guns heard. 

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour Our friends at least. [Exit. 

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth, And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived. 

Sec. Gent. I shall. [Exit. 

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived? 

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid That paragon description and wild fame: One that excels the quirks of blazing pens, And in the essential vesture of creation Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman. 

How now! who has put in? 

Sec. Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general. 

Cas. Has had most favourable and happy speed: Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds, The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,— Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,— As having sense of beauty, do omit Their mortal natures, letting go safely By the divine Desdemona. 

Mon. What is she? 

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's cap Left in the conduct of the bold Iago, [tai, Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts A se'might's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard, And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath, That he may bless this bay with his tall ship, Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms, Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, And bring all Cyprus comfort! 

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. 

Hall to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven, Before, behind thee and on every hand, Ewheels thee round! 

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio. What tidings can you tell me of my lord? 

Cas. He is not yet arrived: nor know I aught But that he 's well and will be shortly here. 

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company? 

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies Parted our fellowship — But, hark! a sail. 

[Within. 'A sail, a sail!' Guns heard.
Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper, why as I say a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own curtsie. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are not so fast to play the sir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they be clyster-pipes for your sake! [Trumpet within.] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior! My dear Othello!

Des. 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 wak'n'd death! And let the labours bark climb hills of seas Olympus-high and duck again as low As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'Twas would to be most happy: for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like this

Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should increase, Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content; It stops me here; it is too much of joy; And this, and this, the greatest discords be

That e'er our hearts shall make.

Iago. [Aside] O, you are well 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 now, my old acquaintance of this isle? Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them. O my prattle out of fashion, and I dote [sweet, In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago, Go to the bay and disembro my coffers: Bring thon 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.

Iago. [Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base and mean in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard: first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instro'd. Mark what I say with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dry with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, love-liness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in; now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to leave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; for nature will interdict her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, — as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,— who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knife very voluble; no further conceivable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knife, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself; a devilish knife. Besides, the knife is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor! Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure presage to the history of lustful thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion, Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you tonight; for the command, I'll lay upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you; provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displasing of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by threescore I'll tell then how to revenge yourself on Cassio, knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,

And I dare think he'll never love her to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin, But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Math! it's enough to my will to think whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife, Or falling so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That grief cannot alone, as which thing to do, If this poor madman of Venice, whom I rash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
ACT II.  

OTHELLO.  

SCENE II.—A street.  

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.  

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the more perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make sport. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature. 

Iago. Come, love, a night-cap; and let's to bed. I think 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 excellent lady. 

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.  

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature. 

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.  

Cas. An inviting eye; yet methinks right. 

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum? 

Cas. She is indeed perfection.  

[To Desdemona] Come, lieutenant; you have a stomp of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello. 

Iago. 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 craftily qualified too, and, behoid, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more. 

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it. 

Cas. Where are they? 

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.  

Cas. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me.  

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, with that which he hath drunk to-night already, he'll be as full of quarrel and offences 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. 

And will be to-morrow'd with dealing cups, 

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards, 

Am I to put Cassio in some action 

That may offend the isle.—But here they come: 

[Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentlemen; 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! 

[Speeches: 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.  

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drink— 

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives you your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled. 

Cas. To the health of our general!  

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice. 

Iago. O sweet England! 

King Stephen was a worthy peer, 

If it reaches cost him but a crown; 

He held them sixpence all too dear, 

With that he call'd the tailor low. 

He was a wight of high renown, 

And thou art but of low degree: 

'Tis pride that pulls the country down, 

Then take thine old cloak about thee. 

Some wine, ho!  

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other. 

Iago. Will you hear '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 sins must not be saved. 

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant. 

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved. 

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant. 

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left: 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. 

750
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.—Act II., Scene iii.
ACT II.

OTHELLO.

SCENE III.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cesar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equipoix.
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 horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well

The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. [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 an ingrafted infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
[Cry within. 'Help! Help! Help!]

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. 'Tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingrafted infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
[Cry within. 'Help! Help! Help!]

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Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
[Cry within. 'Help! Help! Help!]

Re-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 an ingrafted infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
[Cry within. 'Help! Help! Help!]

Re-enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

[Paints.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

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!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
We are turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the isle
From her prosperity. What is the matter, masters?
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; friends all but now, even
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom [now,

Devosting them for bed; and then, but now —
As if some planet had unwrapt men—
Swords out, and tilting one another's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night-drawer? give me an answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you. — [Me, —
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, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift the ban, let this his noise
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 twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general
Montano and myself being in speech,
There came a fellow cry Mutiny. [Exit Roderigo.]
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 — as it so fell out —
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back —
For this was brief — I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part other help;
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 tied some strong indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

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, sweeting: come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.
Lead him off. [To Montano, who is led off.]
Iago, look with care about the town.
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona: 'tis the soldiers' life.
To have their bulleting slumbered waked with strife. [Exit.

ACT II.

Scene III.

Cas. You advise me well.
Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.
Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning
I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here. [Exit.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. 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?]
Prob't to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? '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 enfeebled. 'Tis she
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins 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 pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter Roderigo.

How now, 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 eulogized; and I think the issue will be. I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft.

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself 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 it,
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay.
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 tail.
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? I hear you.

Clo. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?
Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.
Cas. Do, good my friend. [Exit Clown.

Enter 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 you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you, but he protests he loves you
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exit.]
ACT III.

OTHELLO.

That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I mean the captains at the citadell. [Exit.]

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn;
I prithee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his treasys, in our common reason—
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best— is not almost a fault
To incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so manning on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have took of you disparagingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis but I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of noise and difficult weight
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;
What'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Charles is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

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 liestest not that,
When Cassio left my wife: what didst thou like not?
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cried'st 'Indeed!' And
didst contract and pursy thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost; and, for I know thou'rt 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, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinnings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of
The worst of words.

[thoughts

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to. [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 some uncleane apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shakes 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. Why dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [lord,
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
But he that flees from me my good name [sands;
Robes me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha! 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 senseless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou then I 'll make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises. [offs
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous.
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she, and eyes, and thee. 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 franker spirit: with that I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-
science
Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did receive her father, marrying you;
And when she seemed to shake 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 oak—
He thought 't was witchcraft—but I am much to
Humbly do beseech you of your pardon [blame;
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I'll faith, I fear it has,
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 aim not at.
Casio's my worthy
My lord, I see you're 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 clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereeto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disparory, thought unmaternal.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

Iago. [Going] My lord, I take my leave. [doubtless
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [Returning] My lord, I would I might en-
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
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 fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I only mean to take 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 her off and let her down the wind,
To pray at Fortune. Happily, 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 relief
Must be to beather. 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, 't is the plague of great ones;
Prerogatiu'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
And the boon then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I' ll not believe 't.

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?

Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. 'Faith, that's 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. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

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. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to 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 fetch it?
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 acknowledg on't; I have use for it. 

Go, leave me. 

[Exit Emilia. 

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, 
And lend it ind. Trifles light as air 
Are to the jealous confirmations strong 
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something. 

The Moor already changes with my poison: 
Dangers concur in, in their natures, poisons, 
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste, 
But when the little act upon the blood 
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so: 
Look, where he comes! 

Re-enter Othello. 

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 
Nore all the drowsy syrups of the world, 
Shall ever medicize thee to that sweet sleep 
Which thou owedst yesterday. 

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? 

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that. 

Oth. Avault! be gone! thou hast set me on the 

I swear 'tis better to be much abused 
[track: 
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 harm'd not me: 

I slept the next night well, was free and merry; 

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: 

He that is robust, 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, 
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body, 
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever 

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content! 

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, 

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! 

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, 
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, 
The royal banner, and all quality! 

Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war! 
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats 
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfoil, 

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! 

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord? 

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore, 
Be sure of it; give me the one proof; 

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul, 
Thou hadst been 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 probation knaves so hing nor loop [it, 
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life! 

Iago. My noble lord,— 

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me, 
Never more pray; abandon all remorse; 
On horror's head horrors accumulate; 
Do deeds to make heaven weep, 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 wi'you; take mine office. O wretched fool, 
That livest to make thine honesty a vice! 

O moan! Lord, 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. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest. 

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool 
And leses that it works for. 

Oth. By the world, 

I think my wife be honest and think she is not; 
I think that thou are just and think thou art not. 
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh 
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black 
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives, 
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, 
I'll not alit; Would I were satisfied! 

Iago. I saw, sir, you are eaten up with passion— 
I do repent that I put it to you. 
You would be satisfied? 

Oth. Would! nay, I will. [lord? 

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my 

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on— 

Behold her topos? 

Oth. Death and damnation! O! 

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think, 
To bring them to that prospect: damn them then, 
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster 

More than their own! What then? how then? 

What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? 
It is impossible you should see this, 
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys, 
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross 
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say, 

If imputation and strong circumstances, 
Which lead the directly 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 will mutter their affairs: 

One of this kind is Cassio: 
In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona, 
Let me be weary, let us live our loves; ' 

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand, 

Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard, 

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots 

That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg 

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then 

Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!' 

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous! 

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream. 

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion: 
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream. 

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs 

That do demonstrate this fact. 

Oth. I'll bear her all to pieces. 

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done; 
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this, 

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief 
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand? 

Oth. I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift. 

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief— 

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day 

See Cassio wipe his 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. 

'Tis gone. 

Arise, black vengeance from thy hollow cell! 

Hold up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne 
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught, 

For 'tis of asp's tongues! 

Iago. Yet be content. 

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood! 

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may 

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea, 
Whose icy current and compulsive course
ACT III.

OTHELLO.

SCENE IV.

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall nor look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
[Kneels] In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago.
[Do not rise yet.

[Kneels] Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bound,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't: [toes,
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil.

Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Before the castle.

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.

Des. 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. [Exeunt.

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 crusades: 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 hymns from him. [born
Emil. 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. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my
lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand; the hearts of old gave
But our new heraldry in hands, not hearts. [hands;

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
Oth. What promise, chuck? [promise
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
Would make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, 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. 'T is true: there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hollow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skillful
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. Hia! 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. How?

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-
gives. [gives.

Des. Come, come:
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shared dangers with you,—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exeunt.

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. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

737
They eat us hungrily, 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 humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my 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?
Exit. Iago. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.
Cas. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother:—and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him:
There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I prithee, do so. [Exit Iago.
Somethingsure,of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath paddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observances
As if the bridal. Blessure me much, Emilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception nor jealous toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster
Bezot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
Emil. Lady, amen. [Exit. 
Des. I will go see him. Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.
Enter Bianca.
Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio,
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Striko off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.
Take me this work out.
Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good truth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my cham-
I like the work well: ere it be demanded — [ber.
As like enough it will — I 'll have it copied;
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherewith?
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.
Cas. '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.
[Exeunt.}

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago!
Iago. What, To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthorized kiss.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so, [heaven.
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt

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What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary doteage of some mistress,
Convinced or suppli'd, 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
Iago. Lie—
Iago. With her?
Oth. Lie with her, on her; what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her,
When they belie her. Lie with her! that's subsom to
Hainkerchief,—confessions—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour;
—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble
at it. Nature would not invest herself in such
shadowing passion without some instruction. It
is not words that shake me thus. Fish! Noses,
ears, and fingers: Is it possible?—Confess—hand-
kercief!—O devil!—
[Flies 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.
Cass. How now, Cassio!
Iago. What's the matter? Cass. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Iago. Knob him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear; the lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.
[Exit Cassio.
Iago. How is it, general? have you not hurt your head? Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you, no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous
And many a civil monster,
Iago. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
[ter.
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is bet-
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lie a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be,
Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good sense upon your estacy,
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but excuse yourself,
And mark the flees, 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,
Iago. That's not amiss; But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello Retires.
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the Trumpet's plague
To beguile many and be beguiled by one:
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter Cassio.
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me. Iago. Pity Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Iago. I knew never woman love man so. [me.
Cas. 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 to him o'er; go to; well said, well said.
Oth. She gives it out that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
Cas. I marry her! what? a customer! Prissie, 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
Cas. Prissie, say true. [her.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scored me? Well.
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out; she
Is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and
datility, not out of my promise.
Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in
every place. I was the other day talking on the
sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes
the bawble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about
my neck—
[Oth. Crying. O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture
imports it.
Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so
hares, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Now he tells how she pucked him to my
chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that
dog I shall throw it to.
Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.
Cas. '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 out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take it out now work on't. 
Cas. Now now, my sweet Bianca! now how! ho! now!
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. [Exit. 

Iago. After her, after her. 
Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rain in the street else. 
Iago. Will you sup there? 
Cas. 'Faith, I intend so. 
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very much speak with you. 
Cas. Prithieue, come; will you? 
Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio. 
Oth. [Advancing] How shall I murder him, Iago? 
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his own? Oth. O Iago! 
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief? 
Oth. Was that mine? 
Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes that foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore. 
Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! 
Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 
Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be dammed to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks. 
Iago. Nay, that's not your way. 
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:— 
Iago. She's the worse for all this. 
Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition! 
Iago. Ay, too gentle. 
Oth. Nay, that's certain: but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago! 
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 
Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me! 
Iago. O, 'tis fool in her. 
Oth. With mine officer! 
Iago. That's fooler. 
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovid me 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. 

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants. 
Lod. Save you, worthy general! 
Oth. With all my heart, sir. 
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a letter. 

Iago. 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, signal! 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? [will— 
Oth. [Aside] 'Tis 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 atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio. 
Oth. Fire and brimstone! 
Des. 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. 
Des. Trust me, I am glad on't. 
Oth. 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: 'tis very much: Make her amends; she weeps. 
Oth. O devil, devil! 
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile. Out of my sight! 
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going. 
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady: 
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 
Oth. Mistress! 
Des. My lord? 
Oth. What would you with her, sir? 
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, [turn: And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep; And she's obedient, as you say, obedient. Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears. Concerning this sir,—O well-painted passion! I am commanded home. Get you away; I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice. Hence, avaint! [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 sense 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, [tue 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 cun- sure. 
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. [Exit.
SCENE II. — A room in the castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emilia. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-gether.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emilia. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
Emilia. Never, my lord. [nothing]

Oth. That's strange.

Emilia. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch 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,

That cloak 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, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Des. Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [To Emilia] Some of your function, mistress;

Leave procreants 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 be double

Swear thou art honest. [damn'd:

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am

Oth. O Desdemona! 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's on my bare head,

Stee'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 slow 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,
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Emil. Nay, for to say so she herself 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.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some coggling, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander: I 'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fle. There is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him.

Emil. A blear pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her corn.


The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west?

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him: for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorce—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore':
It does ashor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, he 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.

[Execut Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodrigo.

How now, Rodrigo!

Iago. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Did you design me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now,
keeps thee 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, Rodrigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much, for your
words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have
had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half
have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she
hath received them and returned me expectations
and comforts of sweet respect and acquaintance,
but, I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man;
not 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy,
and begin to find myself lobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I think you 'tis not very well. I will make
myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me
my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my
unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will
seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest
intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and
even from this instant do build on thee a better
opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Rod-
gerio: thou hast taken against me a most just ex-
ception: but yet, I protest, I have dealt most di-
rectly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and
your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.
But, Rodrigo, 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
treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and
compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from
Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Des-
emonah return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania and takes
away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode
be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can
be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's
place: knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a
right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither
will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honour-
able fortune. If you will watch his going thence,
which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and
one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be
near to second your attempt, and he shall fall be-
tween 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. [Execut.

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. 0, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your
ladship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

Des. —Desdemona,—
Othello. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: took it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[Exit Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did. Des. He says he will return incontinent; I will command you to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him. Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— Pritho, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me [minds]! In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara: She was in love, and she her loved proved mad And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow,' An old thing it was, but it express'd all her fortune, And she did singing it: that song to-night Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithco, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here. This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [Singing] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree.

Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
Sing willow, willow, willow; [mourns;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the
Lay by these:— [stones;

[Singing] Sing willow, willow, willow;
Prithco, hie thee; he'll come anon; [land.

[Singing] Sing all a green willow must be my gar-
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who's that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [Singing] I call'd my love false love; but what
said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court mow women, you'll cooch with mow men.
So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch;
Dosthatsoneeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
Emil. Why, would not you? [world?

Des. No, by this heavenly light! [Emil.

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do 't as well 'i' the dark.

[world?

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Besirew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong 'i' the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many 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 shuck 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: 'tis frailty that thus errs? It is so too: and have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? Then let them use us well: else let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us so. [send, Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — 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; 't will be at thy elbow: It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And I am firm thy resolution.

Roderigo. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires.

Roderigo. 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.
Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he. — Villain, thou diest! [Makes a pass at Cassio.
Cas. That thrust had been my enemy indeed, But that my coat is better than thou know'st: I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Rodorigo.


Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio; Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am! Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he: — O brave Iago, honest and just, That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong! Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead, And your unblest fate lies: strumpet, I come. Forth of my heart those charm's, thine eyes, are bled; Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [Exit.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! [Ind.

Gra. I am some miscanch; the cry is very dire-

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeit; let's think't unsafe To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark!

[Enter Iago, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Whose there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoild, undone by villains!

Give me some help. [This.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. One treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in, and give some help. [To Lodovico and Gratiano.

Rod. O, help me here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. [Stabs Rodorigo.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men in the dark! — Where be these bloody thieves? —

How silent is this town! — Ho! murder! murder! —

What may you be? are you of good or evil? Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico? Lod. He, sir. [Villains.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by

Cas. Cassio! Iago. How is't, brother! Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! Light, gentlemen: I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried?

Oth. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

Bian. Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! [Exit

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, nay you sus-

Who should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No. [Seek you.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to

Iago. Lend me a garter: So. O, for a chair, To bear him mildly hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury, Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come; Lend me a light. Know we this face or no? Alas, my friend and my dear countryman Roderigo! no: — yes, sure: — O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano! I cry you gentle pardon; These bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: [A chair brought in.] O, that's well said: the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [To Bianca.

For you, mistress, Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Can—

Was my dear friend: what malice was between you? Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To Bian.] What, look you pale? O, bear him out o' the air.

Bian. Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress? Do you perceive the gerriness of her eye? Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more soon. 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? business?

Iago. Cassio lath here been set on in the dark By Roderigo and fellows that were scaped: He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio! Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia, Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.

[To Bianca. What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. Emil. Fee, fie upon thee, strumpet! Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest As you that thus abuse me.

Iago. [Aside] As I! foh! fie upon thee! Iago. Kind gentleman, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell another tale. Emilia, run you to the citadel, And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd. Will you go? I pray. [Aside This is the night That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.

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.

I never gave it him: send for him hither.
Let him confess a truth.

Des. What, my lord? He hath confess'd.

Oth. That he hath used thee.


Oth. He will not say so.

Des. No, his mouth is stopp'd; but I trust Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O! my fear interprets: what, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone. [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! Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late.[He stiles her.

Emil. [Within] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my

Oth. lord, my lord! [dead]

Des. 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: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—

The noise was here. Hal! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were 't good?—
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 yawn 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?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder


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 Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. What! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody: I myself. Farewell!

Command me to thy kind lord: O, farewell! [Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

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I thought so then:—I'll kill myself for grief:—
O villany, villany! [home.

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.
Perchance, Iago, I will not go home.

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent
That ever did lift up eye.

Iago. [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
defail.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Store 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.

Iago. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Iago. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Iago. 'Twill out, 'twill 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.

Iago. I will not.

Iago offers to stab Emilia.

Gra. [Fie! Your sword upon a woman?

Iago. I speak'st of

Emil. O thou dast 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. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Iago. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?

Iago. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[He runs at Iago: Iago, from behind, stabs
Emilia, and exit.

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his
wife.

Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kild. [weapon, :

Mon. 'Tis a 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. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned 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 bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [Singing] 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. [Dear:  
  Gra. [Within] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee The loss of thy sword, and perforce must suffer.  

Oth. Look in upon me then and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.  

Re-enter Gratiano.  

Gra. What is the matter?  

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon; A better never did itself sustain  

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day, That, with this little arm and this good sword, I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast! Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.  

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd; Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;  

Man but a wretch against Othello's breast, And he retire. Where should Othello go?  

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-star'd wench! I pile as thy snick! when we shall meet at cursed,  

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven, And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl! Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!  

Whip me, ye devils!  

From the possession of this heavenly sight!  

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!  

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!  

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.  

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.  

Iago. I bleed sir; but not kill'd.  

Oh. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;  

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.  

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,  

Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,  

What shall be said to thee?  

Oh. 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 villany:  

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 demi-devil  

Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?  

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you  

From this time forth I never will speak word.  

Lod. What, not to pray?  

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.  

Oth. Well, thou dost best.  

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befell'n,  

Which, as I think, you have not. Here is a letter  

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  

And here another: the one of them imports  

The death of Cassio to be undertook  

By Roderigo.  

Oth. O villain!  

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!  

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,  

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;  

But that belike Iago in the interim  

Came in and satisfied him.  

Oth. O the pernicious caiffet!  

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 drop'd it for a special purpose  

Which wrought to his desire.  

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 milucky deeds relate,  

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  

Nor set down ought 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 [eyes,  

Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd  

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  

Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;  

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  

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!  

Gra. All that's spoke is mar'd.  

Oh. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way but  

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.  

[Dies;  

Lod. 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 tragick leading of this bed;  

This is thy work: the object poisous sight;  

Let it be bid. Gratiano, keep the house,  

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  

For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,  

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;  

The time, the place, the torture: O, enforce it!  

Myself will straight a'board; and to the state  

This heavy act with heavy heart relate.  

[Exeunt.  

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mark Antony, Octavius Caesar, M. Emilius Lepidus, Sexus Pompeius, Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Decretas, Demetrius, Philo, Meecenas, Agrippa, Dolabelle, Procuileus, Thyrceus, Gallus, Menas, Menecrates, Varrus, friends to Antony. friends to Caesar. friends to Pompey.


[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see page lxxv.]

ACT I.


Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this doteage of our general's
Overflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and stumps of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view.
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan.
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

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 reck'n'd.
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 scar'd-bearded Cesar 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.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:
You must not stay here longer, your submission
Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony,
Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say?
both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's hommage: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

[Embracing.

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours.
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger, but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note

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The qualities of people. Come, my queen; Last night you did desire it: speak not to us. [Exit Antony and Cleopatra with their train.]

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight? Phi. Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony, He comes too short of that great property Which still should go with Antony. [Exit.

Dem. I am full sorry That he approves the common liar, who Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [Exit.

SCENE II. — The same. Another room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexis, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexis, sweet Alexis, most anything Alexis, almost most absolute Alexis, 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. Sooth, will you? [Exit.

Char. Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more believing 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 Cesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs. [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 wenchs 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. E'en as the over-rolling Nilus presages famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bed-fellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But bow, but bow? 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. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mends! Alexis, — come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man lose-wived, so is it a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave 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?

Cleo. No, lady.

Eno. Was he not here?

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexis?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [Exit.

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, jointing their force 'gainst Cesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller. Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On: Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus; Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus —

This is stiff news — hath, with his Parthian force, Extended Asia from Euphrates; His conquering banner shook from Syria To Lydia and to Ionia;

While —

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say —

Mess. O, my lord! Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults With such full license as both truth and malice Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth words, When our quick minds lie still; and our ill told us Is as our caring. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon, bo, the news! Speak there! First Att. The man from Sicyon, — is there such an See. Att. He stays upon your will. [Exit.

Ant. Let him appear. These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, Or lose myself in dotage. 749
Enter another Messenger.

What are you?  

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.  

Ant. Where died she?  

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:  

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  

Importeth thee to know, this bears.  [Gives a letter.  

Ant. Forbear me.  

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:  

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,  

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  

By revolution lowering, does become  

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;  

The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.  

I must from this enchanting queen break off:  

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  

My idleness doth haggle. How now! Enobarbus!  

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eho. What's your pleasure, sir?  

Ant. I must with haste from hence.  

Eho. 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.  

Eho. Under a compelling occasion, let women die:  

it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though,  

between them and a great cause, they should be es-  

temened 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 lovely  

act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.  

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.  

Eho. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of  

nothing but the finest part of pure love: we can-  

cot 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!  

Eho. 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.  

Eho. Sir?  

Ant. Fulvia is dead.  

Eho. Fulvia!  

Ant. Dead.  

Eho. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.  

When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a  

man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the  

earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are  

worn out, there are members to make new. If there  

were no more women but Fulvia, then had you in-  

deed a cut, and the cause to be lamented: this grief  

crowned with consolation; your old smock brings  

forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in  

an onion that should water this sorrow.  

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state  

Cannot endure my absence.  

Eho. And the business you have broached here  

cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopa-  

tra'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 expiation to the queen,  

And get her leave to part. For not alone  

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,  

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too  

Of many of our contriving friends in Rome  

Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius  

Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands  

The empire of the sea: our slippery people,  

Whose love is never link'd to the deserver  

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw  

Pompey the Great and all his dignities  

Upon his son; who, high in name and power,  

Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  

For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,  

The sides 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.  

Eho. I shall do't.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—The same. Another room.  

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.  

Cle. Where is he?  

Char. I did not see him since.  

Cle. See where he is, who's with him, what he  

I did not send you: if you find him sad.  

Char. Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  

That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.  

[Exit Alexas.  

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him  

You do not hold the method to enforce  

Clearly,  

The like from him.  

Cle. What should I do, I do not?  

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in  

nothing.  

Cle. Thou teakest like a fool: 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.  

Ant. I am sick and sullen.  

Cle. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—  

Ant. 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,—  

Cle. Pray you, stand farther from me.  

Ant. What's the matter?  

Cle. I know, by that same eye, there's some  

good news.  

What says the married woman? You may go:  

Would she had never given you leave to come!  

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:  

I have no power upon you; hers you are.  

Ant. The gods best know.  

Cle. O, never was there queen  

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first  

I saw the treasures planted.  

Ant. Cleopatra,— [true.  

Cle. Why should I think you can be mine and  

Though you in swearing shake the crowned gods,  

Who have been false to Fulvia? Rietous madness,  

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  

Which break themselves in swearing!  

Ant. Most sweet queen.  

Cle. 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 your 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!  

Cle. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst 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  

Sluises o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  

Equality of two domestic powers  

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Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrilled
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
Till any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death. [Freedom,
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The gloss she awaked; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Ant. Cut my face, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Cleo. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent disguising; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heest my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meekly.
Ant. Now, by my sword—

Cleo. And target. Still he musts;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Hereculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since you be things that kill me, then they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strenth' before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That then, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [Exeunt.

ACT IV.


Enter Octavius Caesar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and their Train.

Ces. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate [know,
Our great competitor: from Alexandria

This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
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 are
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.

Ces. You there too indulgent. Let us grant, it is
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
[not To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knives that smell of sweat: say this becomes
As his composer must be rare indeed, [him,—
Whom these things cannot blench,—yet must
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear [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 drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Paw their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report [hour,
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Caesar: to the ports
The deserts' reports, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were; [love,
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
Comes dea'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,

to and back, lackeys the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Caesar, I bring thee word,
Mencenates and Menas, famous pirates, [wound
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
With keels of every kind; many hot broods
They make in Italy; the Borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Antony,

Ces. Leave thy lascivious saws. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slewest
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though faintly brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of beshrewses, to the bubbl'd puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; [deign
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The banks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh.
Which some did die to look on; and all this—
It woundes 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.

Ces. Let his shame's quickly

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ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I.

Enter Alexeeas, from Caesar.

Alex. [To Antony.] Sovereign of Egypt, hail! What much unlike art thou Mark Antony? Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath With his unct glance thee. How does it with my brave Mark Antony? Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen, He kiss'd—the last of many double kisses,— This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart. Cleo. [Aside.] Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he, 'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot, To mend the petty present, I will piece Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the cast, 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. [To Antony.] What, was he sad or merry? Alex. Like to the time of 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 Charrimian, 'tis the man; but note He was not sad, for he would shine on those [him: That make their show by him; he looks by him, 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'th thou sad or merry, The violence of either thee becomes, So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts? Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers: Why do you send so thick? Cleo. Who's born that day When I forget to send to Antony, Shall de a beggar. Ink and paper, Charrimian. Welcome, my good Alexeeas. Did I, Charrimian, 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 salad 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 unpeole Egypt. — [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter Pompey, Menocrates, and Menas, in war-like manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey, That what they do delay, they not deny. [Says Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de- The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves, Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers Deny us for our good; so find we profit By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

There would he anchor his aspect and die With looking on his life.

Enter Alexeeas, from Caesar.


Cleo. Prayer.

CHAR. What, was he sad or merry? Alex. Like to the time of 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 Charrimian, 'tis the man; but note He was not sad, for he would shine on those [him: That make their show by him; he looks by him, 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'th thou sad or merry, The violence of either thee becomes, So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts? Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers: Why do you send so thick? Cleo. Who's born that day When I forget to send to Antony, Shall de a beggar. Ink and paper, Charrimian. Welcome, my good Alexeeas. Did I, Charrimian, Ever love Caesar so?

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Pom. I shall do well:
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 tuneing; Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloysless sauce his appetite;  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!  

Enter Varrius.

Var. 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 space for further travel.  

Pom. I could have given less matter  
A better ear. Menas, I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm  
For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-just-wearied Antony.  

Men. I cannot hope  
Cesar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;  
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,  
Not moved by Antony.  

Pom. I know not, Menas,  
How lesser emnities 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 't! 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 't the wearer of Antinues' beard,  
I would not shave 't to-day.  

Lep. 'T is not a time  
For private stomaching.  

Eho. 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 Cæsar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:  
Hark, Ventidius.  

Mecenas: 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. 'Tis spoken well.  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.  

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.  

Ant. Thank you.  

Cæs. Sit.  

Ant. Nay, then.  

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,  
Or being, concern you not.  

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing or a little, I  
Should say myself offended, and with you  
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.  

Cæs. My being in Egypt, Cesar,  
What was 't to you?  

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
Did practice on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.  

Ant. How intend you, practised?  
Cæs. You may be pleased 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.  

Cæs. You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.  

Ant. Not so, not so;  
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.  

Eho. Would we had all such wives, that the men  
might go to wars with the women!  

Ant. So much invariable, her garboils, Cesar,  
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant  
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must  
But say, I could not help it.  

Cæs. I wrote to you  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did give my missive out of audience.  

Ant. Sir,  
He fell upon me ere admitted: then  
Three kings I had newly 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.  

Cæs. You have broken  
The article of your oath; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.  

Ant. Soft, Cesar!  

Cæs. No,  

Lepidus, let him speak:  
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,  

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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. [Then;]
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 belts 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
Wore to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,
you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle with
you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak
Eno. Go to, 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 knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
O' the world I would pursue it.

[Edge

Agg. Give me leave, Caesar;

Ces. Speak, Agrippa.

Agg. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Ces. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agg. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslippering knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales.
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 't is 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 say 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. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey:
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks us out.

Ant. Where lies he?

Ces. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Ces. Great and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Ces. With most gladness;

And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,

Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[Flourish. Exeunt Caesar, Antony, and

Lepidus.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecenas!
My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agg. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are
so well digested. You stayed well by 't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which wor-
fully deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agg. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter
devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd that

silver
The winds were love-sick with them; the car's were

w Age to which 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 see
The fancy out work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agg. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her! the eyes,
And made their heads adorning: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That barely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
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.

Ag.  Rare Egyptian!
Eno.  Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Ag.  Royal wench! She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno.  I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and pant'd,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec.  Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno.  Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women clow,
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is right.

Mec.  If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Ag.  Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno.  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 blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule.  Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.

Oec.  Good night.  [Exeunt Caesar and Octavia.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant.  Now, sirrah; do you wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth.  Would I had never come from thence, nor
Thither!

Ant.  If you can, your reason?

Sooth.  I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
I lie to Egypt again.

Ant.  Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

Sooth.  Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy 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 overpow'rd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant.  Speak this no more.

Sooth.  To none but thee; no more, but when to
If thou dost play with him at any game,
[thee.
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.  Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

[Exit Soothsayer.

He shall to Parthia.  Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine.
When it is all to nought; and his qualls 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 Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same.  A street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lep.  Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
Your generals after.

[ Hasten

Ag.  Sir, Mark Antony
Will 'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep.  Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec.  We shall,
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.  Sir, good success!

Lep.  Farewell.  [Exeunt.


Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo.  Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

[Attend.

The music, ho!

Enter Mardian, the Evanuch.

Cleo.  Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,
Charmian.

Char.  My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo.  As well a woman with an ennuch play'd
As with a woman.  Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar.  As well as I can, madam.

Cleo.  And when good will is show'd, though 't is
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 fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

Cher.  'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo.  That time,—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

[Enter a Messenger.

Mes.  O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears!
That long time have been barnard.

Cleo.  Antonius dead!—If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veils to kiss: a hand that kings
Have lipp’d, and trembled kissing.

**Mess.** First, madam, he is well.

**Ant.** Why, there’s more gold.

**But.** Sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy 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 tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like 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 speak’st:
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.** Thou’rt 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 ’t But yet,’ it does alay
The good precedence: fie upon ’t But yet ’t!
‘ But yet ’t is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithie, 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 say’st; and thou say’st 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 i’ the bed.

**Cleo.** I am pale, Charmian.

**Mess.** Madam, he’s married to Octavia.

**Cleo.** The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[**Strike him down.**]

**Mess.** Good madam, patience.

**Cleo.** What say you? Hence,

[**Strike him down again.**]

**Hor.** Horrible villain! or I’ll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me: I’ll unhaire thy head:

[She hates him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp’d with wire, and stew’d in brine,
Smearing in lingering pickle.

**Mess.** Gracious madam, I that do bring the news made not the match.

**Cleo.** Say ’tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hast
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

**Mess.** He’s married, madam.

**Cleo.** Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[Draws a knife.

Nay, then I’ll run.

**Mess.** What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[**Exit.**]

**Char.** Good madam, keep yourself within your
Man is innocent.

**Cleo.** Some innocents escape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

**Char.** He is afraid 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.

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**SCENE VI.**

Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest; it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

**Mess.** I have done my duty.

**Cleo.** Is he married?

**Mess.** I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou again say ‘Yes.’

**Cleo.** He’s married, madam.

**Mess.** The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

**Mess.** Should I lie, madam?

**Cleo.** O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were subdued and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

**Mess.** I crave your highness’ pardon.

**Cleo.** Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he’s married to Octavia.

**Mess.** O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou ‘rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome.
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by ‘em.

[**Exit Messenger.**]

**Char.** Good your highness, patience.

**Cleo.** In praising Antony, I have displeased Caesar.

**Char.** Many times, madam.

**Cleo.** I am paid for ’t now.

**Mess.** Lead me from hence;

**Char.** I faint: O Iras, Charmian! ’t is no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

[**Exit Alexas.**]

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way’s a Mars. Bid you Alexas

[**To Mardian.**]

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[**Exit.**]

**SCENE VI.**

Near Misenum.

Flourish Enter Pompey and Menæus at once, with
Drum and trumpet: of another, Caesar, Antony, Lepi-
 dus, Enoborbus, Mæneas, with Soldiers Marching.

**Pom.** Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

**Ces.** Most meet

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast considered, let us know
If ’t will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

[**Pom.** To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Whencefore my father should excommune want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Caesar,
Who at Philippa the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was ’t That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour’d, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm’d rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger’d ocean foams; with which I meant
ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE VII.

To scourge the ingratitude that despicable Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Ant. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Bid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unha'cl'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undented.

Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. 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 east are soft; and thanks to
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by't.

Ces. There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Ces. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other 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.

[Caesar

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 farwest thou, soldier?

Eno. Well; and well am I like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Sir. I never loved you much; but I ha' 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.

Ant. Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Ces. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Men. [Aside] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.—You and I have known,
Eno. At sea, I think. [sir.

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. Ye. 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, whatso'ever
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 't back 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 Caius 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 knitted togeth-

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this uity, I
would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marrying than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the
band that seems to tie their friendship together will
be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of
a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not I that he himself is not so; which is
Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again;
then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in
Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the
strength of their amity shall prove the immediate
author of their variance. Antony will use his
affection where it is: he married but his occasion
here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you
aboard? I have a health for you. [in Egypt.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats
Men. Come, let's away. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—On board Pompey's galley, off

Misenum.

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 treaty, 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.

Se. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men’s fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not leave.

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 semlet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [To Caesar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o’ the Nile
By certain scales in the pyramid: they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You’ve strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your 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 ne’er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you’ll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies’ pyramids are very good things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Say in mine ear: what is’t?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech 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 broad
as it hath breadth: 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, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. ‘Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. ‘Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Ces. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

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 wilt bear it.

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] I think thou’rt mad. The matter?

[Rises, and walks aside.

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith.

But what’s else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say’st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That’s twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Wilt give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthily Jove:

Whate’er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha’t.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these compatriots
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; [lors,
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on’t! In me’t is villany:
In thee’t had been good service. Thou must know,
’Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e’r 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 path but fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once ’tis offer’d,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I’ll pledge it for him,

Eno. Here’s to thee, Menas! [Pom. [Pom. Menas.

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? [see’st not?

Eno. A bears the third part of the world, man;

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it
That it might go on wheels! [were all,

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.

Men. 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 Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let’s ha’t, good soldier.

Ant. 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,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eye!
In thy fets our cares be drowned;
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;
We see you have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbus
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick’d us all. What needs more words? Good

Ant. Good Antony, your hand. [night.

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 II.

You have my father's house,—But, what? what are we Come, down into the boat. [friends. 

Eno. Take heed you fall not. 

MENNS, I'll not on shore. 

Eno. Ho! says a'. There's my cap. 

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Paccorus 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 Paccorus, Orodes, 
Pays this for Marcus Crassus. 

Sil. Noble Ventidius, 
While yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, 
The fugitive Parthians follow; sparrow through Media, 
Mesopotamia, and the shadiers whither 
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony 
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 
Put garlands on thy head. 

Ven. O Silius, Silius, 
I have done enough; a lower place, note well, 
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius; 
Better to leave undone, than by our deed 
Acquire too high a fame when he who serve's away. 
Cesar and Antony have ever won 
More in their officer than person: Sossius, 
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, 
For quick accumulation of renown, 
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour. 
Who does i' 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, [tony? 
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-

Ven. 'Till 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 Cesar's house.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Eobabarbus at another. 

Agr. What, are the brothers parted? [gone; 

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is 
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps 
To part from Rome; Cesar is sad; and Lepidus, 
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled 
With the green sickness. 

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus. 

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cesar! 

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony! 


These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what! 
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell 
To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound 
out! [Sound a flourish, with drums. 

Eno. Ho! says a'. There's my cap. 

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. [Exeunt.

Eno. Spake you of Cesar? How! the nonpareil! 

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird! 

Eno. Would you praise Cesar, say 'Cesar': go 
no further. [praises. 

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent 

Eno. But he loves Cesar best; yet he loves An-

Tony: [cannot 

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, 
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho! 
His love to Antony. But as for Cesar, 
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder. 

Agr. Both he loves, 

Eno. They are his shadirs, and he their beetle. [Trumpets within.] So 

This is to horse: Adieu, noble Agrippa. 

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell. 

Enter Cesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia. 

Ant. No further, sir. 

Cesar. You take me from me a great part of myself; 
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife 
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band 
Shall pass on thy approach. Most noble Antony, 
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set 
Betwixt us as the cement of our love, 
To keep it builded, be the run to batter 
The fortress of it; for better might we 
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts 
This be not cherish'd. 

Ant. Make me not offended 
In your distrust. 

Cesar. I have said. 

Ant. You shall not find, 

Though you be therein curious, the least cause 
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you, 
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends! 
We will here part. 

Cesar. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well: 
The elements be kind to thee, and make 
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well. 

Opet. My noble brother! 

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring, 
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful. 

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and— 

Cesar. What, Octavia? 

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear. 

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can 
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather, 
That stands upon the swell at full of tide, 
And neither way inclines. 

Eno. [Aside to Agr.] Will Cesar weep? 

Agr. [Aside to Eno.] He has a cloud in his face. 

Eno. [Aside to Agr.] He was the worse for that, 
were he a horse; 

So is he, being a man. 

Agr. [Aside to Eno.] Why, Eobabarbus, 
When Antony found Julius Cesar dead, 
He cried almost he was roaring; and he wept 
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. 

Eno. [Aside to Agr.] That year, indeed, he was 
troubled with a rheum; 

What willingly he did confound he wail'd, 
Believe 't, till I wept too. 

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE V.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long! [Charimian:
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. 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
'Gainst Pompey; made his will, and read
To public ear:
Spoke scantly 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 it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'—
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall strain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Shouldoulder 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.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry:
would not let him partake in the glory of the action:
and not resting here, accuses him of letters
he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death
enlarge his confines.

Eno. 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 spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!' And threatens the throat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught.

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.  [Exeunt.


Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Ces. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and In Alexandria; here's the manner of 't: [more, I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat Caesarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen. Mec. This in the public eye? [Erasure. Ces. 'T is the common show-place, where they ex-His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she In the habiliments of the goddess Isis That they appear'd; and oft before gave audience, As 't is reported, so. Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

Agr. Who, quasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him. Ces. The people know it; and have now received His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Ces. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me Some shipping unseasonable; that he, by he frets That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Ces. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone. I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That be his high authority abused, [quer'd, And did deserve his change: for what I have con-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.

Ces. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her train.

Oct. Hail, Caesar, and—my lord! hail, most dear Caesar!

Ces. That ever I should call thee castaway! Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause. Ces. 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 faint'd, Longing for what it had not; nay, 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 griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd His pardon for return.

Ces. Which soon he granted, Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him. Oct. Do not say so, my lord. Ces. I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens. Ces. 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; Philædæos, king Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas, King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Poelmon 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! Ces. 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 time, 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 great 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 love does offer him, 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?

Ces. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you, Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Near Actium.  Antony's camp.

Enter Cleopatra and Enochorus.

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 you, why should not we Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside] Well, I could reply: If we should serve with horse and mares together, The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony; Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time, What should not then be spared. He is already Traduced for levity; and 't is said in Rome
ACT III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE X.

That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear! the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Taurine? 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. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Ant. Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to’t.

Cleo. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Eno. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shkes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann’d;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingress’d by swift impress; in Cesar’s fleet
Are those that often have ‘gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark’d footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I’ll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full mann’d, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
We then can do’t at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Thy business?

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o’ the hill,
In eye of Caesar’s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. The news is true, my lord; he is descried
Cesar has taken Taurine.

Ant. Can he be there in person? ’t is impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We’ll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you mistake
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptian
And the Phoenicians go a-ducking: we
Hath used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well; away! 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 Caecilius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cesar’s
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Bequiled all spies.

Can. Who’s his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. March with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Caesar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Enobarb. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, naught! I can behold
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, [no longer:
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see’t mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scars. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What’s thy passion? Scarus. The greater candy of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss’d away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scars. On our side like the token’d pestileence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribauded mag of Egypt,—
Whom leprous 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 beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scars. 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
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!
Enter Candidius.

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!

Ero. Ay, are you thereabouts?

Why then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To Cassius will I render my legions and my horse: six kings already show me the way of yielding.

Ero. I'll yet follow.

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason sits in the wind against me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. Cleopatra’s palace.

Enter Antony with attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't; it is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither: I am so lated in the world, that I have lost my way for ever: I have a ship laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, and make your peace with Caesar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards to run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone; I have myself resolved upon a course, which has no need of you: be gone! My treasure’s in the harbour, take it. O, I follow'd that I blush to look upon: My very hairs do mutiny; for the white reproves the brown for rashness, and they them for fear and dooting. Friends, be gone; you shall have letters from me to some friends that will sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad, nor make replies of leatheness: take the hint which my despair proclaims; let that be left which leaves itself: to the sea-roll straightway: I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now: Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command, therefore I pray you: I’ll see you by and by.

[Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why: what else?

Cle. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fle, fle, fle!

Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept his sword o’er like a dancer: while I struck the lean and wrinkled Cassius; and ’twas I that the mad Brutus ended; he alone dealt on lieutenant, and no practice had in the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen may lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:

He is unqualified with very shame.

Char. Well then, sustain me: O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise: the queen approaches; her head’s declined, and death will seize her, but your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,

A most amiable swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See, how I convey my shame out of thine eyes by looking back what I have left behind: Stray’d in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord, forgive my fearful sails! I little thought you would have follow’d.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew’st too well my heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, and thou shouldst tow me after: ’er my spirit thy full supremacy thou knew’st, and that thy beek might from the bidding of the gods command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must to the young man send humble treatises, dodge 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 conqueror; and that my sword, made weak by my affection, would obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I pray; one of them rates all that is won and lost: give me a kiss; even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster; is he come back? Love, I am full of lead. [Knows some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune we scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.—Egypt. Caesar’s camp.

Enter Caesar, Dolabella, Thryerus, with others.

Ces. Let him appear that’s come from Antony.

Know you him?

Dol. Caesar, ’tis his schoolmaster: an argument that he is pluck’d, when hither he sends so poor a pinion of his wing, which had superfluous kings for messengers not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphrénus, ambassador from Antony.

Ces. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony: I was of late as petty to his ends as is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf to his grand sea.

Ces. Be’t so; declare thine office.

Euph. 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 these graves the circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs, now hazard’d 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.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Ces. Bring him through the bands.

[Exeunt Euphrénus.

[To Thryerus] 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 perjure the neer-touch’d vestal: try thy cunning, Thryerus;
ACT III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. SCENE XIII.

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Caesar, I go.
Ces. Observe how Antony becomes his law,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIII.—Aleandria. Cleopatra’s palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and
Irass.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that 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 meek’d question: ’twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithée, peace.

Enter Antony with Euphranios, 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 Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should
note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward’s; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As ’t he command of Caesar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I’ll write it: follow me.

[Exeunt Antony and Euphranios.

Eno. [Aside] Yes, like enough; high-battled Caesar
will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
Against a swor’d! 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 Caesar will
Answer his emptiness! Caesar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Caesar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my 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 fools does make
Our faith more holy: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall’n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i’ the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Caesar’s will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, ha’ly, are they friends to Antony?
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has;
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Caesar’s.
Thyr. Thus then, thou most renown’d: Caesar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand’st,
Further than he is Caesar.
Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear’d him.
Cleo. O! Thy. 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 leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

Thyr. Shall I say to Caesar
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 shrowd,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What’s your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at’s feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. ’T is 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.

Your Caesar’s father oft,
When he hath mused 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 whip’d.

Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kifie! Now, gods
and devils! [Exit.
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] ’T is better playing with a lion’s
Than with an old one dying.

Whip him. Were’t twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of her she, —what’s her
name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine alound for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony!

Ant. Tug him away: being whip’d,
ACT IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I.

Bring him again: this Jack of Caesar's shall bear us an errand to him. 

[Exit Attendants with Thyeus.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha! Have I my pillow left unpressed'd 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 boggler ever:

But when we in our viciousness grow hard— 0 misery on 't!—the wise gods seal our eyes; [us Is our own slight drop our clear judgments; make Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is 't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon Dead Caesar's tureen; nay, you were a fragment Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours, Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure, Though you can guess what temperance should be, You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal And plighted of high hearts! O, that I were Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar 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 wary about him.

Re-enter Attendants with Thyeus. Is he whipp'd?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. 'Cried he? and begg'd a pardon?'

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry To follow Caesar in his triumph, since Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth

The white band 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 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 mislike My speech and what is done, tell him he has Hipparchus, my enchanced bondman, whom He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, As he shall like, to quell me: urge it thou: Hence with thy stripes, begone! [Exit Thyeus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terreneren 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 engender hail, And poison it in the source; and the first stone Drop in my neck: as it determines, so

Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite! Till by degrees the memory of my womb, Together with my brave Egyptians all, By the discandying of this pelleted storm, I lie graveless, fill 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 seyen'ry navy too Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like, Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, If from the field I shall return once more [lady? To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood; And my sword will earn our chronicle:

There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed, And fight maliciously: for when mine hours Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth, And send to darkness all that stop me. Come, Let's have one other gaudy night; call to me All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more; Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:

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 sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight, I'll make death love me; for I will contend Even with his pestilent seythe. [Exit all but Enoarbus.

Eno. Now he'll outstage the lightning. To be furious, Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood The dove will peck the egresside; 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.


Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas, with his Army; Caesar reading a letter.

Cces. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger—

He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,

Cesar to Antony: let the old ruffian know I have many other ways to die; meantime Laugh at his challenge.

Mcc. Caesar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now Make boot of his distraction; never anger Made good guard for itself.

Ces. Let our best heads Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles We mean to fight: within our files there are, Of those that served Mark Antony but late, Enough to fetch him in. See it done; And feast the army: we have store to do 't, And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [Exeunt.
ACT IV.


Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Aegyptius, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitian.

Eno. [aside.] No, he thinks, being twenty times of better force than I am, twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier, by sea and land I'll fight: or I will live, or I will die as my dying honour in the blood shall make it live again. Woe! 'tis thou fight well?

Eno. 'Tis; I'll strike, and cry 'Tis a good trick.

Ant. Well said; come on.

Call forth my household servants: let's to-night.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, good fellow; thou hast been rightly honest:—so hast thou;—Thou, and thou; and thou:—you have served me and kings have been your fellows.

[An Eunuch and a physician enter: they attend Cleopatra.

Ant. What's this? Is it one of those odd tricks which Woes sharp the inmost mind of me?

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too. I wish I could be made so many men, and all of you clapp'd up together in an Antony, that I might do you service so good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: Send not my cups; and make as much of me as when mine empire was your fellow too, and suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [aside.] What does he mean?

Eno. [aside to Eno.] What is this? What is this to-night? What is this that makes us woe?

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!

Eno. What mean you, sir, to give them this discomfort? Look, they weep; and I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame, Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho! Now the witch take me, if I mean it thus! Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends, you take me in too dolorous 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'll expect victorious life Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come, And drown consideration.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Before the palace.

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

If you come of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

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 are: and if to-morrow our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope Our landmen well will stand up.

Third Sold. 'T is a brave army, and full of purpose.

[Music of the hautboys as under the stage.

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' 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?

[loved,

Sec. Sold. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchers 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.

All. [quarter.] Content. 'T is strange. [Exeunt.

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. No, my chuck. 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'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art the armurer of my heart: false, false; this, this. Cleo. Sooth, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well; we shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow? Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely: He that unbucks this, till we do please To daff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm. Thou fustiest, 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 should'st 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 to 't with delight.

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 V.—Alexandria. Antony's camp.

Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. Would thou and those thy sears had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Flow'd thy cheeks.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee: or from Caesar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'
Ant. What say'st thou? Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adiues and greetings;
Say that I wish he never more find cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus,
and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit.]
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

[Enter Agrippa.]

Antony.

Mess. Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exeunt all but Enobarbus.]

Eros. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony; for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Candidus and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar'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.

Eros. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you saved the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[Exit.]
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 outstrike thought: but thought will do't,
I fight against thee: No: I will go seek'The
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Field of battle between the camps.

Alarums. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa
and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

[Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded,
Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou blest'st space.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.
Scar. 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.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter Cæsar, and others.

Cæs. To-morrow, when the morning riseth,
Washed with the dew
And scald'd with the sun's first beam,
We'll stand the battle; and with a fire
Dreaded as bitter and so searing hot
As the green hart on the bloody heath;
We'll settle even with this rebel Antony;
And so return home, laden with the spoil
Our eyes do hourly mark.

[Enter Cleopatra, attended.

Cleo. To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. [To Cleo.] O thou day
of the world,

767
Chain mine arm’d neck; leap thou, attire and all; Through proof of harness to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing?

Cle. Lord of lords!

Our infinite virtue, comest thou smiling From the world’s great sense uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale, We have beat them to their beds. What, girl, though grey Do something mingled with our younger brown, yet One brain that nourishes our nerves, and can [ha ‘we Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man; Command unto his lips thy favouring hand: Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day As if a god, in hate of mankind, had Destroy’d in such a shape.

Cleo. I’ll give thee, friend, An armour all of gold; it was a king’s.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled Like holy Phæbus’ car. Give me thy hand; Through Alexandria make a jolly march; Betwixt our hand’s full targets like the men that owe Had our great palace the capacity [them: To camp this host, we all would sup together, And drink carouseth to the next day’s fate, Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters, With brazen din blast down the city’s ear; Make mingle with our rattling labours; That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together, Applauding our approach.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—Cæsar’s camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour, We must return to the court of guard: the night Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle By the second hour if the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was A shrewd one to’s.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, hear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon, When men revolted shall upon record Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did Before thy face repent!

First Sold. Enobarbus! Peace!

Hark further. Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy, The poisonous damp of night dispone upon me, That life, a very rebel to my will, May hang no longer on me: throw my heart Against the flat and hardness of my fault; Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder, And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony, Nobler than my revolt is infamous, Forgive me in thine own particular; But let the world rank me in register A master-levy and a fugitive: O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

Sec. Sold. Let’s speak To him.

First Sold. Let’s hear him, for the things he speaks May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold. Let’s do so. But he sleeps.

Sec. Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as Was never yet for sleep. [his

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums

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 X.—Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scærus, with their army.

Ans. Their preparation is to-day by sea;

We please them not by land.

Scærus. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they ’d fight ’t the fire or ’t the air; We’d fight there too. But this it is; our foot Upon the hills adjoining to the city Shall stay with us: order for sea is given; They have put forth the haven... Where their appointment we may best discover, And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Another part of the same.

Enter Cæsar, and his army.

Cæs. 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 XII.—Another part of the same.

Enter Antony and Scærus.

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. Scærus. 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 deserted; and, by starts, His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear, Of what he has, and what has not.

[Alarum afar 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 carouse together Like friends long lost. Triple-turn’d whore! ’tis 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 chariot, I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

[Exit Scærus.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more: Fortune and Antony part here: even here Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts That spaniel’d me at heels, to whom I gave Their wishes, do disconsolately their sweets On blossoming Cæsar; 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! Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love? Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving, And blemish Cæsar’s triumph. Let him take thee, And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians: Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
ACT IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Scene XIV.

Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [To Mar.] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [Exit Marcellus.

Eros. The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me 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 stay no farther: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do 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 haunt 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 wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strikst not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!

Ant. Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Eros. Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleas'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.
Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must becur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, swornest thou
not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

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.

Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.
ACT IV.  

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  

SCENE XV.  

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow  
Of Antony's death.  

Ant.  

Kills himself.  

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros  
Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
A nobleness in record: but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't  
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus  

[Pulling on his sword.  

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?  
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!  

Enter Dercetas and Guard.  

First Guard. What's the noise?  

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make  
Of what I have begun.  

Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.  

First Guard. And time is at his period.  

All. Alas, and woe!  

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.  

First Guard. Not I.  

Sec. Guard. Nor I.  

Third Guard. Nor any one.  

[Exit Dercetas.  

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  

This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.  

Enter Diomedes.  

Dio. Where's Antony?  

Der. There, Diomed there.  

Dio. Lives he?  

Will thou not answer, man?  

[Exit Dercetas.  

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,  
and give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.  

Dio. Most absolute lord,  
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.  

Ant. When did she send thee?  

Dio. Now, my lord.  

Ant. Where is she?  

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a proph-  
esying 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.  

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I  
Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard.  
Come, your lord calls!  

[what, ho!  

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.  

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;  
'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.  

[Exeunt, 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.  
O Char. Be comforted, dear madam.  
O 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.  

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.  

Peace!  

Not Caesar's valor 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 God death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.  

Cleo.  

Dear my lord, pardon,— I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am sate:  
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 weighs  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [my lord!  
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power  
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am sate:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—  
Wishers were ever fools.— O, come, come, come;  
[They hear Antony aloft to Cleopatra.  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:  
Quicken with kissing: 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.  

One word, sweet queen:  
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O  
Cleo. They do not go together.  

Ant.  

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.  
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
None about Caesar.  

Ant. The miserable change now at my end  
Lament 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,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman,— a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;  
I can no more.  

Cleo.  

Noblest of men, who 'tis dead?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O, see, my women.  

[Antony dies.  

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!  
O, with'er'd is the Garland of the world,
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! Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. O madam, madam, madam! Iras. Royal Egypt, Empress!
Cleo. No more, but 'ere a woman, and com-
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. 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 sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look, [mian!
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, 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 death proud to take us. Come, away;
This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.

ACT V.


Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others, his council of war.

Ces. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [Exit.

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
Appear thus to us? [darest

Der. I am call'd Dercetas; Mary 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 Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Ces. What is 't thou say'st? [Exit.

Der. I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Ces. 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 doin'; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Ces. He is dead, Caesar; Not by a public minister of justice.
Nor by a bired knife: but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splittered the heart. This is his sword;
I rob'd him of his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Ces. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agg. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Ces. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
He needs must see himself. [him,

Ces. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; but we do Lance
Discourses in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,

With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my companion,
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 moeter season:

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mis-
Commed in all she has, her monument,
[ress,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Ces. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Caesar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Ces. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require.
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall. [Exit.

Ces. Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gallus.] Where's
To second Proculeius? [Dolabella, All.

Dolabella!

Ces. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A room in the monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackle accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.
ACT V.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  SCENE II.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cesar 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. Proculeius, 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 gives 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. I have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised: [Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard uncover and open the gates.] [To Proculeius and the Guard] Guard her till Caesar come. [Exit.

Iras. Royal queen! O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, That rides our dogs of languish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty by Theundoing of yourself: let the world see His nobleness well acted, which your death Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death? Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen Worth many labes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady! Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir: If idle talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep either: this mortal house I'll ruin, Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I Will not wait pension'd at your master's court; Nor once be chasti.ised with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up And show me to the shaking vesture Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud 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. Proculeius, What thou hast done thy master Cesar knows, And he hath sent for thee: for the queen, I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella, It shall content me best: be gentle to her. [please,

[To Cleo.] To Cesar I will speak what you shall If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. 

[Dol. Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me? Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me. Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known. You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams; Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam. Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony: O, such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,— Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck A sun and moon, which kept their course, and The little O, the earth. [lighted Dol. Most sovereign creature. Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm Crested the world: his voice was propertied As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends; But when he meant to 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 livery were Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands As plates drop'd from his pocket.

Dol. 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 fancy; yet, to imagine An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it As answering to the weight; would I might never Overtake 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 Cesar means to do with me?

Dol. I am told to tell you what I would you knew. Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir. — Though he be honorable,— Cleo. He 'll lead me, then, in triumph? Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't. [Cesar!]

[Flourish and shout within, 'Make way there: Enter Caesar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecenas, Seleucus, 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 things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Ces. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To buy on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thenon you rely. I'll take my leave. [and we,
*Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
Your scentuous 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 Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam. [lord
Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Ces. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that 's hired! What, goest thou back?

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
Parend the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifies had reserve
Immortal things, toys 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
[me
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smiles
Beneath the fall I have. [To Seleucus] Prithée, go
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits [hence]
Through the ashes of my chance: Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Ces. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit Seleucus.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
mistrusted
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Ces. Cleopatra, [edged
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we in the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Beslow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Caesar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be 'chear'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
For we intend so to dispose you as
queen;
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!


Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
Not be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.
[Whisper to Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Heie thou 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

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 sent before;
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar,
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dolabella.

Iras. Nay, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt 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 breasts,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed,
And forced to drink their vapours.

Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy licitors
Will catch at us, like Trumpet; and scald rymers
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 boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay, that's certain.
Iras. 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.

Charm. Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydhus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed: I'll leave
And, when thou hast done this charge, I'll give thee
To play till dosamay. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [Exit Iras. A noise within.

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied his highness' presence:
He brings you ligs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [Exit Guardsman.

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 Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

773
Antony, I, speak tremblingly.

Bravest and noblest, have I die, to have been, I, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Remember thou any that have died on 't?

Very many, many, and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do; but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

I wish you all joy of the worm.

You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his will.

Ay, ay; farewell.

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.

Take thou no care; it shall be needed.

Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeling.

Will it eat me?

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 whorish devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar live.

Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm.

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 rouse himself.

To praise my noble act: I hear him mock

The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:

Now to that name my courage prove my title!

I am fire and air; my other elements

I give to bauer life. So; have you done?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian! Iras, long farewell.

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 liest best, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth! leave-taking.

Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.

I, [Exeunt.]

I, if she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mort'leth,

To an asp, which she applies to her breast.

With th' sharp teeth this knot insinuate

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,

Be party, and dispatch. O, condescend thou,

That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass

Unpolite'd!

O eastern star!

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 iass unparalleled. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phebus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Caesar hath sent

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies an asp.

O, come safe, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well:

Cæsar's beguiled. [Call high.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar;

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. Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

[Within 'A way there, a way for Caesar!' ...

Re-enter Caesar 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.

Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought

This was his basket. [her wings.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Caesar,

This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake: I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness! If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear By external swallowing; but she looks like sleep, As she would catch another Antony In her strong toil of grace.

Here, on her breast, There is a vent of blood and something blown: The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspie's trail: and these fig-leaves

Have shine upon them, such as the asp' leaves

Upon the caves 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 bear her women from the monument: She shall be buried by her Antony: No grave upon the earth shall clip in it A pair so famous. High events are these Strike those that make them; and their story is Not less in pity than his glory which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall In solemn show attend this funeral; And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity.
Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Cotien, son to the Queen by a former husband.

Posthumus Leonatus, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

Belarius, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

Guiderius, sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal,

Arviragus, supposed sons to Morgan.

Philario, friend to Posthumus,

Iachimo, friend to Philario,

Calus Lucius, general of the Roman forces.

Pisanio, servant to Posthumus.

Cornelius, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline’s Court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

Helen, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

Scene—Britain; Rome.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see page lxviii.]

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: 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, aack, good man!

And therefore banish’d—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 Cassiobian,

But had his titles by Tenantius 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 o’ 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 feated them, and to the graver

A child that guided dotard’s; 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! 775
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.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
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 blest, 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 sent for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I
A ne'er-her'd daughter, and my Leonatus [were
Our neighbour shepherd's son!]
Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day: and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit Cymbeline and Lords.
Queen. Fle! 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. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
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 goe-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. You are the servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

ACT I.

Cymbeline.

SCENE I.

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 were good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

You know the peril.

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle 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 e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lastness 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 thou 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 triles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; 't will place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. [Putting a bracelet upon her arm.
When shall we see again?

O the gods!
ACT I.

**CYMBELINE.**

**ACT 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.

**First Lord.** Hurst! his body is a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

**Sec. Lord.** [Aside] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the youth.

**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. Puppies!

**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 reflection 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, youth 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.]

**ACT III.—A room in Cymbeline's palace.**

**Enter Imogen and Pisanio.**

**Imogen.** I would thou gwest unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'd every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't was a paper lost,
As o'er'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

**Pisanio.** It was his queen, his queen!

**Imogen.** Then waved his handkerchief?

**Pisanio.** And kiss'd y e, madam.

**Imogen.** Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

**Pisanio.** What was it all?

**Imogen.** 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.

**Imogen.** Thou shouldest have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

**Pisanio.** Madam, so I did.

**Imogen.** I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had past him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turned mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

**Pisanio.** Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

**Imogen.** I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The skies of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him,
As it the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father.
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

**Enter a Lady.**

**Lady.** The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company. [patch'd.]

**Imogen.** Those things I bid you do, get them dis,
I will attend the queen.

**Pisanio.** Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.]

**ACT IV.—Rome. Philario's house.**

**Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.**

**Iachimo.** 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 endow-
ments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse
him by items.

**Philario.** You speak of him when he was less furnished
than now he is with that which maketh him both with-
out and within.

**French.** I have seen him in France: we had very
many there could behold the sun with as fine eyes are.

**Iachimo.** 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.

**Iachimo.** Ay, and the approbation of those that weep
this lamentable divorce under her colours are won-
derfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judg-
ment, which else an easy battery might fly flat, for
taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it
he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

**Philario.** 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 entertain-
ted 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 gentle-
man; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of
mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear here-
after, rather than story him in his own hearing.

**French.** Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

**Post.** Since when I have been debtor to you for
courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay
still.

**French.** Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I
was glad I did alone my countryman and you; it
had been pity you should have been put together
with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon
importance of so slight and trivial a nature.
Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young
traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I
heard than in my every action to be guided by
others’ experiences: but upon my mendicant judg-
ment, I cannot but say it is mend — my quarrel
was not altogether slight.
French. ’Faith, yes, to be put to the arbritment-of
swords, and by 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?
French. Safely, I think: ’t was a contention in
public, which may, without contradiction, suffer
the report. It was much like an argument that fell
out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our
country mistresses; this gentleman at that time
vouching — and upon warrant of bloody affirma-
tion — his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste,
constant-qualified and less attempting than any
the rarest of our ladies in France.
Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentle-
man’s opinion by this would have prevailed.
Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.
Iach. You must not so far prefer her ’fore ours of
Italy.
Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I
would abate her nothing, though I profess myself
her adorer, not her friend.
Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-
hand comparison — had been something too fair and
too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before
others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-
lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe
she excelled many: but I have not seen the most
prizables diamond that is, nor you the lady.
Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.
Iach. What do you esteem it at?
Post. More than the world enjoys.
Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead,
or she’s outprized by a trifle.
Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or
given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase,
or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale,
and only the gift of the gods.
Iach. Which the gods have given you?
Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.
Iach. You may wear in title yours: but, you
know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds.
Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of un-
prizables estimations; the one is but frail and the
other casual: a cunning thief, or a that way ac-
complished courtier, would hazard the winning
both of first and last.
Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished
a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress,
if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail.
I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves: not-
withstanding, I fear not my ring.
Phi. Let us leave here, gentleman.
Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior,
I thank him, 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 mistresa, make her
go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and
opportunity to friend.
Post. No, no.
Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my
estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o’er-
values it something: but I make my wager rather
against your confidence than her reputation: and,
to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it
against any lady in the world.
Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a
persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you’re worthy of by your attempt.
Iach. What’s that?
Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you
call it, deserve more; a punishment too.
Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too
suddenly: I thought it died when it was born, and, I pray you,
be better acquainted.
Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neigh-
bour’s on the approbation of what I have spoke!
Post. What lady would you choose to assail?
Iach. Yours: whom in constancy you think
stands so, only I will lay you ten thousand ducats
to your ring, that, commend me to the court where
your lady is, with no more advantage than the op-
portunity of a second conference, and I will bring
from thence that honour of hers which you imagine
so reserved.
Iach. Will I wage against your gold, gold to it:
my ring I hold dear as my finger: ’tis part of it.
Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If
you buy ladies’ flesh at a million 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 what’s 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 hug-
ness 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 nearest
bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats
are yours: so is your diamond too: if I come off,
and leave her in such honour as you have trust in,
she your jewel, this your jewels, 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 shall you an-
swer: 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, not making it
appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the
assault you have made to her chastity you shall
answer me with your sword.
Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have
these things set down by lawful counsel, and
straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should
catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and
have our two wagers recorded.
Post. Agreed.
[Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.
French. Will this hold, think you?
Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray,
let us follow ’em. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — Britain. A room in Cymbeline’s palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Corinellus.
Queen. Whiles yet the dev’s by ground, gather
those flowers;
Make haste; who has the note of them?
First Lady. I, madam.
Queen. Dispatch. [Exeunt Ladies.
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Pleadeth your highness, ay; here they are, madam:
[Presenting a small box.
But I beseech your grace without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask — wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous com-

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ACT I.

Cymbeline.

SCENE VI.

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 confection here, and thus far proceeded, — 
Unless thou think'st me devilish — is 't not meet 
That I did amplify my judgment in 
Other conclusions? I will try the forces 
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as 
We count not worth the hanging, but none human, 
To try the vigour of thy and apply 
Allayments to their act, and by them gather 
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness 
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: 
Besides, the seeing these effects will be 
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

[Aside] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him 
Will I first work: he's for his master, 
And eny my son. How now, Pisanio! 
Doctor, to serve for this time is called; 
Take your own way.

Cor. [Aside] I do suspect you, madam; 
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [To Pisanio] Hark thee, a word. [she has 
Cor. [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think 
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, 
And will not trust one of her malice with 
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has 
Will 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. [Aside] 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 possesseth? Do thou work: 
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, 
I'll tell thee where on the instant thou art then 
As great as is thy master, greater, for 
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name 
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor 
Continue where he is; to shift his being 
Is to exchange one misery with another, 
And every day that comes to decay 
A day's work in him. What shall thou expect, 
To be dependant on a thing that leans, 
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends, 
So much as to prop him? [The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.] Thou takest 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 't as from thyself. 
Think what a change thou know on, but think 
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boast, my son, 
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king 
To any shape of thy preffernent such 
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly, 
That set thee on to this desert, am bound 
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio.

Not to be shaked; the agent for his master 
And the rememberance of her to hold 
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that 
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople 
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: 
Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Pis. And shall do: 
But when to my good lord I prove untrue, 
I'll chafe myself; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same. Another room in the 

palace.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false; 
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady, 
That hath her husband banish'd! —O, that husband! 
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated 
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n, 
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable 
Is the desire that's glorious: best be those, 
How mean seer, that have their honest wills, 
Which sensons comfort. Who may this be? Fele!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam? 
The worthy Leonatus is in safety 
And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter. 
Imo. Thanks, good sir: 
You're kindly welcome. [rich! 
Iach. [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 wagers. Boldness be my friend! 
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot! 
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 
Rather, directly fly. 
Imo. [Reads] 'He is one of the noblest note, to 
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect 
upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—' 
LEONATUS.' 

So far I read aloud: 
But even the very middle of my heart 
Is warn'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully. 
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I 
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so 
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. 
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes 
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich 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? 
Imo. What makes your admiration? 
Iach. It cannot be 't the eye, for apes and monkeys 
'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and 
Contemn with mows the other; nor 't the judgment, 
For fools in this case of favour would 
Be wisely definite; nor 't the appetite; 
Stutterly to such neat excellence opposed 
Should make desire vomit emptiness, 
Not so allured to feed. 
Imo. What is the matter, trow? 
Iach. 

The cloyed will, 779
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb.
Longs after for the garbage.

Is. What, dear sir, 

Tis very true? Are you well?

Is. Thanks, madam: well. [To Pisanio] Be

see you, sir, desire 

Is. My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Fis. I was going, sir,

To give him welcome. [Exit.

Is. Continues well my lord? His health, be

see you?

Is. Well, madam.

Is. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Is. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there

Secretary and so gamsome: he is call'd

The Briton reveller.

Is. When he was here,

He did incline to sadness, and oft-times

Not knowing why.

Is. 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, while the jolly Briton

—Your lord, I mean—langus from a fue longs, cries

Is.

Can my mind 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?

Is. Will my lord say so?

Is. Ay, madam, with his eyes in blood with

It is a recreation to be

[laughter: And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens

Some men are much to blame.]

[Know.

Is. Not he, I hope.

Is. 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.

Is. What do you pity, sir?

Is. Two creatures heartily.

Is. Am I one, sir?

Is. Look you on me; what reck discern you in me

Deserves your pity?

Is. Lamentable! What,

To hide me from the radiant sun and solace

I the dungeon by a snuff?

I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Is. 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 it.

Is. 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 bane you spur and stop?

Is. Had I this check

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,

Whose every touch, would force the feeder's soul

To the oath of loyalty: this object, which

Take ample part in the wild motion of mine eye,

Fixing it only here: should I, damn'd then,

Slaver with lips as common as the stairs

That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as

With labour: then by-peeking in an eye

Base and unlastrous as the smoky light

That's fed with stinking bellow: it were fit

That all the plagues of hell should at one time

Encounter such revolt.

Is. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

Is. And himself. Not I,

Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce

The beggary of his change: but 'tis your graces

That from my mildest conscience to my tongue

Charms this report out.

Is. Let me hear no more.

Is. 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,

[her'd

Well the greatest virtue,—to be partial

With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition

Which your own coffers yield! with discedven-

That play with all infirnities far gold

Which rottenness can lend nature! such hellish stuff

As well a godly poison poison'd; revenge'd,

Or she that bore you was no queen, and you

Recoll from your great stock.

Is. Reveng'd!

Is. How should I be revenge'd? If this be true,—

As I have such a heart that both mine ears

Must not in haste abuse—shoe if it be true,

How should I be revenge'd?

Is. Should he make me Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,

While he is vailing variable rumps,

In your deserts, upon your purse? Revenge it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure.

More noble than that rungmate to your bed,

And will continue fast to your affection,

Still close as sure.

Is. What, ho, Pisanio?

Is. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Is. 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 seek'st,—as base as strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far

From thy report as thou from honour, and

Solicit'st her a lady that doth affins

Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,

A saucy stranger in his court to mart

As in a Roman stew and to expound

His beastly mind to us, he hath a court

The little cares for and yet king for who

He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio?

Is. O happy Leonatus! I may say:

The credit that thy lady hath of thee

Deserves thy trust, and thy perfect goodness

Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!

A lady to the worthiest sir that ever

Country call'd his! and your mistersse, only

For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon,

I have spoke this, to know if your alliance

Were deeply rooted: and shall make your lord,

That which he is, new ever: and he is one

The truest manner'd; such a lady which

That he enacts societies into him;

Half all men's hearts are his.

Is. You make amends.

Is. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

More than a mortal oeconomy. He not angry,

Most mighty princess, that I have adveristed

To try your taking of a false report: which hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment

In the election of a sir so rare,

Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
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 jack, upon an upcast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't; and then a whoreson jackanapes must make me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have lost his part with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clot. 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 poson 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, 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? [Aside] It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

No. No, I know that: but it is fit 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 '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' 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 derogation in 't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them in my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk, attended by my men: I will make bold to send them to you, only for this night: I must aboard to-morrow.


Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word by lengthening my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise to see your grace.

Iach. I thank you for your pains: But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam: Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please to greet your lord with writing, do 't to-night: I have outstood my time: which is material to the tender of our present.

Iach. I will write. Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept, and truly yielded you. 'Tis very welcome.

[Exeunt.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him.

Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, And leave eighteen. A las, poor princess! Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd, A mother hourly coming plots, a wooer More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaken That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Iach. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Helen. Please you, madam.

Iach. What hour is it?

Helen. Almost midnight, madam.

Iach. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak: Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed: Take not away the taper, leave it burning; And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock, I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[Exeunt Helen.

To your protection I commend me, gods, From fairies and the tempters of the night Guard me, beseech ye.

[Exit Imogen.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus sense Did softly press the rushes, ere he wak't The chastity he wounded. Cytherea, How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily, And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch! But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd, How dearly do they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that

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Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o’ the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure laced
With blue of thousand’s meaner than. But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:
Such and such pictures; there the window; such
The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,
Why, such and such; and the contents o’ the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand’s meaner then. But my design,
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou pace of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:
[Taking off her bracelet.
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
’Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I’ the bottom of a cow’s milk; here’s a voucher,
Stray how excellent law could make: this secret
Will fore, till 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 to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Toreus; here the leaf’s turn’d down
Where Philemole 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 fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes.
One, two, three: time, time!
[Go 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 loss, the most coldest 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. Day, my lord.
Clo. I would this music would come: I am ad-
vis’d to give her music o’ mornings; they say it
will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so; we’ll try with tongue too: if none
will do, let her remain; but I’ll never give o’er.
First, a very excellent good concocted 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 chanced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

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’guts,
nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never
amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that’s the
reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take
this service I have done fatherly.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious
mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail’d her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she’s yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season. Make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your discretion tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Calus Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that’s no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son, [tress,
When you have given good morning to your mis-
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our
queen.

[Exeunt all but Cloten.

Clo. If she be up, I’ll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. [Knocks By your
I know her women are about her: what [leave, ho!
If I do line one of their hands? ’Tis gold [makes
Which buys admittance: off it doth; yea, and
Diana’s rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o’ the stealer; and ’tis gold
Which makes the true man kill’d and saves the
thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man;
Can I not do and undo? I will make [what
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.

[Knocks By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who’s there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman’s son.

Lady. That’s more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What’s your lordship’s pleas-
Clo. Your lady’s person: is she ready? [ure?

Lady. Ay.

Clo. To keep her chamber.

Lady. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.

Lady. How? my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet
hand.

[Exit Lady.

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ACT II.  

Cymbeline.  

Scene IV.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains For purse-aching but trouble; the thanks I give Is telling you that I am poor of thanks And scarce can spare them.

Clo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me: If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

Imo. This is no answer. [silently.

Clo. But that you shall not say I yield being I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy To your best kindness: one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Imo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my will not.

Clo. Fools are not mad folks.

Imo. Do you call me fool?

Clo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity —
To accuse myself — I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Imo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract you pretend with that base wretch, One bred of arms and fostered with gold dishes, With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties — Yet who than he more mean? — to knit their souls, On whom there is no more dependency But brats and beggary, in self-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 hindling for a livery, a squire's cloth, A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Clo. Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more But what thou art besides, thouwert too base To be his magnified: thou was magnified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 't were made Comparative for your virtues, to be styled The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated For being prefer'd so well.

Clo. He never can meet more miscarriage 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, Pisania!

Enter Pisania.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now the devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. 'His garment!'

Imo. I am spirited with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman Send for a jewel that was commend enough, 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 I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [Exit Pisania. Clo. You have abused me:

'His meanest garment!'
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sweat or mine, or masterless leaves both
To whom shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not.
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching — it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And thus she swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was —
Post. This is 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 injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Diana bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons —
I had forgot them — were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.
Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this — and praise
Be given to your remembrance — the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[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 pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a 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!
Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won!
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't. Hack 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. Hank you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'T is true — nay, keep the ring — 't is true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are [lit!]
All sworn and honourable: — they induced to steal
And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoyed her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of —
Post. She hath been coltied 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 feel 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;
Iach. I'll be sworn —
No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done it, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something —
[Exit.
Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried '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 wanderer'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, her; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, may, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
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."

ACT III.

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.

Cym. 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, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it— for him
And his successor grant us Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left un'tender'd.

Quee. And, to kill the marvell,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius, Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Quee. That opportunity
Where they then had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But sink them up to the topmast. A kind of con-
quest
Cesar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'Come' and 'saw' and 'overcame'; with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him — he was carri'd
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
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O gigot fortune!—to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and,
and, when I said, there is no more Caesar: other
of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassiclan: I do not say I am one; but I have a
hand here: why tribute? why should we pay tribute?
If Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or
put the noon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute
for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort [then,
This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar's ambi-
Which well'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off

SCENE II.—Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her virtue? Leonatus! O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued asándosented, 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 upon some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes. How! that 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't:

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That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. O damnd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a foolary for this net, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter Imogen.

How now, Pisano? Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
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 find the heavy heaven of his gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him;
Some griefs are med'cinal; that is one of them,
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 forrester ye cast in prison yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!
[Reads] 'Justice, and your father's shrith, should
be taken in my dominion, could not be so cruel to me:
O, the dearest of creatures, would ever renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am
in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love
will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,
increasing in love,
Leonatus Posthumus.' O, for a horse with wings! Heart's thou, Pisano? He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisano,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate,—but not like me,—yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,—say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the bores 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 steal 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 ever begot?
We'll have it thus hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 'enough for you: [Aside] and too much too.

Imo. Why, that one rode to 's execution, man,
Could never so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than 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 fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Wales: a mountainous country with a

Enter, from the cave, Bolarios; Guidierius and

Arviragus following.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roods 's as 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 arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guil. Hail, heaven!

Arr. Hall, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill;
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con;
When you above perceive me like a crow, [sider,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may here all the work I have told
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war: [you
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus.
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold.
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richeer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpard-for slink:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guil. Only by your proof you speak: we, poor un-

fledged,

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 beastly, 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 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 else he that fails
The fear as much as falling; the toll o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger [search,
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Both ill deserve by doing well; what's worse.
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline 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 mellow hangings, my, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guil. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing — as I have told you off —
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demons have been my world;
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all

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ACT III.

SCENE IV.

The fore-end of my time. But up to the mountains! This is not hunters’ language: he that strikes The venison first shall be the lord of the feast; To him the other two shall minister; And we will fear no poison, which attends In place of greater state. I’ll meet you in the valleys, [Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.] How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little: they been some to the king; Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think they are mine; and though train’d up thus meanly The cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them In simple and low things to prince it much Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore, The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who The king his father call’d Guiderius.—Jove! When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out Into my story: say ‘Thus mine enemy fell, And thus I set my foot on his neck;’ even then The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats, strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal, Once Arviragus, in as like a figure, strikes life into my speech and shows much more His own receiving.—Hark, the game is roused!— O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows Thou dost unjustly banish me: whereon, At three and two years old, I stole these babes; Thinking to bar thee of succession, as Thou refus’dst me of my hands. EURYPHILE, Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their And every day do honour to her grave: mother, Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call’d, They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Ino. Thou told’st me, when we came from horse, the place Was near at hand: ne’er long’d my mother so — To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man! Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind, That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus, Would be interpreted a thing perplex’d Beyond self-explication: put thyself Into a harbour of less fear, ere wildness Vanquish my staid senses. What’s the matter? Why tender’st thou that paper to me, with A look antender’d? If’t be summer news, Smile to’t before; if winterly, thou need’st But keep that countenance still. My husband’s hand! That drug-damn’d Italy hath out-crafted him, And he’s at some hard point. Speak, man: thy tongue May take off some extremity, which to read Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. 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 Outvans all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds and doth belie All corners of the world: kings, queens and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This vipers’ slander enters; that is it, madam? Ino. False to his bed! What is it to be false? To lie in watch there and to think on him? To weep ’twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge na To break it with a fearful dream of him? [ture, And cry myself awake? that’s false to ’s bed, is it? Pis. Alas, good lady! Ino. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; Thou then look’dst like a villain; now methinks Thy favour’s good enough. Some day 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 be ripp’d: — to pieces with me! — O, Men’s vows are women’s traitors! All good seeming, By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought Put on for villainy; not born where ’t grows, But worn a bait for ladies.

Ino. Good madam, hear me. Were in his time thought false, and Simon’s weeping Did scanclry 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 perfirgured From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest: Do thou thy master’s bidding: when thou see’st him, A little witness my obedience: look! I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart; Fear not: ’tis empty of all things but grief: Thy master is not there, who was indeed The riches of it: do his bidding; strike Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause; But now thou seem’st a coward.

Ino. Hence, vile instrument! Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Ino. 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 [heart. That craven my weak hand. Come, here’s my Some thing’s afar t. Soft, soft! we’ll no defence; Obedient as the scabbard. What is here? The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus, All turn’d to heresy? Away, away, Corrupters of my faith! thou shall no more Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools Believe false teachers: though those that are betray’d Do feel the passion sharply, yet the traitor Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up My disobedience’gainst the king my father And make me put into contempt the suits Of princely fellows, shall hereafter find It is no act of common passage, but A strain of greatness; all shall give way To think, when thou shalt be disdained by her That now thou tirest on, how thy memory Will then be pardon’d by me. Pritesse, dispatch: The lamb entreats the butcher: where’s thy knife? Thou art too slow to do thy master’s bidding, When I desire it too. O gracious lady, Since I received command to do this business I have not slept one wink. [Do’t, and to bed then. 787
Cymbeline.  

ACT III.  

SCENE V.  

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.  

Imo. Wherefore then  

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou 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 my being absent? whereunto I never  

Purpose return. Why hath thou gone so far,  

To be unbet when thou hast ta''en thy stand,  

The elected deer before thee?  

Pis. But to win time  

To load so bad employment; in the which  

I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  

Hear me with patience.  

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  

I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  

Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  

Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.  

Pis. I thought you would not back again.  

Imo. Most like;  

Bringing me here to kill me.  

Pis. Not so, neither:  

But if I were as wise as honest, then  

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be  

But that my master is abused:  

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  

Hath done you both this cursed injury.  

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.  

Pis. No, on my life,  

I'll give but notice you are dead and send him  

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  

I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,  

And that will well confirm it.  

Imo. Why, good fellow,  

What shall I do whilst? where bid? how live?  

Or in my life what comfort, when I am  

Dead to my husband?  

Pis. If you'll back to the court—  

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado  

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,  

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  

As fearful as a siege.  

Pis. If not at court,  

Then not in Britain must you abide.  

Imo. Where then?  

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  

Are they not but in Britain? 1 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 lives 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 night at least  

That though his actions were not visible, yet  

Report should render him hourly to your ear  

As truly as he moves.  

Imo. O, for such means!  

Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,  

I would adventure.  

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:  

You must forget to be a woman; change  

Command into obdience; fear and niceness—  

The handmaidens of all women, or, more truly,  

Woman its pretty self—into a waggish courage;  

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and  

As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must  

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  

Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!  

Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch  

Of common-kissing Titan, and forget

Your laboursome and dainty trius, wherein  

You made great Juno angry.  

Imo. Nay, be brief:  

I see into thy end, and am almost  

A man already.  

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.  

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—  

'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all  

That answer to them: would you in their serving,  

And with what imitation you can borrow  

From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius.  

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him—[know  

Wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him  

If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless  

With joy he will embrace you, for he's honourable  

And doubting that, most holy. Your means abroad,  

You have me, rich; and I will never fail  

Beginning nor supplyment.  

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 move not to a short farewell,  

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  

Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  

Here is a box; I had it from the queen;  

What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,  

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!  

Imo. 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 an right sorry that I must report ye  

Pis. 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!  

Que. And you!  

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;  

The due of honour in no point omit.  

So farewell, noble Lucius.  

Luc. Your hand, my lord.  

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth  

I wear it as your enemy.  

Luc. Sir, the event  

Is yet to name the winner: fare you well.  

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  

Till he have cross'd the world's remotest region,  

And in the utmost of the Roman empire.  

[Exeunt Lucius and Lords.  

Que. He goes hence frowning: but it honours  

That we have given him cause.  

Clo. 'Tis all the better;  

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.  

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  

How it goes here. It fits me 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.  

Que. '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,
ACT III.  

Cymbeline.  

SCENE V.  

Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: she looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty:  
We have noted it. Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in suffering Posthumus.  

[Exit an Attendant.  

Queen.  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis thine must do. Beseach 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.  

Cyn.  
Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?  

Att.  
Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there 's no answer  
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.  

Queen.  
My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,  
Whereeto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to profer: this  
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.  

Cyn.  
Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear  
Prove false!  

Queen.  
Son, I say, follow the king.  
Clo.  
That man of hers, Pisanio, his old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.  

Queen.  
Go, look after.  

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 is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized 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 Cloten.  

How now, my son!  

Clo.  
'Tis certain she is fled.  
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none  
Dare come about him.  

Queen.  
[Aside] All the better: may  
This night forestall him of the coming day!  

Clo.  
I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all: I love her therefore: but  
Disdaining me and throwing favours on  
The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment  
That what 's else rare is chok'd; and in that point  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be revenged upon her. For when fools  

Enter Pisanio.  

Who is here? What are you packing, sirrah?  
Come hither; ah, you precious pandar! Villain,  
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.  

Pis.  
O, good my lord!  

Clo.  
Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,—  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A drum of worth be drawn.  

Pis.  
Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
He is in Rome.  

Clo.  
Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
No further halting; satisfy me home  
What is become of her.  

Pis.  
O, my all-worthy lord!  

Clo.  
Discover where thy mistress is at once.  
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.  

Pis.  
Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight.  

Pis. [Aside] Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this  
May prove his travel, not her danger.  

Clo.  
Humm!  

Pis. [Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead.  
O Imogen,  
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!  

Clo.  
Sirrah, is this letter true?  

Pis. Sir, as I think.  

Clo.  
It is Posthumus' hand: I know 't. Sirrah,  
if thou wouldest not be a villain, but do me true  
service, undergo those employments wherein  
I should have cause to use thee with a serious  
industry, that is, what villany se' or I bid thee do,  
to perform it directly and truly, I would think  
the an honest man: thou shouldst neither want  
my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy pre-  

Pis.  
Well, my good lord.  

Ferment.  

Clo.  
Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and  
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of  
that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the  
course of garment, I know, but be a diligent  
follower of mine: wilt thou serve me?  

Pis. Sir, I will.  

Clo.  
Give me thy hand: here's my purse. Hast  
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?  

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same  
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and  
mistress.  

Clo.  
The first service thou dost me, fetch that  
suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.  

Pis. I shall, my lord.  

Clo.  
[Exit.  

Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to  
ask him one thing: I'll remember 'an anon:—  
even then, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.  
I would these garments were come. She said upon  
a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my  
heart—that she held the very garment of  
Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural  
person, together with the adornment of my quali-  
ties. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish  
him: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall  
she see my valour, which will then be a torment  
to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech  
of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my  
lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I  
will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—  
to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home  
again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll  
be merry in my revenge.  

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.  

Be those the garments?  

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.  

[Exit.  

Clo.  
How long is't since she went to Milford?  

Pis.  
She can scarce be there yet.  

Clo.  
Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is  
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the  
third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my  
design. Be but duteous, and true preferrment shall  
shelter itself to thee. My revenge is now at Mil-
ford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true.  [Exit]

Pis. Thou bid’st me to thy 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.

Imo. I see a man’s life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew’d thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, [me
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 lapse in fulness
Is sorrier than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
They were one ‘t the false ones. Y’s true
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: ‘tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o’erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho! who’s here?
If any thing that’s civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I’ll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he’ll scarcely look on ‘t.
Such a foe, good heavens!  [Exit, to the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arrviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I [and
Will play the cook and servant; ‘t is our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die.
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what’s homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep’s thyself!  

Gui. Am I thoroughly weary.

Arr. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i’ 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 our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What’s the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter here, I call’d; and thought
To have begg’d or bought what I have took: good
trough, [found
I have stol’n nought, nor would not, though I had
Gold skew’d i’ the floor. Here’s money for my
I would have left it on the board so soon [meat:
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?  

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And ‘t is no better reckon’d, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

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SCENE I.—Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to 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 imperceivable 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, spare her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of her testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sort purpose! Fortune, put these into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guidoerius, Arrivarquis, and Imogen.

Bel. [To Imogen] You are not well: remain here in We'll come to you after hunting. [the cave;]

Arc. [To Imogen] Brother, stay here: Are we not brothers? So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well; But not so citizen a wanton as To seem to die and sick: so p lease you, leave me; Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me Cannot amend me; society is no comfort To one not sociable: I am not very sick, Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here: I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how! how! how! Arc. 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 'tis shall die, I'd say 'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [Aside] O noble strain! Our wantonness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowards and they themselves are base: Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace. I'm not their father; yet who this should, Doth miracle itself, loved before me. 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arc. I wish ye sport.

Arc. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [Aside] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court: Experience, O, thou disprovest report! The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio, I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some.]

Gui. I could not stir him: He said he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arc. 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.

Arc. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick, For you must be our housewife. Well or ill,

Imo. I am bound to you.

Bel. And shall be ever.

[Exit Imogen, to the cave.

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had Good ancestors.

Arc. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots In characters, And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick And he dieter.

Arc. Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh, as if the sight 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 conniex With winds that sailors roll at.

I do note That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingle their spurs together.

Gui. Grow, patience! And let the stinking elder, grief, unwine His perishing root with the increasing vine! Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis Cloten, the son 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! Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search What companies are near: pray you, away; Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arrivarquis.

Clo. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such. What slave art thou? Gui. A thing More lavish did I ne'er than answering A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

Gui. To 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?

Clo. Thou villain base, Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal. Who is thy grandfather? he made those clothes, Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet, My tailor made them not.
Cymbeline.

A. Hence, then, and thank The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool; I am loath to beat thee.

C. Thon injurious thief, Hear but my name, and tremble.

G. What's thy name?

C. Cloten, thou villain.

G. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name, I cannot tremble at it: were it Tad, or Ader, slip-T would move me sooner.

C. To thy further fear, Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know I am son to the queen.

G. I am sorry for 't; not seeming so worthy as thy birth.

C. Art not afraid?

G. Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise: At fools I laugh, not fear them.

C. Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand, I'll lay low those that even now did hence.

And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads: Yield, rustic mountaineer. 

[Exeunt, fighting.]

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

B. No companies abroad? 

A. None in the world: you did mistake him, B. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute T was very Cloten.

C. In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

B. Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

G. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse; There was no money in 't: not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none: Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne My head as I do his.

B. What hast thou done?

G. 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 'ld take us in, [grow, Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they And set them on Lud's-town. 

B. We are all undone.

G. 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 des'd trait us, Play judge and executioner all himself, For we do fear the law? What company Discover you abroad?

B. No single soul Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason He must have some attendants. Though his humour Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not Absolute madness could so far have rav'd To bring him here alone; although perhaps It may be heard at court that such as we Came here, hunt here, are outlawts, and in time May make some stronger head: the which he hear- As it is like him—might break out, and swear [ing— He 'ld fetch us in; yet is 't not probable To come alone, either he so undertaking, Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear, If we do fear this body hath a tail More perilous than the head.

Arc. Let ordinance Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er, My brother hath done well.

B. I had no mind To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness Did make my way long forth.

G. With his own sword, Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek Behind our rock; and let it to the sea, And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten: That's all I reck. 

[Exit.

B. I fear 't will be revenged: Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour Becomes thee well enough.

A. Would I had done 't,

So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore, I love thee brotherly, but envy much Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges, That possible strength might meet, would seek us And put us to our answer. 

[through

B. Well, 't is done: We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock; You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him To dinner presently.

A. Poor sick Fidele! I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood, And praise myself for charity. 

[Exit.

B. Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys! They are as gentle As sycamors blowing below the violet, Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough, Their royal blood enclas'd, as the rudest wind, That by the top doth take the mountain pine, And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder That an invisible instinct should frame them To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught, Civility not seen from other, valour That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange What Cloten's being here to us pertains, Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

G. Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream, In embassy to his mother: his body's haste For his return. 

[Solena music.

B. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

G. Is he at home?

B. He went hence even now.

G. What does he mean? since death of my dearst mother It did not speak before. All solemn things Should answer solemn accidents. The matter? Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys Is jollity for ayes and grief for boys. Is Cadwal mad?

B. Look, here he comes, 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.

A. The bird is dead That we have made so much on. I had rather Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty, To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, Than have seen this.

G. O sweetest, fairest lily!
CYMBELINE.—Act IV., Scene ii.
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?—
Thou comest, to show what coast thy sluggish crake
Might casiest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightest have made;
Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy. [but I,
How found you him?]
Arc. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arc. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arc. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of galantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
To winter-ground thy corse. [none,
Gui. Prithhee, have done;
And do not play in wenche-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!
Arc. Say, where shall 's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriaphile, our mother.
Arc. 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 Euriaphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie,
Arc. 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, rol-
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely:
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him a prince.
Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Theirselves' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.
Arc. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[Exit Belarius.]
Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
My father hath a reason for 't. [east;
Arc. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
SONG.
Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
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.
Arc. Fear no more the cloud o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothes and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash;
Arc. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arc. Thou hast finish'd joy and mean:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
Gui. No exerciser harm thee!
Arc. Nor with witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unaided forbear thee!
Arc. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!
Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.
Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him
down. [more:
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight,
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings filt't for graves. Upon their faces,
You were as flowers, now withered: even so
These herbetts shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius and Arreurgus.
Ino. [Awaking] Xes, ye, to Milford-Haven; which
is the way?—[latterly]
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far 'Ods pittikins! can it be 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. I hope dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 't is not so;
'Was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Were sometimes like our judgments, blind.
Good I tremble still with fear: but if there be [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 heartless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercureial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'T is gone. Pisano,
All cursed maddens Hecba gave the Greeks,
And mine to heaven, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irreproachable devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!Damn'd Pisano!
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisano—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top? O Posthumus! alas, [that?
Where is thy head? Ay, where? Ay me! where's
Pisano might have kill'd thee at the heart.
And left this head on. How should this be? Pisano?
'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisano's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider 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.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
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.

Cap. 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?

Imo. 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.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [Aside] If I do lie and
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [do
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when [grave,
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' straw'd his

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 enjoin 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 dalsted plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is pretend'd
By thee to us, and he shall be inter'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pisianio, 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,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and most assuredly
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

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 pursues 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 Pisianio.] 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. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[Exeunt all but Pisianio.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: neither know I
What is done 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.
SCENE IV.—Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gua. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it. Arr. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it from action and adventure?

Gua. Nay, what hope have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans Must or for Brutos stay us, or receive us For barbarous and unnatural revolts During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us. To the king's party there's no going: newness Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not missed. Among the lands—may drive us to a render [ter'd Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that Which we have done, whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture. Gua. This is, sir, a doubt In such a time nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying us. Arr. It is not likely That when they hear the Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes And ears so cloy'd importunately as now, That they will waste their time upon our note, To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known Of many in the army: many years, [him Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore From my remembrance. And, besides, the king Hath not deserved my service nor your loves; Who find in my exile the want of breeding, The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless To have the courtesy your cradle promised; But to be still hot summer's tulplings and The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gua. Than he 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 stergrown, 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'd on blood, But that of coward haries, hot goats, and venison! Never bestridden a horse, save one that had A rider like myself, who ne'er wore ravel Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed To look upon the holy sun, to have The benefit of his blest beams, remaining So long a poor unknown.

Gua. 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 valuation, should reserve My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys! If in your country wars you chance to die, That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie: Lead, lead. [Aside] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, Till it fly out and show them princes born. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Britain. The Roman camp.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd Thou should'st 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 ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never Had lived to put on this: so bad 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 fail no more: you some permit To secondills with ill's, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift. But Imogen is your own: do your best wills, And make me blest 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, Have patiently my purpose: I'll disprove 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, Flied nor hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know More valour in me than my habits show. Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me! To shame the guise o' the world. I will begin The fashion, less without and more within. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.

Enter, from one side, Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army: from the other side, the British Army; Lacemelades 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.

Jach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady, The princess of this country, and the air on't Rievengingly enfeebles me; or could this ear, 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 lust as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [Exeunt. 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 villany of our fears.

Gua. Stand, stand, and fight! [Exeunt. Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. 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 woodwink'd.

Jach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
SCENE III.—Another part of the field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Post. I do not know where they made the stand? I think, where the old man and his sons were angels. Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a sily habit, that gave the affront with them.

First Capt. Lay hands on him; a dog! A leg of Rome shall not return to tell service what crows have peck'd them here. He brags his As if he were of note; bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderus, Arviragus, Pisanio, Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman Captives.

The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: then exectube omnes.

SCENE IV.—A British prison.

Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you; so graze 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 o' the gout; since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity than be cured by the sure physician, death, who is the key to unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art a fetter'd. More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry? So children temporal fathers do appease; God and a more full of mercy, if I repent? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy, if of my freedom 't is the main part, take no stricter render of me than my all, I know you are more element than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third, A sixth or tenth, letting them thrive again on their abatement: that 's not my desire: For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it: 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp; Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake: You ruin mine, being yours: and so, great powers, if you will take this audit, take this life, and cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen! I shall speak to thee in silence.

[Sleeps.}
Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jup. No more. No more, you petty spirits of region low. 
Offend our hearing! hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
Upon your tender-springing banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress:
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:
And so, away! There's further with our din
Express inpatience, lest you stir up mine.
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends.
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than all our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cleans his beak,
As when his god is pleased.
All. Thanks, Jupiter! Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and, to blest,
Let us with care perform his great behove.
[The Ghosts vanish. 
Post. [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grand sire,
A father to me; and thou hast created [and begot
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I sverve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment [one!
No better than that it covereth let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.
[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced
by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately
cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead
many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
stock and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish
in peace and plenty.
'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not: either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler.
First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?
Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.
First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be
ready for that, you are well cooked.
Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,
the dish pays the shot.
First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But
the comfort is, you shall be called to no more
pavements, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often

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ACT V.  

CYMELINE.  SCENE V.

the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint 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; pursue and brush the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit.

O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge: you, sir, is pen, look and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir; you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or hangman to 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 Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blineth! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I 'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.

First Gaol. 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 desirous to live, for all be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so shal I, if I were one. If I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were dissolution of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanius, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have preserved of my throne. Woe is my heart [made That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast Stood proud of grave, of noble] am not be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promised mighty beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? Pits. 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 Arviragus] which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it. Bel. Sir, In 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 my knights o' the battle: I create you Companions to our person and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. 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 reveal not: she is to you; whose women Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithée, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you, only Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place; Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand To with such integrity, she did confess Love was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman? Is there more? Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had For you a mortal mineral: which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life and lingering By inches waste you: in which time she purposed, By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'come you with her show, and in time, When she had fitted you with her craft, to work Her son into the adoption of the crown; But, failing of her end by his strange alacrity, Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repeated The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so Despailing 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 viscous 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 Roman Prisoners, guarded; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that The Britons have roused out, though with the loss Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter Of you their captives, which ourself have granted: So think of your estate.

Luc. Sir, the chance of way: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call’d ransom, let it come: subhich a
Roman with a Roman’s heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on’t: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom’d: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true:
So fair, 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 beside.

I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look’d thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To say ‘live, boy;’ ne’er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I’ll give it;
Yearning thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest tan’en.

Ino. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.

Ino. No, no; no lack,
There’s other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: thy life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorches me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex’d?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What’s best to ask. Know’st thou him thou look’st on?
speak.

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Ino. He is a Roman; no more kinsm to me [sal,
Than I to thy highness; who, being born thy vas-
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyeest thou him so?
Ino. I’ll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What’s thy name?

Ino. Fidiele, sir.

Cym. Thou’rt my gentle youth, my page;
I’ll be thy master; walk with me; speak freely.

Cymbeline and Iloen: merge apart.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv’d from death?
Arr. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidiele. What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were ’t he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But saw he him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let’s see further.

Ps. [Aside] It is my mistress;
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

Cymbeline and Iloen come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand aloud: [To Iachimo] 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.
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to
Ino. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside] What’s that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou’lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain’d to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: ’twas Leonatus’s jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and — which more may
grieve Heaven.

As it doth me — a noble sir ne’er lived [lord?
Twixt sky and ground. Will thou hear me, more
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
Than die ere I more strive: man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, — unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour! — it was in Rome, — accursed
The Mansion where — itself. — O, would
Our viands had been poison’d, or at least
Those which I heaved to head! — the good Post-

Ino. 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 men; — sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy;

For beauty that made barren the swell’d boast
Of him that best could speak, for feature, laning
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that book of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye —

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall, [mus,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthu-
Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint:
And, not disparing whom we praised,—therin
He was as calm as virtue — he began [made,
His mistress’ picture; which by his tongue being
And then a mind put in ’t, either our brags
Were crack’d of kitchen-trulls, or his description
There was unspeaking soul.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter’s chastity — there it begins.
He spoke of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager’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, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus’ wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of ’s car. Away to Britain
Post In this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench’d
Of hope, not long withstanding, in his brain
‘Gain in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail’d,
That I return’d with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad;
By woundings of his brain in her own
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, 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 I have to the person, that he could not 
Methinks, 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 justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. 'T am Posthumus,
That's told 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 mine upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 't was! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen, 
Imogen, Imogen!

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.]
Pis. O, gentlemen, help. 
Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus! 
You never kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?
Pis. How come these staggerers on me?
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight!
Though gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: 't is Pisanio
Have said she: given his mistress that confession
Which I gave him for corriol, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. Our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidelia.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
Think that you are upon a rock; and now you
Throw me again.
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul.
Cym. Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dudlard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Ino. [Kneeling] Your blessing, sir.
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:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your joins, 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 punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before.
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it 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 heredity 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 trusty speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ever meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Cym. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought to divide
By the queen's dram she swallowed.'d.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce afront
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinguish 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 wise; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline.
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well; My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The Imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes 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.

[Exeunt.]
PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Antiochus, King of Antioch.
Perciles, Prince of Tyre.
Helicanus, two lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
CLEON, Governor of Tarsus.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionysia.
MARSHAL.
BOULT, his servant.
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Perciles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A BAWD.

LORDS, KNIGHTS, GENTLEMEN, SAILORS, PIRATES, FISHERMEN,
AND MESSERS.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE.—Disperely in various countries.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see page lxviii.]

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's ininfirmities,
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 antiquus, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a faire,
Who died and left a female heir,
So luxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking look,
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 thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That whose ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As 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.—Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large re-
The danger of the task you undertake. [celved
Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in my daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best pefections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yen celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles.—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.
Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here a fright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, entice thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
You sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Draw by my work, and venturous by desire, [pause.
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance
That without covering, save you field of stars,
Here they stand martyr's, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.
Per. You could trust him who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my say will then, and, as sick men do
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unsnapt 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. Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.
I say'dst yet, once more, to say good pros-
Of all say'dst 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 of noeper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.
Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of life, I loved you still.
[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfecions wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You make a fair visol, and your 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, [hearken;
Helt only danceath so harsh a cime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article with thy 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 braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wendinge wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
[through'd
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the wound 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
found the meaning:
But I will glaze 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, both tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do repose you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.
[Exit all but Pericles.
Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;
And she an eateth 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 crop'd'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.
Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we
To have his head. [mean
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin:
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter 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 that presence of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'T is done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [Exit.
Ant. 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 ' Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length, [mess.
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your high-
ACT I.

PERICLES.

SCENE I. — Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. Thaliard, adieu! [Exit Thal.] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

SCENE II. — Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [To Lords without] Let none disturb us,—
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
The in my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day’s glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me grief?
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 so with me: the great Antiochus,
Against whom I am too little to contend,
Since his design, cannot weep his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots 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 over spread 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 was to us,

Hel. Lord, and keep your mind, till you return
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatten him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing which is flat is flat, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glow—
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order, [ing;
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Soot here does proclaim a peace,
He flattens you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me,—if you please;
I cannot bear a lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares o’erlook
What shipping and what lading’s in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.] Helicanus,

Hel. Thou hast mov’d us: what seemest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes’ frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
From they have their nourishment? [wherein

Per. Thou know’st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [Kneeling] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you then strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.

Sit down: thou art no flattener:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom 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. Thou speak’st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister’s a potion unto me.

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where as thou know’st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder:
The rest — hark In thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem’d not to strike, but smooth: but thou know’st
’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,
Brought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants’ fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years;
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How much could make him such a mislier act,
To keep his bed of blackness un laid ope,
To lo’d that doubt, he’ll fill this hand 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 reprovest me for it—

Hel. Alas, sir! [Exeunt Pericles and Lords.]

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,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
But serves not lighter, are faithless than I’ll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We’ll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
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 I lay, whose wisdom’s strength can bear it.
I’ll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both;
But in our ties we’ll live so round and safe.
That time of both this truth shall ne’er convince,
Thou show’st a subject’s shine, I a true prince.

[Exeunt.]
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 indenture
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,
Dobb'd and sufficiently he's gone to travel.
Thal. [Aside] How! the king gone!
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [Aside] What from Antioch?
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens death or life.
Thal. [Aside] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please:
He 'scape d the land, to perish at the sea.
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliald from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely 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 desire it, it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. — Tarsus. A room in the Governor's
house.

Enter Cleon, the governor of Tarsus, with Dionzya,
and others.

Cleon. My Dionzya, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being top'd, they higher rise.
Cleon. O Dionzya, Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.
Dio. I'll do my best, sir.
Cleon. 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 towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:

Their tables were 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.
Cleon. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, 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 deli'd for want of use;
They are now served for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So slorp 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 shriek, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?
Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
Cleon. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?
Cleon. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbour ing
shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.
Lord. That's the least fear; for by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourites, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.
Lord. I go, my lord.
[Exit.
Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Pericles. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired 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 with
With bloody veins, expecting 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. Cle. The which when any shall not gratify, Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves, The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils! Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,— Your grace is welcome to our town and us. Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile, Until our stars thatrown lend us a smile. [Exit.]

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 awfull 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 mite, 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 spoken can; And, to remember what he does, Build his statue to make him glorious: But tidings to the contrary Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knight him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Hellene, that stay'd at home, Not to eat honey like a drone From others' labours; for though he strive To killen bad, keep good alive; And to fulfill his prince's desire, Sends word of all that haps in Tyre; How Thaliard came full bent with sin And had intent to murder him; And that in Tarsus was not best Longer for him to make his rest. He, doing so, put forth to sea, Where when men been, there's seldom ease; For now the wind begins to blow; Thunder above and deeps below Make such unquiet, that the ship Should house him safe is wreck't and split; And he, good prince, having all lost, By waves from coast to coast is lost: All perishen of man, of pelf, Ne aught escape but himself; Till fortune, tired with doing bad, Threw him ashore, to give him glad: And here he comes. What shall be next, Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open place by the seaside.

Enter Pericles, vieu.

Per. Ye't cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven! Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man Is but a substance that must yield to you; And I, as fits my nature, do obey you: Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks, Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath Nothing to think on but ensuing death: Let it suffice the greatness of your powers To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes; And having thrown him from your watery grave, Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.
ACT II. PERICLES. SCENE II.

Per. What have I been I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on: A man congealed up with cold; my veins are chill, And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried. First Fish. Die quothea? Now gods forbid! I have here, for I am alive: give it on; keep thee warm. Now, afores, me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and more'or puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome. Per. I thank you, sir. Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not give it on; I. Did but crave. Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping. Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then? Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if a hour my dead father did bequeath to me a better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [Exit with Third Fisherman. Per. [Aside] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour! First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are? Per. Not well. First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides. Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him? First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government. Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday: and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love. Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there. First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for— his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! boats on't, 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour. Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses, Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, Whose present beauty will make thee a fellow, With this strict charge, even as he left his life, 'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death;'—and pointed to this brace:— 'For that it saved me, keep it: in like necessity— The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee. It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again: I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in 's will. First Fish. Ay, sir, it makes me glad. Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with it I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortune 's better, I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor. First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady? Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms. First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't! Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it. Per. Believe 't, I will. By your furtherance I am clothed in steel; And, spite of all the rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his building on my arm: Unto thy value I will mount myself. Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him read. Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases. Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself. Per. Then honour be a goal to my will, This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph? First Lord. They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present yourselves. Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter, In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit 's less. Sim. 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. This is now our honour, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight in his device. [form. Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself? Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun; The word, ' LuX tua vita mihii.' Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you. [The Second Knight passes over. Who is the second that presents himself? Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady; The motto thus, in Spanish, ' Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.' [The Third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what's the third? Thai. The third of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry; The word, ' Me pompas proventia.' Sim. What is the fourth? Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down; The word, ' Quod me alit, me extinguit.' Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power And which can as well insame as it can kill. [will, [The Fifth Knight passes over.
ACT II.

PERICLES.

That the fifth, an hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried; 'Tis but the scaffold of a spectacula fides,'

[The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.

Sim. And what 's The sixth and last, the which the knight himself With such regal courtesy deliver'd? Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top; The motto, 'In hae spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral; From the dejected state wherein he is, He hopes by such 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 practised more the whisppick than the lance. Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honour'd triumph strangely furnish'd; [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. [Exeunt.

[Great shouts 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 sitting.

Sim. Knights, To say you 're welcome were superfluous. To place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a lifetime, your worth in arms, Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit, Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast: You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest; To whom this wreath of victory I give, And crown you king of your 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'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,— For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place: Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we Forsem. On honour hates the gods above. [love; Per. Marshal, 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 despire. Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Bids sit, sir, sit. Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts, These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. 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 country gentleman; Has done no more than other knights have done; Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass. Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass. Per. Your king 's to me like to my father's picture, Which tells me in that glory once he was; Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence;

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights, Did vail their crowns to his supremacy: Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in light: Whereby I see that Time's the king of men, He's both their parent, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave, Sim. What, are you merry, knights? Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence? Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,— As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,— We drink this health to you, Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:— You knight doth sit too melancholy, As if the entertainment in our court Had not a show mighty countervail 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 a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at. Therefore to make his entrance more sweet, Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him. Thai. Alas, my father, it belitts not me Unto a stranger knight to be so bold: He may my proffer take for an offence, Since men take women's gifts for impudence. Sim. How! Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [Aside] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [of him, Sim. And further he tells me, we desire to know Of 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 he 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, and ships and men, And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

That. He thanks your grace; names himself A gentleman of Tyre, [Pericles, [Knights, 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 trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels. Even in your armours, as you are address'd, Will very well become a soldier's dance. I will not have excuse, with saying this Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads, Since they love men in arms as well as beds. [The Knights dance.

So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd. Come, sir; Here is a lady that wants breathing too: And I have heard, you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies' trip; And that their 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.

Unglasp, unclasps:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well.
ACT II.

PERICLES.

SCENE V.

[To Per.] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! [To Per.] Young, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanes and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For while the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an unmatched value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came and shrivel'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esec. 'T was very strange.
Hel. And yet but justice: for though
This thing was great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's staff; but sin had his reward.
Esec. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he. [proof.
Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without a
Third lord. And cursed be he that will not second
Esec. 'T is word.

First Lord. Follow me, then. Lord Helicanes, a
Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my
Lord. [top.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your
prince you love. [Helicanes;

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death indeed's the strongest
in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
With'to submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Long live noble Helicanes!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Tike I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to
Forbear the allusion of your king;
If in which time expired, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom find, and with what issue return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
And since Lord Helicanes enjoineth us, [yield;
We with our travels will endeavour us.

Hel. Then you love us, ye you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

EXEUNT.

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. 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.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you,
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? [Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my
Sim. 'faith, by no means; she has so strictly tied
Her to her chamber, that 't is impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [Exeunt Knights.
Sim. So, [letter:
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress, that choice agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dismiss it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend:
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all 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 look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for 1st schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; perseue this writing else.
Per. [Aside] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'T is the king's subtlety to have my life,
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That should not, nor daud't so high to love your daughter,
But pent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thon
A villain. [art
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nay never did my actions yet compass
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [Aside] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
Courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.

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ACT III.

PERICLES.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did ever solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

[Aside] I'll take you: I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yshaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pious man's most marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now coughs fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A bate 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 Thaisa with child, with Lychorida a nurse. The King shows her the letter; she rejoices; she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a durn and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can steal the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquirer,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
And others and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicamus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes't oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y'rfushed the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Sem, by 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?

Thai. 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 wed;
And then with what haste you can get to bed.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
[cast Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deaening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormiest venemously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Absurd our dancing bark; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be more, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

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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 blustering birth had never babe;
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudestliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a native
Of fire, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and spit thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
Bellow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the
Sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not let
Till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon 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 childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time
To give thee hollow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the oze.
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nxeander
Bring me the saltnest casket: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the
Hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

[This? Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is
Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner, [it?
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach
Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!

There shall I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tarsus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner: I'll bring the body presently.

[Exeunt.

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 meat for these poor men:
'T has been 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 nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [To Philemon Give this to
the pothercy,
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,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

[early; Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so
'T is not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich connect about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'T is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were encompassed greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs.
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is 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
That nature works, and of her cures: which doth.
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

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 from your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, 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.

Cer. What is that?

First Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'T is of some wreck.

Cer. Sir, set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us,
Sec. Gent. 'T is so, my lord.

How close 't is caulk'd and bitumed!

Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a bilow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft! It smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. It ever hit my nostril. So, up with it. O
You most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state! balm'd and en-
ACT III.

PERICLES.

SCENE IV.

With full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[Reads from a scroll.

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-haund,
I, King Pericles, have lost
That queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even crucks for woeful. This chanced to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

Yes, a servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.
Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirrest, thou block!
The music there! — I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entombed
Above five hours: see how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly Jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be.

[She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?
First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her repose is mortal. Come, come;
And Escalus pius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying her away.

SCENE III.—Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychoidea with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! 'The gods
Make up the rest upon you!'
Enter Gower.

Gov. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre, welcomed and settled to his own desire. His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus, unto Diana there a taressa's death. 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 makes her both 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 Hight Philoten: and it is said For certain in our story, she Would ever with Marina be: Be't when she wove the slided silk With fingers long, small, white as milk; Or when she would with sharp needle wound The cambrie, which she made more sound By hurtling it; or when to the lute She sung, and made the night-bird mute, That still records with mew; or when She wold with rich and constant pen Vail to her mistress Dion; still This Philoten contends in skill With absolute Marina: so With the dove of Paphos might the crow Vie feathers white. Marina gets All praises, which are paid as debts, And not as given. This so darks In Philoten all graceful marks, That Cleon's wife, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to steal, Lychorida, our nurse, is dead: And cursed Dionyza hath The pregnant instrument of wrath Prest for this blow. The unborn event I do commend to your content: Only I 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, inflaming love 't thy bosom, Inflame too nicely: nor let pity, which Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't; but yet she is a valuable creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Then art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed, To stew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues, The purple violads, and marigolds, Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave, While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid, Born in a tempest, when my mother died, This world to me is like a lasting storm, Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone? How change my daughter is not with you? Do not Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's changed With this unprofitable woe! Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it. Walk with Leonine: the air is quick there. And it pierces and sharps the stomach. Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you; I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come; I love the king your father, and yourself, With more than foreign heart. We every day Expect him here: when he shall come and find Our paragon to all reports thus blasted, He will repent the breadth of his great voyage; Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve That excellent complexion, which did steal The eyes of young and old. Care not for me; I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go; But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you. Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least: Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while: Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood: What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. [Exit Dionyza.

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Dion. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear But cried ' Good sea-nunn! ' to the sailors, galling His kindly hands, haling ropes; And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent; And from the ladder-tackle washes off A canvas-climber. ' Ha! ' says one, ' wilt out? ' And with a dropping industry they skip From stem to stern: the beat-swain whistles, and The master calls, and trebles their confusion. Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life: I never spoke bad word, nor did I'll turn To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wont for it. How have I offended,
Wherin 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.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world. I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately.
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you betwixt,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon.
And we dispatch.
[He seizes her.

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.

See. 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 rogueing thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes:
And they have seized Marina. Let her go: [dead,
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but pleasure 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 Boul't.

Pandal. Boul't!
Boult. Sir?
Pandal. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is
full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart
by being too wenchless.
Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no more
than they can do; and with continual action
are even as good as rotten.
Pandal. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate' er
we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be
used in every trade, we shall never prosper.
Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up
of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up
some eleven—
Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down
again. But shall I search the market?
Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a
strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully
sodden.
Pandal. Thou sayest true; they're too unwhole-
some, o' conscience. The poor Transylvania
is dead, that lay with the little baggage.
Bawd. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made
him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the
market.
[Exeunt.

Pandal. Three or four thousand chequins were as
pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.
Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame
to get when we are old?
Pandal. O, our credit comes not in like the com-
modity, nor the commodity wages not with the
danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick
up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our
door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand
upon with the gods will be strong with us for giv-
ing over.
Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pandal. As well as we! ay, and better too; we of-
fend worse. Neither is our profession any trade;
it's no calling. But here comes Boul't.

Re-enter Boul't, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boul't. [To Marina] Come your ways. My masters,
you say she's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.
Boul't. Master, I have gone through for this piece,
you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my
Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities? [earnest.
Boul't. She has a good face, speaks well, and has
excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity
qualities can make her be refused.
Bawd. What's her price, Boul't? [pieces.
Boul't. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand
Pandal. 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. Boul't, 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, if men were as they have been.
Get this done as I command you.
Bawd. Performance shall follow.

[Exit. Mor. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these
pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'板oard thrown me
For to seek my mother!
Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?
Mor. That I am pretty. [you.
Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in
Mor. I accuse them not.
Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you
are like to live.
Mor. The more my fault.
To scape his hands where I was like to die.
Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.
Mor. No.
Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen
of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have
the difference of all complexion. What! do you
stool your ears?
Mor. Are you a woman?
Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not
a woman?
Mor. An honest woman, or not a woman.
Bawd. Marry, whip thee, galoshing: I think I shall
have something to do with you. Come, you're a young
foolish suppling, and must be bawed as I
would have you.
Mor. The gods defend me!
Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men,
then men must comfort you, men must feed you,
men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter Boul't.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?
Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of
her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.
Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find
the inclination of the people, especially of the
younger sort?
Boul't. Faith, they listened to me as they would
have hearkened to their father's testament. There
was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went
to bed to her very description.
Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with
his best ruff on.
Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you
know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?
Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroleus?
Boul't. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the
I PERICLES.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Bawd. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should divest them with this sign.

[Exit Mar.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despite profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets your good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Bawd. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practices.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Bawd. '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.

Bawd. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well. [yet.

Bawd. 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 by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Bawd. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To call my single crown o' the earth I the justice of compare! O villain Leonine! Whom thou last poison'd too:

If thou hast drunk to 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.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shane To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

[Exeunt.

Cleon. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added?
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortune, we will look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was brusht at and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I had
Dis Approb'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles.
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talon.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiongiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
Make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making, to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand I the gaps to teach you
The stases of our story. Pericles
Is not again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you I in mind
Old Helicanus goes along this land,
Brought Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like notion and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your yells I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

Enter Pericles, at one door, with all his train; Cleon and Dionyza, at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereto Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon and Dionyza.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd, [shower'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Heads the inscription on Marina's monument.
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Scene V. — Mytilene. A street before the brothel. Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like? See, Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing? See, Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more body-houses; shall's go hear the vestals sing? First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[Exeunt.

Scene VI. — The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Vie, lie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make our swearsiers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggidge would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginitias? Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour! Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Boult. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[Exit Boult. Lys. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Scene VII. — Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature? Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [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.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thank.


Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manner. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawd, 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 to name it.

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 gamster 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 wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; if put upon you, make the judgment good.

That thought you worthy of.

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!

Lys. I did not think Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.

If had I brought, either 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.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?
Boul. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.
Mar. Prithée, tell me one thing first.
Boul. Come now, your one thing.
Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
Boul. Why, I would wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.
Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric listing of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.
Boul. 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 shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.
Boul. 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.
Boul. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if
I can place thee, I will.
Boul. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have
bought you, there's no going but by their consent:
therefore I will make them acquainted with your
purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them
tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I
can; come your ways.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Mariana thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lass;
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her need composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place:
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Where, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lykindachus our Tyrian ship espy'd,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene.
A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge
lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel,
the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mytilene] Where is
lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O, here he is! before the winds, he is arrived.
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lykindachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentle-
men.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.
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. Sall. 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 by.  
Hel. Sir,  
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 prorogue 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 bethought.  
She questionless with her sweet harmony  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,  
Which now are midway stopped:  
She is all happy as the fairest of all,  
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon  
The leafy 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 thus far, let us beseech you [ness  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the slackness.  
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy  
Which if we should deny, the most just gods  
For every graff 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 recount 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 but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.  
Mar.  
Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided  
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 he your music.  
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.  
Lys. See, she will speak to him.  
Mar. Hall, 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, she may be, hath incurred a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath root'd out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude. [Aside] I will deist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear! 'Go not till he speak.'  
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?  
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parent.  
You would not do me violence.  
Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes  
on me?  
You are like something that— What country—  
Here of these shores?  
Mar. No, nor of any shores:  
Yet was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear. [ing.  
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weep.  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square  
brows;  
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voiced: her eyes as jewel-like  
And cased 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 your rich to owe?  
Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem  
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.  
Prithue, speak:  
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st  
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe  
And make my senses credit thy relation [thee,  
To points that seem impossible: for thou look'st  
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?  
Dost thou not say, when I did push thee back—  
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest  
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  
If both were open'd.'
PERICLES.

ACT V.

PERICLES. SCENE I.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more but what my thoughts Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story; If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin? Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me. Mar. My name is Marina. Per. O, I am mock'd, And thou by some incensed god sent hither To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, Or else I'll cease. Per. Nay, I'll be patient. Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me, To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Was given me by one that had some power, My father, and a king.

Per. And call'd Marina? Mar. You said you would believe me; But, not to be a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse? and are no palsy? 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; As my good nurse Lychoraha hath oft Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little! [Aside] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep Did mock sad foolishness: 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. [gives her.] 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 woo'd A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do it, 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. Ho, 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; Lost 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 as loud As thunder threatens us: this is Marina. What was thy mother's name? tell me but that, For truth can never be confir'd enough, Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now My 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, But, the 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. None! The music of the spheres! List, my Marina. Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear? Lys. Of my lord, I hear. [Music.] Per. 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. [Exit 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. [thither, There, when my maiden priests are met together, Before the people all, Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife: To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call And give them repetition to the life. Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe; Do it, and happy; by my silver bow! Awake, and tell thy dream. [Disappears.] Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentia, I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, 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; eftsoons I'll tell thee why. [To Lysimachus] 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.  

PERICLES.  

SCENE II. — Enter Gower, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my night miseries sport: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar.  

Leaps to be gone into my mother’s bosom.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of my flesh,
Thy burden at the sea, and call’d Marina, (Thaisa;)
For she was yielded there.

Thai.  

Blest, and mine own! I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
I have named him oft.  

Thai.  

T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he,
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. 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?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseach 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 Diana, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch’d,
To grace thy marriage-day, I’ll beautify.

Sir, this, Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
My father’s dead. [my queen,  

Per. Heaven’s make a star of him! Yet there,
Will we celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tybus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead’s the way. [Exit.  

Enter Gower.

Gow. 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 may you well desire
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 honour’d name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seem 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.

Villa miretur vulgaris: mihi flavus Apollo
Pucula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE HENRY Wriothesly,
EAL OF SOUTHWATER, AND BARON OF TICHEFIELD.

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 heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after car so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

William Shakspeare.

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 taung'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.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent kisses,
And being set, I'll smoother thee with kisses.'

'And yet not cloy thy lips with leathed satiety,
But rather fanish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, upset to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
Tie red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens:—O, how quick is love!
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove;
Backward she plucks him, as she would be thrust;
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And '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 stean 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 pretily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes 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.
Venus and Adonis.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a davy-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look’d on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer’s heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
‘O, pity,’ gan she cry, ‘flint-hearted boy!
’Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

‘I have been wo’d, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne’er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg’d for that which thou mask’dst shalt have.

‘Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter’d shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn’d to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,
Scoring his churlish drum and enigmatical red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

‘Thus he that overruled I oversway’d,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-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 be not so fair, yet are they red —
The kiss shall be with thine own loving mine.
What sweet thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

‘Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein’d violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

‘The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather’d in their pride
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

‘Were I hard-favour’d, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O’erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

‘Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh 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 dishelv’d hair,
Dance by the baths, and yet not being seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

‘Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

‘Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steel thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

‘Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear:
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

‘Upon the earth’s increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
I lay law of nature thou art but a part,
I come to take that thou hast to part:
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.’

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Than, 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, disinclining eye,
His louring 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 bare 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 obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relieth?
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 content me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I’ll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

‘Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contentious but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man’s complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.’

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

This said, impatience chokes his pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and dasy eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intentions break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm’d thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I’ll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.’

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing 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?
She and swelling passion, with which provokes striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
‘Pity,’ she cries, ‘some favour, some remorse!’
Away she springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a cope that neighbours by,
A breeding Jenet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis’ trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck’d steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven’s thunder:
The iron bit he crusheth ’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 glitters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
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 recketh he his rider’s angry stir,
His flapping ‘Holla,’ or his ‘Stand, I say’?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion’d steed,
His art with nature’s workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof’d, short-jointed, fetlocks slung 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 buck.

Sometimes he scuds far off and there he scares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he 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,
Spars her at love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He yells his tail that, like a falling plume,
Swells into a cloud, a cloud not the least striking?
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback’d breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Barring his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr’d the aliance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp’d, or river stay’d,
Burneth more holy, swelleth with more rage:
Of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love’s fire doth assuage;
But when the heart’s attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash’d forth fire, as lightning from the sky.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lovely 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 mover on this mortal round,
Would thou were as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bone would cure thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou feel it?'
'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and thou shalt have
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it;
[It; And being steel'd, soft sighs can never graze 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 cooled;
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 petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death.
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and 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 waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
[tery;
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 maid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing;
Melodious voice, 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 seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, wo 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 staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words began.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a crown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent;
Fair fail the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks.
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:

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HE KISSES HER; AND SHE, BY HER GOOD WILL,
WILL NEVER RISE, SO HE WILL KISS HER STILL.

THE NIGHT OF SORROW NOW IS TURN'D TO DAY;
HER TWO BLUE WINDOWS FAINTLY SHE UP-HEAVETH,
LIKE THE FAIR SUN, WHEN IN HIS FRESH ARRAY
HE CHEERS THE MORN AND ALL THE EARTH RELIEVETH;
AND AS THE BRIGHT SUN GLORIFIES THE SKY,
SO IS HER FACE ILLUMINATED 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 INX'D,
HAD NOT HIS BROW'S REPOUND:
BUT HERS, WHICH THROUGH THE CRYSTAL TEARS GAVE LIGHT,
SHONE LIKE THE MOON IN WATER SEEN BY NIGHT.

'0, WHERE AM I?' QUOTH SHE, 'IN EARTH OR HEAVEN,
OR IN THE OCEAN DRENUCH, 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.

'0, THOU DIDST KILL ME: KILL ME ONCE AGAIN;
THY EYES SHUN D THE STAR-MASTER, THAT HARD HEART OF THINE,
HAITH 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 HAS SEEN.

LONG MAY THEY KISS EACH OTHER, FOR THIS CURE
0, NEVER LET THEIR CRIMSON LIVERIES 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 BANISHED BY THY BREATH.

PURE LIPS, SWEET SEALS IN MY SOFT LIPS IMPRINTED,
WHAT BARGAINS MAY I MAKE, STILL BE SEALING?
TO SELL MYSELF I CAN BE WELL CONTENTED,
SO THEN WILL BUY AND PAY AND USE GOOD DEALING;
WHICH PURCHASE IF THOU MAKE, FOR FEAR OF SLIPS
SET THY SEAL-MANUAL ON MY WAX-RED LIPS.

A THOUSAND KISSES BUYS MY HEART FROM ME;
AND PAY THEM AT THY LEISURE, ONE BY ONE.
WHAT IS TEN HUNDRED TOUCHES UNTIL THEE?
ARE THEY NOT QUICKLY TOLD AND QUICKLY GONE?
SAY, FOR NON-PAYMENT THAT THE DEBT SHOULD DOUBLE,
IS TWENTY HUNDRED KISSES SUCH A TROUBLE?'

FAIR QUEEN,' QUOTH HE, 'IF ANY LOVE YOU OWE ME,
MEASURE MY STRANGENESS WITH MY UNRIPE YEARS;
BEFORE I KNOW MYSELF, SEEK NOT TO KNOW ME;
NO FISHER BUT THE UNGROWN FRY FORBEARS:
THE MELLOW PLUM DOOTH 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, SHRIKES, 'TIS VERY LATE;
THE SHEEP ARE GONE TO FOLD, BIRDS TO THEIR NEST,
AND COAL-BLACK CLOUDS THAT SHADOW HEAVEN'S LIGHT
DO SUMMON US TO PART AND BID GOOD NIGHT.

NOW LET ME SAY 'GOOD NIGHT,' AND SO SAY YOU;
IF YOU WILL SAY SO, YOU SHALL HAVE A KISS.
'GOOD NIGHT,' QUOTH SHE, AND, ERE HE SAID 'ADIEU,'
THE HONEY-EEF OF PARTING TENDER'D IS:
HER ARMS DO TREMBLE A SWEET EMBRACE
INCORPORATE THEN THEY SEE; FACE GROWS TO FACE.
TILL, BREATHLESS, HE DISJOIN'D, AND BACKWARD DREW
THE HEAVENLY MOISTURE, THAT SWEET CORAL MOUTH,

WHOSE PRECIOUS TASTE HER THIRSTY LIPS WELL KNEW,
WHEREON THEY SURREPT, YET COMPLAIN ON DROUTH;
HE WITH HER PLENTY PRESS'D, SHE FAINT WITH DEATH,
THEIR LIPS TOGETHER GLUED, FALL TO THE EARTH.

NOW QUICK DESIRE HATH CAUGHT THE YIELDING PREY,
AND GLOTTIONS LIKE SHE FEEDS, YET NEVER FILLETH;
HER LIPS FORGIVE THE CONQUERORS, HIS LIPS OBEY:
PAYING WHAT RANSOM THE INSULTER WILLETH;
HIGH,
WHOSE VULTURE THOUGHT DOOTH PITCH THE PRICE SO
THAT SHE WILL DRAW HIS LIPS' RICH TREASURE DRY

AND HAVING FELT THE SWEETNESS OF THE SPOIL,
WITH BLINDED FURY SHE BEGINS TO FORAGE;
HER FACE DOTH REEK AND SMOKE, HER BLOOD DOOTH BOIL,
AND CARELESS JUST STIR UP A DESPERATE COURAGE;
PLANTING OBLIVION, BEATING REASON BACK.
FORGETTING SHAME'S PURE BLUSH AND HONOUR'S WRACK.

HOT, FAINT, AND WEARY, WITH HER HARD EMBRACING.
LIKE A WILD BIRD BEING TAME WITH TOO MUCH HANDLING,
OR AS THE FEET-FOOT ROE THAT'S TIRED WITH CHARING,
OR LIKE THE TROWARD INFANT STILL'D WITH DANDLING;
HE NOW OBEYS, AND NOW NO MORE RESISTETH,
WHILE SHE TAKES ALL SHE CAN, NOT ALL SHE LIESTH.

WHAT WAX SO FROZEN BUT DISSOLVE WITH TEMPERING,
AND YIELDS AT LAST TO EVERY LIGHT IMPRESSION?
THINGS OUT OF HOPE ARE COMPASS'D OFF WITH VENTURING,
CHIEFLY IN LOVE, WHOSE LEAVE EXCEEDS COMMISSION;
AFFECTION FAINTS NOT LIKE A PALE-FACED COWARD,
BUT THEN WOOS BEST WHEN MOST HIS CHOICE IS FROWARD.

WHEN HE DID FROWN, O, HAD SHE THEN GAVE OVER,
SUCH NECTAR FROM HIS LIPS SHE HAD NOT SUCCEIVED.
FOUL WINDS AND FROWS WITH PEPPED LIPS TO A LOVER;
WHAT THOUGH THE ROSE HAVE PRICKLES, YET 'T IS PLEASING;
WERE BEAUTY UNDER TWENTY LOCKS KEPT FAST,
YET LOVE BREAKS THROUGH AND PICKS THEM ALL AT LAST.

FOR PITY NOW SHE CAN NO MORE DETAIN HIM;
THE POOR FOOL PRAYS HER 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 MY 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 BORE WITH CERTAIN OF HIS FRIENDS.

'THE BORE!' QUOTH SHE; WHEREAT A SUDDEN PALM,
LIKE LAWN BEING SPREAD UPON THE BLUSHING ROSE,
USURPS HER CHEEK; SHE TREMBLES AT HIS TALE,
AND ON HIS NECK SHE YOKING ARMS SHE THROWS;
SHE SINKETH DOWN, STILL HANGING BY HIS NECK,
HE ON HER BONY FALLS, SHE ON HER BACK.

NOW IS SHE IN THE VERY Lists OF LOVE,
HER CHAMPION MOUNTED FOR THE HOT ENCOUNTER;
ALL IS IMAGINARY SHE DOOTH PROVE,
HE WILL NOT MANAGE HER, ALTHOUGH HE MOUNT HER;
THAT WORSE THAN CANTALUS IS HER ANNOY,
TO CLIP ELYSIAN AND TO LACK HER JOY.

EVEN AS POOR BIRDS, DECEIVED WITH PAINTED GRAPES,
DO SURFET BY THE EYE AND PINE THE NOW,
EVEN SO SHE LANGUISHETH IN HER MISNAPS,
AS THOSE MOURNFUL BIRDS THAT SIT AND MOURN SHE SAW.
THE WARM EFFECTS WHICH SHE IN HIM FINDS MISSING
SHE SEeks TO KINDLE WITH CONTINUAL KISSING.

VENUS AND ADONIS.
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar 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 subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

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 cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles;
The many muset, through 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 coyes keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot-scent-smelling hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To 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-bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmurr 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 hast not moral;eze,
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 't is dark, and going I shall fall.'

In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudly 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 forgery 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 hast she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
VENUS AND ADONIS

To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defecture,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mishances and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and them'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-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren death of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to more gold begots.

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 nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanent mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For now, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lost the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be bared of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
That lends embraces unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;

Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs space.
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distressed.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more.
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, whereas it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times 'Woe, woe!
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty:
How love makes young men thrill and old men
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty: [dote
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-like circumstance, with such-like sport;
Their copious stories oftentimes began
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says 'T is so;' they answer all "T is so;"
And would say after her, if she said "No."

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:
'Oh, clear and good, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star dost borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Aun she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dogs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

by this, she hears the hounds up at a bay:
Where she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in her way.
The fear whereby 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 boar, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness 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 dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a careless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
And with that word she spied the hunted bear,
Whose frothy mouth, bベpanied 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 whether:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for mutter.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her mora than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary catiff for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom 'o'ers the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-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.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—

'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean,
To stifle beauty 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 hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hast thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou 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, stop
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Signs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song the ear pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but 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 that 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 clipes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

Venus and Adonis.
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 boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
He 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 extenduate;
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 wall his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trikes, unwatched with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grievances.'
Even at this word she hears 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 boar's boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all another'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Where, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, throw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noted;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twin'd, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, 'behold two Adonis dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead;
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

'Donnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you
Having you not to lose his most dear 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 hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchín-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And 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 kiss my youth with his; the more am I accurst.'
With this, she fellath in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-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 excel'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.'

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'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 rufian 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 discontentns,
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, chequ'r'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so '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 bies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot 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 Wriothesly,
EARL OF SOUTHEAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; 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 Shakespeare

THE ARGUMENT.

LuCiuS TaRquinIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatius extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucrecia. 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, spanning amongst her maids: 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 Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privately withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealthed into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired 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 vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead 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, Lucrece the Chase.

Haply that name of chase unhappily set This bateless edge on his keen appetite; When Collatine unwisely did not let To praise the clear unmatched red and white Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight. Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties, With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent, Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state, What priceless wond' the heavens had him lent In the possession of his beauteous mate; Reckoning his fortune at such high-pround rate, That kings might be espoused to more fame, But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few! And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done As is the morning's silver-melting dew Against the golden splendour of the sun! An 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 thievish ears, because it is his own? Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty Suggested this proud issue of a king: For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be: Perchance that envy of so rich a thing, Braving compare, disdainfully did sting His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt. That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those: His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state, Neglected all, with swift intent he goes To quench the coal which in his liver glows. O rash false heat, wrath'd in repentant cold. Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old! When at Collatium this false lord arrived, Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame, Within whose face beauty and virtue strove Which of them both should underprive her fame? When virtue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame; When beauty boasted blushes, in despite Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.
But beauty, in that white intituled
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the night, [white.
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the
This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right;
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two forces of true, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—
In that high task laith done her beauty wrong,
Which fair exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd;

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their pilary looks,
Nor read the subtitle-shining secrecy;
Writ in the glassy margins of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And deeds with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry;
With bruised arms and wounds of victory:
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudly show of stormy blustering weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear:
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaunt prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night;
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;

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 suppos'd.

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 fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have; so then do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must dotting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his 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
Tosanderous 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;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stir and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's soul charm,
Doth too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falcon on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lord-star to his lustful eye:
And to the flame thus speaks advisable;
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 scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

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LUCRECE.

Fair torch, burn out thy light; and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unshallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity avert the deed.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A marshal man to be soft fancy's slave!
True lovers, in a true respect, must have;
Then my digestion is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a frotth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be struck down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage.
This bane to youth, this sorrows to the sage.
This dying virtue, this surviving shame
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

O, what excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forget their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittance of such strife;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, just reason's weak removing;
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe?

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still.
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes.
Fearing some hard news from the warlike hand,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!

First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her soul, 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 displayed,
The coward lights and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childlike fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
I fear the pilot is. beauty's dispossess'd:
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 foul 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 seats Collatinus;
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;
And therein heartens up his servile powers.

Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more shalish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led:
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucretce's 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 fill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shirk to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face;
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that stirs 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 wantron tricks
Is not injur'd; return again in haste;
Theon seest our mistress' ornaments are chase.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him, 
He takes for accidental things of trial; 
Or as those bars which stop the hour 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 rejoicing to the prime, 
And give the snooped 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 slits 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 impiety hath wrought, 
That for his prey he doth begin, 
As if the heavens should countenance his sin. 

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer, 
Having solicited th’ eternal power 
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair, 
And they would stand auspicious to the hour, 
Even there he starts; quoth he, ‘I must delfow! 
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact, 
How can they then assist me in the act?’ 

‘Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide! 
My will is back’d with resolution! 
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried; 
The blackest sin is clear’d with absolution; 
Against love’s fire fear’s frost hath dissolution. 
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night 
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.’ 

This said, his guilty hand pluck’d up the latch, 
And with his knee the door he opens wide; 
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch: 
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied. 
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside; 
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing, 
Lies 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 treasos is his heart misled; 
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon 
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon. 

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun, 
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight; 
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begin 
To wink, being blinded with a greater light: 
Whether it is that she reflects so bright, 
That dazzleth them, or else some shape supposed; 
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed. 

O, had they in that darksome prison died! 
Then had they seen the period of their ill; 
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece’s side. 
In his dear 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 lily hand her rosy cheek; lies under, 
Coozing 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 monument, she lies, 
To be admired of lewd unhallow’d eyes. 

Without the bed her other fair hand was, 
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white 
Show’d like an April daisy on the grass. 
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night. 
Her eyes, like margiolds, had sheathed their light, 
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay, 
Till they might open to adorn the day. 

Her hair, like golden threads, play’d with her breath; 
O modest wantons! wanton modesty! 
Showing life’s triumph in the map of death. 
And death’s dim look in life’s mortality; 
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify, 
As if between them twain there were no strife, 
But that life lived in death, and death in life. 

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue, 
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered, 
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew, 
And him by oath they truly honoured. 
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred; 
Who, like a foul usurper, went about 
From this fair throne to heave the owner out. 

What could he see but mightily he noted? 
What did he note but strongly he desired? 
What he beheld, on that he firmly dotted, 
And in his will his wilful eye he tired. 
With more than admiration he admired 
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin, 
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin. 

As the grim lion fawneth o’er his prey, 
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied, 
So o’er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay, 
His rage of lust by gazine qualified; 
Slack’d, not suppress’d; for standing by her side, 
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains, 
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins: 

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting, 
Oblurate vassals fell exploits effecting, 
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, 
Nor children’s tears nor mothers’ groans respecting, 
So fill in their pride, the onset still expecting: 
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking, 
Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking. 

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye, 
His eye commends the leading to his hand; 
His hand, as proud of such a dignity, 
Swearing with pride, march’d on to make his stand. 
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land; 
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale, 
Left their round turrets destitute and pale. 

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet 
Where their dear governess and lady lies, 
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset, 
And fright her with confusion of their cries: 
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock’d-up eyes, 
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold, 
Are by his flaming torch dimm’d and controll’d. 

Imagine her as one in dead of night 
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy wakening, 
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite, 
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking; 
What terror ’t is! but she, in worser taking, 
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view 
The sight which makes supposed terror true. 

Wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears, 
Like to a new-kill’d bird she trembling lies; 

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She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry, that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunt them with more dreadful sights,

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urges still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the hautain'd fury of his speed.
I know it constant misery enlists
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falcon lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucretia,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue buried with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend;
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wife or birth's blot:
For more is descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice dead-killing eye
He roseth up himself and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure pity,
Like a white hind under the grie's sharp claws,
Plays, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bidding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking eat, he doth but daily,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swelling gulf that even in plenty wanteth;
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
A penetrable entrance to her pleading:
[bug.]
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, gentility, and kind friendship's oath,
By her tears and tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common trouth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his bond he 'll make him 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 shot 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 weakness; do not then ensnare me:
Thou look's't not like deceit; do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds labour hence to heave 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,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate! Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me, [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.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices but before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What darest 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 monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When in thee the like offences prove:
But fear of this, they will not remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thee back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill?
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliance;
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flatterings 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 flow, but alter not his taste.' [haste

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy bounteous flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puzzler's womb is hearsed,
And not the puzzle in thy sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot;
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
[thee:]
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascom groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

'This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice contr'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chasteest 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 ril'd of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that lived by foul devou'ring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt;
Ere he can see his own some abomination.

While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till like a jade Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolor'd check,
With heavy eye, knell brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:

The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So faires it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands dis-
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced; [graceful:

To whose weak ruins mustier troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:

Which in her presence she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

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Even in this thought through the dark night he
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; [stealeth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a weared lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the d mythical night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
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 sakes 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 be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my checks what helpless shame I feel.'

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Franitie with grief thus breathes she for 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 cause: nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawl! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my careless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against my honour'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wond't height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

'With rotten dumps 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 prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
 That in their smoky ranks his softer'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 distain;
Her twinkling handmaidens too, by him defied,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe both woe asign
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where now have I no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine.
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.
'O Night, thou furnace of foul-recking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still that possession of thy fancy's place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay.
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yet, the illiterate, that know not bow
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name:
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatine's face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the met'f afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shamefull blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But rob'd and ramseck'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's 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 unlock'd for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrow's nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coughs up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.
So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his youth;

Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cured-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed soures
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
Theadder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours*.

But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason:
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shaly cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smoother'st honesty, thou murd'rer'st truth;
Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displaceth laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last,
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they never meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds;
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appalled
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Colleague would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, subornation of sin,
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mis-shapen Time, cosепmate of ugly Night,
Swift subvert; carrier of guilty care,
Enter of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of voe's, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all and murderst all that are:

O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou 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 eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To make the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wrangler till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and after their contents,
To pluck the quilts 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 beguiled,
To cheer the ploughman with increased 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 wrath!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some miscarriage cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devises extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed midnight:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischiefs,
To make him morn; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a leathid slave,
Let him have time a beggar's ort to crave,
And time to see one that by arms doth live
Disdain to him disdained scrumps 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 unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time,
O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!  
At his own shadow let the thievish run mad,  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
For who so base would such an office have  
As slanderous death-man to so base a slave?  

'The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:  
The mighty-tar, 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 unpereceived fly with the filth away;  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:  
Gnats are unnoticed wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.  

'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!  
Bus'd yourselves in skill-contending schools;  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;  
To trembling clients be you mediators:  
For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.  

'In vain I rattle at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;  
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
In vain I spurn 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-diffused 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 disme:  
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 thou, the neighbouring hostess in her art  
To make more vent for passage of her breath;  
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.  

'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:  
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:  
So am I now: O no, that cannot be;  
Of that true type hath Tarquin ril'd me.  

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
A dying avarice  
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!  

'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter 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 roll the miseries 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-co'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint, no words  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,  
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'  

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended  
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.  

Revealing day through every cranry 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 carv's she with every thing she sees:  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees;  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.  

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputition with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;  
No object but her passion's strength renews;  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
Sometimes his griefs so clog his head and heart  
To make him blind, and sometimes so light,  
It's mad and too much talk affords.  

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
Make her woes 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:  
True 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 those pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks overflows;  
Grief dailly 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 woefull hostess brooks not merry guests;  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes dumbs when time is kept with tears.'
LUCRECE.

Come, Philomed, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishell'd hair:
As the black earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched L,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, 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 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's debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
Thy that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death 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?
Alas! the bark peel'd from the loftie pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Yet were the bark peel'd from the loftie pine,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will 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 dishonoured.
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?

My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd must be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursted 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 stonyly 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 heet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter mends when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durest not ask of her audaciously
Why her two sons were cloud-elapsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan weep
Her circled eye, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light.

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 fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than the wax shall be accounted evil.
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champagne plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep;
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep;
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be held
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd.
LUCRECE.

With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.
The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the like counterfeits of her complaining:
'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

'That tells me, girl, when went —' and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan — Tarquin from hence?
'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,
The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Beware the stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.'
'O, peace!' quoth Lucrece: 'if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen:
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
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,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: 'Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeveth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford
If ever, thy Lucrece thou wilt see —
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excurse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woeth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords.
And, so row oars, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ
'At Artes to my lord with more than haste.'
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth 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 blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect To talk in deeds, while others saucily Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of 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 blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wisely on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the dutious 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, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to unmum 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 Ilion with ann'or;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud, As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashly lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interfaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
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 cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
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 thor'g'd bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another smoker'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Griped in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, to save the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy [field,
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simoils' banks.

To this well-painted 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 doleur 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 civil, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
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.

On this sad shadow Lucrece lends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the belldam's voes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

'Show me the trumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
The eye kindled in the fire that draweth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here many Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the dolorous knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
Topencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow; [row. She lends them words, and she the looks doth bor-

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward 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 look, eyes waiting still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Checks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashly 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 ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Simon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And city and shears from th'fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Simon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile-
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look;'
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took:
'It cannot be,' she in that sense forsook,
And 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 fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With little stars shot from inward honesty,
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those sorrow'd tears that Simon shed's!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
IIis eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Simon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Simon's 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 had made herself herself destitute:
At last she smilingly with this giveth o'er:

'Fool, fool!' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore.'
Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslip'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep survive of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their doleful others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:

These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares;
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befell'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attend in discontent?'

'Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe;
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
' Few words,' quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending;
In me noe woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

'Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

'For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining faction in my chamber came
A crested creature, with chain'd lightning bright,
And softly cried 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favoured groom of thine, quoth
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will, [he,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsomse act of lust, and so did kill
The leeches 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,
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear;
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No right plea, no plea might please that judge there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is rob'd the prisoner dies.

'O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or at the least this refuge let me find;
LUCRECE.

Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessory yeldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With his head declined, and voice damn'd up with woe,
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-wakened pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
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 lendest
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it them suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

' And for my sake, when I might charm thee so
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
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 fair lords; quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
'Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For '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 ceremon move me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again:
And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map 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 essays,
She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lastIng date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her blood,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And babbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigid goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

' Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-deceased progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

' Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheek thy image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was!

' O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
If they succeed to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger
And leave the fatterling feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeit's to die with her a space:
Till many shame bids him possess his breath
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue:
Who, mad that sorrow should his use controul,
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.
_LUCRECE._

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'
Replies her husband; 'do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatina.'

'0,' 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's life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter,' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece's side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-lid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
'Thoun 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 grievous
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 slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece's 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 urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.
SONNETS.

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESE 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 that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring;
Within thine own bud buried thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this little glutton
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 so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held;
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unblest some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop postelty?
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.
Unthrift lovingess, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives the executor to be.

V.
Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-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 in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor is nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refug'ed 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.
SONNETS.

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 like a god the step-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary ear,
Like feeble age, he recleth from the day,
The eyes, for duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweet with sweet war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receivest not gladly?
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unaccorded hands do savourless sound:
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'thou single wilt prove none.'

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless 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 privy widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident:
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, generous 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 yearly thou dost borrow
Thou may'st call thine when thou from youth conferr'dst,
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase: [verbatim.
Without this, folly, age and cold decay:
If all decayed, so, the thing 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 should'st in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curles o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see bare of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canpy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and brightly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow:
Truce:
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make de-
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself were live;
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts! dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

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 deaths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall to love be drive.
If from thyself to store 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 presents not 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,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engrat 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

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With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much like than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live in beauty of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your cast high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say ' This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches 'er or touch'd earthly faces,' 
So should my papers yellow'd with their age
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

In summer's day, thou lion's paw,
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-foot'd Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime,
O, curb not with thy princely 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 acquitted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion:
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all 'hues' in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she priz'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

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 forgiveth in this brief duration.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of 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 in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou 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 ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
Overcharged with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

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 bosom's shop 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 triumphal bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favoursites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown's they in their verdure die.
The painful warrior famoues for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be removed.
XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage,
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee send this written embassy,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all will, bestow it;
Till 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 work's work's expir'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 imaginary sight
Performs thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in glazily night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am delabir'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 further off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flattering I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twine not their gild'd the even.
But day doth daily draw, and night doth nightly grow,
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 posses'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
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 wish my wish fulfilled, and all my woe's rest
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And mean the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances forgot,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er

The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endear'd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my loves gone by,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now 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,
Then shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outworn by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,'
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.

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;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn corners his visage hide;
Only to wander in sad solitudes of space;
Even so my sun one early morn did shin
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Sunshine the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertaake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
"Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and eues 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 lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done;
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And lighten's sun and fancies in successful bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
SONNETS.

Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;—
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:—
Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which slyly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blasts that do with me remain
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So, I, made lune by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit,
I make my love engraven to this store:
So then I am not lamen, poor, nor despaired,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I 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 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 mine which rhymer's invocate;
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 death doth wantest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hast before?
No love, my love, that thou 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 deceit
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal'st 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 spices; 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 helts,
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 were, what woman's son
Will sorely leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou mightest my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead 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 my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes hath stay!
All days are nights to see till I lose thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injuries distance should not stop my way;
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth 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 thou canst art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought
I must attend time's leisure with my soul,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.
SONNETS.

XLV.
The other two, slight air and purging fire,
And both with thee, wherever I abide:
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Shakes down to death, oppos'd with melancholy.
Until life's composition be re cured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

XLVI.
Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes —
But the defendant doth that plea deny
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To side this title is impracticable
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moity and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth another,
With mine 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 trille under trustest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unmisused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trilles 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 thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thiefish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.
Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee drawn 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 of the settled and settle duty, —
Against that time do I enconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.
How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that refuse to say
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!' The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods shilly-shally, to bear the 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 provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than the sharp survey;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.
Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
The sword I spur, the (sacred) bridles chance on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace:
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh — no dull flesh — in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went willful-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-lock'd treasure,
The very which he will not employly survey,
For blotting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are fears so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest;
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.
What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.
O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The tanker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unregretted 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 your truth.

LV.
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswep't stone besmeard with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
'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 wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with too much dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contract'ed new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest 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 dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, seek 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!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprisonment 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, labouuring for invention, bear amiss
The sense of burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are meand, or whether better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourisht set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.
Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou dost send 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 mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost awake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.
Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worlds surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beaten and chop'd with tum'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.
Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles: when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud 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,
Increasing store with loss and less with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me that in vanity,
That stage 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'erways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks immoveable are not so strong,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alas,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, how this profit is this mystery 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 nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.
Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And face itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek
And steal the living hue of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchanger now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his grace.
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 sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's death, the death of honour 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 praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own
In other precepts do confound.
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown,
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, 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 thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The snare that herbs instruct thee to avoid
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the thrush of young days,
Either not assail'd or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.
No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled,
From this vile world, with vile worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember well
The hand that writ it: for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compound 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 tomb
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 a niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be 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,
Thou see'st the cloister'd choirs, with winter's rags sung:
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fades in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the asiles of thy youth doth lie,
As the death-bed wherein 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.

LXXIV.
But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The vacant leaves my mind's imprint will bear,
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is, that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.
So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such store,
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubling the fitching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;
Sometimes 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 gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.
Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep to every word that was before,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.
Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's lievelish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain
Committ to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.
So oft have I invited thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance afoft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces gracest be;
But thou art all pay for art and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.
Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace.
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee my poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give
And found it in thy 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.

LXXX.
O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, write as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark inferior far to his
On your broad main doth witfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride.
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this; my love was my decay.

LXXXI.
Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I let earth again rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths
Of men.

LXXXII.
I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
And therefore mayst without attainst o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
And therefore art 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 wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where checks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.
I never saw that you did painting need
And therefore to your fair no painting set:
SONNETS.

LXXXV.

I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt;
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty by the story,
While others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose 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 your own commendation story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being found 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 a sullen clerk still cry 'Amen'?
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say 'Tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise and something more;
But that is in your thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his greatverse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inharse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compoers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your courage did 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 not 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 misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults as may not for Pelham nor me suit,
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my duneness, and I straight will haul,
Against that topic all my reasons lose.
Thou canst not love, disgrace me for so ill,
To set a form upon desired change.
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet loved name no more shall dwell.
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must never 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 morn,
To linger out a purpose overthrown.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
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-tangled 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 peg doth nest.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garnaments' cost,
Of more delight than luxurys and 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 thou art assured mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end?
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend;
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolts 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.

So shall I live, supposing thee art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though after'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore I cannot know the springs of 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;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple dost thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves 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,
Other's for them; whose task's to serve their grace.
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 outravishes his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sour most by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot disgrace 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 cover every blot,
And all things fair turned foul by base decay!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
Thou mak'st faults grace that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a crowned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
It thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's barreness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The seeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the vernal birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April dresses in his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet not 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 I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor raise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

The forward violet thus did I chide:
[smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that witch which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give me my love faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So lost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: will 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 gilded 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.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
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 Philiomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthensh every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.
Ach, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise besides! -
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To war the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend:
Thus let them tell you how I am 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 that hand,
Stal from his figure and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.
Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference;
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.'

CVI.
When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even of your beauties you have none now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you pretituring;
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,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And all the sad augurs mock their own preface;
Incumbant now crown thy rich 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, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While his rude insulter these leisues tribes:
And thus in this short reign's work I shall
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.
What's in the brain that ink may mar character
Which hath not figure to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love's brief course
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CX.
O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time 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 preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good.
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CXI.
Ah, '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
And strangely: but, by all above,
These blemishes gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved these my best of love.
Now all is done, have we 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.

CXII.
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 what public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of else '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.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To keep my son in peace and praise from from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is sullen blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth catch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

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 indigest
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 grieving,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things.
Ahs, 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, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe: then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on 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 rose lips and cheeks
With his bending sickle compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereeto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my 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.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,
Even so, being full of your ever-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding
And, sick of welfare, 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.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this 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 rebuked to my content
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

That you were once unkind befriended me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And so 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.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receiv'd reproach of being,
SONNETS.

And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:
For why should others fail and be undone
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are froward spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bended;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to sub sist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy records can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tally thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy;
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd,
No, it was build'd far from accident;
It suffers not in snilling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereeto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic;
Shower'd that it nor grows with head nor drows with
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring;
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgiveing simple savour,
Pithful in their sap yet sapless in their rent.
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most improach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by wanings grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure;
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Pairing the foul 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' hair are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seen
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe.
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, 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 mingle leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bluest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despi'd straight,
Past reason hunted, no sooner had,
Past reason lated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest 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.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go; 
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground: 
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.
Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art, 
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou knowst to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say now err I do love not at all,
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 torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseech thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.
Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd: Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsoaken;
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;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my goal:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

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 learn'd but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend can claim debtor for my sake,
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.
Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'
And 'Will' to boot, and 'Will' in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?

Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will'
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI.
If thy soul cheek thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, all it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckoned none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lovset me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.
Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partal looks
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Wherefore the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not, [place?
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

CXXXVIII.
When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some mutator'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love lives not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.
O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;
Use power with power and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovseth elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can hide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies.
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might start their injuries:
Yet doth it so: but since I am near slain
Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

CXL.
Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
SONNETS.

CXL.

Lest sorrow lend me words and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
Not mean their health from their physicians know;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee;
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belted,
Bear thou the 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 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view pleased to note.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But if my eyes with my false passions can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unwary'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXL.

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pity be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXL.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her labe 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 minding her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'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,'
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXL.

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 other 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 turn'd fiend
Suppose I may, yet not as I would,
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 praise;
But when she saw my woeful 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;
'It hate' she alter'd with a glad
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away;
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying 'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Thrice rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward wall so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease?
Dost thou find thy'styl'd foes' revenues spread?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's less,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Wiser spirit a thousand times more wise:
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, longling still
For that which longer nurseth the disease.
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with 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 fled,
That censures falsely what they see right?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No.'
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That sees with partiality, and love with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view:
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
[blind,
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
Of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who lathst thee that I call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou, that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou liest on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect?
That is so proud thy service to despise,
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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, thou worst all best excels?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O, though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:  
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,  
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CII.
Love is too young to know what conscience is:  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheat, urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;  
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CIII.
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 perjured 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 perjured I,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CIIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep: 
A maid of Dian's this advantage found, 
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep 
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground; 
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love 
A dateless lively heat, still to endure, 
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove 
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure. 
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired, 
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast; 
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired, 
And thither bied, a sad distemper'd guest, 
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies 
Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes.

CLV.
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 conceave womb re-worded 
A plaintful story from a sistering vale, 
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded, 
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale; 
Ere long enlaid a tallow 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 carcass of a beauty spent and done: 
Time had not seythed all that youth begun, 
Nor youth all quit: but, spite of heaven's fell rage, 
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of soerd'age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eye, 
Which on it had conceited characters, 
Laudering the silken figures in the brine 
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears, 
And often reading what contents it bears; 
As often shrieking wailing didst woe, 
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride, 
As they did battery to the spheres intend; 
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied 
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend 
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend 
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd, 
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat, 
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride 
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat, 
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside; 
Some in her threaten fillet still did bide, 
And true to bondagè 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 margin 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. 

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A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With slied silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried, 'O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!'—
This mid, in top far range, in nut or mints,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy hastily drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her wo.

So slues he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide;
If that from him there may be anght applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'T is 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.'

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes struck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly defiled.

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his silken parcelpn helmets.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenis down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were notious as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, murply though they be,
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
 Proud of subjection, noble by the way,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stope
And controversy hence a question takes, [makes!']

Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'Bout quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertaining and to ornament,
And spake, like in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and questions deep,
All replies promis'd, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the languer weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogue for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labououring in me pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'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 youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past peril in her way?
Consuel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof:
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that press in our behalf.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
'The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry 'It is thy last'.

'For further I could say 'This man's untrue,
And knew the patterns of his soul beguil
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to deliling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his soul adulterate heart.

'And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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 so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest isen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd;
Iarm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in livers, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent,
Of yaled pearls and rubies red as blood;
[me,
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrinmer'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 impleach'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 sounets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Wherefore his invisi' properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and end;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpanon me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weights down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these smiles 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 distinct parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing in unconstraint in that disstrained eyes?;
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 out Religion'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 assai' begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potent love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of state example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'Gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloe of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And suppli'cant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bouded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brisht current downward flow'd apace;
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue enclose.

"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 e'leff effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extin'ture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenty 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-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;  
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:  
Against the thing he sought he would reclaim;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;  
That love's experience gain'd he from mine,  
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?

Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,  
O, that sad breath his spongy hogs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.  
When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,  
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smoother'd be.

II.  
Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,  
That like two spirits do suggest me still;  
My better is a man right fair,  
My worse a spirit to 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,  
Suspect 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 earthy, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;  
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,  
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To break an oath to win a paradise?

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 proudman!

V.  
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:  
Thought to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;  
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.  
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.  
Cesart as thou art, O do not love that wrong.  
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

VI.  
Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
A longing torrent 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 stoopeth naked to the brook's green brim:  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.  
He, spying her, bounces in, whereas he stood:  
'O Jove,' quoth she, 'why was not I a flood?'

VII.  
Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Sofer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none faiser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the love 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 foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

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;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And 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 dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Adon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those ground;
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wound with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!

See, in my th'ghth,' quoth she, 'here was the sere,'
She shew'd here; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing led, and left her all alone.

Sweeter rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded.
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, 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 unlace me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seiz'd on my lips,'
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetch'd 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 clipe me till I run away!

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, be thine,
For methinks thou stay'st so long.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining glass that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,
Lost, 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 blench'd once is for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting; pain and cost.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share;
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow!'
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nil 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.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.

Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Phoelmia sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal drearly dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow.
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.


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SONNETS TO SUNDARY NOTES OF MUSIC.

[XVI.]

Ir was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the 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 must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdain:

Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air;
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,

'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!'

But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Yow, alack! for youth unmeet;
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope 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 defying,
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 nay 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,
Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My weather's bell rings doleful knell:
My curtall 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;

Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my
moan:

Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou 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 comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,——
A cripple soon can find a halt:——

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set 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 dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,

'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled as 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 month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'I see, I fee, I, now would she cry;
'Tereu, tereu!' by and by,
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are laps'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 therewith 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.

[XXI.]
THE PHENIX AND THE TURTLE.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precursur 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 distinct, division none;
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

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:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.
GLOSSARY

End, sb. 'Still an end,' continually for ever. Two Gent. iv. 4.
Endeav't, v.t. to place in possession in fee simple. II. IV. iii. 2.
Endeav'ring, sb. a maxime of war. T. & Cr. ii. 2.
Engag'd, v.t. to swell suddenly. Tim. ii. 2.
Engross'd, v.t. to make gross or fat. R. III. iii. 7.
Engrossment, sb. Immediate acquisition. 2 H. IV. iv. 4.
Enkindle, v.t. to make keen. Mac. i. 3.
Enguish, v.t. to shut up, as a hawk is shut up in a mew. M. for M. iii. 1.
Enclosure, sb. to cover as with a fort. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Encumber'd, p.p. fat, rank. Ham. iii. 4.
Entertain'd, v.t. encounter. H. V. i. 2.
Experience, sb. A. & C. ii. 7.
Entertainment, sb. treatment. Temp. i. 2.
A disposition to entertain a proposal. Merry Wives, i. 3. Service. All's Well, iv. 1.
Entertainments, sb. Interviews. Ham. i. 3.
Ephodan, sb. a toper, a cant term. Merry Wives, iv. 5.
Equage, sb. attendance. Merry Wives, i. 3.
Erewhille, adv. a short time since. As you Like it, ii. 4.
Escut, v.t. to pay a man's reckoning, to maintain. Ham. ii. 2.
Exasperate, v.t. hope, used as a war-cry. 1 H. IV. v. 2; T. & Cr. v. 2.
Espial, sb. a scout or spy. 1 H. VI. iv. 3.
Estimation, sb. conjecture. 1 H. IV. i. 3.
Estribe, sb. ostridge. I. H. IV. iv. 1.
Essay'd, sb. appeared. Mac. iii. 2.
Event, adj. cooequal. Ham. v. 1.
Event, v.t. to equal. All's Well, i. 3; Cym. iii. 3.
Examine, v.t. to question. All's Well, iii. 5.
Excrement, sb. that which grows outwardly from the body and has no sensation, like the hair or nails. Ls's Ls's 1. v. 1; Ham. iii. 4. Any outward show. M. for M. ii. 2; Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Executor, sb. an executioner. H. V. i. 2.
Excus't, adj. excluded. I. H. VI. ii. 4.
Excuses, sb. a religious service. R. III. ii. 1.
Exhale, v.t. to bale or draw out. R. III. i. 2; v.t. to draw the sword. H. V. ii. 1.
Exhibition, sb. allowance, pension. Two Gent. i. 5.
Exile'd, adj. death, ending. 1 H. VI. i. 15.
Exoner, sb. ridically used for 'action.' 2 H. IV. i. 11.
Expect, sb. expectation. T. & Cr. i. 3.
Expedient, adj. expeditions, swift. John. i. 1.
Expiate, p.p. completed. R. III. iii. 3.
Expostulate, v.t. to expound, discuss. H. V. v. 2.
Exposure, sb. exposure. Cor. iv. 19.
Expess, v.t. to reveal. Wint. Tale, iii. 2.
Expulse, v.t. to expel. 1 H. VI. iii. 3.
Expiate, v.t. to atone for, that which has been 'hissed off, contemptible. T. M. iii. 3.
Extend, v.t. to sose. A. & C. ii. 2.
Extent, sb. a seizure. As you Like it, iii. 3.
Exterior, sb. outward. Oth. i. 1.
Extravagant, s.t. to extravagate. M. for M. iii. 2.
Extravagant, v.t. extravagant. T. M. i. 2.
Extravagant, sb. exterior, distorted. T. M. v. 1.
Extravagant, v.t. to extricate. M. for M. iii. 2.
Extravagant, sb. extravagance of conduct.

Eyes, sb. a nestling hawk. Ham. ii. 2.
Eyes-musket, sb. a nestling of the musket or meelin, the smallest species of British hawk. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Eye, sb. a glance, celliad. Temp. i. 2.
Eye, sb. a shade of color, as in shot silk. Temp. ii. 1.
Eyes, sb. pl. eyes. Ls's Ls's v. 2.
Faucicurious, adj. wicked. All's Well, ii. 3.
Fiect, sb. guilt. Wint. Tale, iii. 2.
Felicious, adj. instant, importunate. J. i. 3.
Facetiously, sb. essential virtue or power. H. V. i. 1.
Fudge, v.t. to suit. T. n. ii. 2.
Fudging, sb. a kind of ending to a song. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Fein, adv. adj. glad. 2 H. VI. ii. 1.
Fein, adv. gladly. Lear, i. 4.
F悦y, sb. beauty. As you Like it, iii. 2.
Fisher, sb. a harrier. T. M. iv. 4.
Foul, v.t. to let fall. Temp. ii. 1.
Foulness, sb. fawn-coloured. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Fowl, sb. a kind of bird. W. V. vi. 7.
Furry, sb. wild, as falcon. M. for M. ii. 4.
Furtling, sb. deceptive. Com. of E. ii. 2.
Familiar, sb. a familiar spirit. 2 H. VI. iv. 7.
Fancy, sb. All's Well, v. 3.
Farracry-free, adj. un touched by love. M. for M. i. 3.
Faring, sb. to be in the teeth. Tim. iv. 3.
Fantastick, sb. a fantastical person. R. & J. ii. 4.
Fare, adj. drunk. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Fare, adv. farther. Wint. Tale, iv. 4.
Farewell, sb. a burden. Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Fart, v.t. to make a sound. Merry Wives, i. 2.
Fartfulness, sb. adj. used ridiculously for 'villainy.' Merry Wives, ii. 2.
Fast, adv. assuredly, unalterably. M. for M. i. 3; 2 H. VI. v. 2.
Fatal, adj. dull. H. V. IV. i. 2.
Fear, sb. the object of fear. Ham. iii. 3.
Fear, v.t. to affright. A. & C. ii. 6.
Fear'd, sb. adj. subject to fear, timorous. Temp. ii. 2.
Feather, sb. dexterous. Cym. v. 5.
Faint, v.t. to make fine. Cym. i. 1.
Fatter, sb. adv. comp. degree. More nastily.
Fealty, sb. nimbly, daintily. Temp. i. 2.
Feature, sb. beauty. Cym. v. 5.
Fedderary, sb. confederate. Wint. Tale, ii. 1.
Fedder, sb. agent, servant. As you Like it, ii. 4.
Flee, v.t. to be afraid. Temp. ii. 3.
Fleeing, sb. adj. used ridically for 'villainy.' Merry Wives, i. 3.
Fleshed, adj. furnished with hanging lips, as hounds are. M. for Dr. iv. 1.
Flight, sb. a particular mode of practiseing archery. Much Ado, i. 1.
Flirt-gill, sb. a light woman. R. & J. i. 4.
Flote, sb. wave. sea. Temp. i. 2.
Flow'd, sb. adj. subject to flood. Wint. Tale, i. I. 3.
Flush, sb. adj. fresh, full of vigour. A. & C. i. 4.
Flush'd, sb. defeat, disadvantage. Temp. iii. 1.
Flour, v.t. to fence, fight. Merry Wives, iii. 3.
Flour'd, sb. plenty. Temp. ii. 1.
Foul, adj. foolish, foolishly. Oth. i. 3; iv. 1.
Foot-clot, sb. a saddle-clot hanging down to the ground. 2 H. IV. iv. 7.
For, conj. for that. Because. M. for M. ii. 1.
Forged, sb. p.p. accused, unlawed. Mac. i. 3.
Forge, v.t. to make for. 'T. M. v. 2; Cr. v. 5.
Fordo, v.t. to kill, destroy. Lear, iii. 3. To. Tem. ii. 3.
Foreign, sb. obliged to live abroad. H. VIII. ii. 2.
Forepart, sb. former. All's Well, v. 3.
Forsook, sb. v.t. to delay. 3 H. VI. vi. 3.
Forest, sb. adj. furnished. Wint. Tale, iv. 5.
Forgetful, adj. inventive. 2 H. IV. iv. 3.
Forlorn, sb. horned. Wint. Tale, i. 2; Oth. iii. 3.
Forlorn, adj. regular, retaining its proper and essential characteristic. Com. of E. v. 1; A. & C. ii. 5.

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GLOSSARY.

Occupation, sb. persons occupied in business. Cor. iv. 6.
Occurrent, sb. an incident. Ham. v. 2.
O'd's body, interj. 1 H. iv. 11.
O'd's heartburns. Merry Wives, t. 1.
O'd's regards. Merry Wives, t. 1.
O'd's pitkities. Coryv. 2. 2.
O'd's pleased will. Merry Wives, t. 1.
Oeolian, sb. an amorous glance. Merry Wives, t. 1.
O'exported, p.p. having too important a part to act. Lts L's L v. 2.
Offering, p.p. challenging. 1 H. iv. 4. 1.
Offer, sb. benefit, kindness. All's Well, iv. 4; use, function. H. vii. 2.
Old, adj. a cant term for great, as we say fine, or pretty. Merry Wives, i. 4; Mac. iv. 3.
Once, adv. some time. Merry Wives, iii. 4.
Onery, sb. a banker. 1 H. iv. ii. 1. A doubtful word.
Ones, adv. out, Com. of E. iii. 1.
One, v.t. to open. 3 H. vi. ii. 2; v.t. to open. M. of V. i. 1.
Open, adj. of durable as a sound. Merry Wives, iv. 2.
Opevernt, adj. active. Tim. iv. 3.
Opposite, sb. adversary. NW. iii. 4.
Opposition, sb. combat. Coryv. 4.
Or, adv. before. Mac. iv. 3.
Order, sb. measures. Com. of E. v. i. 2.
Ordinance, sb. rank, order. Cor. iii. 2.
Orioleus, adj. proud. Prol. to T. & Cr.
Oriole, sb. leaving. Refuse. Tim. iv. 3.
Ostenat, sb. show. Appearance. M. of V. ii. 2.
Ostitution, sb. show, appearance. Much Ado, iv. 1. Cor. i. 6.
Ornate, sb. a beast of prey of the tiger kind. M. N's Dr. ii. 3.
Orphen, sb. a fairy. Merry Wives, iv. 4.
Orphekoeb, sb. the blackbird. M. N's Dr. iii. 1.
Out, adv. all out, fully. Temp. i. 2.
Outlook, v.t. to face down. John, v. 2.
Outward, adj. not in the secret of affairs. All's Well, iii. 5. Outward, sb. outside. Coryv. 1. 1.
Over, v.t. to own. Temp. i. 1.
Oath, v.t. to practise unlawful conferency. Much Ado, v. 1; Tam. of S. v. 1.
Oath, sb. a number of people confederated. R. iii. iii. 3.
Paddock, sb. a load. Mac. i. 1.
Polabrus, sb. words, a cant term, from the Spanish. Much Ado, iii. 5.
Pole, v.t. to enclose. A. & C. ii. 7; H. v. 7.
Poll, v.t. to wrap as with a pull. Mac. i. 5.
Polmer, sb. one who bears a palm-branch. In token of having made a pilgrimage to Padua. R. j. 5 & 1. 1.
Polmony, adj. victorious. Ham. i. 2.
Turrenced, sb. belonging to individuals. R. iii. ii. 2.
Perd, sb. the leopard. Temp. iv. 1.
Perder, sb. an apparitor. Lts L's L iii. 1.
Perly, sb. talk. Two Gent. i. 2.
Pertious, adj. perilous. As you Like It, ii. ii. 2; keen, shrewd. R. iii. iii. 1.
Perpet’d, p.p. endowed. Gifted. T. & Cr. iii. 3.
Parizam, sb. a pike. R. & J. i. 1.
Parish, v.t. the fact. Wint. Tale, i. 2.
Parish, v.t. to strike violently, to bruise. T. & Cr. ii. 3.
Pass, v.t. to practise. T. W. n. iii. 1; Lear, iii. 7. To surpass expectation. Merry Wives, iv. 2; Cor. ii. 3.
Passent, p.p. a term of heraldry, applied to animals represented on the shield as passing by at a trot. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Passing, adj. surpassingly, exceedingly. M. N's Dr. v. 2.
Patient, adj. v.t. to have feelings. Temp. v. 1.
Patiently, v.i. to suffer. T. A. iii. 2.
Patient-measure, sb. a kind of dance. T. W. n. v. i. 4.
Pasture, sb. the room where pasture was made. R. & J. iv. 4.
Patches, sb. a mean fellow. Temp. iii. 2.
Patch’d, p.p. dressed in motley. M. N's Dr. v. 1.
Patches, sb. trickery. T. & Cr. ii. 3.
Path, v.t. to walk. J. C. ii. 1.
Pathetical, adj. affected, hypercritical. As you Like It, iv. 1.
Patience, sb. to make patient, to compose. T. A. ii. 2.
Pate, sb. the metal disc on which the bread is placed in the administration of the Eucharist. M. of V. i. 1.
P.vaes erba, few words. Merry Wives, i. 1.
Probus, adj. few, a cant word. Ind. to Tam. of S. ii. 1.
Davus, sb. a dance. Tw. N. v. 1.
Dux, sb. a small image of Christ. H. v. iii. 6.
Pay, v.t. to despatch. 1 H. iv. ii. 4.
Pred, sb. a sort of endearment for a child. Tam. of S. i. 1.
Pedesulae, sb. a pedant, schoolmaster. Tam. of S. iii. 1.
Peer, v.t. to peep out. R. & J. i. 1.
Perlu, sb. lost. Lear, iv. 7.
Perduradur, adj. durable. H. iv. v. 5.
Perjury, sb. intemperance for Par. Divem. Com. of E. iv. 4.
Perfect, adj. certain. Wint. Tale, iii. 3.
Perpet, v.t. to inform perfectly. M. for M. v. 3.
Pervenir, v.t. to dress up. Wint. Tale, iv. 3.
Precept, sb. a justice's summons. 2 H. iv. v. 1.
Precediously, adv. in business of great importance. Tim. ii. 2.
Pregnancy, sb. fertility of invention. 2 H. iv. 1.
Prenominor, v.t. to name beforehand, to pro储备。T. & Cr. iv. 5.
Pre-ordinance, sb. old-established law. J. C. iii. 1.
Prence, sb. the presence chamber. H. viii. iii. 1. High bearing. M. of V. iii. 2.
Prect, adj. ready. M. of V. i. 1.
Precedence, sb. design. Wint. Tale, iii. 2.
Pretend, v.t. to pretend. 1 H. vi. iv. 1. To intend. Mac. ii. 4.
Prevent, v.t. to anticipate. J. C. v. i.
Prey, sb. the mark denoting the hour on a dial. R. II. & J. n. 4.
Prey, v.t. to incite. Tam. of S. iii. 2. To choose by prickling a hole with a pin opposite the name. J. C. iii. 1.
Prick-song, sb. music sung in parts by Mr. Gen. R. ii. 4.
Prickel, sb. a stag of two years. Lts L's L iv. 2.
Prise, sb. heat. Oth. iii. 3.
Princely, adj. vast, magnificent. Oth. iii. 3.
Primer, adj. more-important. H. VIII. i. 2.
Primero, sb. a game at cards. H. VIII. v. 1.
Principalities, sb. that which holds the highest place. Two Gent. i. 4.
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*Shakespeare in a Conference Teacher*